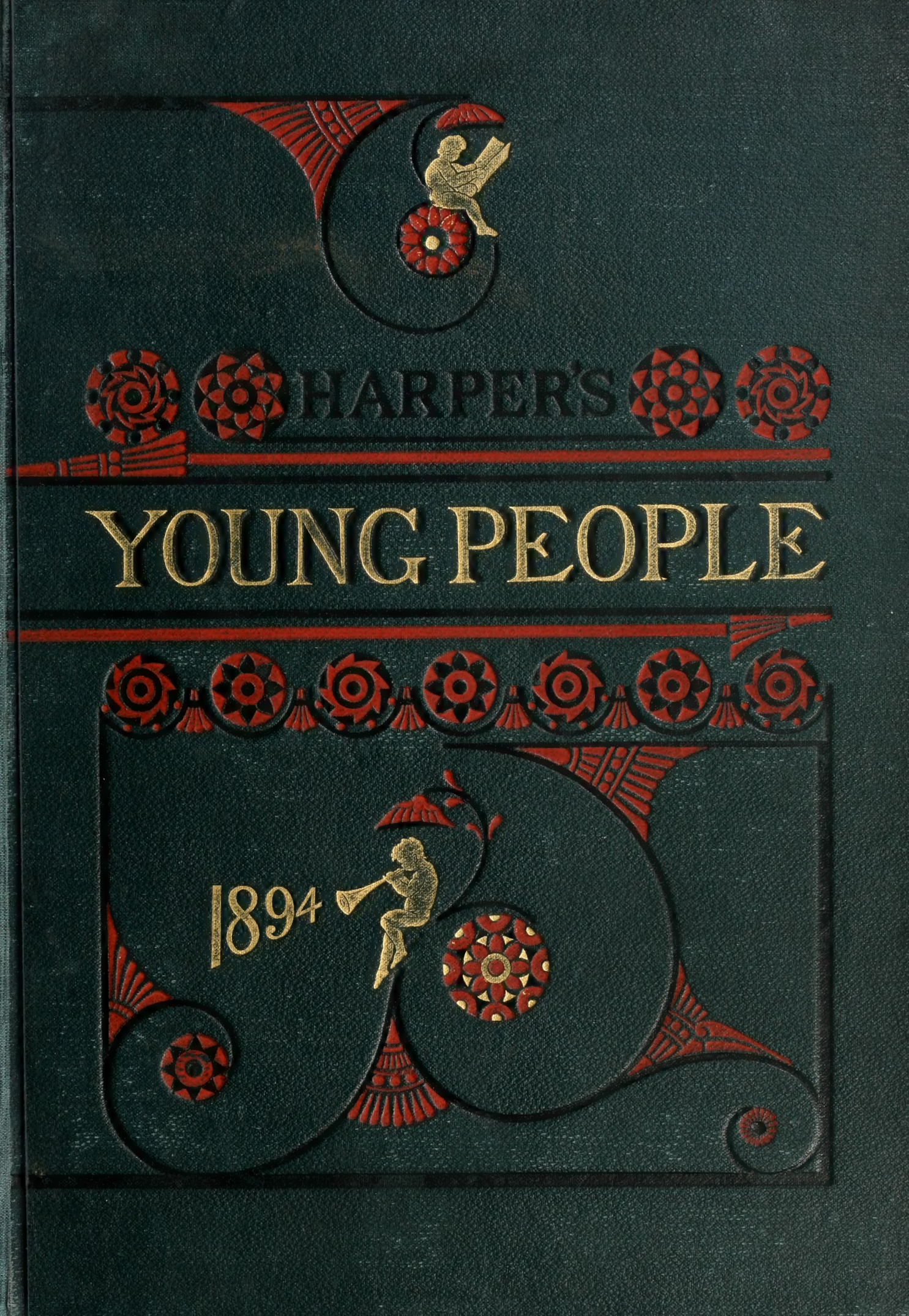
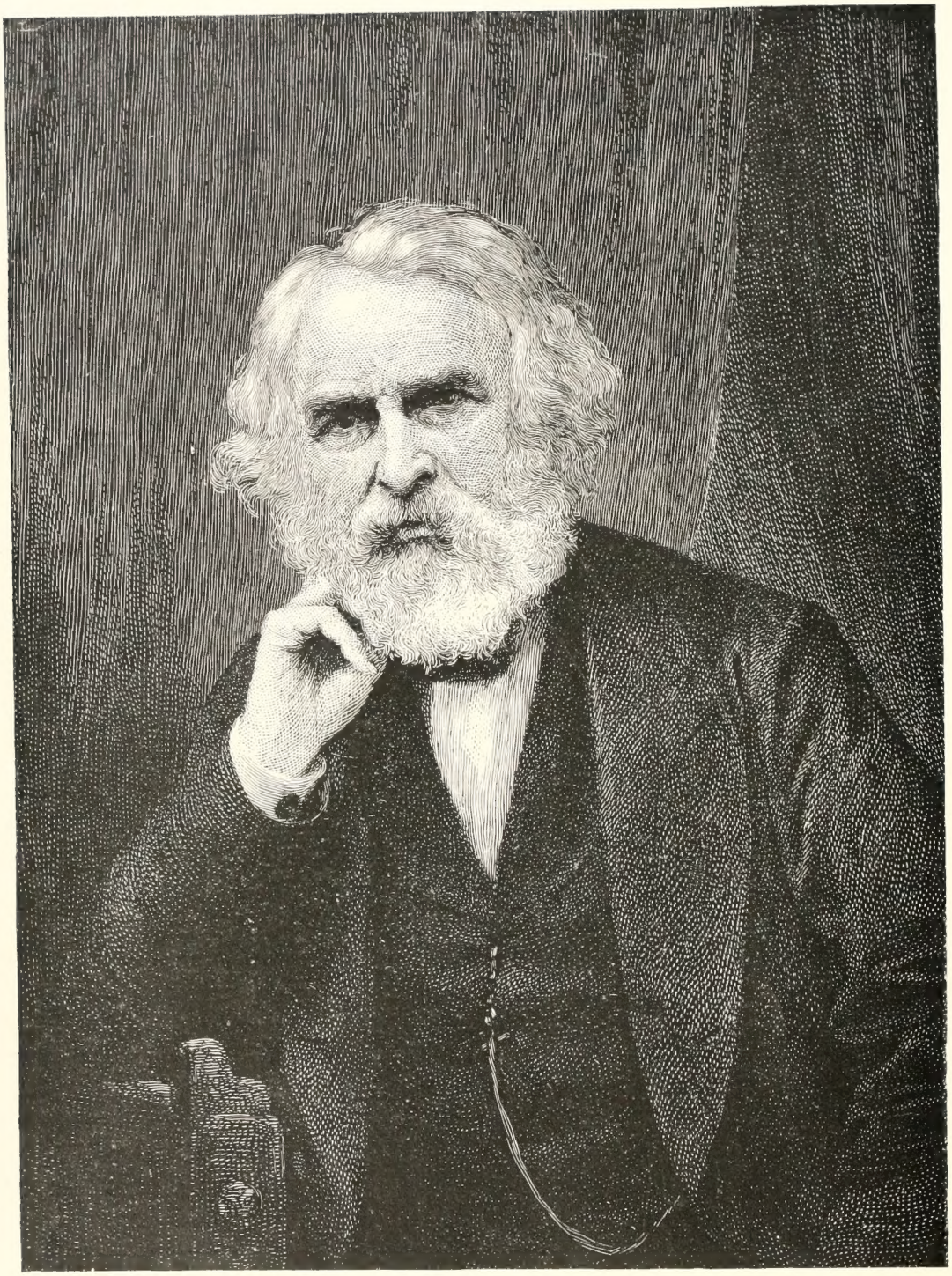

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Henry W. Longfellow

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

## 1894



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# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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## CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY


CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook


### CHAPTER I.

"POPS, there's no use talking; we've simply got to send you to the Point."

"I'm sure I wish you could, Colonel. Father's tried every way he could think of, but cadetships don't go a-begging—out here at least. The President has only one or two 'at large' appointments this year, and there were over a thousand applications for them."

"Well, have you tried Mr. Pierce, the Congressman for this district?"

"Oh, yes, sir, tried him long ago. He was very polite—Congressmen always are. He asked me to go round and get all the signatures to my application I possibly could, and kept me running for six weeks or so. Then he gave it to Mr. Breifogle's son."

Colonel Belknap smiled. "Yes, I remember hearing,"



said he, reflectively, tapping his spurred boot heel with his riding-switch and critically eying the sturdy young fellow who stood respectfully before him. George Graham, the post surgeon's eldest son, was just seventeen, of medium height, wiry and athletic in build, with deep chest and broad shoulders, with close-curling brown hair, with big, frank, steady blue eyes, and a complexion that was probably fair enough in his baby days, but now was so tanned by sun and wind that the down just sprouting on his cheeks and upper lip seemed almost white by contrast. A picture of boyish health, strength, and activity was "Geordie," as his mother ever called him in vain protest against the familiar "Pops" by which he was generally hailed—a pet name given him by the officers when he was but a "four-year-old," far out in Arizona—a boy who had been reared in the West, whose first playmate was a wild little Apache, whose earliest friends were the rough troopers at an isolated station; a boy who had been taught to hunt and trail and shoot the Indian arrow before he was nine; who had ridden "pony-back" across the continent from Arizona to Kansas with a cavalry column before he was ten; who had stalked antelope along the Smoky Hill before he was twelve; who had shot a black bear in the Yellowstone Mountains when he was only fifteen; and raced a buffalo bull into the fords of Milk River within sight of the British possessions across latitude 49 within the following year. He had met and mingled with Indians of many a tribe. He had picked up something of the Apache tongue from his playmate Dick; had visited the Navajo Reservation, near old Fort Defiance, in New Mexico, and brought away as his very own one of their wonderful woven blankets. He had learned not a little of the sign-language, and so was able to communicate and make himself understood among even the Cheyenne urchins around Fort Supply. After that his father had been stationed just long enough at Niobrara to enable Geordie to feel quite at home among the Ogallala and Brulé Sioux, whose reservations were just across the Dakota line, and whose visits to the post were frequent. Then the doctor was ordered far up to Fort Assiniboine, where Pops expected to freeze, but found the summer days hot as they were in Arizona and the mosquitoes worse than they were at Supply. There he studied the northern Indians, and came to the conclusion that the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres could not be compared favorably with the lithe and sinewy and marvellously active Indians of Arizona. Geordie swore by the Apaches. There were no trailers like the Tontos, no bowmen or ball-players like the Hualpais. The Sioux and Cheyennes could ride, perhaps, but all the Sioux in Dakota could not whip Eskeldetsee's band "if you put 'em in the mountains," which was probably true. And so by the time he was seventeen Geordie had ridden, marched, or travelled by ambulance, stage, or rail through most of the great Western States and Territories; but from the time he was four years old he had never been east of Omaha, or set foot in the streets of a bigger town than Cheyenne.

Nor had he ever regularly attended any school. There were no schools to speak of near any of the garrisons at which his father was stationed; but Dr. Graham was a man of scholarly tastes, a graduate of a famous university in Scotland, and one who by faithful study kept abreast of the leading minds in his profession. People generally led a very healthful open-air life on the broad Western frontier, and Dr. Graham had few patients to claim his time. He planned, therefore, all the studies for his two boys, he himself hearing them recite in history, geography, and arithmetic, while their devoted mother, at whose knee they had successively learned their A B C's, and whose fragile white hand had guided their chubby fists in the tracing of their first pot-hooks, was their instructor in the other rudiments

Regularly, five mornings a week, the little fellows were set at their books right after guard mounting, and, with brief intermission, worked until the bugles sounded "orderly call," or the drums and fifes merrily played "Roast Beef of Old England" at noon. No wonder they learned to welcome that call. Then they had their frugal luncheon. The doctor was a stanch Scotchman, who believed that boyish brawn and brain throve better on "porritch" and milk than on any other pabulum. Think of boys who never knew the taste of candy until after they were twelve, to whom hot biscuits were forbidden, and tea and coffee tabooed! They grew up ruddy cheeked, freckle faced, clear eyed, sturdy-limbed, burly young "Highlanders," with marvellous capacity for solid food, sound sleep, and active sports. They were better taught than most of the other children around the garrisons, for what they knew they knew well. The three years difference in their ages gave "Pops," of course, too much advantage in their boyish tiffs and scuffles; for boys will romp and wrestle, just as puppies play and kittens frolic, and these starting in fun close sometimes in fury, but they forget the feud as quickly as it was begun. Pops learned at an early age the lesson of self-restraint, the law of forbearance toward the younger and weaker brother. It was not learned intuitively, perhaps, but rather the reverse. The doctor was of a famous old Scotch Presbyterian clan, with a wholesome faith in Calvin and the doctrine of original sin. His gentle wife had thought to convert her eldest hope by appeals to his finer nature, but the doctor held that there was just so much of the "thrawn deevil" in every boy that had to be trounced out of him. It was all very well for Pops to tussle with his Apache playmate, and come home covered with dirt and humps and glory, and explosive with tremendous tales of his personal valor—Pops would brag when he was young, and many another boy would have done the same under like conditions—but he was too big and strong for "Buddie," and so when Bud came roaring in one day to tell how "Pops fwowed me down and hit me," Pops owned up that it was true. Bud would meddle with what he and Dick were trying to make, and he "just pushed him away." Mamma gravely admonished; but papa gave warning. It happened again before very long, and this time the doctor took Pops into his den, and presently poor Mrs. Graham ran to the dining-room and covered her ears, and Buddie howled in sudden revulsion of feeling. The doctor seldom punished, but what his right hand found to do it did with all its might.

"I want you to remember this, George," said he, half an hour later, "a manly boy must be merciful. It isn't enough that you should make allowances for Buddie's blunders, you must be lenient to his faults. When he is older he will be wiser. Meantime, the blows you strike must be for, not against him."

He needn't have said that. Pops was far readier to fight for his younger brother than he was to worry him in the least, and he took his flogging sorely to heart. He was only ten at the time. Bud had tried him severely. He had begged the little fellow to desist, and finally, losing all patience, had violated orders and thumped him, not very hard, perhaps, but still hard enough to warrant half at least of the pitiful tale the smaller boy ran to tell at once and at home. Geordie felt very much aggrieved at Bud when sent forth finally to go to his room and meditate on his sins and nurse his many sore spots; but when he saw the misery in the little fellow's face, when Bud, with fresh outburst of tears, threw himself into his brother's arms, clung to him sobbing, and could not say for the very violence of his grief how he hated himself for telling, the reconciliation was complete, and the three—mother and boys—stole away up stairs, and had a hug and cry together all by themselves, and came down again an hour later much happier after all, and quite

ready to make it up with papa. But the doctor wasn't there. He had slipped out, despite the fact of its being his study hour, and was found at tea-time miserably promenading the bank of the stream half a mile from the post, and quite unconscious that the evening gun had fired. He never whipped Pops again; indeed, the boy gave him no cause to; and he never thrashed Buddie, even when that unrepentant little sinner well deserved it. He even declined to reprimand Pops at the excited appeal of Mrs. Captain Vaughan, whose twelve-year-old son came home from the swimming-pool, five days after, with a battered countenance, and a complaint that he had been beaten without cause by Pops Graham. Investigation of the case resulted in the fact that young Vaughan was trying to duck Buddie, when the latter's big brother happened upon the scene. Between the doctor and his boys there grew up a sort of tacit understanding, a firmly grounded trust and affection, that seldom found vent in caress of any kind, and was rarely apparent in word. George shot up from sturdy boyhood into athletic youth with thorough faith in his father, who he believed was the best friend he had or could expect to have. With all his heart he honored him, and with all his soul he loved his mother.

And now they were stationed at Fort Reynolds, with a thriving Western mining metropolis just six miles away to the east, with hunting and fishing in the lofty mountains to the west, and a great tumbling sea of grassy prairie stretching away to the east and south. Geordie's pony had been turned over to Bud long months ago, for the bigger boy could back and ride and control the liveliest bucker among all the broncos in the cavalry stables. Officers and troopers alike declared that Pops was cut out for the cavalry. He loved a horse. He had broken and trained his last possession, a "cayuse" colt from the herd of old Two Moons, chief of the northern Cheyennes. He had ridden and hunted by himself, or with a single trooper for a companion, all through the mountains that frowned across the western sky, rarely coming home without an abundant supply of venison or bear meat, and still faithfully kept up his studies, hoping that by some good fortune he might succeed in getting an appointment to the great Military Academy of the nation, hoping almost against hope, yet never desponding. At last it came, and this was the way of it.

Just as the wintry winds began to blow, and the soldiers, turning out for roll-call at the break of day, began to note how the mountains seemed to be wearing their fleecy nightcaps farther down about their ears, until the bald peaks were covered with a glistening spotless helmet, and the dark fringes of pine and fir down among the gorges and foot-hills looked all the blacker by contrast, there came a fresh battalion of cavalry marching into the post to relieve the ——th, just ordered away, and Pops had sadly bidden adieu to the departing troops, little dreaming what warm friends he was destined to find among the new. First to arrive, with a single orderly in attendance, was the regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Ralph McCrea, and to him said the quartermaster whom McCrea was to relieve:

"Mac, this young gentleman is Dr. Graham's son George, our candidate for West Point. He knows plainscraft, woodcraft, and mountain scouting as well as you do mathematics. He can ride as well as any man in my troop. Give him a lift in algebra and 'math.,' and he'll teach you all there is worth knowing about this part of the country."

The kindly young West-Pointer seemed to take at once to the surgeon's blushing boy. In the wintry weather that speedily set in there was little opportunity for hunting or exploration in the mountains, but in the long evenings McCrea became a frequent visitor at Dr. Graham's fireside, and finding that Pops had a sound analytical sort of brain in his curly pate, the quartermaster took delight in giving him stiffer problems to work out, and taught him the West Point system of deducing rules instead of blindly following without knowing why or wherefore; and the friendship between them waxed and multiplied, and McCrea became warmly enlisted in the effort to secure a vacant cadetship for his boy friend. But knowing there was no chance "at large," as the President had already named his two candidates, the boy had done his best with the local Congressman, who, as Pops had said, had been most gracious and encouraging, but had bestowed the plum upon the son of his rich and influential constituent, Mr. Breifogle, whose brewery gave employment to over fifty voters. As alternate he had named the son of Counsellor Murphy, a lively local politician, and Pops's hopes were dashed.

Not so McCrea's. As quartermaster his duties called him frequently into town, where the First National Bank was the depository, and where he kept the large fund appropriated for rebuilding stables and quarters that had been destroyed by fire the previous year. "Neither of those young fellows," said he to Dr. Graham, "can pass the preliminary examination. It is by long odds too stiff for Breifogle mentally and for Murphy physically. Keep this to ourselves, and get Mr. Pierce to promise that George shall have the next vacancy. If we can get the Colonel to ask it, Pierce will say yes, perhaps; first because they served together in Virginia during the war, and second because he won't think he's promising anything at all. It's his first term, and he doesn't dream how hard that examination is or how certain Breifogle is to fail. Now, if there were only some way we could 'get a pull' on him."

The way came sooner than looked or hoped for. One December afternoon, just as the lights were peeping out here and there in the bustling shops of the busy Western town, and a thick heavy cloud of snow was settling noiselessly upon roof and roadway, and all the foot-hills to the west were robed in white and all the mountain passes deep in drifts, and the managers of the First National were congratulating themselves that their collections in the swarming mining settlements across the range were complete, and the thousands in coin and greenbacks safely hoarded in their vaults, and brewer Breifogle and two other opulent directors were seated with the president in the back parlor, rubbing their hands over the neat balance exhibited, and discussing the propriety of a congratulatory despatch to Congressman Pierce, now at his post of duty at Washington, and the paying-teller had just completed the summing up of his cash account, and the bookkeeper was stowing away his huge volumes, and a clerk was lugging sacks of coin and stacks of Treasury notes into the open door of the vault, under the vigilant eye of the cashier, and the janitor had pulled down the shades and barred the iron shutters, and everything spoke eloquently of business security and prosperity—when in stepped a squad of velvet-footed, soft-voiced, slouch-hatted strangers, and in the twinkling of an eye cashier and clerk, tellers, bookkeeper, and janitor were as completely covered by six-shooters as the new-comers were with snow. It was a clear case of "hands up, everybody." Two of the party sidled into the parlor and stood guard over the magnates, three or four held the outer officials in statuesque discomfort, while two deft-handed individuals loaded up with bills and bags of gold, and vanished softly as they came. Their comrades gave them a start of sixty seconds, and then slowly and calmly backed out into the street, revolvers levelled to the last, and in less than four minutes from the moment of their entrance not one of the gang was in sight. Timing their arrival exactly, they had ridden into town from the northwest just at dusk, left their strong, spirited horses held by accomplices in a side street not fifty yards away; were in

and out, up and away again in less time than it takes to tell it, and with them ninety thousand dollars in cash.

Vain the rush of clerks and tellers and directors into the snow-covered street. Vain the yells of "murder," "robbers," "road agents." A crowd collected in sixty seconds, but all were afoot and powerless to follow. It would be an hour before the Sheriff could muster a mounted party strong enough to pursue; but he had his wits about him.

"It's the old Hatton gang, sure," he cried. "They dare not go to the mines. They'll make for Marcy's Pass, and scatter when they get to the cove beyond. There's only one hope." And like a deer the active frontiersman ran to the telegraph office.

"Rush this out to the fort," he cried, as he pencilled a despatch:

"First National just robbed by Hatton gang. Ten men. Ninety thousand gone. Government funds mostly. ["That 'll make him act," he muttered.] They're making for Marcy's Pass. You can head 'em off by Squaw Cañon if you send cavalry at once. We follow trail. Answer. BRENT, Sheriff."

Colonel Belknap, with a knot of officers, was in the club-room just after stables when the despatch was handed to him by the breathless operator. He was an old campaigner, who had served almost a lifetime in the West.

"Mount your troop instantly, Lane," he called to one of his most trusted captains. "Never mind their supper; they can have that later. Listen to this." And he read the despatch aloud.

The entrance to Marcy's Pass lay about nine miles nearly due west from town. Hatch's Cove was a lovely nook in the summer-time, but almost inaccessible in winter, lying across the range, and approached from the east by the old road through the Pass. Lance Creek, a clear and beautiful stream, rose in the cove, and made its way through the range by means of a tortuous and well-nigh impassable gorge known as Squaw Cañon, which opened into the foot-hills not more than two miles and a half away to the westward of Fort Reynolds. All this was promptly discussed even as the sergeants' voices could be heard ringing out the order in the barrack corridors across the parade.

"Turn out, 'E' troop, lively! carbines and revolvers, fur coats and gloves. Jump now, men!"

Down went knife and fork, cup and spoon. Up sprang the laughing, chaffing, boisterous crowd of the moment before. Away they tore to their bunk-room, and grabbed their great-coats and furs; away to the arm-racks for carbine and six-shooter. Quickly they buckled the broad woven cartridge-belts, and then went bounding down the barrack stairs, forming ranks in the softly falling snow. Double time they trotted down to the long, dimly lighted stables, and in among their astonished and snorting horses. In ten minutes they were trotting away to the westward through wellnigh impenetrable darkness, through a muffling snowfall, over an unseen and unknown trail, yet hesitating not a minute; trotting buoyantly, confidently ahead, following a guide who knew every inch of the way to and through the cañon and miles and miles beyond.

"Who can lead them? What scouts have you on your roll who know the hills?" was the Colonel's anxious query of his quartermaster, while the troop was saddling.

"No scouts left, sir, now; but we don't need them. Here's Geordie Graham."

Yes, Pops and the doctor too, both in saddle and ready; so was McCrea, and so it happened that less than an hour later Luke and Jim Hatton, leaders of the band, bearers of most of the spoil, a hundred yards ahead of their fellows as they issued from the westward end of Marcy's Pass, deeming themselves perfectly secure from any capture except from the rear, ten safe miles away from town, rode slap in among a whole troop of cavalry, and were knocked on the head, disarmed, dismounted and relieved of their plunder before they could fire a shot or utter a cry of warning.

"We never could have got them in all the world, sir," said both Lane and McCrea, "but for Pops here. He knew the way, even in the dark, and we headed them off in the nick of time."

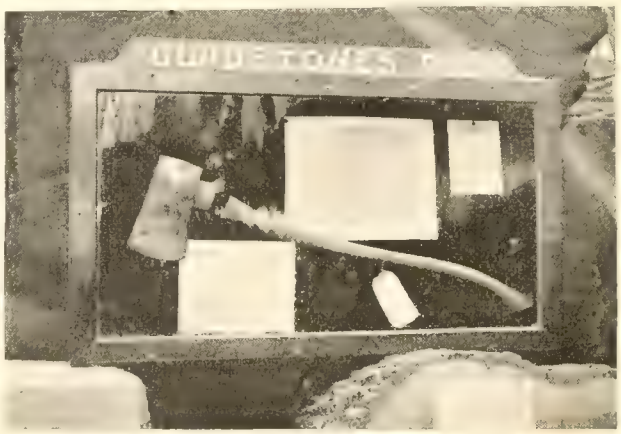
It was this service that called forth Colonel Belknap's remarks at the head of this chapter. It was this that prompted him to say to the officers of the First National next day that the least they could do was to telegraph the Honorable Mr. Pierce, M.C., urging him to promise that the next vacancy at West Point should be filled by George Montrose Graham. It was the despatch signed by these officials and a dozen leading citizens for McCrea struck while the iron was hot, and took the paper around himself — that caused Mr. Pierce to wire his pledge in reply. And one day in February there came a note to Dr. Graham's saying that Counsellor Murphy had been convinced by the leading medical practitioner in town that his boy could never pass the physical examination at the Point, and would better be turning his talents into some other channel, and then Colonel Belknap reminded Mr. Pierce of his promise, and Pierce was caught. On Valentine's day in 188–, to Geordie Graham's speechless joy and Buddie's enthusiastic delight, a big official envelope of the War Department was placed in the former's hand. He knew what it meant. He went over and threw his arms around his mother's neck and bent and kissed her, for her loving eyes were swimming in tears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AT THE ORANGE FESTIVAL BY SPECIAL REQUEST.

BY H. G. PAINE.

SAID Jack Prall: "This is an orange festival. An orange festival is like a strawberry festival, only as strawberries are now out of season, the young ladies have provided orange ice-cream, orange cake, orangeade, orange cider, and, eh! oh! oranges, for your refreshment. In order to increase your appetites and the funds of the Sewing Society, I have been requested to show you some magic-lantern slides of World's Fair views, and to tell you what little I know about them. Mr. James Atwater has kindly consented to officiate at the lantern and to let me do the talking. Talking of oranges, you ought to see those in the Horticultural Building.—Jimmy, flash on the monument.



THIS AXE BELONGS TO THE PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND.

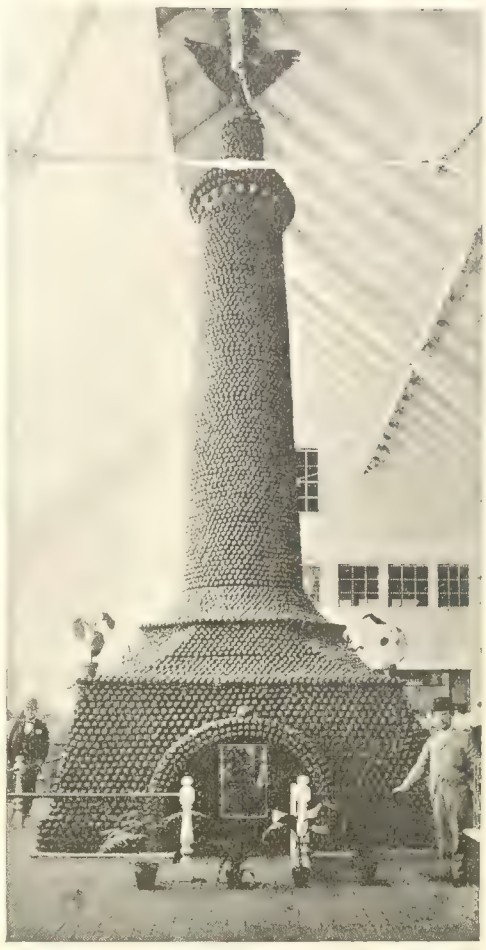
The Los Angeles, California, orange-growers built a great monument, of which this is a photograph, all of oranges. Of course the monument itself is built of wood, but the oranges are held in place by little wire rests, like enormous hair-pins, stuck in all over, with the bent part turned slightly up. They are just big enough to hold an orange. Every day the monument is inspected, and if an orange is decaying it is lifted off its shelf by means of a long stick with a similar hair-pin shelf on it, and another good orange put in its place by the same means. I tell you, it looked good, and it smelled good, too.

But what I wanted most to tell you about were some interesting historical things I saw. One of them was in the Forestry Building. This is built of wood sent from all the States, and it is full of specimens of all the different kinds of wood in the world. The woodman did not spare that tree in the Forestry Building, and there is an axe there from a very famous woodman.—Jimmy, turn on the Premier's axe.—This axe belongs to the Prime Minister of England, William E. Gladstone. This is not the axe with which he cut off the political heads of the Tory office-holders when he came into power. They don't do things that way in England. Office-holders there hold their offices as long as they behave themselves, and don't expect to get turned out with every change in the administration.

Different people take exercise in different ways, and when Mr. Gladstone wants to blow off his superfluous energy, he takes a sharp axe and goes out and hews down a tree. The English Liberals, of whom Mr. Gladstone is the leader, think this is a fine trait. When Mr. Gladstone first went into politics he was a Tory, but gradually turned around into a Liberal, and some people have been mean enough to say that Mr. Gladstone took up this form of manual labor as a means of exercise in order to impress upon people that he is really one of the people.

Be that as it may, one of the axes which he has used is appropriately exhibited in the Forestry Building, with a letter from his son, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, guaranteeing its genuineness.

In the Transportation Building, right as you enter the Pinchbeck Doorway, as the Golden Doorway is sometimes called from the very brassy character of the "gold," is a big heavy row-boat. It is so big and heavy that you would imagine that two men would have all they could do to pull it on a smooth sea. Yet that is the very identical boat that Grace Darling climbed into one stormy night in September, 1838. Her father was light-house-keeper at the Longstone Light-house on one of the Farne Islands. The steamer *Forfarshire* was wrecked right within sight of the light-house, and there was no one who could go to the rescue of the crew and passengers but Grace. She was only twenty-three years old, but she got into the unwieldy craft, rowed through the wind



JIMMY FLASHED ON THE MONUMENT.

and breakers, and saved nine persons from the wreck. It made a great stir at the time, and over three thousand five hundred dollars was raised for her by public subscription. She only lived four years to enjoy it, however, as she died in 1842. It's a wonder to any one who looks at the boat how she ever lived through that night.

The bow of the boat is now quite broken and rotten, and they have had to put a wire screen around it to keep people from chipping and breaking off pieces of the soft wood to take home as mementos of a brave woman's heroism. But it seems funny to me that people who can appreciate that sort of thing shouldn't know any better than to destroy valuable property in that way.

Engaging in bucolic occupations, as Mr. Atwater would call farming, seems to be a favorite pastime with statesmen. William E. Gladstone cuts down trees in England, and in this country Daniel Webster not only tilled the soil, but made his own ploughs.—Give us a glimpse of the New Hampshire exhibit, Jimmy. Thank you. Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire, and in that State's exhibit in the Agricultural Building is shown one of the ploughs that Daniel Webster made. Here is the picture of it. It may have been the only plough he made, for all I know, and it looks as if it must have been an early attempt.

Mr. Webster may have been a very good blacksmith, as well as farmer and statesman, but he was certainly reckless




YOU WOULD IMAGINE TWO MEN COULD HARDLY ROW IT

in his use of iron, and must have had confidence in the horse-power of his horses.

Though this plough is shown by New Hampshire, oddly enough, it was not made until Mr. Webster had moved to Massachusetts, and was, in fact, forged and used on his farm at Marshfield in that State.

How it got into the New Hampshire exhibit I don't know. There are two or three other interesting articles in this exhibit. One is the wooden shovel on the left of the picture. It is shod with iron, and must have taken a long time to make, probably several days—as long as it took Daniel Webster to make his plough; but Mr. Webster made his plough to amuse himself, while the man who made the shovel had to make it himself or go without. The other article in the picture, just to the left of the shovel, is a mortar made of the trunk of a tree, and bound around the top with an iron hoop to keep it from splitting. The pestle is of wood too, and the whole contrivance is scarcely any advance on the primitive methods of the Indians for grinding corn. We get an idea from these examples how hard put the early settlers of this country were for the simplest necessaries of life, and how they were forced to depend upon their own efforts for almost everything they used.

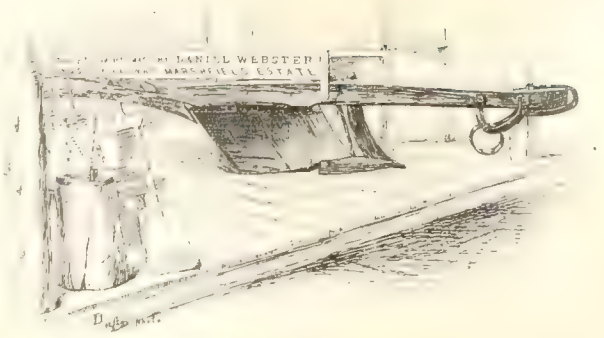
A long time before this country was discovered, maybe a long time before we have any historical record, before Bible times even, when it was so pleasant in arctic regions that animals roamed about there that we now only find in the tropics, there lived an immense hairy elephant called the mammoth. That wasn't what he was called then, because probably there wasn't anybody to call him, but it is a very good name for him now. Scientists had found the bones of this animal, and had made up their minds about what he looked like.

Not many years ago some natives of Siberia found a tremendous and strange animal embedded in a glacier. Part of the glacier had broken off and floated away as an iceberg, and where it had been broken was this great animal, where he had been kept frozen in the ice for thousands of years, as safely as we keep a beefsteak overnight in the refrigerator. Times were rather hard in that neighborhood, so the simple-minded natives looked on this find merely as so much food for their hungry dogs.

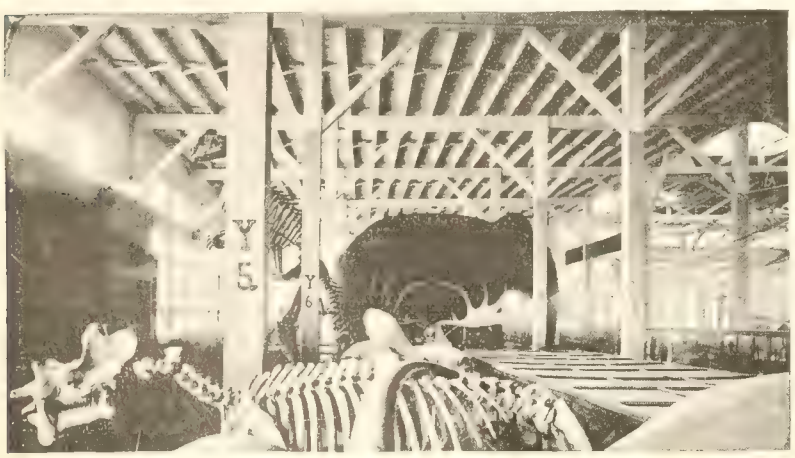
Fortunately, while a large portion of the animal was still untouched, a more intelligent native living at a little distance heard of this great discovery, and knowing that it would have a greater value than dog's meat to some scientific men he had accompanied on an exploring expedition, he managed to get word to them, and they were, in fact, able to save a great portion of the animal, which they at once identified as a mammoth.

It was preserved with the greatest care, and stuffed and mounted, and the missing parts cleverly imitated and supplied, and now it looks benignly down on the World's Fair crowds from the gallery of the Anthropological Building. It is hard to get a good picture of it, as it is so surrounded with interesting skeletons and other things that obstruct the view in the camera. Perhaps you can form some idea of its size by seeing how near it comes to the very high ceiling.

Those are all my pictures, so this is all I have to say. Thanking you for your kind attention, let us now adjourn to the banqueting hall."




IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN EARLY ATTEMPT



THE IMMENSE HAIRY ELEPHANT CALLED A MAMMOTH.

## CORNELIS LABDEN'S LEAP.

### A COLONIAL LEGEND RETOLD.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

IT is only thirty miles from New York, on the shores of Long Island Sound. At the time of which we write it was a sweep of dense forest.

Outside of the block-house, built where the Myanos River enters a bay of the Sound, one September day in 1645 walked two elderly men, grizzled of beard and soldierly in bearing. Broadswords swung from their cross-belts, and huge pistolets were stuck in their girdles. These were famous fighting men in New England history, Daniel Patrick and John Underhill. Bred to camps, they had chafed under Puritan laws, and had finally deserted the older settlements. Indeed, Captain Patrick had been the leader of the little colony which had made this beautiful place its home.

"I tell thee, John, I trust not the savage any longer. Ponus hath been as surly as a bear with a sore head of late. I fear the Sagamore plots evil."

"Belike you are right, good Captain," said Underhill, "and we must match craft with craft."

"Rumor hath it, too," said Captain Patrick, with growing trouble on his face, "that strange runners have been back and forth during the month at the Sinoway village. We cannot look to our English friends for help, since we signed the pact with his Excellency Governor Kiefft, accepting the rule of New Netherlands. If an outbreak occurs, it must be from the Manhattans that relief will come. But look! there rides Dutch Cornelis, with a bale of peltries to his crupper."

Among a few Dutch who mingled with the English of the settlement was Cornelis Labden, a bold hunter and trapper, who, unlike the rest of the colonists, got his

livelihood by the fur trade. He sold his pelts at the Dutch trading-post about seven miles west, just over the line which now separates New York from Connecticut. Thither he was riding when accosted by the two captains. Cornelis was noted for his daring and skill in woodcraft, and had always lived on specially friendly terms with the Indians, as was, indeed, his interest. His log house was built on the brow of a great precipice of beetling rock one hundred feet or more in height, in the heart of a gloomy forest two miles from the outskirts of the settlement. The spot is still known as Labden's Rock, and the writer has shot many a squirrel there in woods still solemn with deepest shadow. Here Cornelis lived with his English wife and two children, Hans and Anneke.

"Well met, Cornelis," said Patrick. "We were holding counsel concerning our Indian neighbors. What think you of their peaceful purpose?"

The Dutchman shook his head. He was a man of few words. "Der outlook ist pad, Cabdain. Dot yoong Gief Owenoke say to me toder day, 'Cornelis, Indian's friend, bedder go 'way. Indian very angry at bale-faces.' Owenoke's vader, Ponus, means misgief. But no tanger dill der snow vlies. Der Indians, if dey addack, waid dill grops all in."

"You are bound, I suppose, to Byram Fort with your peltries. Tarry awhile, and carry me a letter for the Governor. I will write it forthwith." Captain Patrick disappeared in the block-house, and wrote to the Dutch Governor as follows:

"*To his Excellency Peter Kieft, Governor-General of New Netherlands at New Amsterdam, greeting. This in haste:*

"Whereas it cometh to me with some surety that the savages on our border plot an early outbreak, I would urge that a company of musketeers be sent to the trading-fort at Byram to protect the outlying country. Thence sure help may reach this settlement. Once the savages break loose they will ravage the region for many miles with torch and tomahawk. I would entreat your Excellency to act right speedily in this affair. Cornelis Labden, who is well skilled in Indian matters, bears this letter. DANIEL PATRICK."

It will be seen by this that Captain Patrick did not share the confidence of Cornelis. But all the people were very busy afield at that time gathering their crops, and they were loath to think that danger was pressing. The women and children, however, were gathered every night in the block-house. It may be that this measure of care on the part of the settlers quickened the action of the Indians, in the fear that their purpose had been discovered. Within three days the outbreak came. The forest was glowing with all the rich hues of autumn, when through its arches burst at different points bands of naked warriors, painted with as many colors as the leaves themselves, and yelling their shrill war-whoops. Every colonist amidst the yellowing cornstalks of the fields had his firelock close at hand. They all skirmished back through this cover and across the rye and buckwheat stubble toward the block-house, firing and loading as they ran. Yet several fell under the cloud of arrows before the fugitives reached the little fort. The two captains, each with a party of men, charged the savages fiercely on either flank as they leaped into the open, and drove them back with heavy loss. The settlers then withdrew behind the palisades, awaiting attack.

The red besiegers, having exhausted their arts of attack and met with heavy loss, for musket-balls told with terrible effect against flint arrows, determined to starve out the little garrison. It was on the morning of the third day that a rider galloped furiously from the west to the bank of the Myanos, where the log bridge had been destroyed by the Indians. Dutch Cornelis had ridden daringly through their very midst. A band of howling braves swarmed almost at his horse's tail. He leaped his beast into the river amidst the whizzing arrows, several of which pierced both steed and rider sharply. Captain Underhill, with a score of colonists, sallied out from the palisades, driving the redskins from their front, and opening a heavy fire on those lining the opposite bank. Under cover of this Cornelis landed safely. He had been sent on from Byram to New Amsterdam with Patrick's letter, and it was only by hard spurring that he had made such speed in return. He brought the good news that even then a company of Dutch musketeers was on the march.

The women and children trooped out of the block-house to hear the tidings. Cornelis cast his eyes over them with agony stamped on his usually stolid face.

"Mein vrouw! mein gildren!" the Dutchman groaned. "What for you leave dem to de mercy of de savage?" with a look of fierce reproach at the two English captains.

"Nay! nay! Cornelis, blame us not," they answered, almost in a breath. "We were sharp beset. 'Twas not easy to gather in all the outlying people in season. There be others as well not saved in the block. The savage, too, is far more friendly to you than to us English. There's right good hope that at the worst the lost are but captives."

This cold comfort seemed to madden the bereaved man. Muttering to himself in his own tongue, and darting wild looks around, as if his brain were turned and he were about to run amuck, he suddenly sprang on his horse, which panted there, fagged and dripping.

"Oben der gate!" he shouted in a tone so commanding that, though several tried to seize his horse's head by the bit, fearing some act of desperate folly, others unbarred the entrance. Cornelis dashed through as swiftly as one of the Indian arrows he was going to meet would leave its bowstring. Two miles of clearing and forest lay between him and the site of his cabin. The way was hedged with savages thirsting for blood. Cornelis spurred on, numb to all sense of danger. The smoke even yet curled from the embers of smouldering homesteads at every turn. But he saw only one house in his mind's eye—that was a cabin perched in the midst of a clearing on top of a great rock, with flames bursting from its roof; he heard but one sound—the shrieking of wife and children in their last peril.

Perhaps it was the wild gestures of the rider, signalling as if to unseen beings, the motions of a maniac, which barred any pursuit at the outset, for the American Indian as well as the Mohammedan of the East fancies the madman under the protection of God; perhaps it was that many of the savages felt more kindly to Cornelis than to other whites. It was not till he neared the base of the precipice, on the crest of which he had built his home, that he saw six Indians on his track, leaping at a pace which outran the strides of his weary horse.

The Dutchman turned in his saddle, and his unerring aim dropped one of the pursuers; then he urged his way amidst the gloom of the great trees up the hill. When he gained the clearing at the top he saw what had once been his happy home, now only a pile of cold ashes and half-charred logs. He had no time to search if by chance there might yet remain some ghastly relic of those he had loved and lost. The red men were upon him, running as fleet as stag-hounds, for now they were on the level

They were sure of their prey. A triumphant whoop pealed from their lips. Tomahawks whizzed through the air, one of them striking Cornelis in the shoulder, as the savages pressed on at top speed. The white man laughed loud and long with a laughter that filled the forest with shrill echoes, and motioning to them as if he were their leader, leaped his horse from the top of the terrible rock, crashing through the branches of trees



"MEIN VROUW! MEIN CHILDREN!" THE DUTCHMAN GROANED.

down, down a hundred feet. The human hounds, so hot in the chase, were going with a rush which could not be stayed, and they too plunged to death in the pathway of their victim. Cornelis escaped with broken limbs, though his horse was killed, and all the Indians perished but one, who saved himself by clutching at the limb of a tree. He fled, and carried the story to his tribe.

With the coming of the Dutch soldiers the settlers were strong enough to drive back and scatter their assailants. But most of the colonists, discouraged, drifted away to the New Netherlands or to the more easterly settlements. It was not till two years later that a force of Dutch and English stormed the Sinoway village and crushed the power of the tribe, after which the town was successfully resettled.

Ten years have passed. The skill and toil of the whites have swept away the scars of Indian warfare. Pleasant homes rise amidst smiling fields of maize and rye. One summer day Cornelis Labden, a helpless cripple and almost half-witted, sat on the porch of Captain Underhill's house smoking his long Dutch pipe and looking at the shining waters of the Sound. Here or in the good Captain's hearth-corner he would doze and mumble all day long summer and winter. An Indian youth, nearly grown, walked up the lane and stood before this poor wreck of a man. Cornelis shut his eyes, and waved him off as if to drive away some thought that troubled his weak brain.

"Lapten, me find Lapten," said the Indian, whose blue eyes and brown hair were queerly amiss with the copper skin, the breech-clout, and the moccasins of the savage.

The sound of the voice stirred Cornelis strangely, and as if by some instinct he spoke in Dutch. The lad listened eagerly, for the words seemed to be half known to him, and he repeated them. Cornelis watched him with an intent look, like the gaze of one just awakened from a long sleep. He trembled, and for the first time in years intelligence burned in his eyes. Without another word he led the Indian lad within and began to rub the skin of his face with soap and water, and in a few moments the clear white was shown. While he was thus engaged over the unresisting youth, Captain Underhill entered.

"Cabdain, Cabdain," said Cornelis, with a shaking voice, "mein Hans ist goom back. Done ye know yer old vader, leedle Hans? Vare ist Anneke?" And he threw his arms with a passion of sobs about the lad's neck. This opened the gates of memory for father and son, and the identity was soon made clear. In recovering his son, Dutch Cornelis had also got back his reason.

By gradual questioning the facts were fully obtained as the half-forgotten language of childhood came back. Hans and Anneke had been carried off by strange Indians of the more northern tribes, who had sent warriors to join in the Sinoway attack. The children had been separated, and Anneke was lost forever. She was now probably either dead or the squaw of some Indian chief. As Hans grew up, forgetting much, he still remembered his father's name and that he was of white blood. He had finally escaped from his adopted tribe, and worked his way by a strange series of accidents and guesses back to the place of his birth. Such in the main is the legend of Labden's Rock.

# JASPER FELTON'S REWARD.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

NEW CUMBERLAND is a pretty rural village lying directly across the Susquehanna from the big smoky town of Steelton, whose immense iron and steel works have few equals in the State of Pennsylvania. For many years a score or more of New Cumberland's inhabitants have been employed at Steelton, and until a few months ago these men went to their daily work in small row-boats, pulling a mile and a quarter across the river early each morning, and returning at six o'clock every evening. This plan had other disadvantages than loss of time and hard labor. When the river was very high or clogged with drift ice, the men were compelled to tramp two miles up the shore, cross the bridge to Harrisburg, and then take the electric cars to Steelton, returning by the same route. They were sturdy fellows, and did not mind it much. There was always a remedy at hand, since they might at any time move their families across the river. Some few, weary of the drudgery and frequent expense, chose this alternative. But the majority refused to exchange their pretty vine-clad cottages, with the accompanying boon of health and pure air, for the smoke and dirt of the squalid town.

Dan Lucas, a thrifty lad of seventeen, was the first to conceive a plan by which he could benefit both himself and his neighbors. It was a very simple plan, and it is surprising that no one had thought of it long before. Dan was then employed in the village saw-mill, but a few months before he had filled the post of engineer and fireman on a small steamer ten miles up the river. The steamer belonged to a contractor named Jonathan Long, and was used for hauling sand flats and stone barges to and fro.

Dan did not at once put his plan into execution. He kept on working and saving money, but meanwhile he made a confidant of Jasper Felton, a lad of his own age. Jasper was also employed in the saw-mill, and the scanty pittance he earned was almost the sole support of himself and his widowed mother. Mr. Felton had been dead ten years.

Dan first offered his companion a partnership in the enterprise. This had to be declined, however, for lack of funds. Then he made a proposition of a different nature, which Jasper accepted with delight and gratitude.

Dan had laid a little money aside from his previous situation, and in July his total savings amounted to seventy-five dollars. A few days later the saw-mill shut down for repairs, and the two lads immediately went up the river to see Jonathan Long. The contractor happened to have a steamboat which was somewhat out of repair. She was called the *Dart*, and was twenty-two feet long. He agreed to sell her to Dan for fifty dollars, and to fix her up and paint her for ten dollars additional.

A week later the *Dart* arrived at New Cumberland in all her glory, and great was the excitement and delight of the villagers when they learned that they could now make regular trips to and from Steelton on this trim little craft. Dan attended to the engine, while Jasper, for his services as pilot, was to receive one-fourth of the gross receipts. The fare was fixed at five cents each way, no reduction being allowed for round trips.

The confidence of the boys was not overrated. The enterprise proved a success from the start. The iron-workers, with few exceptions, forsook their row-boats for a safer and speedier passage in the *Dart*. The boys found it wise to sell them weekly tickets at a slight reduction. Moreover, the women folks of the village took advantage of the steam ferry to make frequent shopping excursions to town, while picnickers and fishing-parties came over to New Cumberland, and tramped up the creek or over the hills. The news spread among the country folk, too, and on market mornings the farmers would drive into the village, tie up their teams, and cross in the steamer with their baskets of produce. This saved them the heavy expense of bridge toll, and a long journey besides.

At the close of the first week the *Dart* was making hourly trips between six in the morning and six in the evening. Jasper's share of the receipts for the second week was three times as much as he had earned in the saw-mill. The third week yielded still more, and he was able to provide his mother with many little comforts that



MR. TORRANCE PINNED HIM DOWN WHILE JASPER RAN FOR THE ROPE.

she had long needed, besides laying a few dollars away. Meanwhile he paid his *pro rata* share of necessary expenses, except that of coal, which Dan had voluntarily assumed in the original agreement. The river was constantly falling, and though there was always a fair depth of water even in its lowest stage, the boys wisely marked out a well-defined channel by means of floating buoys, and dredged it free of loose stones and sand-bars. They also built a movable landing-wharf on each shore, and covered the *Dart* with a neat canvas awning that protected the passengers from rain and sun.

Each week added to the traffic and the profits, and Jasper began to dream of moving his mother to a snug little cottage, with a garden and orchard attached, on which he had recently set his eye. Dan's earnings, of course, stood to Jasper's in the ratio of four to one. He was elated by his prosperity, and by the constantly increasing array of figures in his bank-book. He began to put on airs, and in the evenings he would sit in the village store and listen gravely to the conversation of his elders.

But too much prosperity is not good for a man—or a boy, either. In Dan's case the result was selfishness. He grew avaricious and grasping. The more he got, the more he wanted. Something rankled in his mind, and for very shame he tried at first to stifle it. Finally he said to Jasper: "Look here, I've been thinking of something for a good while. It's not fair that you should have a quarter of all the earnings. I'm the owner of the boat, and you're only hired, you know. From the first of September I'll give you four dollars a week, and if you don't want to take it, I'll get somebody for less money."

Jasper's golden air-castles tumbled down. He expostulated mildly with Dan, and pleaded that the agreement was binding. But Dan was not to be shaken from his resolve. Four dollars a week or retirement, that was the long and the short of it.

In his heart Jasper did not blame Dan so very much for exercising his right of ownership in the *Dart;* only he wished that the twenty-five per cent. basis had never been made; four dollars a week would have satisfied him then. Now it was dropping from a pinnacle of affluence. He took counsel with his mother, and fortified by her wise advice and consoling words, he resolved to make the best of the situation.

The first of September came, and with it came a severe blow to the owner of the *Dart*—a punishment, probably, for his broken faith. Abram Hargest, a well-to-do storekeeper of New Cumberland, concluded that Dan was making more money than was becoming in a lad of his age. So he purchased a steamboat and started a rival line to Steelton. The *Cormorant*—that was the name of the new boat—was half as large again as the *Dart*, and was much more comfortable. It made about the same speed, and the fare was the same. In charge of it were two lads of seventeen, Nick Cooper and Tom Kennet. They had no love for Dan or Jasper, and did all they could to injure the popularity of the *Dart* and draw patronage to their employer.

The sympathies of the villagers were probably with the owners of the *Dart*, but they could not afford to make an enemy of such an influential man as Abram Hargest. So the *Cormorant* did fairly well from the start, and Dan and Jasper found their traffic decreased by one-half. The latter was at first none the worse off, since he was now working for fixed wages. But presently even his meagre four dollars were threatened with curtailment. One by one the regular patrons of the *Dart* dropped off, and by the end of September the situation was serious.

The landing-wharves of the two steamers were but a few yards apart on both sides of the river. The *Cormorant* now made better time than its rival, for at considerable labor and expense Abram Hargest had dredged out a direct and artificial channel.

It rained hard and steadily during most of the first week in October, and the Susquehanna became a swollen and turbid flood. The next week was clear, but the river was still high and swift when Dan and Jasper met at the wharf early on Wednesday morning. The former's face was clouded with anger and vexation.

"Have you heard the news?" he demanded, sullenly. "Hargest has put the fare down to four cents each way."

"That's a mean trick," exclaimed Jasper. "We'll have to do the same, I guess."

"No, we won't, either," declared Dan, obstinately. "We're hardly earning anything as it is. I wish I could get square with that old fellow. I'll have to cut your wages next week unless we pick up more trade."

Jasper's face clouded, but he made no reply, for fear of aggravating Dan's irritable mood. "I can't support mother on four dollars a week," he said to himself. "I guess I'll have to throw up this job and go back to the saw-mill."

In moody silence the boys set about building the fire. A few yards up the river, at the *Cormorant's* landing, Nick Cooper and Tom Kennet were engaged on similar work. The *Dart* carried six passengers on her first trip, while the rival steamer was packed to overflowing. There was about the same proportion of traffic on the two following round trips. The weight of nickels in Dan's pocket was very light and his heart felt correspondingly heavy, but not so heavy, perhaps, as Jasper's.

At fifteen minutes past nine o'clock both steamers lay on the Steelton side. Each had just blown her five-minute whistle. The *Cormorant* was already half filled by a bevy of chattering girls bound on a chestnutting excursion to the York Hills. Other passengers quickly filled up the remaining seats—three gunners with dogs and game-bags, a pair of urchins with a rusty fowling-piece between them, a sunburnt farmer, and two plump market women with empty baskets. At the last minute came Abram Hargest, satchel in hand. He had been absent on business for several days. He hurried down the bank, and glanced contentedly at the other steamer as he stepped on board his own. There was barely room for him.

As yet not a single passenger for the *Dart*. Time was up, too. Dan and Jasper glanced meaningly at each other. With a shrill echoing whistle the *Cormorant* moved slowly across the yellow flood. She was packed to overflowing; dangerously so, since her gunwales were but a few inches above the water.

"We may as well start," muttered Dan, as he walked sullenly to the boiler. Just then a shout was heard, and a man ran down the bank and tumbled on board. He was about thirty years old, with a handsome and attractive face. He wore a shooting suit of corduroy, and had a gun with him. The boys were on fairly intimate terms with Mr. Torrance, for he was one of their steadfast passengers. They knew that he was interested in a large iron mill a mile above Steelton, and they realized vaguely that he was well off.

The *Dart* moved out from shore, slowly at first, then with quicker revolutions of the stern paddle-wheel.

"The same old story, I see," remarked Mr. Torrance, as he glanced at the *Cormorant*. "Don't despair, my lads; pluck will win the race yet. Even as things go now you must be making a snug living, and dividing a pretty fair sum at the end of the week. How about that cottage, Jasper? Are you in possession yet?"

Jasper was silent. "He's working for regular wages now," said Dan, aggressively. "I pay him four dollars a week. I could get somebody for less, but I'd rather have Jasper."

"I thought there was a fixed basis of percentage be-

tween you," remarked Mr. Torrance, with an inflection of surprise.

"Yes," admitted Dan; "but it wasn't binding. This is my boat, and I ought to have most of the profits."

"Oh!" said Mr. Torrance, and then he was silent for several minutes.

Meanwhile the *Dart* had gained on her rival, and was now abreast of her, though separated by the space of fifty yards. The *Cormorant* had the lower and straighter track. As both steamers reached mid-channel a sharp splitting noise was heard. Then the *Cormorant* swung suddenly to one side, and began to drift helplessly.

"Look!" cried Jasper. "The paddle-wheel has broken at the hub. It's all fallen apart. They'll soon be in the rapids if we don't help them. Crowd on all steam, Dan. We'll catch up with the *Cormorant*, and tow her to shore."

"I guess we won't," replied Dan. "I wouldn't lift a finger to save that mean old fellow. The passengers are in no danger. If they drift down stream a mile or two and get badly scared, they'll know which boat to travel in after this. Nothing better could have happened for us."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," cried Jasper, indignantly. "The passengers *are* in danger, and you know it. The boat is almost level with the water now, and the minute she strikes a rock, or gets in among those waves, she'll fill and go to the bottom."

"Nonsense," sneered Dan. "They have poles on board. Why don't they use them?"

"Poles are of no account in this swift current," cried Jasper. "The water is too deep, anyway."

As he spoke he gave the tiller a fierce twist, and the *Dart* headed obediently down stream.

"Stop that!" shouted Dan. Throwing himself upon Jasper, he wrenched him away from the tiller and pushed him backward over one of the seats. Then he quickly swung the *Dart* toward shore again, and seizing a heavy stick, he stood on the defensive.

Jasper rose, quivering with passion and indignation. He clinched his fists and took a step forward. Then he stopped, for Dan's club was swinging viciously in a half-circle. Mr. Torrance looked sternly but passively on. Perhaps he did not clearly understand the situation, and was uncertain with whom to side.

At all events, Jasper had not exaggerated the danger. The *Cormorant* was in grave peril. Already she was less than half a mile from the rapids, and drifting toward them at high speed. A blow from a hidden rock or a plunge through leaping waves would surely swamp her. The passengers were not blind to their impending fate. The men shouted and waved their hats appealingly at the *Dart*. The women and girls screamed at the top of their voices. Guns were fired in air and the steamer's whistle made a shrieking but futile din. The engine puffed and snorted as though the paddle-wheel was still churning the muddy waves. Excited knots of people were now visible on both shores. Here and there small boats put out, but there was no likelihood of their reaching the helpless vessel in time to transfer the passengers.

Jasper noted all these things at a glance, and his mind was swiftly made up. He must do his duty at all hazards.

"Will you turn the steamer down stream?" he demanded.

"No!" shouted Dan, twirling his stick with added force. "Keep back or I'll hit you."

Jasper made no further appeal. He rushed swiftly to the attack, and received one stinging blow on the shoulder. The lads grappled, and the next instant Dan was sprawling on the floor half a dozen feet from the tiller. Jasper was surprised at his own strength. He quickly picked up the stick, and swung the *Dart* down stream. The act was greeted by hoarse cheering from the *Cormorant*.

Dan pulled himself to his feet, white with passion. He did not renew the battle, but ran instantly toward the boiler.

"You may have the tiller!" he cried, exultantly. "I'll fix you. I'll put out the fire." The next instant he had the furnace door open, and was bending over it, poker in hand.

With a quick glance Mr. Torrance mentally measured the distance between the *Cormorant* and the head of the rapids. Then he turned to Jasper and whispered sharply: "Come, my lad, I'll help you. There's no time to lose."

As the words were uttered Jasper dropped the tiller and sprang forward. Mr. Torrance followed at his heels. They were quick about it, for they had hold of Dan before he could either rake the glowing coals into the pan or turn off the steam. He struggled like a young panther—biting, scratching, and snarling. Mr. Torrance was somewhat of an athlete. He brought his muscles into full play, and pinned the prisoner down, while Jasper ran back for a bit of rope. Dan was speedily bound hand and foot and dragged out of the way. He struggled vainly to escape from his bonds, and howled all manner of threats and imprecations. His captors paid no attention to him. Jasper glanced at the steam-gauge and threw fresh coal on the fire.

"Run to the tiller," cried Mr. Torrance. "Trust me with the boiler. I know something about them. There's barely time to save the *Cormorant;* but not a second to lose."

Jasper obeyed without a word. The *Dart* sped rapidly down mid-channel, trembling from bow to stern under the violent throbbing of the engine and the dizzy revolutions of the paddle-wheel. The distance lessened to twenty yards, fifteen—ten. But the rapids were now frightfully close. The helpless steamer was drifting toward them stern first. Her passengers were shrieking wildly. Far up in the bow stood two or three watchful men holding a coil of heavy rope.

Now the boats were but five yards apart. Suddenly one end of the rope whizzed across the gap and was cleverly caught by Mr. Torrance. Gathering in the spare line, he ran to the stern and made fast the hempen link. Jasper swung the tiller, and the stanch little *Dart* headed diagonally up stream. A moment of anxious suspense followed. Then the *Cormorant* was checked on the very brink of the rapids, and after a quivering jerk or two, she followed in the wake of her conductor.

The rescued passengers cheered themselves hoarse, and shrill responses floated over the water from each shore. The connecting rope bore the strain well as the *Dart* ploughed her way against the swirling current. It was slow work, but in something over ten minutes the *Cormorant* was brought safely alongside her landing, and the passengers scrambled out.

The *Dart* ran ashore a few yards above. Dan's bonds were cut, and he jumped sullenly out on the beach, followed by Jasper and Mr. Torrance. They were quickly surrounded by a curious and admiring crowd, who did not exactly understand what had happened out on the river. Dan tried to sneak away, fearful of rough treatment when the truth should come out. Mr. Torrance caught his arm and checked him.

"I want to buy the *Dart*," he said, sternly. "I will give what you paid for it."

"I won't sell," snarled Dan.

"Yes, you will," replied Mr. Torrance. "You are foolish to refuse. You will get no such offer again. Think a minute," he added, in a whisper. "Is it likely that a single person will ever patronize you in future? Your dastardly actions can't be concealed."

Dan turned pale. "I'll take seventy-five dollars," he said, sullenly.

In the presence of the crowd Mr. Torrance drew his

pocket-book and extracted forty dollars in bills. "This is all I have with me," he said. "It will do to seal the contract. You shall have the balance to-day."

Dan took the bills, and quickly disappeared while he had the chance.

Mr. Torrance turned to Jasper. "The *Dart* is yours," he said. "No, don't thank me. The money is only a loan. You can pay it back out of your earnings whenever convenient."

Jasper was speechless with joy. His good-fortune seemed too amazing to be true. He wished that he could slip away, for Mr. Torrance was now telling the crowd the true story of the *Cormorant's* rescue.

Abram Hargest jostled his way forward and clapped a hand on the lad's shoulder. "You're a hero, Jasper," he exclaimed. "What do you say to going into partnership with me? I'll take you on equal shares. We'll use the *Cormorant* for the ferry, and hire the *Dart* to picnics and fishing-parties. I mean fair, Torrance," he added. "It's a good offer."

"Yes, I think it is," replied Mr. Torrance. "Accept it by all means, Jasper."

So the partnership was formed then and there, and ratified by the cheers of the crowd.

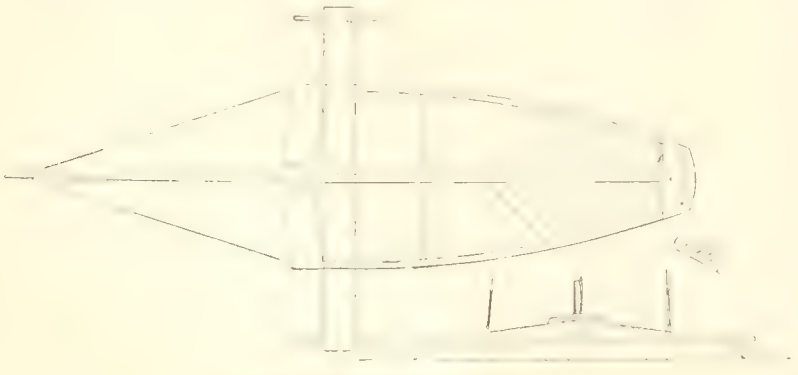
Dan is back at his old place with Jonathan Long. He found that New Cumberland air did not agree with him.

## HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-BOAT.

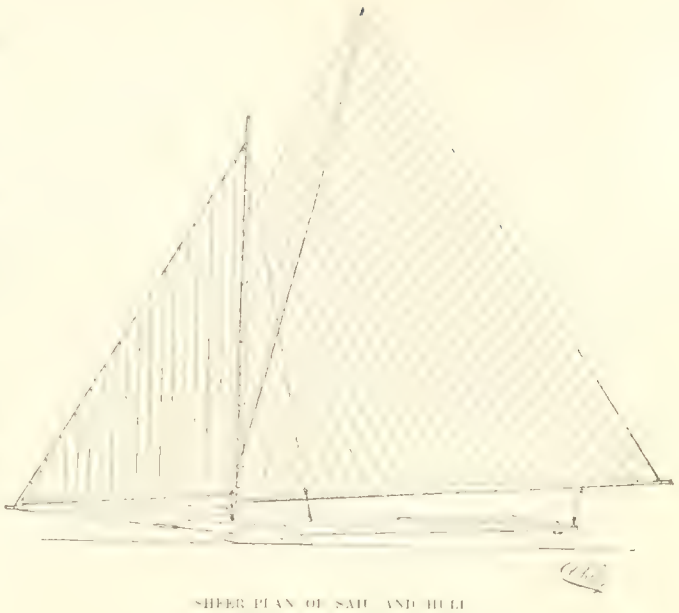
BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

AS the cold crisp air is felt in the early part of November our young readers' minds turn to the winter sports, the king of which is ice-boating. What can be more exhilarating than to speed over the ice on a swift-moving boat, every nerve tingling with excitement? Many of our boys who live inland and away from the ice-yachting centres may not have had an opportunity to examine such boats thoroughly. The accompanying drawings show how a practical ice-boat may be made. Seasoned spruce free from knots and checks should be used for the wood, the only exception being the flooring of pine. The first essential is a very close study of the drawings here given. They are drawn to scale. The backbone or centre piece should be made from a 14-foot spruce joist, 6 by 3 inches. This should be brought down to 3 inches on the upper side only for the stern end. Now take a 4 by 3 inch joist (spruce) 8½ feet long, and work down to an eight-cornered 2½ by 2½. Do this gradually. This is the bowsprit, and is bolted to the backbone.

The two side timbers are 12¼ feet by 3¼ inches by 2 inches, and are bent into a slight bow by inserting a piece of joist on each side of the backbone half-way between runner plank and stern, one side touching backbone and the outer end resting on inside of side timber. These are called spreaders, and each measures 2½ feet, and are 3 by 4 inches.



DECK PLAN AND MIDSHIP SECTION.



SHEER PLAN OF SAIL AND HULL.

Now that you have formed your bow inside timbers, nail on the under side a board, and put on the two boards which the mast step rests on. See that the mast is stepped 1¼ feet forward of the forward edge of the runner plank, as this insures easy sailing, and has to a great extent done away with the big jibs formerly carried.

Next lay on your flooring of ¾ by 6 inch pine, which should be tongued and grooved. This should extend 7 feet forward from extreme stern. The runner plank is 11 feet by 1 foot by 2 inches. The runners are all made of oak, 3½ feet extreme length by 7 inches, and are 1½ inches thick. To the forward ones are attached two ears for each runner, which measure 1½ feet by 4½ inches by 1¼ inches. They are bolted securely to the runner plank, and the runner hangs on a bolt that is placed through the two ears, and this allows it to play while going over any imperfection on the ice. The rudder (runner) is very much shorter than the forward runners, and is of a different shape; the measurements are 1½ feet by 5 inches by 1½ inches.



MAST AND STEP.



STAYBOLT AND LOCKBOLT RUNNER.

The crotch and tiller can be made by a village blacksmith, and should cost about $3. The after runner works in this iron crotch, and should have a few inches of play.

The tiller is of iron, and fits on the square head of the upright bar of the crotch, on which is screwed a nut. There is a traveller for the mainsail and one for the jib. See that your runners are perfectly square fore and aft, and are exactly at right angles with runner plank. Fasten the runner plank on with four bolts which pass through each side timber. The shoes for runners are made from castings, a pattern of which is shown. Make the pattern of wood. It is three-cornered, and is the shape of a V, and is cast solid; the lower sharp corner of course touches the ice.

This pattern you can have cast from iron at the nearest foundry for a few cents a pound. It is bolted on to each end of the runner, holes being made in the

pattern at each extremity for that purpose. Two small ears are left on the upper part of the shoe to strengthen the side strain; these are sunk in the wood of the runner.

In case you do not care for this kind of a shoe, they can be made of ¾ inch square bar iron, being set cornerwise and sunk in the runner, giving them a slight upward bend forward. In this case you should drill holes in each extremity for the bolts that fasten to the runner. An iron rod is run from the extreme tip of the bowsprit to nearly the rudder standard. If required, a turn buckle can be inserted at the bowsprit end.

Use the utmost care on the shoes, and see that the under side is perfectly true and smooth. Sharpen them with a grindstone. The rig is a jib and mainsail of the following dimensions: Mainsail—boom, 15½ feet; hoist, 10 feet; gaff, 9 feet; leech, 20 feet. Jib—hoist, 12½ feet; foot, 7¾ feet; and from tip of bowsprit to mast-head, 15¾ feet. The mast itself is 14½ feet; the boom, 15¾ feet, and the sprit, 17¾ feet. A sprit is much handier in cold weather to hoist than a gaff, and using the former tends to reduce the weight of rigging aloft; besides, it is rather difficult to keep a stiff leech on your mainsail with a gaff.

The sails are made of drilling, and cost about fifteen cents a yard. They can be run together on any lock-stitch sewing-machine, and patches must be sewed on each side of the sail at each corner. (See shape of patches on sail drawing.) Rope in the sails firmly and sew in a piece of light wire rigging at the gaff part of the mainsail. This is to reduce the strain which the sprit brings on the head of the sail. It improves the sail to lay a plait in centre of each cloth.

There are two shrouds on each side and a jib-stay. The mast is stepped in a shallow oak block and stayed up as in a yacht. The mast is entirely dependent upon the four shrouds and jib-stay for its support. The above dimensions can be reduced one-half if you wish to make a smaller boat to accommodate one person, and to be used on a pond or a small lake.

Bear in mind that the mainsail or jib is never let out, as an ice-boat cannot go dead before the wind. Consequently you do not require much sheet for your sails. The sprit, boom, and mast are made of spruce joist as free from knots and checks as possible. To tighten your shrouds and bowsprit shrouds splice in thimbles and run in a lanyard of four parts of Manila rope.



FIFTY MEN PULLED ON THE ROPE FOR EACH CANNON

## TAMING MONT BLANC.

BY A. F. MATTHEWS.

FOR several years it has been known that the French army has been drilled and trained as it never was before, and that if war with Germany should occur again the Germans would have to meet the most skilled, most eager, and best-equipped foe that they have ever faced. The development in warfare by the French in the last ten years has been nothing short of wonderful. They have just added to their renown by performing a feat that doubtless would have astonished even Napoleon, with all his daring. They have taken field artillery across the Savoy Alps, southwest of Mont Blanc. They have reached crests with heavy guns which hitherto only eagles and chamois have attained. In other words, as the French expression goes, they have tamed a mountain.

There are few readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who, in these days of improved geographical study, do not know that Mont Blanc is in France, but it is certain that many grown persons think it is in Switzerland. Every one has read of the passes on its flanks; and all, young persons especially, know of the famous St. Bernard monks and dogs. We have all known that with staff and rope and guide it is possible to reach even the summit of Mont Blanc and other mountains, but no one has thought of carrying more than a few pounds of baggage for such a journey. It has been known that through the passes troops might defile, and history records more than one of such famous events. Those of our young readers who visited the Government Building at the World's Fair in Chicago must have seen how small pieces of artillery are carried over mountains on the backs of mules, the cannon itself being strapped on one mule, the wheels on another, and so on, until at least four mules are required to transport the smallest kind of field-piece. No one ever supposed that big cannon could be taken up icy precipices where there was no sign of pathway, where there was no vegetation except fugitive mosses, where no four-footed animal but the chamois could climb with safety, but that is exactly what the brave, hardy, and enthusiastic French troops have done.

There has always been a fascination in reading of the "battle among the clouds" on Lookout Mountain in our civil war. The task of surmounting that was child's play to this new achievement of the French. South of Mont Blanc is a valley through which a torrent river

runs from the great glacier of the mountain. At the mouth of the valley is Bourg-St.-Maurice, where troops may be massed, and where there are heavy fortifications. An enemy from the Aosta Valley, in Italy, could reach this valley by the Seine pass, but it would be useless to attempt to invade France because of these fortifications in the valley through which the hostile troops must pass. There is another way to get over into France, and that is over the Alps toward the west and down by Roselend to the little hamlet of Beaufort, from which there is a pathway, almost impassable, down the valley of the Doron. Individual men might get over this crest, but the idea of taking even a small cannon over it would have seemed absurd if it hadn't been done recently. The flank of Mont Blanc at this place is nearly 6000 feet high. It was decided by the French military authorities to make the trip from the Bourg-St.-Maurice fortifications with field cannon to Chapeaux, where there is a small garrison.

With a prospect of victory for inspiration, a battalion of infantry, one of Alpine chasseurs, and a battery of artillery started from Bourg-St.-Maurice on July 18th last. An icy rain was falling, but the troops did not falter. They were to add to the glory of the army of France. Soon they were beyond the limits for safety for animals. It was impossible to go around the flank of the mountain. With ropes and pulleys, as the illustration shows, these men, with songs and shouts of encouragement to each other, bent to their task of raising the guns up the slippery heights. Fifty men pulled on the rope for each cannon, and at every tug each piece slowly mounted toward the sky. Obstacle after obstacle was overcome, and on July 20th there rolled out a sound over Mont Blanc's crags and glaciers and precipices that was never heard there before. It was the boom of a mighty cannon. It was an announcement of achievement rather than of defiance, and the cheers of the soldiers meant that the French artillery, as well as the infantry, had "tamed a mountain."

The next day all the cannon reached the summit of the crest. Getting down on the other side was more difficult than getting up. The men and cannon had to go down the face of a slope 1800 feet high, and very steep. The work was done with ropes and pulleys, as in going up, and on July 21st Beaufort was reached.

Surely the French have a right to be proud of this extraordinary achievement. They are now able to guard their Alps at their crests. They have shown splendid endurance, and shall we not say most commendable bravery? When in 1890 a French Alpine club, after two days, succeeded in reaching the top of Mount Sir Donald, in the Selkirks, in British Columbia, from which they took some very fine photographs; when a party of Americans recently reached the summit of Mount Baker, in our State of Washington, after five days of effort, and there waved the American flag amid the smoking fumes of the mountain; when Mount Cook, in those famous New Zealand Alps, was conquered, two years ago, after a dozen attempts had been made; when the top of Mount Kabru, in the Himalayas, was reached in 1883, the highest ascent ever made, 23,700 feet being recorded—the world that loves achievement and victory applauded. But all these tasks, difficult and splendid as they were, were not one whit more daring, more brilliant, or more glorious in their results than this achievement of the French troops.

## HI WEAVER'S IDLENESS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"THAT boy hain't no good, nohow," said Mrs. Burney. "What 'n the name o' common-sense John ever tuk him in fur w'en his mother died I'm sure I dun'no'. Why couldn't he 'a' let him go to work for his livin'? That's what I want ter know."

And Mrs. Burney plunged her arms into the dough with a vicious dig. The boy she was talking about was Hiram Weaver, the son of her husband's sister. The boy's mother had been very poor—only half a dozen people in Middleville were anything else—and at her death the boy had been left with just the clothes he had on. John Burney would not have been thought a hard man in Middleville if he had sent the boy to one of the factories to work; but he had a tender spot in his heart for his sister's son, and he took him into his home and sent him to the village school.

But Hi Weaver did not turn out to be a brilliant scholar. He was not devoted to his books, but spent a great deal of time loitering around the engines in the big factories, and questioning the engineers; and he used to go home so dirty sometimes that Mrs. Burney was almost driven distracted, for she was a very neat woman, and had been taught in her girlhood that cleanliness is next to godliness.

John Burney always contended that the boy would come to no harm at the factories, but that he would learn much that would be useful to him when he began life in such a great manufacturing town as Middleville. Nevertheless, John would have liked to see the boy more attentive to his school duties.

Suddenly Hi gave up loitering at the factories, and began to spend his spare time at the fire-engine house. Middleville had a fine steam fire-engine, purchased by the wealthy owners of the great factories. Hi Weaver seemed to fall in love with that steamer. He hung around the engine-house, and became so well acquainted with the firemen that they allowed him to go inside, where he could see the engine better. There he would stay for an hour at a time, walking around and around the machine, and looking for all the world like some little heathen worshipping a brass deity.

"I wish there'd be a fire," he said one day.

"That's all right," said one of the firemen; "you let well enough alone, and don't wish for evil."

"Well, I wish there'd be a fire," muttered Hi, as he walked away.

Two days later the fire company received a lot of new hose, and went out to try it. The engine was taken to a fire-plug near the school; and Hi, sitting at his desk close to the door, heard the puffing. His face turned pale and his eyes burned with excitement. It lacked but five minutes of the time for school to close, but those minutes seemed hours to Hiram. As soon as the bell rang he rushed out of the door and down the stairs, three steps at a time, and in a few seconds was beside the engine. He watched its movements like one transfixed. Then he began to ask the engineer questions, and the man, being good-natured, answered them readily. Hiram staid till the hose trial was over, watched the engine go home, and then departed, looking very thoughtful.

"For goodness' sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burney, the next morning, before breakfast, "I'd like ter know what that boy's up to now?"

"What's the matter?" asked John.

"He's over in Mrs. Simpson's yard a-sawin' wood."

John got up and looked out of the window. It was true enough, and five minutes later Hiram entered the house very hungry.

"What's struck you?" asked Mrs. Burney.

"I got twenty-five cents fur sawin' the wood," said Hi.

"Waal, you give 't ter me ter keep fur you," said Mrs. Burney.

The boy looked appealingly at John.

"Let him keep the money," said Mr. Burney. "He will do no harm with it."

Hiram looked happy, and Mrs. Burney looked disgusted. For two weeks after that Hi was very industrious, and his spare time was divided between doing odd jobs

for any one who would employ him and going to the fire company's house to look at the engine. Suddenly his ways changed again, and he began to go to his own little room in the attic as soon as he reached home after school. Mrs. Burney tried very hard to find out what "that boy" was "up to now," but he managed to keep his secret, and continued to make great use of his own room for fully a month.

One night there came an alarm of fire. They always rang the big bell in the cupola of the engine-house, and Hiram started out of his sleep in great excitement. He flung on his clothes, stole down stairs, and climbed out of a window. He reached the engine-house just in time to see the engine disappearing down the street.

"Where's the fire?" he asked the janitor.

"Widder Raney's cottage."

Hiram turned deathly pale, and staggered as if about to fall. Then he recovered, and started down the street after the engine at a breakneck speed.

"That 'ere boy's crazy," said the janitor. It took Hiram less than five minutes to reach the scene of the fire. The flames were bursting out of the windows on one side of the house, and it was plain that the little building must be destroyed very quickly.

"Where's Jimmy?" shouted Hiram, as he came up.

"Jimmy who?" asked a fireman.

"Jimmy Raney. He's in the house; he can't git out; he's crippled."

At that moment a fireman staggered out of the house, carrying the widow.

"Save the b'y!" she cried. "He'll niver git out! He's on the sicond flure!"

There was a moment of painful silence. Then Hiram's voice was heard.

"H'ist a ladder!"

And the next moment, before any one could stop him, Hiram was in the house. In a minute he appeared at a window, bearing the insensible cripple in his arms. The ladder was raised, and strong men brought the two boys down safely. Young Dr. Milton, who was at hand, said the cripple would recover in a short time, as he was not burned. Then they turned to look for Hiram, but he was gone. Ten minutes later he returned, breathless, carrying a package. The little cripple was just opening his eyes and beginning to look about him. Hiram dropped on his knees beside the little fellow, and began nervously to unroll his package.

"Here, Jimmy," he said; "I made her on purpose for you—I made her myself, I did, an' I earnt the money honest for to git the things wid. She's a real one, if she is little; an' she'll go too, Jimmy, wid steam jes like the big un."

And Hiram held up a handsomely made miniature steam fire-engine. John Burney and his wife had followed the boy, and they stood silent in amazement.

"That boy," said the captain of the fire company, "is a hero."

"That boy," said the superintendent of the largest factory in town, "will be a great machinist."

"Better than all," said young Dr. Milton, "that boy has a great big heart of gold."

And all three of them told the truth.

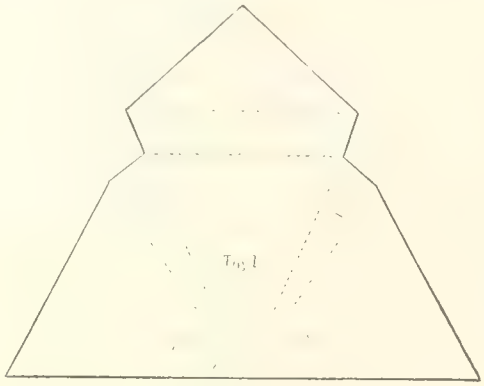
## ANOTHER HOME-MADE BONBON-BOX.

THIS box can be made without paste or glue of any kind, is easily and quickly folded into shape, and is very pretty and effective for the Christmas tree or dinner table.

One sheet of Whatman's water-color paper and a yard or two of narrow ribbon will make half a dozen or more. Tinted with water-colors or decorated with paintings of flowers, these little receptacles for bonbons are as dainty and gay as you please.

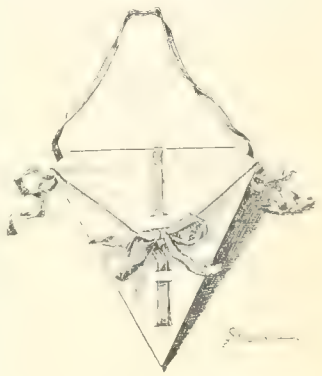
Our illustration is a three-cornered envelope box, made with sufficient depth to hold the candy. It is cut after the pattern shown in Fig. 1. The dotted lines indicate where the paper is folded, and the short ones where it is slit for the ribbon to pass through.

Cut a pattern first of writing-paper, then laying that flat on your water-color paper, mark the outline with the point of an




ivory paper-knife, that no black lines may be on the box, as would be the case if a pencil were used. Use a rule to keep the lines straight where the paper is to be folded, still employing the paper-knife for marking, and with a sharp penknife cut the slits exactly as shown in diagram. Cut out the box according to the outline, and fold according to dotted lines.

With the aid of the penknife blade pass the end of your ribbon through the two slits in the point of the flap, bring it up over the top, and down the back to the bottom point; pass it through the slit in the point, pushing it on through those just opposite and bringing it out in front, draw it up the front, and slip through the slits above. Leave about three inches at each end of the ribbon for tying. Make a bow-knot in the end of a longer piece of ribbon, pass the other end through the two slits on one side of the box, drawing the bow up close to the lower slit; slip the ribbon again through the slits on the other side of the box, passing it through the top slit first, and tie a bow-knot in this end also. If your box is to be tinted or decorated, spread it out flat before running the ribbon in, and then paint it. The tinting looks pretty if it grows deeper towards the edges, or if a border of a darker shade is put on in dashes. After tinting lay the box out flat under a heavy book or weight, and let it remain until quite dry, after which fold it into shape again and tie with the ribbon.



## ROBBIE'S COMPLAINT.

I'D like to know a pile of things,
  Like "What's a Bogglewump,
And why don't little boys have wings,
  And how far frogs can jump.

"And what makes fishes snap at flies,
  And what keeps logs afloat,
And how to make good pumpkin-pies,
  And how long lived 's a goat."

That's why I hate the way they do
  In all these stupid schools.
They skip the things I want to know,
  And only teach me rules.

# A BIRTHDAY PARTY IN TOPSYTURVYDOM.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"MY infant pa is ninety-six to-day,"
An Upsidowny friend of mine did say.
"And we've decided that we'll celebrate
His birthday in the usual solemn state.
He gives a party to his friends to-night
We'd like to have you come and see the sight.



BUT EACH SMALL GUEST IS FURNISHED WITH HIS PILL.

It really is a grief-provoking scene,
The way they promenade with saddened mien;
And we are sure that it will int'rest you
To come and see the funny things they do.
Our children's fêtes are not a bit like those
You are accustomed to, where, I suppose,
There's naught but fun and romping for a while;
On every infant's face a happy smile,
And all the maids and masters richly dressed
In what you call, I think, their Sunday best;
Where games are played, and cream and frosted cakes
Are served with milk and lemonade in lakes.
We don't believe that plan of yours is right.
To eat too much by day, and toss all night,
Worn out and ill from too much cake and cream,
Subjected to some terrifying dream,
And headaches all the livelong following day,
Cannot be good for infants; but our way
Produces all their troubles at the fête,
And next day leaves them in a healthful state.
For instance, you permit your boys to eat
All they can stuff from forehead down to feet,



OUR INFANT PARENTS READ PHILOSOPHY

And when they're ill their pleasures all you spoil,
By doses of quassia or castor oil,
While we provide no feast to make them ill,
But each small guest is furnished with his pill
Of health-inducing medicines, instead
Of creams and things that hurt his little head.
Our supper tables groan with ipecacs,
And mustard plasters for their aching backs
Strong tonics we provide to quench their thirst,
Cod-liver oil and squills until they burst
If so they choose to drink: and not for pie,
But medicated biscuits they do cry.
And then instead of empty, foolish games,
Such as you give your little men and dames,
Our infant parents read philosophy
Or stunt each other with the rule of three.
No songs they sing, no dances tax their limbs
To make them worn and full of silly whims
That grow from weary nature: no loud noise
Such as you get from all your girls and boys.
In silence deep, in manner dignified,
Our infant feasters sit there side by side,
And not a word is spoken unless they
Are well convinced they've some wise thing to say.
In fact, according to our Downy plan,
We make our fetes as stupid as we can,
So that before they're e'en a quarter fed
The merrymakers want to go to bed.
This seems to me by far a better scheme
Than those which in your mortal eyes doth seem
To be the best, for I was told to-day
No child of yours will ever go away
From any dance or party willingly,
And that next day they all are sure to be



THE MERRYMAKERS WANT TO GO TO BED.

Worn out and cross, and quite as full of whims
As they are weak and achy in their limbs.
Just come and see us if you can to-night,
'Twill fill your heart, I'm sure, with sad delight."

I went, and 'twas a truly wondrous scene.
The parents all were frowning and serene;
They drank their ipecac with gladdest tears,
And gobbled pills by dozens, aged dears!
They read in most impressive manner too,
Huge books, too heavy far for me or you,
And seemed to get the greatest meed of glee
From shouting out schemes in philosophy.
A half a dozen of them sat at play
At what they called progressive algebra.
As Downy said, the stupider they got
The happier they seemed to think their lot,
And ere the time was quite one-quarter o'er,
Nine-tenths of them lay sleeping on the floor;
And from their pained expression truly I'm
Convinced each one had had a lovely time.
But for my part it seemed to me next day
For parties I don't like the Downy way;
For though our plan may make our poor heads split,
The fun we've had 's sufficient pay for it,
And I do hope this Upsidowny plan
May never be adopted here by man.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## YONKITT'S STRATAGEM.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

FROM the *Norman*, a store-ship which was anchored off Resolution Island, near Hudson Strait, in 18—, a boat had been lowered on one of those cold arctic mornings after a white bear that had been seen for a moment amongst drifting masses of ice in the distance.

The occupants of the boat were seven men, together with the Captain, Thomas Nye, and his son Wilfred, the latter a fine healthy-looking boy of sixteen. He wore a fur cap, a seal-skin coat, carried a haversack, and had a rifle. His father and two of the men were similarly



armed. As they approached the ice, they met Yonkitt, a dwarfish Eskimo youth, who had several times visited the ship, and who now, in his shaggy deer-skin coat, trousers, and boots, sat doubled up like a ball, paddling his canoe with might and main. The canoe, a beautiful one made of seal-skin, was sharp at both ends, and so transparent that the summer sunlight seemed to gleam through it.

"Hulloa, Yonkitt! You look frightened," cried the Captain, as both vessels were stopped.

Yonkitt then explained that while trying to catch a young seal alive for the Captain, who had agreed to buy one of him if thus obtained, he had been scared away by the growl of a bear.

"We are after that very bear," said the Captain. "I promised my friend, the same naturalist who wants the live seal, that I would also bring him home a white-bear's skin. Here, lad, are presents for you if you'll guide us to where you heard that growl."

So saying, he offered the native a small looking-glass and a little ornamental cake of soap from a shaving-box, always carried with him on his trips. Yonkitt took the presents, but instead of putting the soap in his pocket he thrust it into his mouth and promptly swallowed it.

"Bah!" cried the cockswain of the boat. "Be off with your uncivilized tricks!"

He was about to push the Eskimo back, when Wilfred, interposing, cried: "No, no! I'll not let you treat Yonkitt roughly. All his people are having hard times now, and he is very hungry. Here, chummy," he added, giving the native a sandwich from his haversack; "there's something for you better than soap."

It would have done you good to witness Yonkitt's keen relish for the feast. Wilfred, thinking it a jolly sight to see what big mouthfuls he took at every bite, enjoyed feeding him from his hand with more sandwiches. Very grateful was the little savage for this trifling kindness. He readily guided the party to a cave on the iceberg whence the bear's growl had seemed to come; then he went off to continue his hunt for such a young seal as the Captain wanted.

The sailors commenced their search for the bear. The middle of the iceberg was about twenty-five feet high, and the cave was in its centre, with an arched opening, through which the sun lighted a part of the crystal walls, that glistened as if sprinkled with gems.

On the right side of the cave were many deep hollows, but on the left Wilfred saw only one low aperture, through which he crawled, to emerge into a long open passage about fifteen feet high, disclosing through the further end a water channel that washed a broad icy platform extending from the base to the berg. Looking up, he suddenly caught a glimpse of the bear's shaggy back above a crystal ridge, near a huge cracked ice-shaft that overhung the passage. Raising his rifle, he fired. The report echoed like thunder among the hollows of the berg. Then there was an awful crash, and the lad sprang back just in time to save his life, as the great ice-shaft, dislodged by the shock of the rifle's peal, fell, breaking to fragments, which, in a pile ten feet deep, blocked the opening through which he had crept, separating him from the Captain and his men. Through the numerous little chinks between the pieces, however, his father's anxious call reached him.

"Wilfred! Wilfred! Are you safe? Unhurt?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted back the youth.

He then explained what had happened, described his situation, and added that he did not think he had hit the bear when he fired.

Cautioning him to be careful, the Captain said he would try to reach him by pulling round through the ice to the channel on the other side.

Thus, soon left alone on that floating berg, Wilfred moved through the passage to the platform, on which the further end opened, and which bordered the channel alluded to.

Where now was the bear? He could see no sign of it at first, but presently he heard a sort of crackling sound, and looking that way, there, sure enough, he beheld the head of the animal, with its short ears, its ugly nose, and pointed face, half projected through a mass of pendent icicles overhanging an opening in a ridge that extended from the base of the berg out upon the crystal platform. The brute's eyes glared, and it growled as Wilfred raised his rifle. Before he could fire it disappeared, and he heard a splash. The creature had evidently taken to the water, and, moving around the ridge, the boy saw a large pool into which the monster had probably plunged. The white bear is an excellent swimmer and diver, and Wilfred expected to see it come up in the channel that washed the ice platform. But he watched for it there in vain. It must have risen somewhere amongst the drifting masses beyond that bordered this channel. Suddenly he heard a rippling sound behind him, and turned to behold the uncouth tusked face of a walrus thrust, with its strange round eyes, from the pool. The face quickly vanished. A few moments later the pool was violently agitated, and up rose the head and breast of the white bear, which, it was now evident, had been in pursuit of the walrus.

Wilfred, aiming quickly, fired directly at the brute's head, but it chanced that this was lowered at the same instant, as the beast scrambled out of the pool upon the ice. The bullet, therefore, only grazed the top of the skull, and now the bear, unhurt, stood with its whole form revealed to the boy.

A fierce-looking creature it was, being about four feet high and seven feet long. It was of a dull white color, and was gaunt and wild with hunger. All over its body, caught by its thick hairs from the waters through which it had swum, little particles of ice glittered like so many jewels, giving a sort of grim beauty to this terrible king of arctic brutes. A deep hoarse growl escaped its cavernous chest. With long majestic strides it advanced upon Wilfred, who, retreating backward, tried to load his piece before the animal could reach him. It was close to him before he was ready to aim. With a snap its teeth closed over the rifle-barrel, just below the muzzle. In an instant the weapon was wrenched from his grasp by those powerful jaws and dropped upon the ice. As it was at full cock, the jar caused it to go off. The bear drew back, as if surprised. Again it advanced, pawed at the rifle, smelt of it, bit it, and finally threw it contemptuously aside with its mouth. Taking advantage of the brief delay, Wilfred, thus disarmed of his piece, had retreated. But he had not gone ten yards when his further progress was prevented by a steep frozen ledge extending from the perpendicular side of the berg. He saw the bear again making for him. The ledge was a little over nine feet high. If he could gain the top of it, he would be out of reach of his pursuer.

A strong-looking ice-spur projected from near the summit of the slippery wall. From his belt he pulled a small sheath-knife he carried. He thrust the blade in a crack of the wall about two feet above the base. Upon this he stepped. Giving a sort of spring, he had nearly clutched the spur by which he had intended to draw himself to the top of the ledge, when he felt the knife give way under his foot. Down he went, temporarily spraining his ankle. The bear was not fifteen feet away, coming at him with glowing eyes and yawning mouth. Wilfred then heard a shout, and beheld Yonkitt in his canoe paddling out of the ice-drifts toward the frozen platform, though it seemed as if he would be too late for a rescue. The imperilled boy saw no chance of escape. He had not the smallest weapon for defence. He thought of his knife, but on

looking down where it lay near his feet, he perceived that it had been broken by his weight upon it when it was in the crevice of the ledge. In any event, the dull blade would have served him poorly against such an opponent. His formidable foe was now close to him. Growling terribly, it ran forward to seize him with its powerful bristling jaws. Then something whizzed through the air. It was Yonkitt's spear hurled from his canoe, which had been paddled into a narrow inlet of the ice platform. Thrown so far, the weapon missed its aim, merely grazing the animal's shaggy breast, the upper end striking its mouth. It caught the handle by the middle and savagely bit it in two. At the same moment Yonkitt came up, rushing toward the beast with a wild shout. The bear, diverted from Wilfred by the spear and the shout, made for its new enemy. The latter was so close to the brute that it seemed to Wilfred he could not escape. To the boy's surprise, the Eskimo did not retreat. As the monster came at him, he suddenly held up before it something he had brought from the canoe slung across his shoulder in his net. Through the meshes of the net Wilfred now perceived a shining object that wriggled wildly about in its prison. It was, in fact, a beautiful young seal, which the native had captured alive to sell to Captain Nye, as he had been requested to do. Now, however, it was used for a different purpose. No sooner did Bruin see this tempting morsel than he uttered a hungry sort of roar. Then Yonkitt flung it as far from him as he could upon the ice, and the bear at once ran after it.

"Kah! yah! kah!" cried the little Eskimo, gleefully, as he assisted the limping, grateful youth toward the canoe. "Yonkitt afraid of bear, but him risk life to sabe boy who take him part, and been so kind, and give him eat. Heigh! Yaw! See! Fadder come!" and Wilfred beheld his father's boat dashing out from among the masses of ice toward the bear, which now had the seal in its mouth. Then came the simultaneous report of three rifles, and the white monster, with as many bullets in its head, fell dead upon the icy floor. Great was the Captain's joy at his son's escape, and his gratitude to the Eskimo who had saved his life. After the bear's skin had been taken off, the whole party, Yonkitt included, went back to the ship, when Captain Nye loaded his boy's rescuer with provisions and presents.

But even this poor savage was too noble to accept a reward for risking his life to save the youth who had been kind to him, and before the vessel sailed away he had paid for the presents with many beautiful seal-skins.

## AMERICA FIRST DISCOVERED BY A BOY.

BY PAUL HULL.

ALMOST four hundred and fifty years before Christopher Columbus was born America was discovered by a Norwegian boy named Biorn, son of Hergolf. He was known by no other title, for in those days sons did not share the father's name.

In the year 1002, Hergolf, an Iceland colonist, fitted out two small vessels for a trading voyage to the Greenland settlement, and placed one of these under the command of his son Biorn, a youth of sixteen years, who, having been bred to the sea almost since infancy, had mastered the details of his profession by the time that he arrived at an age when other boys usually commence their apprenticeship.

When near the southern coast of Greenland, Biorn's ship encountered a heavy northeasterly gale, which lasted several days, and drove his vessel far to the south and west. The storm broke in the night, and when morning dawned he discovered a strange land close aboard. Sailing along the coast for some distance, he found a large bay, into which he steered and dropped anchor. Upon landing, the country was seen to be clothed with vegetation and the streams swarming with fine salmon. Trees of large growth grew in great numbers just back from the shore, and the climate was balmy and delightful. Of natives they saw nothing, and believed the land uninhabited.

Rejoiced over his important discovery, Biorn returned to Iceland, and communicated the news to his friend Lief, son of Eric the Red, who had founded the colony on the coast of that island. The two ambitious young men immediately entered into an agreement to share the expense of equipping a suitable vessel, sailing to this newly discovered land, and bringing back whatever cargo promised to reimburse them for fitting out the ship.

Their first sight of the new land was not calculated to impress Lief with a promise of its fruitfulness, for it was rocky, barren, and gloomy. This gave rise to openly expressed dissatisfaction on his part, but Biorn assured him that further south they would meet with green fields and woodlands. After the fashion of the early navigators in naming geographical discoveries according to the features first presented, this place they called Helleland, and to the low sandy shore which they observed beyond it, and which was covered in spots with clumps of small trees, they gave the name of Markland. Two days later they fell in with a new line of coast, and sailing along this for several hours, Biorn made out the bay in which he had anchored on his previous voyage. Into this harbor they brought the ship and moored her.

The explorers soon succeeded in catching a number of fine salmon from the river that emptied into the bay, and collected quantities of fruit of different varieties and of most agreeable flavor. The temperature of the air, as on the former voyage, was found to be delightfully mild to the Icelanders, and the soil proved to be rich and productive. One of the members of the crew, a German, met with enormous quantities of grapes growing wild, and from this circumstance the two navigators decided to name the country Vinland, meaning the land of grapes. This Vinland of the early voyagers is known at the present day as Newfoundland. After making several short cruises to the southward and westward, and sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence until the river of that name was reached, the ship returned to her first anchorage, where the explorers passed the winter.

In the account of this remarkable voyage, made five centuries before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella bade God-speed to the Italian navigator in the Spanish harbor of Palos, it is recorded by Biorn and Lief that the length of the shortest day during the winter of the year 1002–3 was eight hours. This proves conclusively that this Vinland of theirs was no further north than Newfoundland, otherwise the length of the day would have been shorter.

During the months that the vessel lay at anchor many valuable furs and skins were obtained by the hunters, and in the spring the ship was freighted with valuable lumber hewn in the forests that grew close to the shore. With the proceeds of this venture the two boy discoverers fitted out their vessel a second time, but an unfortunate quarrel breaking out between them, Lief sailed alone to establish a colony after the example of his father. For this purpose he embarked some seventy souls of both sexes, glad to exchange the bleak shores of Iceland for the rich meadows and purling streams of this promised land.

Norwegian history asserts that Lief sailed as far south as the place now known as Newport, in Rhode Island, and points for confirmation of this claim to the remains of Norse fortifications and implements that have been found in various places on the New England shores. The old stone structure which stands in the park in Newport to-day, in an almost perfect state of preservation, is

claimed by some to have been erected by the colonists as a fort, while others confidently assert that it was built by them for a mill, and that in it their corn and wheat were ground.

No one knows when or for what purpose this ancient pile was reared, and one theory is as good as another. Be that as it may, the fact remains that this continent was first known and visited by the boy navigator Biorn, son of Herjolf, ages before Christopher Columbus set sail from Spain.

## DRILLING AND RACING IN WATER.

THERE is scarcely a boy who would believe that any one could be as precise, as accurate, in swimming exercises as in drilling with guns on land. And yet it has been shown that this is practically true, and in Germany the swimming associations of the empire have proved it. These associations all belong to one great swimming organization, which has a swimming tournament every year. Prizes are given for certain events, just as for different events in track athletics in this country. And the week which is devoted to this contest is the most important in the swimmer's year.

Strangely enough, German boys do not have the baseball, football, lacrosse, and other games we have in America, and hence the games they play are quite strange to us. This swimming tournament is one of them, and it is really a wonderful affair. There are certain events, such as diving from a certain height, turning one or two or one and a half somersaults while falling through the air, turning sideways once or twice or even three times, and

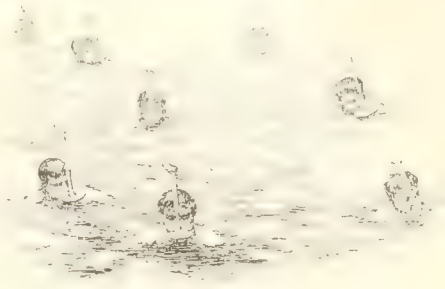


YOU CAN SEE HOW THEY ARE TRYING TO MAKE A PERFECT DIVE.

diving out a certain distance over the water. Then they have a dozen other difficult things to do in the water.

The "Fest" takes place in the late summer, and you go with all the crowd of visitors outside Berlin or Hamburg, or wherever it may be, to a quiet curve of the river or a pool, and sitting on the balcony or piazza of one of the restaurants, watch the events in the water just as you would go out to the athletic field and watch 100-yard and quarter-mile runs.

Out in the water a little way is a big tower of wood, with several platforms built at different heights from the



A LITTLE JERK MAKES THE LIGHT SPUTTER

water. From the lower platforms men dive in certain ways, turning over sideways or end on, and from the high platforms you can see how they are trying to make as perfect a dive as possible, that being part of the contest. Then come all sorts of evolutions in the water. There is a swimming race in which each boy carries a candle in a candlestick. He must hold this in his mouth, and the object is to win the race without putting the light out. You can scarcely realize how exciting this race is. A little puff of air or a jerk of the head makes the light sputter on the leader's candle, and you hold your breath and wait anxiously to see if his race is over. As he gets nearer and nearer the end of the course he kicks harder, perhaps, and just as you are getting ready to cheer, an extra vicious kick or a little splash with his hand, and out goes the light a few feet from the goal, and a very much disgusted boy comes up to the floating-stage.

The races are always interesting, but perhaps the most novel movements are those which require many swimmers at once. This contest is always close, because the training the swimmers are put through in their own local clubs is severe and long. There is a certain squad, we will say, that has come up from Baden or Bavaria. Their commander sits in a boat near by, and gives his commands as the captain of a company does to his soldiers. In one of the pictures you will see this squad making a "wheel" of some sort at the command of their officer, which is only one of their many movements. They are in the midst of their performance. After them comes another squad from some other local club, and this in turn will be put through its movements, and then another and another. Of course the precision with which they execute these different combinations in the water is taken into account by the judges, and the prize is awarded to the squad that shows the best training.

Besides all this, there is another division in the contest —that of saving life. Somebody who cannot swim is thrown into the water. Of course he has on life-preservers, or is held up by a rope, so that he cannot drown; but he does not know how to swim, and is not supposed to be able to help himself. Then those who are contesting in the life-saving event leap into the water with their clothes on, take off shoes, coats, and waistcoats while they are in the water, and proceed to "save" the man, each in his own way, the prize going to the man who, in the opinion of the judges, has accomplished the act in the quickest, safest, and best manner. There is, however, one method that is considered the best, and a prize is given to the man who

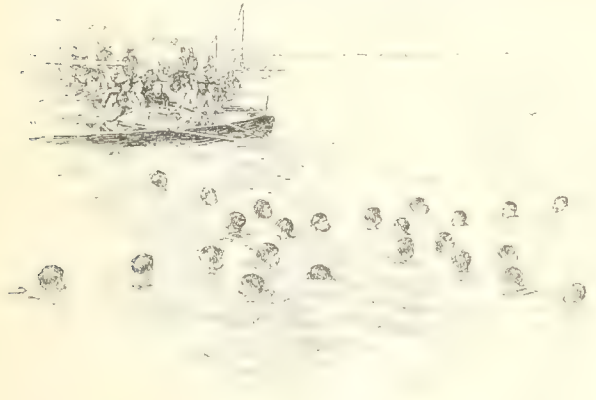
executes this in the best form. The swimmer passes around the other man who is supposed to be drowning, and comes up to him from behind. If the man were really drowning he would be squirming about, and the difficulty then would be to get behind him without his knowing it. This must be done by watching until an opportunity occurs.

The moment the rescuer is really behind the other he grasps the latter's right wrist with his left hand, and holds it fast, while with his right hand he grasps the drowning man from behind just under the latter's left arm. If you go through this movement you will find that it only requires a sudden twisting movement to turn the man who cannot swim over on his back. At the same time the swimmer turns also, and the result is that both are on their backs with the rescuer underneath. In this position the wild drowning man cannot do anything dangerous, for the rescuer swims with his legs and holds him with his hands. If anything happens he can let go, or sink himself completely out of the reach of the other man. And the way in which all this is done—the skill and speed with which the man in danger is brought to the shore—is what the judges base their decision on.

Then there are very funny obstacle races. Logs and barrels and big boxes, some deep in the water, others high out of it, are placed in a line extending about seventy-five yards. At a signal the men who are contesting jump off a little bridge and swim towards the first of these obstacles. Perhaps they have to go under the first one and over the second one, but over or under each one they do have to go, and the positions the different swimmers take as they struggle to crawl over a barrel or box are comical in the extreme. Half the men that start give it up long before they get to the end of the seventy-five yards. Still another contest is the diving for plates. A number of white plates are thrown into the water, and each swimmer goes down twice, the prize going to the man who brings up the greatest number in the two dives. It would be impossible in short space to tell all the other interesting things that occur, but you may be sure that all the people sitting in the restaurants along the water's edge have a very good time. Thus the contest goes on through the whole of the week.

It is strange that some such swimming festival has not taken place in America oftener, for the sport is not only interesting, but it educates a boy to know the water so well that he can save life where others would be helpless.

It would astonish most of us to know how few men



THE SQUAD MAKING A WHEEL OF SOME SORT.

can swim, how few sailors even, know how to handle themselves in the water, and it is such organizations and tournaments as those in Germany that alone can make swimming a general accomplishment.

# CADET DAYS:

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK," ETC.

### CHAPTER II.



AMONG the formal official documents in the envelope which brought such delight to the Graham family was one giving in detail the qualifications necessary to secure the admission of a candidate to West Point. He was subjected soon after his arrival, so said the papers, to a rigid physical examination by a board of experienced surgeons. Glancing over the array of causes of disqualification, it was apparent to the doctor that an absolutely perfect physique was necessary, but on all these points he felt well assured. As to other qualifications, the age for admission of cadets to the Academy was stated to be between seventeen and twenty-two years. Candidates must be unmarried, at least five feet in height, free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity which might in the faintest degree render them unfit for military service. They must be well versed in reading, in writing, including orthography, in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of English grammar, of descriptive geography, particularly of our own country, and of the history of the United States. That seemed simple enough. On all these points Geordie, as well as his father, had no doubt whatever. "Sound as a dollar" was the universal verdict, and the wisdom of his father's rigid system of training was all the more apparent. But when they came to look over the formidable list of specimens of the problems and questions which the candidates were required to solve and answer, the boy's heart failed him a little. Even McCrea shook his head over some of them.

"It is ten years since I went up for my examination, just as you are to go, Pops—an army boy who had had precious little schooling—but I don't remember any problems as hard as this one." And the Quartermaster wrinkled his brows over a complicated example, while Captain Lane, poring over a big atlas, was hunting for a chain of mountains he could not remember ever before having heard of.

"It seems a queer confession," said the latter, "but I don't believe I could begin to pass the entrance examination to the Academy, from which I was graduated so many years ago, without months of preparation."

The Colonel suggested that perhaps these hard nuts were ladled out in order to stimulate the candidate to closer study. The questions really propounded would not be so difficult. But the doctor and McCrea were determined to take no chances.

"There are only three months left for preparation," said Graham, "the question is how to employ the time to best advantage. George is willing to study hard and you and I to teach, but what I'm thinking is that we may be wasting time on immaterial points and neglecting some that are essential. Would it not be best to send him on and have him study under some one who knows just exactly what is needed?"

And McCrea said, "Yes," and wrote forthwith to an old friend, an officer whom severe wounds had incapacitated for active service, and who had opened a school of preparation at the Point adapted to the needs of candidates for admission. And so it resulted that early in April, for the first time in his life, Geordie Graham was to leave father, mother, and Bud, and for the first time since he was a baby-boy to set foot across the Missouri.

Over that farewell we need not linger. How many big, salty tears were dropped into the depths of the trunk no one on earth but the loving mother who packed it could ever tell. Yet even now, face to face with the inevitable separation, not one word would she say that might cast a shadow over the hopes of her big boy, as she spoke of Geordie as a means of distinguishing him from Bob, her "little Benjamin." Fondly had she hoped that as he grew older Geordie's tastes would turn to some other profession, but she hoped in vain. First, last, and all the time, ever since the troopers at Verde decorated him with his Corporal's chevrons when he was a mite of a four-year-old, the longing of his heart was to be a soldier. For boys with that ambition there is no school like West Point; for boys without it, any other school would be better.

"There isn't a man in all 'E' troop that isn't sorry to have you leave the fort, Geordie," said old Sergeant Nolan, as the boy went the rounds at afternoon stables, bidding his friends good-by, and taking a farewell look at his favorite horses; "but what's more, sir," he added, with a respectful touch of the cap visor as Captain Lane appeared, "there isn't a man but that's glad he's going to West Point, and that wouldn't like to see him with us again as our Lieutenant."

"But I'm not in yet, Sergeant," laughed Geordie. "There is Mr. Breifogle to be considered. If he passes, there'll be no room for me; and if he fails, why, I may too. In that event I'll have to come back and 'list just as soon as I'm eighteen."

And yet Geordie felt no such misgiving as he sat silently in the dark corner of the ambulance, choking down some troublesome lumps that had risen in his throat, and made his eyes blind as his mother's arms were unclasped about his neck. The principal of the school which young Breifogle had been attending for two years had told Mr. McCrea that the boy was neither apt nor studious, that he had twice failed in his examinations for promotion to higher grade, and that only after infinite pains and much help had he been able to answer the sample questions enclosed with his letter of appointment. When asked why old Mr. Breifogle did not withdraw his son from a race in which he had no chance, the master laughed.

"Breifogle is like a great many of our people who have become suddenly rich," said he. "He thinks money and a political pull will do anything. He refuses to believe that West Point is governed by rules that even the President cannot violate. He is confident that all that is necessary is for him to go on with Fritz in June, and the examiners will not dare reject him, especially if Congressman Pierce is there too."

Now this was no exaggeration. Mr. Breifogle really thought it a very unjustifiable thing in an army officer, supporting a family on so small a salary, to undergo the expense of sending George all the way to West Point and back, for back he felt sure he would have to come. It was still worse to send him ahead of time and pay board and school bills. He and Fritz would not go until June.

"I'm really sorry for the old fellow," said McCrea; "he's so thoroughly earnest and honest in his convictions. It isn't his fault either. It is part of the stock in trade of many politicians to make their constituents believe that for the benefit of their special friends they have it in their power to set aside laws, rules, or regulations. I haven't a doubt that Pierce has made the old man believe he 'stands' in with the Secretary of War and the Superintendent of the Academy, and that Fritz will go through West Point with flying colors. It will cost Breifogle a thousand dollars to find out his mistake."

This was several years ago, it must be remembered, in the days when all candidates were required to present themselves for examination at the Point instead of appearing before boards of army officers at convenient garrisons throughout the country, as is the case to-day.

"No, Geordie, my boy," said McCrea, in conclusion, "I don't like to take comfort in another man's misfortunes, but there is no chance whatever for young Breifogle and every chance for you. All you have to do is study and you'll win. I have said as much to the old man, for he stopped me at the bank the other day and asked what I thought of the case, and I told him frankly. For a moment he looked downcast; then he brightened up all of a sudden, laid his finger alongside his nose, and winked at me profoundly. 'Vell, you yust vait a leetle,' he said, and turned away. I've no doubt he thinks I'm only trying to bluff him out in your interest."

Two days more, and George, standing on the rear platform of the Pullman, looked down with no little awe upon the swollen, turbid, ice-whirling waters of the Missouri, far beneath the splendid spans of the great railway bridge. Another day, and his train seemed to be rolling through miles of city streets and squares before it was finally brought to a stand under the grimy roof of the station at Chicago. Here from the windows of the rattling omnibus that bore him across the town to the depot of the Michigan Central he gazed in wonderment at the height of the buildings on every side. Early the next morning he was up and dressed, and just before sunrise stepped out on the wooden staging at Falls View, listening to the voice and seeing for the first time the beauty and grandeur of Niagara. A few minutes later, looking from the car window, he seemed to be sailing in mid air over some tremendous gorge, in whose depths a broad torrent of deep green water, flecked with foam and tossing huge crunching masses of ice, went roaring away beneath him. *Such* a letter as he wrote to mother that morning, as hour after hour he sped along eastward over bands of glistening steel, flying like the wind, yet so smoothly that his pen hardly shook. Think what a revelation it must have been to that frontier-bred boy, whose whole life had been spent among the mountains or prairies of the far West, to ride all the morning long through one great city after another, through the heart of Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany. The Mohawk Valley seemed one long village to him, so unaccustomed were his eyes to country thickly settled. The Hudson, still fettered with ice above the railway bridge and just opening below, set his heart to beating, for now West Point lay but a hundred miles away. How the train seemed to whiz along those bold, beautiful shores, undulating at first, but soon becoming precipitous and rocky! Many people gazed from the westward windows at the snow-covered Catskills as the afternoon began to wane; but Geordie had seen mountains beside which these were but hillocks. The clustering towns, the frequent rush of engines and cars, the ever-increasing bustle, however, impressed him greatly. Every now and then his train fairly shot past stations where crowds of people stood waiting.

"Didn't they want to get on?" he asked the Pullman porter.

"Oh yes, sir, wanted to bad 'nough; but, Lord bless you, dis train don't stop for them: they has to wait for the locals. We runs a hundred trains a day along here. Dis train don't even stop where you gets off, sir; that's why you have to change at Poughkeepsie, the only place we stop between Albany and New York."

Surely enough, they rolled in presently under lofty bluffs under a bridge so high in the air that its trusses looked like a spider-web, and then stopped at a station thronged with people; and Pops, feeling not a little bewildered, found himself standing with his hand luggage looking blankly after the car that had borne him so comfortably all the way from Chicago, and now disappeared in the black depths of the stone-faced tunnel to the south, seeming to contract like a leaking balloon as it sped away.

Hardly was it out of sight when another train slid in to replace it, and everybody began tumbling aboard.

"This for Garrisons?" he asked a bearded official in blue and brass buttons.

A nod was the answer. Railway men are too busy to speak; and Pops followed the crowd, and took a seat on the river side. The sun was well down to the westward now; the Hudson grew broader, blacker, and deeper at every turn; the opposite shores cast longer shadows; the electric lights were beginning to twinkle across the wide reach at Newburg; then a rocky islet stood sentinel half-way across to a huge rounded rock-ribbed height. The train rushed madly into another black tunnel, and came tearing forth at the southern end, and Pops's heart fairly bounded in his breast. Lo! there across the deep narrow channel towered Cro' Nest and Storm King. This was the heart of the Highlands. Never before had he seen them, yet he knew them at a glance. What hours had he not spent over the photograph albums of the young graduates? Another rush through rocky cuts, and then a smooth, swift spin around a long gradual curve, lapped by the waters of the Hudson, and there, right before his eyes, still streaked with snow, was West Point, the flag just fluttering from its lofty staff at the summons of the sunset gun.

Ten minutes later and the ferry-boat was paddling him across the river, almost the only passenger. The hush of twilight had fallen. The Highlands looked bare and brown and cheerless in their wintry guise. Far away to the south the crags of Dunderberg were reverberating with the roar of the train as it shot through Anthony's Nose. The stars were just beginning to peep out here and there in the eastern sky, and a pallid crescent moon hung over against them in the west. All else was dark and bleak. The spell of the saddest hour of the day seemed to chill the boy's brave heart, and for the first time a homesick longing crept over him. This was the cheery hour at the army fireside, far out among the Rockies—the hour when they gathered about the open hearth and heaped on the logs, and mother played soft sweet melodies at the piano, often the songs of Scotland, so dear to them all. Pops couldn't help it; he was beginning to feel a little blue and cold and hungry. One or two passengers scurried ashore and clambered into the yellow omnibus, waiting there at the dock as the boat was made fast in her slip.

"Where do you go?" asked the driver of the boy.

"Send my trunk up to the hotel," said Geordie, briefly. "I'm going to walk."

They had figured it all out together before he started from home, he and Mr. McCrea. "The battalion will be coming in from parade as you reach the Point, Geordie, if your train's on time." And the boy had determined to test his knowledge of topography as learned from the maps he had so faithfully studied. Slinging his bag into the 'bus, he strode briskly away, crossed the tracks of the West Shore Road, turned abruptly to his right, and breasted the long ascent, the stage toiling behind him. A few minutes' up-hill walk and the road turned to the left near the top of the bluff. Before him, on the north, was the long gray massive façade of the riding-hall; before him, westward, another climb, where, quitting the road, he followed a foot-path up the steep and smoothly rounded terrace, and found himself suddenly within stone's-throw of the very buildings he sought. At the crest of the gentle slope to the north, the library with its triple towers; to its left, the solid little chapel; close at hand to his right front, the fine headquarters' building; beyond that, dim and indistinct, the huge bulk of the old academic building; and directly ahead of him, its great windows brilliantly lighted, a handsome gray stone edifice, with its arched doorway and broad flight of steps in the centre—the cadet mess-hall, as it used to be termed, the Grant Hall of to-day. His pulses throbbed as he stepped across the road, and stood on the flag-stones beneath the trees. A sentry sauntering along the walk glanced at him keenly, but passed him by without a word.

Suddenly there rose on the still evening air the tramp of coming soldiery, quick and alert, louder and louder, swifter than the bounding of his heart and far more regular. Suddenly through the broad space between the academic and the north end of the mess-hall, straight as a ruler, came the foremost subdivision, the first platoon of Company A, and instantly in response to the ringing order "column right" from some deep manly voice farther towards the rear, the young cadet officer in front whirled about and ordered "right wheel." Another second and around swept the perfect line in the heavy gray overcoats, the little blue forage-caps pulled well down over the smooth-shaved, grave, yet youthful faces dimly seen under the gaslight. Then on they swept, platoon after platoon in strong double rank, each in succession wheeling again steadily to the right as it reached the broad flight of steps, then breaking and bounding lightly to the top, every man for himself, until one after the other, each of the eight subdivisions was swallowed up in the great hall, echoing for a moment with chat and laughter, the rattle of chairs, the clatter of knife and fork and spoon, and then the big doors swung to, and Pops, for the first time in his life, had seen the famous battalion which it was his most ardent wish to join. For a moment he stood there silent, his heart still beating high, then with one long sigh of mingled envy and gratification he turned away.

That same evening, wasting no time after he had eaten a hearty supper at Craney's, Geordie sought and found Lieutenant B——. Everything had been arranged by letter; his coming was expected, and in a few moments the boy and his instructor were seated in a quiet room, and Pops's preliminary examination was really begun. In less than an hour Mr. B—— had decided pretty thoroughly where his instruction was already satisfactory and where it was incomplete.

"There's no question as to your physique, Mr. Graham," said the Lieutenant, smiling to see the blush of shy delight with which the boy welcomed the first use of the "handle" to his name. Hitherto he had been Geordie or Pops to everybody. "I fancy it won't take long to make you more at home in mathematics. To-morrow we'll move you into your temporary quarters down at the Falls, and next day begin studies. There are several candidates on the ground already."

And so within the week our young plainsman was practically in harness, and with a dozen other aspirants trudging twice a day over the mile of road connecting the Point and the village below; studying hard, writing home regularly, hearing a great deal of information as to the antecedents and expectations of most of his new associates, but partly from native reticence and partly from due regard of McCrea's cautions, saying little as to his past experiences, and nothing at all as to his hopes for the future. "No matter what you do know of actual service, Pops—and you have had more experience of army life than ninety-nine per cent. of the corps—it is best not to 'let on' that you know anything until you are an old cadet, even among your classmates."

Some of his new associates Pops found congenial, some antagonistic; but the one thing he kept in mind was that all were merely conditional. Not until after the June examination would they really know who were and who were not to be of "the elect." "Those who are most volubly confident to-day," wrote McCrea, "are the ones who will be most apt to fail. Keep your own counsel, 'give every man thine ear and few thy voice,' and that's all."

George had some novel experiences in those days of



A SENTRY SAUNTERING ALONG THE WALK GLANCED AT HIM KEENLY

preparation, and met some odd characters among the boys, but as few of these had any bearing on his subsequent history they need not be dwelt upon. With only one did he strike up anything approximating an intimacy, and that was after the first of May and was unavoidable, because the young fellow became his roommate, for one thing, and was so jolly, cheery, confident, and enthusiastic for another, that Graham simply couldn't help it.

Along in May his letters had a good deal to say about Mr. Frazier, and by June the Falls began to fill up with young fellows from all over the country. By this time the daily sight of the battalion at its drills and parades was perfectly familiar to those on the ground, and yet the gulf between cadets and candidates seemed utterly unbridgable. Dr. Graham had thought it a good thing for Geordie to go with letters of introduction from Colonel Fellows of Fort Union to his son, a Second Class man, or from Major Freeland of Bridger, whose boy was in the Third; but McCrea said: "No; there is just one way to win the respect and good-will of the corps of cadets," he declared, "and all the letters and all the fathers and uncles and even pretty sisters combined can't win it any other way. The boy must earn it himself, and it isn't to be earned in a month either. Every tub stands on its own bottom there, doctor. The higher a fellow's connections, the more he has to be taken down. It was so in my time, and West Point is deteriorating if it is any different now."

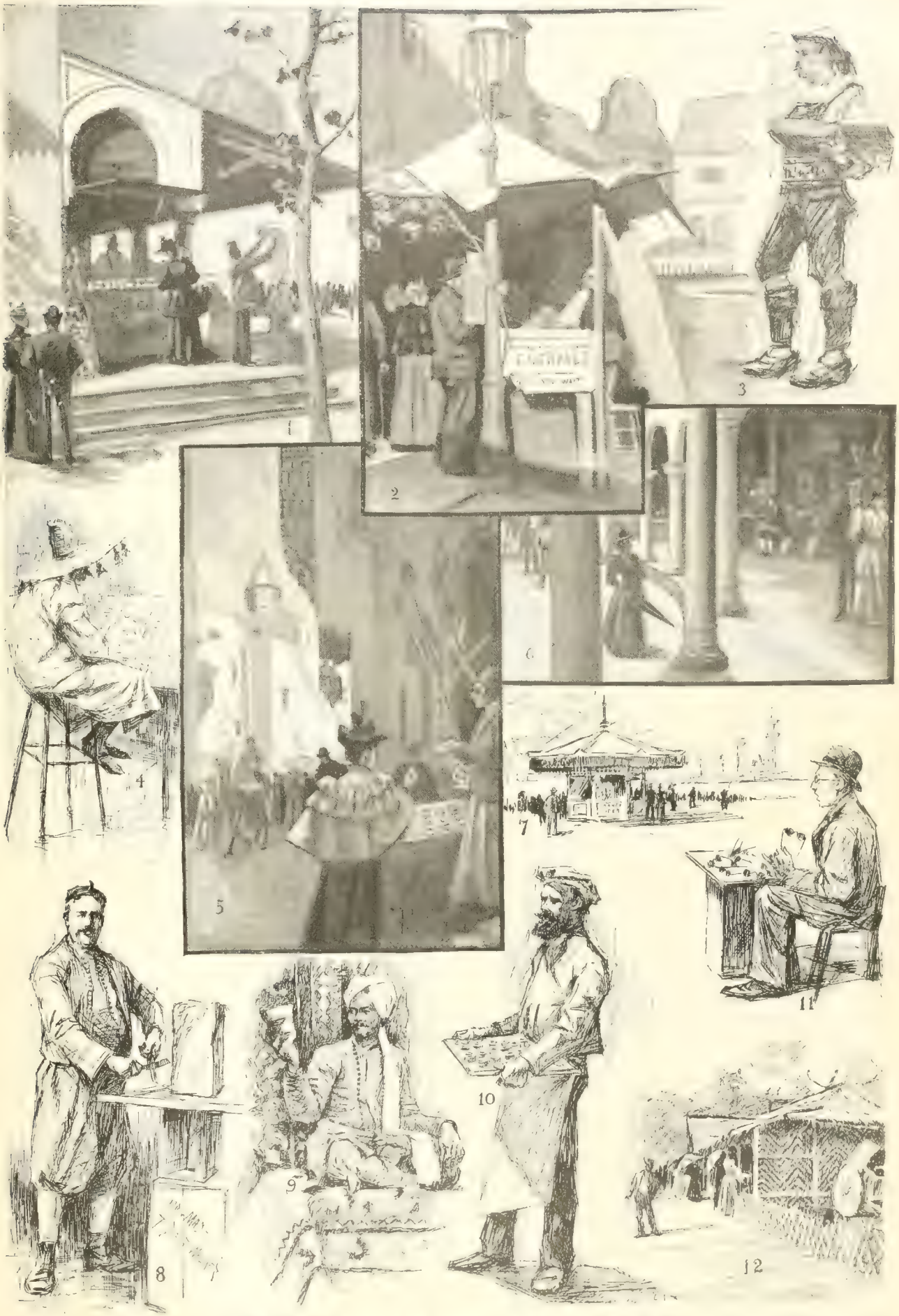
Strange, therefore, as it may seem, though he knew many a cadet by sight and name, not one had George Graham become acquainted with until the momentous 15th of June, when, with a number of other young civilians, he reported himself in a room in the eighth division of barracks to Cadet Lieutenant Merrick; was turned over to Cadet Corporal Stone to be taken to the hospital for physical examination, and in one of the surgeons recognized an old friend of his father whom he knew in Arizona, but who apparently didn't know Geordie from Adam. One hundred and forty-seven young fellows entered the hospital hopefully that day, and among these over twenty-five were rejected. Among those who passed was Breifogle. The old gentleman himself was on hand in front of the mess-hall, when next morning those who had passed the scrutiny of the surgeons were marshalled thither to undergo the written examination in arithmetic.

Promptly, under the eye of the Professor of Mathematics, a number of young officers assigned the candidates to seats and set them at their tasks. Geordie felt that his face was very white, but he strove to think of nothing but the work in hand. Slowly he read over the twelve problems on the printed page, then, carefully and methodically, began their solution. Long, long before he was through he saw Frazier rise and, with confident, almost careless mien, hand his complete work to the secretary, and saunter out into the sunshine. Long before he had finished he saw many another go, less jauntily, perhaps, but with quiet confidence.

One by one most of Mr. B——'s pupils finished inside the allotted two hours and a half; but Geordie, with the thoroughness of his race, again and again went over his work before he was satisfied he, at least, could not improve it. Then he arose, and trembling a bit despite himself, handed his paper to the silent officer. A number, fully twenty, were still seated, some of them helplessly biting their pencils and looking furtively and hopelessly about them. One of these was Fritz Breifogle, for whom the old gentleman was still waiting on the walk outside. Some officers, noting the father's anxiety, had kindly invited him into the mess parlor, and had striven to comfort him with cooling drink and a cigar. He was grateful, but unhappy. Already it had begun to dawn upon him that what he had been told of West Point was actually true: neither money nor influence could avail, and Fritz was still at his fruitless task when "the hammer fell."

Another day and the suspense was over. A score more of the young fellows, who were still faintly hopeful at dinner-time, were missing at the next muster of the candidates at retreat. Breifogle was gone without a word to his alternate. The way was clear at last, and, more madly than ever, Pops's heart bounded in his breast as in stern official tone Cadet Corporal Loring read rapidly the alphabetical list of the successful candidates—George Montrose Graham among them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OUT ON THE MIDWAY ON CHILDREN'S WEEK. [SEE PAGE 26.]

1. As good as a Trip to Tunis. 2. Cheap Jewelry at Cut Prices. 3. It Knocked Mother and Sis Silly. 4. The Vender was Willing to Exchange. 5. The Biggest Kind of a Circus. 6. In Arabia. 7. Soda Water Will Be Fizzed Out. 8. "Bon Jour, very bon soir." 9. An East-Indian Merchant. 10. They Would Have Liked Some Waffles. 11. Smoked and Blue Spectacles. 12. The Javanese Village.

## LIZZIE'S VISIT DURING CHILDREN'S WEEK.

"BE sure to come home early," said Mrs. Barton.

"Yes, mamma."

"And bring me something from the Cairo Street," shouted Ben, from his wheel-chair by the window.

"I won't forget," said Lizzie.

"And, Lizzie—"

"Yes, mamma," from outside the door.

"Be very careful not to lose your pocket-book, and don't get separated from Aunty Bess in the crowd, and look out for Maggie Doan. I promised her mother that you wouldn't take your eyes off from her."

"Yes, mamma—"

"And, Lizzie—"

But Lizzie was gone. All the morning she had been in such a hurry to go to the Fair that she couldn't wait another minute. She didn't mean to be naughty, and she did intend to do exactly as her mother told her. Clasped in her hand was a pocket-book with two dollars and twenty-five cents in it—all earned by doing little errands for the boarders which the World's Fair brought to the Bartons' cottage. Money to throw away on World's Fairs was not very plenty in the Barton family, and although Lizzie lived in Chicago, and had heard of nothing but the Exposition since the 1st of May, here it was late in October, and she had not been beyond the turnstiles which keep guard over the wonderful White City. This was children's week, and it cost only ten cents to get in, and so Lizzie, who had been waiting for cheap prices, not only was going to the Fair, but she was going to take her best friend, Maggie Doan, who was still poorer than the Bartons. Aunty Bess was going too, in order to look after the little girls. As all three sped along on a crowded cable-car, they decided to alight at the entrance to the Midway Plaisance, and after walking slowly through that, to spend the day in looking at some of the bigger sights of the Exposition. All were safely inside the Midway at last. They held one another's hands, and the two girls chattered like sparrows as they danced along. They got safely past the Bedouin Encampment and the Indian Village, although Maggie could hardly help stopping to kiss a funny little pappoose who was slung over his mother's back taking an airing in the crowded street. Soon the curious and amusing things became thicker, and Lizzie's heart beat faster and faster. "Oh, my," she declared, "I never saw so many funny folks!" There were men in baggy trousers and gaudy jackets trimmed with gold braid who strode along smoking long pipes, and there were other men in knickerbockers and gay sashes, with long woollen stockings turned down from their knees, like the one in the picture. There were boys in long blue or brown garments, which reached from their shoulders to their heels, and there were dark-skinned Bedouin women with jingling silver ornaments in their hair and about their necks, arms, and waists. There was one candy-seller in a red fez, yellow jacket, and blue trousers who kept shouting, "Bonbon, very bonbon; bonbon, very bonbon," in a very loud tone indeed. "Have some, mees?" he inquired, as Lizzie stopped directly in front of him.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Tuh wenty five cent a poun'."

"I'll take five cents' worth," said Lizzie. The man chipped off a small piece with his big knife, and began calling again at the top of his voice, "Bonbon, very bonbon," pronouncing every word with a little explosion of sound that amused the girls greatly.

"Why, Lizzie Barton, just look at that circus parade," exclaimed Maggie, suddenly, pointing down the Midway. Lizzie saw what looked indeed like the biggest kind of a circus. There were Arabs mounted on horses and camels, with enough decorations on the animals to start a fair, and there were men, women, and children dressed in costumes that the children had never seen outside of their geographies. "Come along," shouted Maggie, and Lizzie ran after her, dodging under the elbows of larger people, and wriggling through the crowd, until they stopped short almost under the feet of a camel covered with a gold-embroidered blanket, and carrying a sort of tent, in which sat a Syrian woman dressed so richly that Lizzie almost forgot to get out of the way.

"Look out, little girls," said a stout old gentleman, hooking the handle of his umbrella in Lizzie's dress, and dragging her away. "You'll be hurt if you are not careful," he added. "Are you children running around here alone?"

"No, sir," said Lizzie; "Aunty Bess is with us." But there was no Aunty Bess in sight when the children looked around. They spent nearly an hour in trying to find her, and then gave it up. "I guess she'll get home all right without us," said Lizzie. Then the children wandered through the length of the Midway. They went into the old Vienna Street and the German Village and the Javanese Village. They watched the Dahomey dance, and spent two delightful hours in the streets of Cairo, where they drank a queer mixture of fruit juice and water, which Maggie thought was not half so good as the lemonade they had at Lizzie's doll party, and which Lizzie thought must be soda-water with the fizz left out of it. When they became hungry, each little girl fished out of her pocket a sandwich, and Lizzie produced two cookies, while Maggie had brought a handful of raisins. They washed down the luncheon with a glass of water from a penny-in-the-slot machine. They would have liked some waffles like those a white-capped peddler was selling in the German Village, but they didn't buy any. "We've got to be dreadful saving on luncheons," said Lizzie, "because there isn't much more money." She had found that although it didn't cost much to see any one thing, yet two dollars and twenty-five cents did not take two people so very far in a journey through the Midway, and as she was the hostess she wanted Maggie to see as much as possible. Besides, she had bought two little silver bracelets for herself and Maggie to remember the Fair by, and there was Ben's present still to purchase—poor crippled Ben, who never left his wheel-chair except to be lifted into bed, and who was so happy and jolly most of the time, that Lizzie thought him three times as good a brother as any of Maggie's four strapping, noisy tormentors.

"We'll just put five cents into each of our pockets so's to be sure of having it to get home with," said Lizzie, after she had finished her inspection of the pocket-book. Then the two children roamed on again, looking for something that Ben would like. There was a great crowd in front of the Ferris Wheel.

"I wish we could go up," said Maggie.

"Well, we can't," replied Lizzie, but they stopped a long time to watch it.

"Why, where's my pocket-book!" screamed Lizzie, as they turned away at last. "Maggie Doan, haven't you got it?"

"I haven't even seen it, Lizzie Barton, since we left the Cairo Street."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," said Lizzie. "I didn't suppose you'd stolen it, but I thought I might have given it to you to carry. Well, it's gone. There wasn't much money in the hateful old thing, but I haven't got Ben's present."

Maggie looked down at her wrist on which dangled a slender silver wire clasped with a pretty knot. Finally she said, not without a sigh: "Never mind, Lizzie, we'll trade off our bracelets for an awfully pretty little scarf-pin that I saw back there in Turkey or Algiers, I forget which. It didn't cost as much as our two bracelets, and I guess the man would take them back."

The vender was quite willing to make the exchange, and so Ben got his present after all.

A very tired little girl walked into the Bartons' sitting-room at eight o'clock that evening, and after a good many explanations with Aunt Bess about missing her, Lizzie's mother asked, "How did you like the Fair?"

"Well," exclaimed Lizzie, "I didn't forget to look at it! We staid all day long in the Midway Plaisance."

## HOW HERR PROFESSOR TOMMY WENT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

BY JULIAN CONOVER

"MEIN Vortheil" my vantage, "gueck" queue, "dein Vortheil!" were the sounds that caught Dr. Cuyler's ear as he walked leisurely down the shaded street which fenced in the grounds of a pretty old fashioned place on the outskirts of Heidelberg. He stopped a moment at the gate and looked in.

"Game!" shouted a triumphant voice, and Dr. Cuyler smiled as he recognized the boyish tones and saw the flushed, delighted face of his thirteen-year-old son.

"Ah, good morning, Herr Doctor," called out Tommy's defeated opponent, waving his racket in welcome. "Come in; der junge spielt famous: he beats me to day three times already."

"It is pretty hot work for weather like this," said the doctor, joining them. "You must not let my boy's enthusiasm bore you, Herr Baron. I thought he came to play with your son."

"Waldemar could not play this afternoon, so he let his old father take his place. Tommy plays so fine, Herr Doctor," putting his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder. "I shall have to recommend him to the Kaiser, and he becomes soon 'Der Grosser Hof Tennis Vorspieler.' That would suit you well, nicht wahr, Tommy?"

Tommy laughed aloud, the idea seemed so absurdly ridiculous, but nevertheless he told his mother.

"Well, Henry," said Mrs. Cuyler, looking up as her husband came in, "have you arrived at any decision yet?"

"Yes, Mary; I have been making calculations, and think that we can arrange to go for two months at least; that is, if you are willing to leave Tom behind."

"Oh, Henry, must we do that? He has set his heart upon going; it will be a bitter disappointment."

Tommy pricked up his ears; this was more interesting than Virgil.

"You see, Mary," Dr. Cuyler continued, "it would cost just a third more to take him; he cannot travel half-price any longer, or go in the second cabin as Betty does, and we can feel perfectly comfortable leaving him in Frau Major Frommel's care."

"But I want him so to see the Exposition," sighed Mrs. Cuyler; "he will enjoy it so much, and remember it all his life. Think what a great advantage, almost an education, it would be to a bright boy, Henry."

"I know, my dear; I am quite as anxious to take him as you are; but it is impossible, for I have not the money to do it."

Tommy's face grew longer and longer as he heard these fatal words, for he knew that they were the death-blow to his hopes. It would be useless to try and persuade his father when he had once said, "I cannot afford it."

"If he could only go in my place," Mrs. Cuyler said, after a pause. "I really dread the crowd and confusion, but of course mother wouldn't hear of it, for they all want so much to see Baby at home. I do wish there was some way of making the money—just enough for his passage and the fare to Chicago. If it were only the right season, I should certainly apply for the position of mince-pie maker to the court, the Germans all praised my efforts so highly last Christmas, or I might sell—"

"I'll sell my bicycle," called out the subject of discussion from the next room.

"Have you been listening?" asked his father, in surprise. "I thought you were deep in the Trojan war. No, my boy, I am afraid you will have to be contented to stay here and teach Waldemar von Eisenach tennis. We will talk it over later, Mary," turning to his wife. "I must go to my work now."

Henry Cuyler had taken his degree as Doctor of Philosophy in Heidelberg shortly after his graduation from Princeton, and had then been called to the chair of Metaphysics in one of the New-England colleges. But his health, which had never been strong, broke down suddenly, and the doctors ordered him abroad.

Dr. Cuyler found on his arrival in Heidelberg a number of his old university friends, who welcomed the American scholar most cordially.

Even Tommy was not quite so miserable as he had expected to be, for he soon picked up enough German to go to school, where he astonished and enchanted the boys with his tales of free American life and the thrilling nature of the athletic contests, those splendid safety-valves for the superabundant energy of youth.

About two weeks later Dr. Cuyler was again passing the villa of Herr von Eisenach, thinking that he might pick up Tommy, who had been there continually of late, when his eye was caught by a large sign-board posted up on a tree just inside the grounds, and to his amazement he read, printed in large letters in German, which, translated, read:

ATHLETIC FIELD.

Under the Direction of Mr Thomas M Cuyler.

All American Games taught here: Baseball, Football, Tennis, Swimming

Open every day except on Sunday from 4 until 8.

Entrance, 15 cents. Subscription, $1.50.

Dr. Cuyler could hardly believe his senses. What did it mean? Why, Tommy must be crazy. This must be stopped at once. He looked over the fence into the tennis-ground. Yes, there the culprit was, calmly playing. Dr. Cuyler strode in. "Tommy!" he called.

Tommy ran forward; his face was beaming, his eyes shining with excitement. "Did you see our sign, papa?" he cried. "Wasn't it a big surprise?"

"It was indeed," Dr. Cuyler said, as he shook hands with Waldemar. "What in the world does it mean?"

"Tommy and I have one big scheme," Waldemar answered, proudly. "We will make money—oh, lots, and Tommy shall go to the World's Fair."

"So!" said Dr. Cuyler, a light dawning upon his mind.

"Listen, papa," began Tommy, eagerly. "It really is a good scheme, and I made it all up myself. I could give lessons in American games—why, the German boys don't even know how to throw—and make enough money to pay for my passage. But I didn't know where I could get a field without having to pay for it, and when I told Waldemar about it, he said it would be fine fun and we could do it here. We printed the sign-board all ourselves; isn't it pretty good? And I was going to bring you and mamma this afternoon to see it. Won't she be surprised?"

"She most certainly will," his father replied. "Why, you can't be in earnest, my boy; you must know we would never allow you to do such a thing, and on Herr von Eisenach's grounds too. What could you have been thinking of?"

Tommy blushed hotly under his father's reproving glance. "Waldemar said it was all right," he muttered; "and he wanted to surprise his father too."

"Wait! I will tell him now," and Waldemar, who had caught the drift of Dr. Cuyler's words, dashed up to the house and soon returned, dragging the bewildered Baron after him, and gesticulating and explaining wildly all the way.

"So, Herr Doctor, you have discovered a gunpowder plot; these rascals, it seems, were going to turn my place into one big fighting ground," was Herr von Eisenach's greeting as they reached the tennis-court.

"I am glad your son was in the plot too," Dr. Cuyler answered, "but I am afraid that mine is most responsible."

"And where is the great — Ah yes, I see," going up to where "Athletic Field" shone conspicuously. "Base ball, fussball, tennis, skinny," he read, slowly. "And Tommy would teach our nice quiet boys all those rough American games with the legs and arms! Schrecklich! schrecklich!" His eyes twinkled.

"They needn't learn baseball and football and shinny if they don't want," said Tommy, hastily, "though I could teach them easy enough; but tennis isn't a bit dangerous."

"No," replied Herr von Eisenach; "my flower-beds might then, perhaps, escape. It is truly a fine scheme, Herr Doctor," turning to his friend, "and with a few changes I think I shall like to help it through."

"You are very kind, Herr Baron, but I could not allow my son to impose upon you in this way. Think what a swarm of boys such an advertisement would bring here."

"I think we could manage them, the Herr Director and I," laughing. "We will not have such a big sign or play those games where the German legs would get quickly broken. I have a vacant lot which I will gladly lend; it is not far off and the land is good, and Professor Thomas can give lessons to all his friends; why not? Waldemar here will take them, and we ourselves are not yet too old to learn, Herr Doctor; come, we will form a great tennis Gesellschaft."

The news of the "Athletic Field" spread like wildfire among the boys of their acquaintance, and Tommy and Waldemar were besieged with requests for tickets, and for days before the Herr Professor was ready to open his grounds to the public the fence was lined with eager faces, those who were waiting to be initiated into the mysteries of the great game; and on the first day the director reaped such a harvest of subscriptions that he felt as rich as Crœsus, and talked more largely than ever of his trip to the World's Fair.

It was as good as a play to watch Tommy in the rôle of athletic trainer. He seemed to be everywhere at once, darting from court to court, his face all puckered up with anxiety, showing beginners how to hold their rackets, where to stand, and how to count; teaching those who already played a little how to "drive" and "volley" and "lob"; answering questions, arranging games, and giving advice and directions on all sides. Waldemar simply followed him about like a little dog, lost in admiration.

There was no doubting the success of the experiment, however, or the Herr Director's ability to carry it through. The enthusiasm of the pupils was so great that they could hardly be induced to leave when it was quite too dark even in the long German twilight to play any more.

"Oh, how tired I am!" ejaculated Tommy, throwing himself down on the lounge on reaching home. "It's the hardest day's work I ever did."

"You've made a splendid start," Mrs. Cuyler said, magnanimously. "Did the boys seem to take hold at all?"

"They did pretty well for beginners," answered Tommy. "There's lots of good material, even if it is German. I could have gotten up a fine nine, or even a pretty good football team," regretfully, "but I expect I will make money enough out of tennis."

The interest in the tennis lessons only increased with the boys' knowledge of the game, and every afternoon saw them hard at work, no matter how hot the sun or cold the wind. But after a week or two Tommy suddenly seemed to realize that the marks (twenty-five cents) were no longer coming in. All the boys had subscribed and yet he was far from having enough for his purpose. Here was a new problem that had to be faced.

"We'll have to fix up some scheme," he said to Waldemar, "for I'm bound to go to the Exposition. We might have a 'ladies' day'; they do in most clubs. It would be pretty poor fun teaching girls; but I don't mind," stoutly.

"They play in Berlin and Dresden," said Waldemar. "I've seen them."

"Some of them play a pretty decent game at home," said Tommy, patronizingly; "but there's a big difference between an American girl and a German one. I'd be willing to teach them anything, though, if it would help me get to the World's Fair."

A few days later Tommy rushed into the house in great excitement. "Hurrah!" he cried, waving a paper violently in the air — "hurrah for America and the Exposition!"

"What is it?" asked his mother.

"A challenge," shouted Tommy — "a challenge to the Tennis Club aus Berlin. Isn't that fine?"

"A challenge to what — a duel?"

"Not much," scornfully. "A tennis challenge. They're going to send some one from the boys' club in Berlin to play a man from ours."

"Will you play?" asked Mrs. Cuyler.

"Why, no, mamma; the trainer can't go into the tournaments, but Waldemar can play him, and we will get a big crowd, and charge entrance, and make no end of money."

"You are getting dreadfully mercenary, I'm afraid, Tommy," said his mother, shaking her head.

"Well, you see, when a chap has to make his own way in the world he had better begin and learn how. But I really don't care for the money, mamma; I only hate to fail in anything."

"How did the Berlin club ever hear about yours?" asked Mrs. Cuyler. "Is it so renowned already?"

"No. Ernst von Bülow, Waldemar's cousin, lives in Berlin, and belongs to it," Tommy answered. "He's going to bring his man here; he's been bragging about Carl Dietrich's playing for two years. My! I hope we can do him up!"

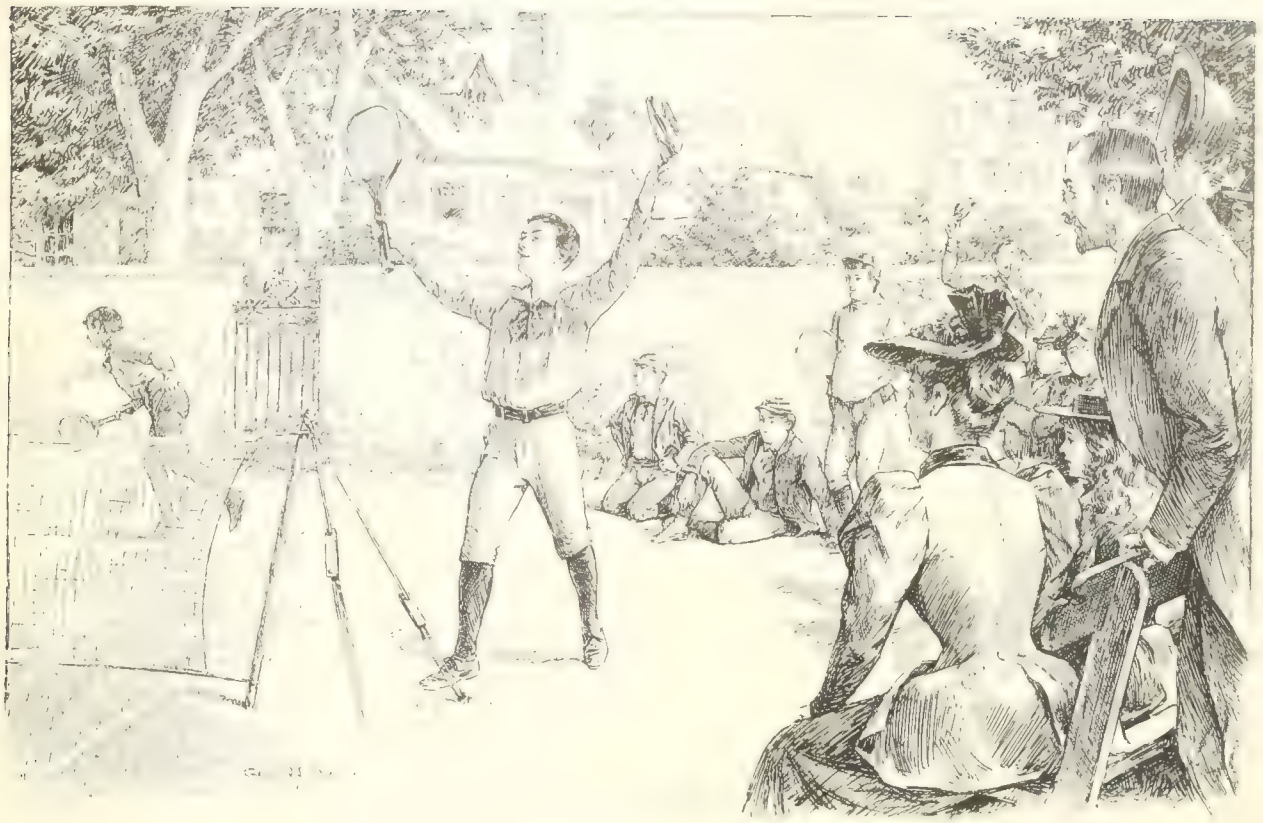
There was great excitement at the Athletic Field over the Berlin challenge, and Waldemar was unanimously chosen to represent them, though the boys first tried to persuade Tommy to play this dangerous champion. Tommy stuck nobly to his colors, however, even though the temptation was great.

"No, I won't play," he said, "because I'm a professional coach, and they're always ruled out in amateur sports, but I'll give Waldo some good hard practice, and he will beat Von Bülow's man in great style."

There were still two weeks to prepare for the great match, and the boys went to work in earnest. Tommy advised Waldemar to train regularly, and poor Frau von Eisenach was nearly at her wits' end trying to provide her athlete with proper food for such a serious undertaking.

Herr von Eisenach took the deepest interest in his son's progress, and an enthusiastic little group gathered round the court every afternoon to watch the Herr Professor coach his pupil.

"Run up whenever you get a chance, Waldo," cried Tommy, "and stay up if you can, and you *must* learn to



"GAME AND SET! HURRAH! WALDO WINS."

toss without sending the balls out—good play!" as Waldo drove it into the farthest corner of the back-line.

"Bravo!" shouted the delighted spectators.

"Do you think I'll have any chance against Dietrich?" Waldemar asked, for about the hundredth time, as they walked home.

"Of course you will," Tommy answered, cheerfully. "Don't get discouraged. Why, when I played Bob Blake for the championship at school once, he had me four love on two sets, and yet I beat him just because I was determined to do it. How does the training agree with you now?"

"Pretty well," Waldo answered, heroically; "but I'll be glad when I can eat sweet things again."

On the 14th of June, one of the hottest days of the year, a dozen or more boys could be seen hanging for hours about the station, waiting for the Berlin express which was to bring the long-expected champion of the boys' tennis club of that city. Herr Director Thomas M. Cuyler walked up and down whistling, with his hands in his pockets. Nervous? Not a bit of it! Why should he be? Hadn't he played in lots of tournaments at home? But underneath the Herr Director's studied indifference a close observer could see that he was as anxious as the rest, and almost as frightened as poor Waldemar, who felt as if the success of the World's Fair was nothing in comparison to the game to-morrow.

The train puffed into the station, and twenty-six eager eyes were fastened upon the line of second-class carriages out of which the passengers hurried with their bags and bundles.

"There they are!" shouted Waldemar, as he dashed forward and seized the hand of a tall overgrown boy who was pointing out his luggage to the porter.

"This is Carl Dietrich," said Von Bülow, putting his arm round the shoulders of a smaller but much heavier-built boy at his side.

Dietrich clicked his heels together in military fashion and made a stiff little bow.

"He doesn't look as if he could play much," whispered one boy to another.

"No. Waldo can easily beat him," was the answer.

But the Herr Professor shook his head. He saw determination and force in every line of the sturdy figure. Why, even the boy's legs were straight and strong.

"Are you ready, Mary? It is getting late," said Dr. Cuyler, going for the tenth time to his wife's room.

"Yes, Henry, in a moment," she answered. "I believe you are quite as excited and more nervous than Tommy was himself."

"If Waldemar can only get his first serve in he will be all right," said the philosopher, ignoring his wife's remark, and pacing up and down the narrow passage of the house.

"If the whole club is not ill after the game I shall be thankful," said Mrs. Cuyler. "Come, Henry, it is very early, but I suppose we might as well start."

When they reached the field all was ready.

The long-expected moment at last arrived, and the fatal racket was thrown up.

"Rough!" called Dietrich.

And rough it was. The great match game commenced. Waldemar served, getting his first ball in almost every time. "Bravo! bravo!" came repeatedly from the better-instructed on the benches. "Game!" shouted Tommy, who was umpire. Then Carl Dietrich served, and the rallies were fairly good, Waldemar running up and volleying at the net in excellent form. "Game, two love!" called Tommy. He was very proud of his pupil just then.

Four games straight Waldo won, apparently without much difficulty, and Herr von Eisenach sat down, and Dr. Cuyler stopped mutilating the bench in front of

him. Then all at once Dietrich seemed to find his bearings. He, too, commenced to volley, and to place the balls, and Waldemar had to guard his alleys almost as jealously as when he had Tommy's deadly strokes to deal with. Tommy gritted his teeth as he saw the Berliner get past his pupil over and over again.

"Wer hat gewonnen?" asked Dr. Cuyler's neighbor, as she heard an exclamation of disgust at her side.

"Ich glaube der Junge aus Berlin," answered her husband, "er spielt ausgezeichnet."

"Is Waldo rattled?" whispered Mrs. Cuyler.

"I'm afraid so. Poor Tommy!" was the rejoinder.

The set ended in gloom, 6 to 5, and only Ernst von Bulow looked pleased.

The players changed courts, and the second set commenced. Herr von Eisenach was up again, and the boys had crowded closer to the lines. Tommy sat like a statue on his umpire's chair, but his heart was thumping like a trip-hammer under his tennis shirt, and he would have given worlds to have had Waldo's racket in his hand for just ten minutes.

"If he would *only* place the balls on Dietrich's left" he groaned to himself. "He can't touch a hard back hander. Or if he would 'lob' more, or play closer to the side lines. He's forgetting all my 'pointers.'"

"You must try him afterwards, Tommy," said poor, hot, discouraged Waldo, stopping for a moment to wipe his face.

"Not a bit of it," answered the Herr Professor, stoutly. "You will beat him still; brace up, Walchen, old boy."

"Anyway, you'll get to Chicago," Waldo said; "we've made a lot this afternoon."

"Bother Chicago," replied Tommy; "I won't go a step unless you win."

Waldemar looked up half frightened; this was a threat indeed, and the Herr Professor's face was as stern as a young judge.

The set went on. Von Eisenach was on his mettle now; he had not only to win for the credit of Heidelberg and the satisfaction of the spectators, but he had to win for the World's Fair! He straightened himself, and went to work in earnest. One point after another he gained until he had made the four games, and once more they stood even.

There was a constant storm of "bravos" from the benches, and even the little street arabs along the fence joined in the chorus of cheers when the set was finished, and "Von Eisenach wins" was called out by the umpire.

The third set commenced. Herr Professor Tommy never relaxed his gravity for a moment, but called out the faults and the score with the strictest justice and most impartial manner. But Dr. Cuyler knew by his tightly clinched fist how his whole heart was in the struggle.

Waldo was playing splendidly. He had regained his courage, and was as cool as his opponent.

Down—down—down went the hopes of Berlin; up—up, rising with every point and every game, went the hearts and hopes of Heidelberg.

Mrs. Cuyler rose to her feet, and the rest followed her example, for the excitement was contagious, though only about one in a dozen understood the game. The boys pounded each other and threw up their caps, and Herr von Eisenach shouted like a school-boy.

One more game. It was Waldo's serve, and the score 5 3. "Funfzehn dreissig vierzig" whispered the more knowing spectators, straining their ears.

"Fifteen thirty forty love" counted Tommy, and then in a triumphal burst, "Game and *set*. Hurrah! Waldo wins!"

"Hurrah!" cheered Dr. Cuyler, "hurrah! Tiger—siss—boom—ah!" going back in his excitement to his undergraduate days.

Herr von Eisenach grasped his friend's hand, the tears standing in his eyes.

"My boy wins!" he said; "my boy wins, but he has your son to thank for it," and turning to the group of delighted little Germans, he said, "three times three for the Herr Professor, boys, three times three for Tommy!" and the "bravos" went up from every voice on the ground, while the dignified Director and happy Waldo literally hugged each other in their joy.

"Chicago's safe! isn't she, Tommy?" exclaimed Waldo.

"You bet it is," was the emphatic rejoinder, and "I'm as glad about your having won, Waldo, as if I had beaten Bob Blake myself."

There was a surprise at home for Tommy in the shape of a letter from America, and Dr. and Mrs. Cuyler, who already knew the contents from other letters, watched his face eagerly as he opened it.

"A check!" cried Tommy, his eyes growing bigger and bigger. "A check for one hundred and fifty dollars, 'for a trip to the World's Fair and a visit to his old grandfather.' Whew!" he whistled, "I *am* in luck! Do you see, papa? Do you hear, mamma? A hundred and fifty dollars—not marks. All my own! Isn't that *famos*? Isn't it just 'out of sight'!"

Mrs. Cuyler smiled. "You're a rich man now, Tommy, counting all the money you made as Herr Professor, and the gate receipts."

Tommy laughed. "You hated my making money that way, didn't you, little mother? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," a sudden thought striking him. "I'll turn it over to the boys and they can use it for the club. Won't that be a fine scheme? We'll have as good a one as they have in Berlin then."

"A splendid scheme," replied his mother, "and a very generous one, too."

"Oh, it's only because I don't need it any more now," said honest Tommy, "and I'll have as much fun out of the club as the other fellows will, and this is lots easier than raising it by a tournament or anything. I'll go and tell Waldo right away, and show him this," waving the precious check.

"Don't lose it," cried his father, as the excited boy rushed headlong out of the room.

"Henry," said Mrs. Cuyler, her eyes shining suspiciously, "what about leaving Tommy behind *now*?"

"I think we shall have to take him, Mary; in fact," with a sly glance at his wife, "I engaged his passage with ours several weeks ago, and, dear, I will also take back what I said yesterday about his being spoiled, though I have no doubt he will be after a summer with his grandfather."

Herr von Eisenach gave a grand farewell entertainment to his friends, at which Waldemar, in the name of the tennis club, presented the "Herr Professor" with a really handsome watch, "echt Gold," as a small return for his services, and a slight token of their great regard and their gratitude for his generous gift. Tommy was quite overcome, and stammered out his thanks in broken words, while he made a mental resolve to bring them all something from the World's Fair.

The next day a mournful little group gathered at the station to see the travellers start upon their journey. Mrs. Cuyler was simply loaded down with flowers, and the doctor with bags. The ten months' old baby was laughing and crowing in the nurse's arms, while Tommy showed his watch with loving pride to the boys who had given it to him.

"You'll write to me, won't you, Tommy?" "And to me, Tommy?" "And you'll tell us all about Chicago, won't you, Tommy?" came in beseeching tones from all sides.

"Don't forget to tell me if you play Bob Blake in tennis," were Waldemar's parting words.

"Come, Tommy, get in," said his father.

"Good by, Waldo, practise your back handers, and——"

"Abfahrt!" cried the guard, the whistle blew, and 'mid the waving of handkerchiefs and chorus of farewells the train puffed out of the station bearing the Cayler family to Bremen, the North German Lloyd, and, best of all, "The United States of America!"

## A KING'S ADVENTURE.

ABOUT one hundred years ago King Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria had an unexpected adventure with a flock of geese. It was a warm day, and the King had gone out alone with a book into the park surrounding his summer home; but instead of reading he fell asleep on the bench where he had seated himself. When he awoke he forgot all about the book, and started off for a walk.

Suddenly, when quite out of sight of the place where he had left it, his Majesty remembered the volume, and looked about for some one whom he could send in quest of it. At a little distance there was a boy tending a large flock of geese; and the surprise of this youth was great when a very stout, not to say fat, elderly gentleman appeared and offered him two "zwanzigers" about fifteen cents each—to go to a certain part of the park and bring him a book that he would find there.

This offer was so preposterously munificent for such a trifling service that the boy looked half amused and half angry, as he replied, "I am not so stupid as you think."

The King finally cured the boy's scepticism by placing the money in his hands, and then his eyes lighted up with momentary satisfaction, for it was nearly as much as he received for his whole summer's herding. But there was a fresh objection: he could not leave the geese even for a short time, as no one would employ him if he deserted his charge.

"I will watch them for you," said the gentleman.

"*You!*" exclaimed the country lad, as he looked him all over with great contempt. "You'd cut a pretty figure at goose-herding, truly. You're too fat and too stiff."

The good-natured King was highly amused at these frank remarks, and could scarcely keep from open laughter. "It is a pity," he said, "if I cannot manage a flock of geese when I have men under my control."

His young subject eyed him severely again as he remarked that "They must be silly ones, and probably he was a school-master; but even boys were easier to manage than geese."

The King declared that he would pay all damages, if there were any; and finally the boy started, after many injunctions to his Majesty to keep an especial eye on the motions of a pompous gander whom he called the "Court Gardener," and accused of constantly breaking bonds and leading the flock astray.

Presently he was back again.

"What is the matter *now*?" asked the King, in dismay.

"Crack your whip!" was the curt order; and the Majesty of Bavaria complied to the best of his ability.

But his well-meant effort only excited fresh contempt from the accomplished goose-herd, who snatched the whip, and gave the King some lessons in the science of cracking it. Finally, he was satisfied with the reasonably sharp report produced by the stupid "school-master," and set forth again on his errand.

As everything now appeared to be serene, the King sat down on the stump of a tree and refreshed himself with a hearty laugh. It was particularly comical to find himself transformed into a goose-herd, as though he were the hero of a fairy tale, and he didn't know when he had enjoyed anything so much.

But the "Court Gardener" seemed to resent this hilarity, and to have his suspicions aroused; for, stretching out his long neck and looking about on all sides, he uttered in two or three shrill screams the order, "To wings! to wings!" and up rose the whole flock over the King's head and soared off to the rich meadow grass, where they spread themselves over it in all directions.

Their guardian was in despair, while his feathered pests were in clover, and wildly calling on them to "Halt!" as though they had been a regiment of soldiers, he tried to crack his whip according to the lessons he had so lately received, but it sent forth no answering sound which the "Court Gardener" deemed worthy of notice. At last, in a profuse perspiration and utterly spent with his unusual exertions, the baffled King returned to his tree-stump and awaited vengeance in the shape of his stern subject.

There he was with the book in his hand, but where were the geese? Contented cacklings from the forbidden meadow soon told him *that*, and with fresh contempt for his inefficient sovereign, he dropped the book and ordered him at once to help him. Coolly placing him at one corner of the field, he directed him to stretch out his arms and move them up and down, shouting with all his might, while the boy himself, grasping the whip, went in quest of the farthest of the graceless flock.

The runaways were restored to their lawful quarters after the most exhausting efforts on the part of King and boy, but the latter found voice to give his Majesty a very generous piece of his mind. After denouncing his laziness and stupidity, he declared that even the King himself couldn't persuade him to leave his geese again.

"Quite right," laughed his unsuspected companion, "for his Majesty knows no more about goose-herding than *I* do."

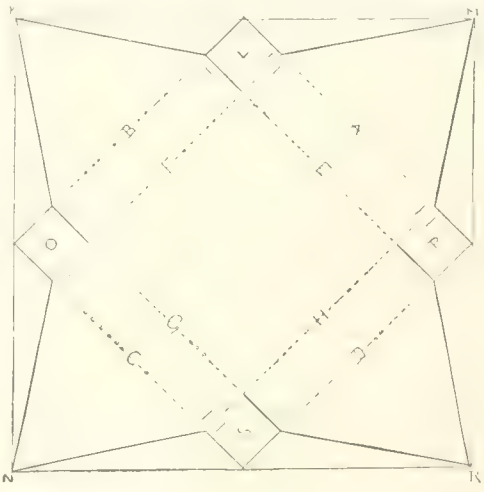
That this evil-doer should laugh "to the bargain" excited the boy's fresh ire; but when the King informed him that he *was* the King, he ordered him to pick up his book, which still lay on the ground, and go about his business.

His Majesty did as he was told, and then handed four more zwanzigers to the astonished boy with the assurance that he would never try to herd geese again. His antagonist was sorely puzzled, and finally condescended to say, "You're a *kind* gentleman, whoever you may be, but you'll never make a good goose-herd!"

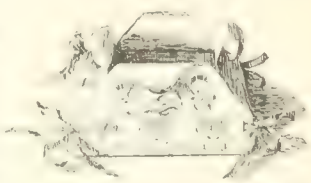
ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## A PAPER CANDY BOX.

A VERY pretty "pansy" box can be made out of paper or pasteboard if the following rules are observed. The diagram gives the pattern of the pansy box. Take a perfectly square piece of paper measuring eight inches on every side, find the centre of each side, and rule the lines A B C D, using your




paper-knife for marking. One inch inside of these lines rule the other lines E F G H. From the ends of the last lines rule those running to the corners K M N R. The heavy lines show where the paper is to be cut, the dotted ones where it is to be folded, as in the other diagram. It is necessary to make your measurements correct and your lines straight, that your box may not be lopsided, but trim and firm. Cut the little slits as shown in the pattern, and fold the box according to the dotted lines, turning the small square flaps, L O P S, on the inside to make the corner firm. The slit in the flap P must come against that in the side H D, for instance. Spread out the box, and on the sides paint a row of pansies, and scattered pansies on the lower part of the points, as shown in our illustration. Fold the box into shape, pass narrow ribbon through the slits in the corners, and tie on the outside. These ribbons hold the box securely in place. Take a lead pencil, and roll each point over it until it assumes the desired curves. Lace-edged paper is a great addition to this box. Dainty little circles of odor paper with lace edge can be purchased at almost any confectionery store, and if one is fitted into the pansy box with the edge peeping up over the curled points, it will add much to its delicacy.





Poor Sammie ran home with his eyes full of tears,
Because his stern teacher *beard* both of his ears

AT THE MENAGERIE.

MAMMA. "Harold, how would you like to be a monkey and live on cocoanuts?"

HAROLD. "I would rather be your dear little boy, mamma, and live on cocoanut pie."

A WAY OUT OF IT.

MAMMA. "Here your shoes are all worn out again; do you think you could possibly keep your feet off the ground two weeks?"

ALBERT. "Yes, mamma dear, if I only had a safety."

A NEW DEFINITION.

"MY son," said Grandpa Grimes, "why do they call Captain Gunwad a veteran?"

"I s'pose," said Tommy Grimes, "it's because he's a hoss-doctor."

POLITE AND GRATEFUL.

THAT'S what all boys should be, whether trained in the parlor or in the barn. When Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was six years old (in 1762), he exhibited his wonderful talent as a musician before the Emperor and Empress of Austria, at Vienna. On leaving the instrument he slipped upon the polished floor of the palace reception-room, and fell. Marie Antoinette, afterward Queen of France, lifted him up and kissed him. "You are very kind," said the little musician, "and when I grow up I will marry you."

FAR-SIGHTED

BERTHA. "I wish you wouldn't cut off poor Towser's ears."

PAPA. "Why not, Bertha?"

BERTHA. "Why, because if you cut his ears off, how can he ever hear burglars?"

WHAT HE WANTED.

BERNARD. "I just had a great big piece of bread-and-butter, mamma."

MAMMA. "That's nice."

BERNARD. "But it wasn't so very nice, mamma, and I just want to know if I can't have a great big piece of cake to take the taste out of my mouth."

"WELL," said little Harwood, while every one admired his auntie's new tea-gown, "they make *tea* gowns an' *coffee* jackets, I s'pose the next thing 'll be *coffee* coats."

AT CENTRAL PARK

JIMMY. "That giraffe hasn't much of a tail, has he?"

UNCLE TOM. "No, he has not."

JIMMY. "And I suppose when he is in a good-humor he has to wag his neck, doesn't he?"

"No, thanks," said Melinda's wax doll,
"I never take cake when I call."
It's useless," thought she,
"To let them all see
That I have no digestion at all."

HOW IT FELT.

WILLIE. "Oh, Uncle Abner, I just ate a green persimmon."

UNCLE ABNER. "And how does your mouth feel?"

WILLIE. "It feels all rippled up, just like the map of the moon looks."

A GAIN.

"HAVE you learned to ride your bicycle yet?" asked Uncle Jack.

"Not very well," replied Dick; "but I can fall off now without hurting myself."

THE REASON OF IT.

"How's your bank account, Frank?"

"Oh, it's no account," laughed Frank, "'cause I haven't got one."

NOT THE SAME.

MAMMA. "Do you know what happens to little boys who get up bright and early in the morning?"

NED. "Yes'm. They get awfully sleepy before lunch-time."

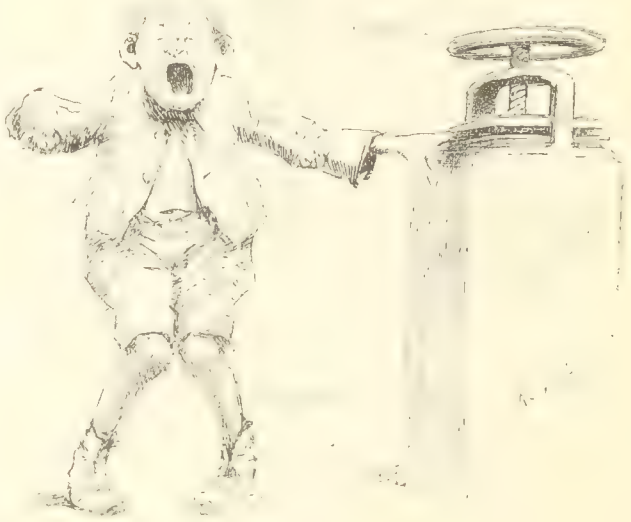
HUBERT'S PHILOSOPHY.

UNCLE LUKE. "The pond will soon be frozen, Hubert, and then there will be skating instead of fishing."

HUBERT. "Skating is a great deal better than fishing, anyhow."

UNCLE LUKE. "How so, Hubert?"

HUBERT. "Why, because when you go a fishing you don't get anything; but when you go a-skating you always get all you want."



THE POSSUM LOVED SMALL TOMMY BEAR.
IT WAS HIS WAY TO SQUEEZE AND HUG;
BUT SOMEHOW OR OTHER, I MUST CONFESS,
IT MADE TOMMY SO LOSE HIS BREATH,
THAT HE SAW WHAT WAS
HAS A VERY MUCH DISLIKED HUG.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

## CHAPTER III.

AND now, with examinations over, and no remaining doubts or fears, there was probably no happier boy in all the "menagerie" than Geordie Graham. As for the hundred young fellows in civilian dress, "herded" three and four in each room, and wrestling with their first experiences of cadet life, it is safe to say most of the number were either homesick or in some way forlorn. Nothing so utterly destroys the glamour that hovers over one's ideas of West Point as the realities of the first fortnight. Of his three roommates *pro tempore*, Benny Frazier had already announced time and again that if a beneficent Creator would forgive him the blunder of coming here at all, he'd square accounts by quitting as quick as he possibly could. Winn, a tall Kentuckian, wanted to resign, but was too plucky. Connell, a bulky young Badger, had written two terrific screeds to his uncle, the member from Pecatonica, denouncing the cadet officials as brutes, bullies, and tyrants, which documents were duly forwarded with appropriate complaint to the War Department, and formed the text for a furious leader in the *Pecatonica Pilot*, clamoring for the abolition of West Point. The letters were duly referred to the Superintendent United States Military Academy for remark, and by him to the commandant of cadets, by which time Mr. Connell was a duly accredited high private in the rear rank of Company B, and had almost forgotten the woes of early barrack days, and was not a little abashed and dismayed when summoned before the grave, dignified Colonel to make good his allegations. It took him just ten seconds to transfer any lingering resentment for the cadet corporals to the avuncular M. C., whom with boyish inconsistency he now berated for being such a fool as to make a fuss about a little thing like that. Among the new cadets were a very few who, as sons of army officers, knew perfectly well what they had to expect. These, and a number of young fellows who, like Graham, had come on months or weeks beforehand and placed them-



selves under tuition, were well prepared for the ordeal of the entrance examinations, as well as for the other ordeals which followed.

Even among them, however, were many who looked upon life with eyes of gloom. The ceaseless routine of drill, drill, of sharp reprimand, of stern unbending discipline, wofully preyed upon their spirits. Their hearts were as sore as their unaccustomed muscles. But with Pops all was different. He had reached at last the goal of his ambition. He had won his way through many a discouragement to the prize of a cadetship. Now he was ready, even eager, to be tried and tested in every way, to show his grit, and prove his fitness for the four years' race for the highest prize of all, the diploma and commission. The drill that made his comrades' muscles ache was a bagatelle to him. From earliest boyhood he had watched the recruits at setting-up, and not only learned and practised all, but with Bud and Dick for his squad would often convulse the officers at Verde and Supply by his imitation of Sergeant Feeny's savage Hibernian manner. The cadet yearling who was drill-master of the four to which Pops was assigned saw at once that he had a "plebe corporal"—a young fellow who had been pretty well drilled—and all the more did he rasp him when anything went amiss. Many of the new-comers had been through squad drill at military schools or in cadet companies, but never under such rigid, relentless discipline as this. Every cadet drill-master carried the steel rammer of his rifle as a drill stick, and was just about as unbending as his rod of office. Poor Frazier was in hot water all the time, as well as in the sulks.

"I belonged to the high-school cadets for two years, and everybody that ever saw us drill said we could lay over anything in the whole country," he protested, "and now here's this measly little stuck-up prig, that probably never knew anything about drill until he entered here last year, correcting and finding fault with everything I do. I ain't going to stand it, by thunder! I've written to my father to come on again, and just have this thing attended to right off." And Frazier's handsome boyish face was flushed with wrath, and clouded with a sense of wrong and indignity. "It seems to me if I were in your place I wouldn't stand being abused either, Graham. I heard Mr. Flint snapping at you again this morning."

Pops was busily engaged dusting for the tenth time the iron mantel-shelf and the little looking-glass. He half turned. "Wa-e-l," he said, while a grin of amusement hovered about the corners of his mouth, "Flint was all right, I guess. Your squad was just in front of us, and when I saw Connell stumble over your heels and try to climb up your back, I laughed out loud. He caught me chuckling."

"Yes, and abused you like a pick-pocket, by jingo! If my father were an officer in the regular army, as yours is, it wouldn't happen twice to me."

"No, nor to me either," chimed in Connell. "I'll bet you he'd sing a mighty different tune if he knew you were the son of a Major."

"Well, there's just where you're 'way off," answered Geordie, after the manner of the frontier. "Of all places in creation this is the one where one's dad cuts no figure whatever. I've often heard old officers say that the boys who got plagued and tormented most in their time were the fellows whose fathers were generals or cabinet ministers. Fred Grant wouldn't have had half as hard a time if his father hadn't been President. Frazier's whole trouble comes from letting on that he knew all about drill before he got here; that's the truth of it. I get along smoothly by pretending never to have known anything."

"Oh, a lot you have! If that snob Loring ever speaks to me as he spoke to you this morning about laughing in ranks, I'll—I'll just let him have my fist between the eyes, and he'll see more stars than he ever saw before, if he is a color corporal. What 'll your father say when he hears that he threatened to put you in a cell just for laughing when that Pike County fellow knocked his hat off trying to salute?"

"Well, he didn't say cell, in the first place, and father wouldn't hear it from me, at least, if he had. It's an understood thing at home that they're to ask no questions and I'm to tell no tales until plebe camp is over and done with. Plebes don't begin to have the hard times now that they had thirty years ago, and if they could stand it then, I can now. All you've got to do is simply make up your mind to grin and bear it; do just as you're told, and say nothing about it. If this thing worries you now, when only our drill-masters and instructors get at us, what are you going to do, Frazier, when you're marched over there into camp next week and turned over to the tender mercies of the whole corps?"

"I'm going to fight the first man that offers me an indignity of any kind!"

Geordie burst into one of his merry laughs, just as a light foot came bounding up the iron stairway. Bang! A single knock at the door. Up sprang the four boys, heels and knees together, heads up, eyes straight to the front, arms and hands braced against the sides, the palms of the latter turned outwards as far as the youngster could force them and thereby work his shoulders back, each young fellow facing the centre of the bare and cheerless room. Enter Cadet Corporal Loring, his jaunty gray coat fitting like wax, not a crease nor a wrinkle anywhere, every one of his three rows of bell buttons glistening, his gold chevrons gleaming, his white collar, cuffs, gloves, and trousers simply immaculate, everything so trig and military, all in such wondrous contrast to the sombre garb of the four plebes. His clear-cut face is stern and dignified.

"What is the meaning of all this noise?" he asks. "Who was laughing as I came in?"

"I was, sir," promptly answers Graham.

"You again, Mr. Graham? This is the third time since reveille I've had to reprimand you for chuckling like a school-boy—twice in ranks, and now again at inspection. What were you laughing at this time, sir?" inquired Mr. Loring, majestically.

"At something Frazier said, sir."

"*Mr.* Frazier, sir. Never omit the handle to a gentleman's name on duty or in official intercourse. Only among yourselves and off duty can you indulge in familiarity; *never*, sir, in conversation with superior officers." (Oh, the immensity of distance between the plebe and the yearling corporal!) "And you are room orderly, too, Mr. Graham, and responsible for the appearance of things. Where should the broom be, sir?"

"Behind the door, sir."

"Then where is it, sir?"

And for the first time poor Pops sees that in the heat of argument, Frazier, dusting off his shoes with that implement, had left it across the room in the alcove. Still, it was his own business to see that it was in place, so he had nothing to say beyond, "I didn't notice it until just now, sir."

"Exactly, Mr. Graham; if you had been attending to your duty instead of giggling over Mr. Frazier's witticisms you would have escaped punishment. Report at my office immediately after supper this evening, sir." And then, after finding perhaps a pin head of dust behind the looking-glass, and further rebuking Mr. Graham for unmilitary carelessness, the young gentleman proceeds to carry dismay into the next room.

And that evening, after supper, as ordered, Pops tapped at the awful door, was bidden to enter and listen to his doom. Cadet Lieutenant Merrick sat in judgment. For levity in ranks, dust on mantel, broom out of place at

inspection, new Cadet Graham was directed to walk post in the hall until drum-beat at tattoo.

Outside the door, standing meekly in the hallway awaiting summons to enter, were half a dozen of his comrades, about to be sentenced to similar punishment for blunders of greater or less magnitude. Some looked woe-begone, some foolish, some were laughing, but all assumed the required expression of gravity as Mr. Loring came forth with his victim. In two minutes our Geordie found himself slowly pacing the hallway on the second floor, with strict orders to keep his little fingers on the seams of his trousers, the palms of his hands to the front, and to hold conversation with nobody except in the line of duty. For a moment he could not but feel a little wrathful and disheartened, but again McCrea's words came to his aid: "Remember that the first thing that will be sorely tested is your sense of subordination—your readiness to obey without question. No soldier is considered fit to command others until he can command himself. They purposely put a fellow through all manner of predicament just to test his grit. Don't let anything ruffle your temper, and they will soon find you need no lessons." And so, like a sentry, he patiently tramped his post, listening to the music of the band at an evening concert out on the plain, and keeping watchful eye for the coming of cadet officials. Along towards nine o'clock up came Cadet Lieutenant Merrick, commanding the plebes; and "Pops," as he had been taught, halted, faced him, and stood attention.

"Why are you on punishment to-night, sir?" was the question.

Pops colored, but answered promptly, "Laughing in ranks, broom out of place, and some other things, sir."

"Yes, I remember. Go to your quarters now, and keep your face straight on duty hereafter."

Involuntarily Geordie raised his hand in salute, as for years he had seen the soldiers do after receiving orders from an officer, then turned to go.

"One moment, Mr. Graham. Whose squad are you in?"

"Mr. Flint's, sir."

"Did he teach you that salute?"

"No, sir," stammered Geordie.

"Where did you learn it?"

"Among the soldiers, sir, in garrison."

"Ah, yes, I've heard of your case. That 'll do, sir."

Back in his room Pops found his three comrades in excited discussion. Something tremendous had happened. While Geordie, obedient to his orders, had gone to report to the cadet officer, Frazier, exulting in his knowledge of the Point, had persuaded Connell to trust himself to his guidance and go out for a walk. For half an hour after returning from supper the new cadets were allowed release from quarters, and permitted to visit each other and stroll about the grounds as they might see fit, but were cautioned not to venture over towards camp. The graduating class had now been gone with the happy furloughmen an entire week. The rest of the corps, the new first and third classes, had marched into their summer-quarters over across the cavalry plain, among the beautiful trees south of old Fort Clinton. The new cadets, still in the garb of civil life, were "herded together," as the old cadets expressed it, at the barracks, and thither the older cadets now were forbidden to go. Except in the mess-hall, three times a day, they were seen, therefore, only by their barrack instructors and their squad drill-masters. As a result of this plan the wholesale system of hazing, plaguing, and tormenting that prevailed at the Point some thirty years ago was well-nigh prevented. Not so, however, the impulse. "Just so long as human nature remains as it is and has been since creation, boys will be boys," and rare indeed are the boy natures which know not the longing to play tricks upon new-comers, especially at school or college. Even among mature men the impulse lingers. Added, therefore, to the line of demarcation mentioned in the interest of discipline between the plebe and the upper-class man there ever exists the temptation to have sport at the expense of the new-comers, and only by most stringent measures has the spirit been controlled to the extent that it is.

So long as Geordie and his comrades kept to the neighborhood of the barracks, however, they were safe. A few of their number had been run up into the rooms of the yearlings the day before camp, where they were instantly surrounded by a frantic mob of young fellows mad with exultation at being at last released from plebehood, and eager to try on the new boys the experiments lavished on them a twelvemonth previous. The officer in charge caught sound of the affair, however, and made instant descent upon the division, only, of course, to find the suspected room deserted, and all the others crowded by old cadets, and the only faces that looked in the faintest degree conscious of guilt or wrong were those of the luckless plebes themselves, who, cautioned against entering the barracks of the elders, were nevertheless caught in the act, and could never explain any more than they could help their presence on dangerous and forbidden ground.

Benny Frazier was loud in his ridicule of Winn, who was one of the party entrapped. No yearling and no squad or party of yearlings could get him where he didn't mean or wish to go, he frequently said; and for no other reason than that he had been officially warned to keep away from camp had Benny become possessed with the longing to cruise thither. Old cadets couldn't cross sentry posts and nab them, he argued. "We'll just aggravate them by coming so near and yet keeping aloof." Poor, crestfallen, indignant Benny! He and Connell had sallied forth, had gone strolling over the plain and along the south side of the camp, between the field battery and the tents, had smilingly declined the eager invitation of the yearlings, who crowded down along the post of the sentry on Number Five, urging them to enter and make themselves at home. In the consciousness of his superior wisdom Benny had even ventured upon an expressive gesture with his thumb at the tip of his nose, his fingers wiggling in air. Poor boy! There were instant and stentorian shouts for the corporal of the guard. Down at a run from the guard-tent came a patrol. Eager hands pointed the way; eager voices clamored for their arrest. Benny and Connell were surrounded in an instant. Glistening bayonets were levelled at their throbbing hearts. "March!" was the order, and amidst the jeers and rejoicing of a hundred young scamps in gray and white the two poor plebes were sternly marshalled to the guard-tents, and into the awful presence of the cadet officer of the day, charged with having disobeyed the sentinel's order not to pass between the guns, and, far worse, of having made insulting gestures to a sentry in the solemn discharge of his duty. It was an impressive moment. There stood the stern young cadet captain in his tall plume and crimson sash and gold-laced sleeves, astounded at the effrontery of these young yet hardened reprobates.

"Is this possible?" he demanded, slowly, impressively. "Who and what are you who have dared to insult the sacred office of the sentinel, the soldier to whose lightest word even the commander-in-chief must show respect? Who and what are you?"

"We didn't mean any harm," whimpered Benny. "We're only new cadets."

"*What?*"

And here every one in the surrounding group—officer of the day, officer of the guard, corporals and privates, awed spectators—all fell back into attitudes expressive of horror and dismay.

"*What!*" exclaimed the cadet captain. "Are you mad? Mad!" he continued. "Is it credible that you, chosen by the deluded Representatives of your States to represent a proud community in an honorable profession—you dared to signalize your admission here by one of the most flagrant offences known to military law? Send at once for the Superintendent, Officer of the Guard. This is beyond my powers. Into the guard-tent with them! Batten down the walls. Station sentries at each side, Mr. Green. Put two of your most reliable men at the door, with orders to shoot them dead if they stir a muscle. Orderly, go at once for the commandant, and warn the officers that mutiny has broken out among the new cadets."

And so in another instant the luckless boys were bundled into the guard tent, with bristling bayonets at every opening, with sentries on every side discussing in awe-inspiring tones the probable fate of the mutineers. And here might they have been held in limbo for hours had not Cadet Corporal Loring found them absent at inspection, and learned from Mr. Winn, sole representative of the quartet, that Frazier had invited Connell to take a walk, and shrewdly suspecting that they had been trapped over at camp, had reported matters to Mr. Merrick, his immediate superior, and was sent over to the rescue. Of course, on hearing the nature of their crime, he too was properly shocked, and could find no words to express his consternation. All the same, he got them out of the guard-tent and over to barracks before the army officer on duty as commandant of new cadets happened in, and had barely time to get them to their room before that gentleman came to inquire if their charges were all safe for the night. Pops found Connell grievously alarmed, but Frazier was only loudly indignant.

"All I'm afraid of is that now I won't get in the first squad to have muskets," he said. "We were going to have 'em in the morning."

But when morning came it was Geordie, not Frazier, who was put in the first squad, and Benny couldn't understand it. He who had been the best soldier of the high-school cadets was left behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SNUBBINS: HIS THANKSGIVING.

BY MARIA LOUISE POOL.

"SOMEHOW seems if I'd got screwed up to it; 'n' I guess I might jes well stay so. 'Tain't often I git screwed up's tight's this, anyway."

The speaker was a boy who might have been fourteen or fifteen. He was standing in the back yard of a large building, and was looking up at the structure before him. He had his hands thrust far into his pockets, and his shoulders hunched as he faced away from the wind.

A monkey-jacket which had been made for a man, and worn by a man until it had holes in the sleeves, was now performing the office of coat for this boy. But his trousers had never been designed for any grown person, but for a boy much smaller than this one, though this individual was small for his age, and had almost a dwarfish face, with very large eyes and a very little turned-up nose. This latter feature, perhaps, was responsible for the name by which he had been called now for so long that he would have found it difficult to tell on the instant what his real name was. On the books of the poor-house, of date ten years before, this person was registered as Elnathan K. Briggs. The mistress of the poor-house had directly begun to call him Snubbins, with an appreciation of his generally snubbed and forlorn appearance. This appellation was too appropriate to be given up. If he had thought of the matter at all, the boy would have thought he was born Snubbins. But he didn't think; in fact, he didn't think very much, anyway.

There was one subject, however, upon which his mind had dwelt now for two or three years when Thanksgiving time came round. He wanted some roast turkey. It may seem a curious fact, but it is true that Snubbins had never tasted roast turkey, or turkey cooked in any way. He had spareribs every Thanksgiving. He knew exactly the flavor of spareribs, and it was pleasing. But there is always an ideal of some kind before us, and the ideal of Snubbins was a good square meal of turkey.

He was tired of having the boys in the neighborhood, almost as soon as November came in, make certain remarks to him:

"Hullo, Snub! what's the prospects 'bout dinner this time?" "I say, Snub, how's things? My folks have got a twenty-pounder; lunkin' fat feller he is too." "Isn't that a bouncer, Snub, about your never havin' eat any turkey?"

"No," Snubbins would reply, "'tain't a bouncer; it's true."

Then his simple, wizened little face would look so wistful and perplexed that the other boy would change the subject, and when he met a companion, would remark that he guessed Snubbins wa'n't much more'n half baked, anyway.

The folks in the poor-house were not unkind at all. They were careless, and they never thought whether he worked too hard or not. There was a large farm belonging to the estate, and the boy was very useful. The mistress often said to her husband that Snubbins wasn't quite "all there"; but she would own he was willing to work. If he had fallen sick she would have taken care of him; but he never was ill, and she did not think anything about him.

Now it was the night before Thanksgiving, and he stood, back to the wind, in the yard behind the house. He was shivering a little, but he was quite used to shiv-



SOMEHOW HE COULD NOT GET ALONG AS FAST NOW.

ering when winter began to draw near and before any one had thought to give him an old coat which could not possibly be worn any more by the original owner of it. Almost every year somebody in the neighborhood did give him such a garment. Snubbins never cared whether it fitted him or not. It was generally so thin that it fell to pieces by spring; but it was spring then, and he didn't need it so much.

"Yes," thought Snubbins; "I certainly be screwed up this time, 'n' I guess I'll do it."

He glanced toward the house. It was dark, though it was only about six o'clock. The "inmates" had supper at half past five. Snubbins, being an inmate, had therefore had his supper, and he had milked the cows and bedded the horses. He began on these chores at this season by four in the afternoon. He had just finished with the two cows that he always saved till after supper.

He moved a little nearer to the kitchen windows, which had no curtains. He could see two of the old women, who were town's poor, washing the dishes. If he kept to his resolution he should probably never see those two old women wash dishes again. He did not care anything about the women, but he did feel sorry somehow, and he was greatly surprised at this feeling. The tiger-striped cat, which had been on the place long before Snubbins came, now walked from under the barn and rubbed about the boy's feet. He stooped and took the animal in his arms.

"Oh dear me!" he said, with something like a groan. Then he added, sharply, "If I'm a-goin' ter leg it at all, I'm a-goin' ter leg it now."

He put the cat down gently, gave one final stroke to its back and one final glance at the two old women washing dishes. He pulled his cap strongly on his head, then he ran softly out of the yard and down the road.



"HOW FUR IS IT TO THE SEVENTH HOUSE?"

He ran in the direction where there were the fewest houses. He did not slacken his pace until he came to four corners. Here he stopped. He immediately put his hands in his pockets, and hunched his shoulders in his usual attitude even when it was not cold.

It was extremely dark, there being no moon and a gray film over the sky. Snubbins could see only the dim white lines of roads stretching into the blackness. He knew the place very well. He knew the country for two or three miles around. Farther than that he had never been. He was aware of a sense of extreme lonesomeness.

"I s'pose I could go back," he said aloud.

He wondered if the cat would care now he had gone.

Nobody would miss him until morning, for he always went to bed as soon as he had had his supper and the chores were done.

"'Tain't no use to go back," he remarked. "I sh'd only have to screw up ag'in."

He stood thinking a moment. Presently he announced to himself this decision, "I'm jes goin' ter shet my eyes 'n' walk right along, 'n' I'll take the road I strike if 'tain't the one I jes come over."

He immediately carried out this plan, and as he didn't strike the road he had just travelled, he bent forward slightly, and directly began to "leg it again," going as fast as he could run.

It was a stimulating excitement to go at his fastest pace. But he could not keep that up long. He grew short of breath; and his shoes were not aids to running, for they had belonged to the manager at the poor-house, and though they were tied so tightly round the ankle that they could not drop off, they still were, to quote the present wearer of them, "so wobbly," that he came very near falling down several times before he actually did fall down.

But Snubbins scrambled up again directly, brushed the gravel from his face, and ejected it from his mouth, which had been partially open when he fell. Then he went on again, but now only at a fast walk.

He wished he didn't keep thinking of that cat and how it had rubbed against him. He had always known dimly that he cared for that cat, but he was bewildered to find now that he cared so much.

"I s'pose I sh'll forgit it after a while," he thought. "I'm glad 'twa'n't a dorg. Jimmy Bright says you care a lot more for a dorg 'n you do for a cat."

Snubbins was warm now, and he was in somewhat better spirits since his run.

There was not a house on this road as yet. There were

pastures on both sides; and sometimes clumps of trees which stood up black as ink.

When he thought he had been gone for hours the boy heard a clock strike seven, far off, it seemed to him. It must be the clock in the Baptist meeting-house in the East village, he finally decided.

The wind was strong east, and it brought the sound plainly.

"Them women must be through with them dishes by this time," was his thought.

After a while he was sure that he was far beyond any place where he had ever been before. He must come to some houses soon now.

He made up his mind that he would stop at the seventh house he came to.

Something soft and cold touched the boy's cheek. He turned up his face toward the heavens. Yes, it was beginning to snow. He did not care much for that; he should probably reach the seventh house before it had snowed a great deal. Still, he thought it best to run again. But somehow he could not get along as fast as at first. His shoes plagued him more and more.

He kept on running, however, shambling about a good deal as he went. The ground was fast growing white, and he couldn't see the pastures at all now, it was so white between him and them.

He heard a carriage coming ahead of him. It was not coming fast, and Snubbins resolved to make an inquiry. He stood still, and when the horse was close to him he cried out shrilly:

"Hullo! You, I say!"

There was a man alone in an open wagon. He drew in his horse, and said, "What?"

"How fur is the seventh house?" asked Snubbins.

"What?" said the man again; and again the boy put his inquiry.

"The seventh house?" repeated the driver. "I declare I 'ain't got 'rithmetic 'nough to tell ye. Won't the second or the third house do ye? I might be able to reckon 's fur 's that."

"No," answered Snubbins.

"Too bad," was the response. "If you was goin' my way I'd take ye in. I'm in a hurry. G'long!"

The horse started on, and the boy was left standing there. He immediately started on also.

In thinking of this time he always believed that he had been walking for hours before he came to a place where he saw a light.

The snow had increased so rapidly that his feet were clogged heavily; and besides that, he was completely bewildered. He did not dare to stand still, but it seemed to him that he must stop and get his breath, which appeared to be leaving him.

"I guess there ain't no seventh house," he said, despairingly. Then he tried to think that he must be "fur off 'nough, anyway," by this time.

It was then that he saw a light at his left hand. It shone through the thick snow. It was evidently a lantern swinging in somebody's hand.

Snubbins stopped in the road. As he looked at the light, one heavy sob came to his throat and almost choked him. Then he tried to run toward the lantern. He found he could not run much more that night.

His footsteps made no noise in the snow. He was within a few yards of the light, and could see that it was carried by a tall man who limped, when suddenly it disappeared, and he could hear the sound of a door slammed heavily.

Snubbins stood still again. "Mebby I'd better go back to the poor-house," he said, aloud. Like many people who are much alone, this boy was given to talking to himself.

He faced about, and became aware that he could not possibly find his way back; that he was completely "turned round." He put out his hands as one does who moves in the dark. He walked a few yards this way, and then his hands came against a wall that seemed to be the wall of a house.

The boy felt comforted. He leaned his back against this support and put his hands in his pockets. "I guess it's most midnight," he said.

It was, in truth, not quite ten o'clock. Presently he began to shiver so that his teeth chattered.

"I guess I'll shove round 'n' see if I c'n find a door," he said. So he shoved round, and in a few moments came to what was surely a door, and it was as surely open. "'Tain't the seventh house," he whispered, "but I guess I'll go right in."

He went in, but stumbled and fumbled a good deal. Once in, he could see where the windows were, and that there were only places for windows; there was no glass.

At first it was a great relief to be sheltered from the wind and the snow. He sank down on the floor, with his back pressed to a partition, he supposed. After a short time he imagined that the partition was a little, a very little, warm. He stood up and felt all about him. There was a sort of half-door, which was fastened by a wooden button. He turned this button and opened the door. It was warmer and warmer. He kept on groping. There was a thick, square piece of wood with a kind of handle to it. This piece of wood was fitted into an opening in what felt like bricks.

Snubbins was so eager now that his teeth stopped chattering. He pulled out the planking. He thrust his poor, wet, purple hands into the opening. How lovely and warm it was there!

"Oh, my sakes!" he cried. "I don't care if 'tain't the seventh house. I don't care what 'tis. I'm jes goin' to make er go fur this, I be."

He made a go for it, and was, two or three moments later, lying in a place that seemed heaven to him, it was so warm and dry.

He could not stand or sit; but he did not wish to stand or sit; he only wanted to lie down. His wet clothes began to steam, but the moisture dried immediately. Snubbins lay with his head toward the opening. He was telling himself that he would watch for daylight "at them winders," for it must be near morning, and when it was morning he would start on again. He thought he could "do first rate when it was morning."

Having thought this, he instantly fell asleep.

There were two large patches of sunlight shining in through the places where there had once been windows in the deserted old house the next morning, when a girl of about five years came through the open door. She wore rubber boots so shiny that you knew directly why she kept looking down at them with such delight, and why, when she had carefully stepped in the deepest snow she could find, she took a fold of her apron, stooped, and carefully wiped her boots. She had a small shawl pinned on her head; the shawl was blue, and her little chubby blond face was a pretty thing to look at as she came forward into this kitchen of the old house.

She stood a moment looking about her. She saw two small heaps of snow on the floor in front of the window openings. She walked to these, and went back and forth in them, gazing down at her new boots as she did so. And as she gazed she laughed aloud.

It was this laugh that wakened Snubbins. He opened his eyes and saw the child. It had happened that he had seen very few little girls in his life, and he had never spoken to one. He lay there gazing at her as she tramped in the snow.

Suddenly something came over his eyes, so that he could not see quite plainly.

At this moment the girl caught sight of him. She did

not scream; she stared an instant; then she left the snow and came to within a yard or two of him. "Be you cryin' 'cause you're in the brick oven?" she asked, with the utmost interest.

Snubbins swallowed. Then he replied, "I ain't cryin', 'n' I ain't in a brick oven."

She pressed her fat red hands together. "Oh, you be! you be!" she exclaimed. After a little more staring she burst into a laugh. "I never see a boy in a brick oven 'fore," she said. She laughed again before she inquired, in a voice of gentle concern, "Was you real comfor'ble?"

"Yes," answered Snubbins.

She came yet nearer. "I guess I'll try it some night," she remarked.

The boy did not know what to say. He hoped the child would not go away. He did not know that little girls were like this. He did not know that anything in the world was so beautiful and so kind. He supposed this child must be kind.

"My name is Arabella," she now said. "Mother calls me Bella, 'cept when I've be'n naughty, 'n' then she says, 'Why, Arabella!' very loud. We had a fire in that oven day 'fore yisterd'y, 'cause mother wanted to bake all her pies to once. It was warm enough to sleep in, wasn't it?"

"Yes," replied Snubbins.

She looked at the boy thoughtfully. "I guess I'll try it some night; though mebby my dolly wouldn't like to sleep on bricks. My dolly's a fussy old thing. Sometimes I'm a good mind to heave her out to the crows. She's gittin' tejus." There was a slight pause. It was the girl who spoke again. "I like you."

Snubbins's heart leaped. He said nothing.

"Yes," went on the girl, "I like your nose; it's so little, 'n' so dretful turned up."

Having made this announcement, she changed her subject of conversation by asking if Snubbins knew it was Thanksgiving.

"Yes," he answered.

"Turkey day," said Arabella. "If you'll stay to dinner I shall be real pleased, 'n' if my dolly ain't in a fussy fit she'll be real pleased too. Lots of turkey, lots of pud'n', sweet sauce on the pud'n', five kinds of pie. Of course you'll stay. I'll go right in 'n' tell mar that there's a boy in the brick oven, 'n' I've arst him to dinner."

Arabella walked out of the old house to the new cottage which stood in the same yard. She returned immediately, accompanied by a woman who also had a shawl on her head and who looked like Arabella grown up. The boy was not in the oven, but was standing in front of it.

The instant Snubbins looked in the kind face of the woman he clasped his hands, quite unconscious of his dramatic attitude.

"Oh, do lemme stay!" he cried. "I'll work like fury for ye. 'N' if you'd only lemme take care of *her* sometimes!"

He nodded toward Arabella, who nodded back at him with great affability.

"He's jest the boy par's wantin' for his rheumatics, ain't he, mar?" she inquired. "'Twon't hurt you none to stoop to sit on the milkin'-stool, will it?" to Snubbins, who, his tongue strangely loosened, hastened to assert that he had milked more cows than you could shake a stick at.

Arabella's mother looked intently at the boy. "Ain't you the one that was to the poor-house?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"I recollect you. You 'ain't got a bad face, 'n' my husband is awful rheumaticy. Mebby we c'n arrange to keep ye. Come in now 'n' wash up 'fore breakfast."

Snubbins was actually trembling with the intensity of his gratitude as he followed the woman across the yard to the cottage. Arabella walked beside him. He yielded to the impulse to say to her, "I'm mighty glad I screwed up."



HER CHUBBY, BLOND FACE WAS A PRETTY THING TO LOOK AT

"Screwed up?"

"Yes; to leave the poor-house, you know."

"Oh yes," said the child. Then she told him that after breakfast she would let him look at her rubber boots. She advised him not to eat very much breakfast, as there was lots of turkey for dinner.

"Yes," said Snubbins, "'n' pud'n'."

## DINING WITH A MERMAN.

### ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE ocean was shrouded behind an impenetrable curtain of gray, for it was a morning of dense, chilling fog. Nevertheless the Old Sailor sat on the end of the pier and gazed seaward. The boys, who were wandering about disconsolately in the vain hope of finding something to amuse them, were surprised and delighted when they found him there.

"This is just the kind of a day for a yarn," said Henry.

"Oh yes," said George, "and perhaps it will be all about a fog."

So they sat down beside the Old Sailor. He did not seem to see them. He continued to gaze steadily into the fog, and to mutter indistinctly. The boys gazed into the fog, too. They could see dull brown lines forming and advancing and spreading until they rolled out of the fog as slow, shiny breakers, toppling over and bursting into dingy, leaden spray right under the pier. The very sound of the surf seemed choked. They could hear every minute the long, hoarse blast of a steamer's whistle, warning other craft that she was approaching. Between the blasts of the steamer's whistle they could hear the tooting of a strident fog-horn aboard some sailing vessel, and occasionally the ringing of the fog-bell on the light-ship would come faintly across the waters. Suddenly, without turning his head, the Old Sailor said,

"An' how many toots did that 'ere fog horn give."

"Two," replied Henry.

"An' what do that mean?"

"That the vessel is on the port tack."

"Werry good, too. But how kin she tack w'en there ain't wind enough to blow out a match?" And the Old Sailor leaned back and laughed in his customary silent

manner. Then, without any further prelude, he broke out thus, "I know bloomin' sojer ef this ain't the werry identical boat wot it happened in."

"What?" cried both boys.

"That 'ere's edzackly wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell ye ef ye'll jess hold your breath till I kin git started. I were down on my luck putty consid'able at the time wot I'm a-speakin' of, an' I didn't seem to be able to git no sort o' a berth at all. So I sez to myself, sez I, 'Preehaps ef I try another port, I'll do better,' jess like that, me bein' aground in London. So I ups an' ships afore the mast on the bark *Sago Puddin'*, bound for Rio with a cargo o' quill tooth-picks, molasses, ready-made pants, and other knick-knacks. The second mate he sees I were a old hand, an' so he puts me in the foretop, w'ich the same I were werry well satisfied with. Waal, we didn't have nothin' excitin', barrin' a collision with a fishin'-smack off Goodwin Sands, a gale o' wind off the Azores, a waterspout in latitood 26° north an' longitood 68° west, an' a small matter o' six days' doldrums; howsumever, the doldrums isn't excitin'."

"What are doldrums?" asked George.

"Doldrums, my son, is nothin'. That are, it's w'en there ain't no wind at all, an' you jess buggalug aroun', an' putty nigh tie your t'gallant masts into knots a-rollin'. Waal, as I were a-sayin' w'en you interrepted me, we didn't have nothin' else excitin' till we runs into the blamedest, thickest, oiliest fog wot I ever seed. This 'ere one makes me think on't, but it ain't so heavy. Why, the fog was so thick the Cap'n couldn' tell time by his watch on deck, 'cos w'y: w'en he were lookin' at the minnit hand, he couldn't see as far as the hour hand. Ef you stuck your hand out in front o' you, it 'd git lost in the fog jess ez ef it 'd b'en bit off. Waal, the Cap'n he got a notion into his head that it were a-comin' on to blow, an' he sends hands aloft to furl the t'-gallant-s'ls. I went up on the foret'-gallant-yard an' sot to work. Blow me fur pickles, ef I didn't get all mixed up 'cos I couldn't see nothin' a foot away from me. So, as luck would have it, I went out on the yard-arm, w'en I thort I were a-goin' in toward the mast, an' fust thing I knowed I went off the bloomin' thing an' ca-plunk into the sea. Somebody heard me go, an' hove a life-buoy over the side, at the same time a-yellin' 'Man overboard!' loud enough fur to bust hisself, only it were Bill Smock, an' he had lungs made o' rawhide.

"Waal," said the Old Sailor, after a momentary pause, "they lowered away a boat, but they didn't dare go werry fur from the ship fur fear she'd never find the way back again. I kep' a-hollerin' an' a-swimmin', but I could hear from the sounds o' their voices w'en they hollered back that I were a-gittin' further away all the time. This lasted about an hour, an' I were gittin' mighty tired an' mighty skeered, 'cos w'y: I couldn't hear no more shoutin'. Then I felt a bit of a breeze. Ten minnits later the fog broke, an' I saw the bark about three-quarters o' a mile away. All her boats was at the davies, so I knowed they'd gave me up. Sure 'nuff, as soon as the breeze fairly filled her sails, she squared away on her course.

"Boys, it were not a agreeable position fur a honest, hard-workin' sailor. Howsumever, I didn't quite despair, 'cos w'y: about a hundred yards away I sees the life-buoy. I swimmed to it an' got it over my head an' down under my arms. 'Now,' sez I to myself, sez I, 'I'm werry comf'table purwidin' no onconsiderate shark comes along an' bites off my legs.' Jess as I had said that I seed a shark's fin not more 'n two hundred yards away. I decided that my number were h'isted an' I were bound for Davy Jones's locker. But while I were a-watchin' the fin I were jess paralyzed to see a hand come up out o' the water an' catch hold o't. An' the hand were followed by a head with a plug-hat on't. The head took a glance around, an' seein' me, ducked under like a shot. It come up ag'n in a minnit, an' tuk another look. Then it went down, the hand followin'. The next second the bloomin' thing comes up right alongside o' me, an' stares into my face. Waal, I were some flabbergasted, but I couldn' help laffin'. This 'ere pusson's face were so funny. He looked like one o' them pictures o' Irishmen wot you see in a comic paper, on'y his eyes an' the beard aroun' his neck was green.

"'Wot are you a-laffin' at?' sez he to me, sez he.

"'Beggin' your pardin',' sez I to him, sez I, 'but you are the livin' image o' Teddy Mulcahey, wot ware fust mate o' the *Smokin' Sarah*, an' were drowned. Are you him?'

"'No, I are not him,' sez he to me, sez he; 'my name are Benjamin B. Seagrave, an' I never were a sailor, 'cos I are by birth an' perfession a merman.'

"'Oh,' sez I, 'then you 'ain't got no legs?'

"'Legs! No, certingly not. Wot good is legs out here in one thousand seven hundred fathom o' water?'

"'Not havin' no legs,' sez I, 'you ain't afraid o' havin' 'em bit off.'

"'Bit off! What in water are you a-talkin' about? Oh, I see. You're a-lookin' at my shark.'

"'Oh, are that your shark!'

"'Yes; he's all right. He wouldn't bite you.'

"'I wouldn't like to give him a chance.'

"'Here, Fido! here, Fido! here, Fido!' he calls, and the shark comes a-swimmin' up a-waggin' his tail. 'You go right home, sir,' sez Mr. Seagrave, 'an' mind, this 'ere gen'leman are a friend o' mine, an' he's not to be bit.'

"The shark he waggles his tail some more, stands on his head, an' goes straight down.

"'W'ere do you live?' sez I to Mr. Seagrave.

"'Oh, jess below here,' he sez, pointin' down.

"'How fur?' sez I.

"'A little over three-quarters o' a mile,' sez he. 'Come down an' I'll interdooce ye to my wife.'

"'No, thankee,' sez I.

"'Oh, o' course,' sez he, 'I forgot. You'd git drownded. Say, wot are you doin' here anyhow? Workin' fur the coast survey?'

"'Nah; fell overboard from the bark *Sago Puddin'*.'

"Waal, Mr. Seagrave he jess leaned back an' shuck his sides a-laffin.' W'en he got his wind ag'in, he sez to me, sez he:

"'I've heerd tell o' razor-clam puddin', an' octopus-puddin' with squid sass, but wot 'n gracious are sago-puddin'?'

"I allowed that I didn't rightly know myself, never havin' eat the same. An' then I sez to him, sez I:

"'I wouldn' mind havin' some now, 'cos w'y: I'm feelin' a leetle chilly an' pooty consid'able hungry.'

"'Waal, you jess come along o' me,' sez he, 'an' I'll fix you up.'

"He were a-startin' to dive down w'en I ketched him by the lapel o' his coat an' hinted to him that I couldn't dive down quite so deep.

"'Oh, I keep a-forgettin',' sez he to me, sez he, 'that you're one o' them there poor shore pussons. Howsumever, we kin soon manage. I know a nice little coral reef not fur from here. It's out o' water at low tide, an' we can lie on the reef an' eat. I'll jess call my carridge.'

"So sayin' he stuck his head down under the water an' made a noise wot sounded edzackly like the ringin' o' a bell. I dunno how he did it, but he did. In about two minutes a rousin' big sword-fish, hitched to a big sea-shell, come up, an' Mr. Seagrave invited me to git in, w'ich the same I done.

"'Who's goin' to drive?' sez I.

"'We don't drive. We jess talks fishy to him, an' he knows w'ere to go.'

"So he leans over the dash-board an' sez some-

thin' to the sword-fish, an' away we went a-whizzin'. Waal, we got to the coral reef all right 'nuff, an' the cartridge were sent below ag'in, he havin' said somethin' to the fish. In three or four minutes I see a b'ilin' in the water, an' up comes a merwoman, follered by a lot o' little merlads an' mermaids.

"'These here,' sez Mr. Seagrave, 'is my wife an' fam'ly.'

"I bowed to 'em, and they all flopped around an' laid out on the coral. Mrs. Seagrave were not wot you might call pooty, seein' she were a werry sickly green with dark blue freckles, but the kids was kind o' spry an' cunnin'.

"'Are the dinner comin'?' sez Mr. Seagrave.

"'Yes; Sally are a-bringing of it,' sez his wife.

"'Sally's our hired gal,' sez he to me; 'she are a Sally Growler, but we calls her jess plain Sally.'

"W'en she come up I seed that she were werry plain Sally. Howsumever, the dinner were plainer still, bein' as how it were all raw. But I filled myself up with three oysters."

"With three?" exclaimed Henry.

"Yep," responded the Old Sailor. "W'y, they was as big as your two fists, an' a dozen on 'em would 'a' fed a small fam'ly. Waal, the more I looked at this 'ere fam'ly o' merpeople the more I thought I could make a everlastin' fortune ef I could get 'em to go ashore with me an' exhibit in a dime museum. So I sez to Mr. Seagrave, sez I:

"'Ever b'en ashore?'

"'W'y,' sez he to me, sez he, 'I'm ashore now, ain't I?'

"'Oh, I mean on land—in America, fur instance.'

"'Yes,' he sez, 'once w'en I were young.'

"'Wouldn't you like to go back?' sez I.

"'No,' sez he.

"'But s'posin' I could make it wuth your while.'

"'I don't see how you could,' sez he, thortfullike; 'W'y, fur one thing there's no water ashore, an' I 'ain't got nothin' to walk with.'

"'But s'posin' I was to agree to furnish you with a big tank full o' salt water, an' with glass sides so you could see out.'

"Mrs. Seagrave an' the children sot up an' looked werry sharp at me, an' Mr. Seagrave sez, werry slow,

"'Wot do you mean?'

"'Waal,' sez I to him, sez I, not knowin' no better, 'ef I could have you an' your fam'ly on exhibition fur about a year, I could make a hundred thousan' dollyers, an' I'd give you half, an' then you—'

"But at that moment Mrs. Seagrave an' the kids let out a awful screech an' dived into the sea with a loud splash. Mr. Seagrave, whose green face had turned to a sickly yaller, sez to me:

"'I might 'a' knowed better 'n to talk to a bloomin' landlubber. All you people want o' us is to catch one o' us an' show him in a tank. But you 'ain't never done it yet, an' you never will. You make sham mermaids an' show 'em, but you 'ain't never had a real one. All my life I've been watchin' out ag'in schemes o' you land lubbers to catch me, an' I b'en eddicatin' up my children to look out for 'em, too. An' now, by the great whale's fin, I find you a-floatin' out here in the middle o' the sea in danger o' starvin', I treat you decent, an' give you somethin' to eat, an' right off you want to get me into a tank an' make a show o' me. That ever I should have lived to see the day! Anyhow, you're the first landlubber that ever had a face-to-face talk with one o' us, an' you're a-goin' to be the last.'

"With that he grabbed me round the neck an' dove into the sea. I made up my mind I were a-goner. Down, down we went, till arter a while he sez in my ear an' I could hear him under water too, 'Now drown, you landlubber!' With that he lets me go, an' he disappears. I couldn't hold my breath no longer, so I *opened* my mouth, swallowed water, an' fainted. W'en I come to I were floatin' around in the sea. 'Cos w'y; I still had the life-buoy on, an' it 'd brung me up to the top. But I were crazy as a loon for two weeks arter I were picked up by the steamer *Consolation*, bound from Cape Town to Barnegat, New Jersey, with a cargo o' Dutch cheese, an' I couldn't do nothin' 'cept lie in a bunk an' holler one thing."

"What?" cried the boys.

"He called me a landlubber!"

Then the fog began to lift, and the boys went home to dinner.



"'WOT ARE YOU A-LAFFIN' AT?' SEZ HE TO ME, SEZ HE."

## THE HOUSE IN SALEM.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

THANKSGIVING day in Salem is and always has been the chief holiday of the year and Grandma Forrester prided herself upon celebrating it in the good old-fashioned way, just as her mother and grandmother had done before her.

For weeks the bustle of preparation had ruled in the old house on Essex Street. The shelves in the pantry were lined with mince and pumpkin pies; turkeys and ducks that had proudly strutted about the barn-yard, wondering why they were being fed so daintily, had been killed for the occasion; all kinds of goodies had been procured to please "the children" — the six sons and daughters and the nine hungry grandchildren who were coming to spend the day at the old homestead.

The house stood in what had once been the fashionable quarter of the town, and in the garden and adjoining the house was what had once been the barn, but which was now fitted up as a music-room, and in which was built a large pipe-organ, for Grandpa Forrester's youngest son had been a fine musician.

And that was the sad part of this Thanksgiving day. Bayard Forrester, who was in the navy, had been with them last year, had soon afterward sailed away, and in a terrible hurricane his ship was lost with all on board.

It was hard to have the family dinner without Uncle Bayard, but the grandparents decided that it was better to do as usual, for the sake of the children, to whom Thanksgiving day in Salem was the best part of the whole year.

The family arrived the night before. There were the Webb Forresters, with their two sons and one daughter; the Osgoods, with their three sons; and all the "Jack" Forresters, who brought with them a girl cousin of their own, Ruth Chase, who had never spent a Thanksgiving in New England. From the moment they entered the house Babel reigned.

"Hallo, grandpa!"

"Oh, grandma, see what we've brought you! A bushel of nuts."

"I brought my red puppy along, because we were afraid to leave him at home. His name is Teddy, and he is a pure cocker."

"And, grandma, Ruth Chase has never seen a 'gibraltar'!"

This last bit of information was received with exclamations of pity and surprise from all the children. In the midst of the confusion the parlor door opened, and a little girl, dressed in white, walked into the room so quietly that at first no one noticed her. She stood for a moment as if listening intently. Her hair fell in golden curls about her face and over her shoulders, and her brown eyes were large and dreamy-looking. Presently she walked quickly across the room to Margaret Forrester, moving her arms slightly, and touching the furniture as she passed.

"Here's Amy!" cried all the boys, big and little, flocking about her; "dear little Amy!" And then they kissed her and welcomed her in a gentle way quite different from their ordinary manner. For Amy Forrester was their little orphan cousin, who always lived at the grandfather's, and she was blind.

The supper table was a merry affair that night, and Mrs. Forrester's beautiful old face beamed from behind the great silver urn, and showed no trace of the ache that was in her heart for the son who had been drowned.

"Just think, grandma," said one of the boys, "Ruth Chase has never seen a gibraltar. I don't believe she knows what a gibraltar is."

"Yes, I do," said Ruth, thus challenged; "it's a strait with a big rock, and the English own it."

"That's a very good answer," said one of the uncles, coming to the rescue. "The gibraltar that we mean is quite straight, and as hard as a rock, and the *New* English own it. Now what can it be?"

"Wait until after tea," said his mother, "and then Ruth can both see and taste."

And when the meal was over a large box of gibraltars was produced—the old-fashioned candy so well named, so impossible to eat, but so dear to every child of Salem.

"How funny never to have seen one before," said Margaret, as she removed the thin paper covering. "What else haven't you tasted, Ruth? Do you like plum-pudding?"

"No, I don't think I do," returned Ruth, doubtfully.

"Don't like plum-pudding!" came in a chorus from every one. "Why, it's not worth while to come to the dinner table at all if you don't like plum-pudding!"

"Is that all you have?" asked Ruth in astonishment.

"Oh dear no!" said Dick; "it's only the end, but it's the best part, and it comes in with real fire round it. It's jolly!" and he smacked his lips in anticipation.

"She'll like it here," said Margaret; "she couldn't help it."

"I think gibraltars are splendid," said Ruth, as she tried in vain to bite the one she had.

"I've thought of a new game," whispered Webb Forrester, Jun., to his cousin, Tom Osgood.

"Good!" said Tom; "let's have it."

"Not here. We'll have to go up to the garret to play it."

"Do you think grandma'll let us play there at night?"

"Oh yes; she always used to."

And presently they had obtained the desired permission, coupled with cautions to be careful of Amy, and all disappeared up stairs.

The garret at Grandpa Forrester's was a wonderful place. At night it was extremely weird, for the two lamps which the children carried up barely lighted it, and the distant nooks and corners were very uncanny.

"Now, you know I've been down at Plymouth this fall," said Webb, "and everything you hear there is *Mayflower*, *Mayflower*, just because the Pilgrims happened to land there, and that's about all you hear; and since then I've been reading up, and I think it would be fun if we played it. I thought when I was down in that museum that there were just as good things in Grandma Forrester's garret as there are there."

"And I shouldn't wonder if some of these things came over in the *Mayflower*," said Margaret, "for you know Salem was settled by—"

"Oh yes, we know all about that," interrupted Webb, whose impatience to tell his game made him forget his manners, "and now listen to what we'll do. Pile up all the stuff we can find on the big four-post bedstead, and pretend it's the *Mayflower* coming over with all the furniture on board. She must have been a pretty big ship to hold all the things they say came over on her."

The bedstead was piled high with chairs, tables, washstands, and boxes, until it groaned beneath the weight.

"Now, Tom," said Webb, "you'd better be John Alden and I'll be Miles Standish, because he was rather short and broad. Margaret can be Mary Chilton. You know she was the first woman who landed. Amy might be Priscilla, and ride on the ox saddle when John Alden marries her, like that picture we've got at home."

And then the fun began.

"Now, Mary Chilton, it's time for you to land!" cried Webb, arranging a heap of pillows in the centre of the room, about three yards from the ship. "This is Plymouth Rock."

"But must I jump all that distance?" asked Margaret, looking at it somewhat doubtfully. "I don't believe Mary Chilton jumped that far."

"Of course she did! You don't suppose those Puritan women stopped at a little thing like that, do you?"

Thus assisted, "Mary Chilton" succeeded in reaching shore.

Two or three of the boys who were acting as scouts on shore, hunting for Indians, now came rushing back from the farther end of the garret followed by Teddy, Tom's puppy, who yelped and barked and made as much noise as an ordinary brass band.

"The Indians are on us!" they cried, brandishing their swords and guns, which were real but very ancient. But this last bit of acting was disastrous. Dick Forrester overturned one of the lamps, and in falling it set fire to Amy's white dress.

With a cry of horror Webb sprang forward and threw the child into the heap of pillows that lay in the middle of the room. With these he managed to extinguish the flames before they had done any serious damage to the little blind girl, who looked very white, however, as she lay among the pillows.

The lamp being a brass one, the oil did not escape, and no harm was done in that way. Tom rushed for a pitcher of water, which he poured wildly in every direction, deluging impartially furniture and friends, while Dick ran down stairs three steps at a time shouting "fire!" as loudly as he had "Indians" a few minutes before.

The older people sprang to their feet, some one touched the fire-alarm, and all ran up stairs. When old Mr. Forrester arrived upon the scene and found that his favorite grandchild had narrowly escaped such a frightful death, he was seriously angry with the boys for the first time in their lives. He sternly ordered them to arrange the garret as they had found it, and not to enter it again during their stay.

"I have serious thoughts," he added, turning to his wife, "of—" But he was interrupted by a tremendous commotion that arose in the street, distant echoes of which could be heard even in the garret. They hurried down stairs, to meet on the way up two stalwart firemen, while outside engines and hook and ladder companies were drawn up in response to the alarm that had been sent out, and a large crowd had collected.

The firemen were quite disgusted at finding nothing to do; but the family were thankful enough that Webb's presence of mind had prevented any more serious damage. The boys, very much sobered, quietly put back the furniture into its accustomed places, while Margaret, who was Amy's favorite cousin, sat by the little blind girl while she was being made ready for the night—her arm, which was slightly burned, being carefully dressed and bound up—and told her stories until she fell asleep.

The next morning nothing could be talked of but the excitement of the night before, and every one looked at Amy more lovingly than ever when they thought of how nearly they had lost her.

The dinner-hour from time immemorial had been four o'clock, and when the family returned from church, which they had attended in a body, they congregated again in the sitting-room at the front of the house to wait for the great event of the day.

Amy had been to church too, though she carried her arm in a sling, and now, as she looked a trifle pale, her grandmother suggested that she should lie down in a little room at the back of the house, which was known as the study. She fell asleep, and so her grandmother left her there, and the other children amused themselves with games and books in the sitting-room, and longed for dinner. Amy had a nap, and was lying in a half dreamy state between sleeping and waking, when she heard strains of sweet music. First came the deep notes of an organ, then a sound as of voices singing a beautiful chant, after that the ordinary tones of the organ again.

"I must be in heaven," she thought. "I died last night when I was burned, and now I am in heaven, and that is Uncle Bayard. No one else could play like that. He used to make it sound like voices. I will go find him."



"IT'S THE BEST PART, AND IT COMES IN WITH REAL FIRE AROUND IT."

She sat up on the lounge.

"Oh, I am so sorry! I thought I should be able to see in heaven, and I can't any more than I could in grandpa's house in Salem. But that music! It is Uncle Bayard, and so it must be heaven, for he is dead. And, after all, I can get along as well without seeing. I can listen."

Louder grew the music.

"I will go find him!" she said again. "I think he will be glad to see his little Amy;" and she moved towards the door, feeling her way with her one free hand.

The door that she passed through led by a narrow passageway to another door which opened into a small room in the old barn. This again communicated with the main portion of the barn which had been converted into a music-room, and from which the sounds of the organ now came.

When Amy opened the door a burst of melody filled the room, and then ceased. All was still. Presently a well-known voice said, softly:

"Amy, my little Amy, are you the one to find me?" And a man's strong arms were about her, and her face was hid on his shoulder.

"Uncle Bayard, I knew it was you! It's heaven, isn't it? And shall we always be together? It must be heaven, because you're here, and you were drowned and went to heaven; but it seems like grandpa's house in Salem."

"It is not heaven, darling, and we are both alive and I hope will be so for a long time to come. I was not drowned, though I came very near it, and I have been very ill since then."

Gradually Amy realized that her uncle Bayard had come back to them all. For a few moments she lay very still indeed. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him. "I must go tell grandma," she said.

"Wait," said Bayard. "It may be too great a shock for her. That is the reason I came in the back way and began to play. The servants did not know me at first, and were terribly frightened, and I made them promise



"DON'T BE TOO MUCH FRIGHTENED, GRANDMA DEAR," SHE SAID

not to tell. I thought that perhaps you would find me, little Amy, for you always loved my music."

"I'll tell her so she won't be frightened," said Amy; "let me go now. You begin to play again. It's the best way."

Then she felt her way back through the house to the sitting-room, and to her grandmother's side.

"Look at Amy's face!" cried one of her aunts. "She looks as if she had seen a vision."

Every one looked at her, and then for some reason the room became unusually still.

"I have been listening to some music," she said, quietly, though her voice trembled a little; "it was such lovely music, grandma. It made me think I was in heaven, for it was just like Uncle Bayard's."

"Child!" exclaimed her grandmother.

"And if you'll listen you'll hear it now," continued Amy.

Far away they heard a melody that Bayard had loved and often played. Mrs. Forrester rose and put out her hand. Some one placed Amy's in it.

"Take me there!" whispered the mother, hoarsely.

No one attempted to follow, and the little blind girl led her grandmother through the several rooms. The maids, who had gathered about the doorways with awe-struck faces, fell back for them to pass. Just before they reached the music-room, Amy paused.

"Don't be too much frightened, grandma dear," she said, kissing the hand she held; "it is not heaven, though it seems like it. It is the house in Salem, and Uncle Bayard has come home."

Then she opened the door and they entered.

It was an hour later, and all the family had seen him. Twenty times over he had told the story of the hurricane, the wreck, and the manner of his rescue.

"I caught hold of a spar and was washed up on an island ever so many miles away," said Bayard. "Some friendly natives found me and brought me to. I believe they thought I was dead at first. I had not been well before the hurricane, and after this had a bad fever. I was desperately ill for months, with no one to take care of me but the medicine-man of the tribe and some of the native women. When I got well I went back to the town where we had been stationed. No one knew me, and I thought the best thing to do was to get home and report in person at headquarters rather than send word from there. It would have got into the papers and been so sensational. Besides, you would not have known whether or not to believe it, and it would have stirred you all up. I knew I could get here almost as soon as a letter, and I thought it the best way to do, so I succeeded in getting a man to recognize me, though it was pretty hard work. He lent me the money to come home, and promised he would not tell he had seen me, and here I am."

"How funny you look, Uncle Bayard, with that big brown beard, and your face is so thin compared to what it used to be," said Margaret. "It's no wonder nobody knew you."

"His eyes are the same," said his mother, lovingly; "nothing could change them."

"Nor his music," added Amy.

Needless to say what a truly *Thanks*-giving day this was. At first every one felt too much excited to think of turkey or duck. The boys gathered about their uncle, drinking in every word of his adventures, and each one registering a private vow that when he grew up he would go into the navy. In fact, Webb thought he would go to Annapolis that very year, but by the time four o'clock came, they at least were ready to do ample justice to the feast, and when the plum-pudding, surrounded by real blue flame, reached the table, the fun, led by Uncle Bayard himself, was at its height.

Ruth found that she liked plum-pudding as well as she had gibraltars and all the other good things, and she was quite sure that she had never eaten as much in all her life as she did at that Thanksgiving dinner in Salem.

When the feast was over, old Mr. Forrester rapped on the table for quiet. Then he said, leaning forward towards his wife, in a voice that was just a little shaky, "My dear, we have two things for which to be very thankful: that our son who was lost has been given back to us, and for our little granddaughter, who was saved last night to find him to-day."

# THE HUSKY WHIP TRICK.

BY H. G. PAINE.

CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!

"Say, Jimmy, has Jack got a pistol?" asked Joe Hickey of his companion, Boundless Jimmy Atwater, as the two turned into the gate of Jack Pratt's house one November afternoon.

*Crack! crack! crack!*

"A pistol? Why, he's got a regular arsenal," said Jimmy. "But you don't suppose his father'd be letting him fire 'em off in the garden, do you?"

"What was that noise, then?" inquired Joe.

"Oh, that noise?" said Jimmy. "I don't know, but it sounds like the snapping of a big teamster's whip—and that's just what it is," he continued, as they turned the corner of the house, and saw Jack swinging a whip with a tremendously long lash over his head, then with quick twist of the stock snap the lash straight in front of him, so that the extreme end of it hit the ground about eighteen feet distant, raising a little cloud of dirt, and making a sharp, loud sound, not unlike that made by firing a pistol.

"Say, that's a jim dandy whip!" cried Jimmy; "where did you get it?"

"Made it. Hullo, boys!" shouted Jack.

"What are you doing with it?" inquired Joe.

"Oh, just practising," replied Jack. *Crack!*

"Practising what?" asked Joe.

"Weeding," said Jack, in a nonchalant tone. *Crack!*

"Oh, I'm not so green as I look," returned Joe.

"That's lucky," retorted Jack, "or I might have taken you for a weed;" and he snapped the long lash again *crack!* this time so that it struck the ground just in front of Joe's toes, which caused him to jump backward with such suddenness that he sat down very hard and nearly turned a back somersault, which made Jimmy and Jack roar with laughter.

"Quit your fooling," said Joe, getting up. "You might have hurt me that time."

"No," said Jack; "because I happened to know that it's just twenty feet from here to where you were standing, and this lash is only eighteen feet long. Now, look here. See that frost-bitten burdock?" indicating a weed about fifteen feet away, and swinging the lash around his head, then with a well-directed aim he snapped the whip so that the end of the lash curled around the stalk, and broke it off close to the ground. "Doesn't that beat hoeing?" cried Jack.

"That's a good trick. Where'd you learn it?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"At the World's Fair, Chicago, Illinois," replied Jack. "I'll teach you, if you like. It's not so easy as it looks, but it's rare sport. It's an Eskimo game. You know they had a village on the grounds. One of the guards told me about the Huskies—that's the nickname they give the Eskimos. He told me that they drive their dogs each harnessed to the sledge by a separate trace, and they guide them entirely by the whip; and there'll be from six to



THEY WOULD ALL TRY TO FLICK IT OUT WITH THEIR WHIPS.

twelve dollars a week. They get very expert with their long whips, and can pick a bit of skin right off them when they want to. When I was there I just went in for a few minutes with my uncle, and a crowd of them were making a little extra money with their skill. One of the visitors would throw a quarter of a dollar into a little hole in the ground around which the Eskimos were standing, and they would all try to flick it out with their whips. One would succeed, and would snake it right out of the hole, and snap it back almost into his hands. It was great sport. Sometimes one would get it, and sometimes another. I thought it would be a good game out here at home, so I got an Eskimo whom I know to teach me. I can't do it very well yet, but I know the principle, and I am practising so as to be able to know enough to show the rest of the boys, then we could have fun snapping at a mark, or picking pebbles or marbles out of holes in the ground."

"That's so," said Jimmy. "And we could have regular tournaments."

"Yes," suggested Joe, "and have Jack win all the prizes."

"Certainly," replied Jimmy, "until some of the rest of us had learned to do it better. Here, Jack, give me the whip, and I'll take my first lesson now."

## TWO HUNDRED FEET UNDER THE SEA.

BY JAMES BARNES.

THE yacht was slowly swinging in towards the shore when Rand suddenly called to his father:

"Look at the men in that boat!" he cried. "Something is overboard."

Mr. Swinton raised his head: "Yes," he said, "there is a man overboard. Get the glasses, Rand. They're the divers at work on the ship that sunk there over a year ago."

"Oh! can't we go nearer?" exclaimed Rand (who was at the inquisitive age of twelve), adjusting the focus of the glasses.

"Not unless we get some wind," replied his father. "We are drifting right away from them."



A DIVER'S SUIT.

"If you would like to see them at work, son, I think I might arrange it," he continued. "I know the President of the Wrecking Company very well."

"Oh, would you?" broke in Rand, eagerly. "Please, father. It would be just great."

"Well, we'll see what we can do," laughed Mr. Swinton, who knew that any request he might make would be granted for the asking.

And thus it came about that Rand the following morning met Thomas Hooper, one of the most successful deep-sea divers in the world, and had one of the most interesting experiences in his whole life thus far.

"Hooper," said the President of the company, who had walked down to the pier, "I want you to take this young gentleman out with you to the *Crusader* to-day. Bring him back safe and sound, and chock-full of information. He'll ask questions enough, I'll warrant that," said the President, who had seen evidences of Rand's curious temper. "Give him a good time."

"All right, sir," replied Hooper, a short thick-set man, with light gray eyes; "I'll take care of him."



"LOOK AT THAT BOAT. SOMETHING IS OVERBOARD."

Rand gazed curiously at Hooper's clumsy suit, at the huge strapped boots with their heavy leaden weights, and at the great shiny helmet on the thwart beside him.

"I don't look very pretty, lad," said the diver, as they rowed out to where the buoy marked the wreck, a mile or so to the eastward; "and I'd create a disturbance at the opera" (only Mr. Hooper said "uproar"), "wouldn't I, if I wore these togs?"

"I think you would," laughed Rand. "What is that cloth made of?"

The diver picked up one of the heavy folds of his trousers between his fingers. "Feel it," he said; "it's made of rubber, and covered inside and out with a stuff they call tanned twill, tough as leather. That's to keep it from being cut or torn, d'ye see? If I got a hole punched in it, and they didn't get me up quick, my goose 'd be cooked right then, I can tell you."

"I don't think you could run very fast in those boots," said Rand.

"And hear him making fun of my dancing-slippers!" said Hooper. "When I'm down there about eighty feet, I'm light as a fairy. I have to look out or I'd take steps five feet high. Each one of these extremities of mine weighs twenty pounds."

"Whew!" whistled Rand, and said nothing.

"But that's not all, sonny," went on Hooper. "I carry forty pounds on my back and forty pounds on my chest. If I didn't, I'd bob up serenely like—like a fat old lady in a life-preserver," he added, "and couldn't sink to save me."

"How does it feel to go down?" queried Rand.

"Well, that depends," was the rejoinder. "Did they ever teach you at school that air weighs something?"

"Oh yes," replied Rand, anxious to show that he had studied physics. "The air pressure at the sea-level is nearly fifteen pounds on a square inch."

"That's right," said Mr. Hooper; "go to the head. Now when you go down in the sea, the pressure increases terrible; at thirty-three feet air is compressed into one-half its bulk, and of course you feel it; and it gets worse and worse."

"How far down do you go?" asked our young friend.

"No further than I can help. But once I went down so far that I thought I'd never get back. The exact distance was two hundred and one feet."

"Mercy sakes!" Rand had inherited this exclamation from a maiden aunt. "When was that?"

"Off the coast of South America, on the wreck of the ship *Cape Horn*," replied the diver, nodding his head over his heavy brass collar. "They do say that was deeper than any man ever went before and lived. The pressure at that depth was eighty-seven pounds. I was nearly crushed."

"Didn't it hurt you?"

"Dreadful at first, and I was laid up afterwards," said Hooper, retrospectively. "You see, it's the coming up and going down that plays harm with us divers. After the first few feet you have to be lowered very carefully—the rate of two feet a second is fast enough, until you reach eighty feet, and then it must be slower, the water squeezes so. You asked me how it felt. Well, there comes a pain in your ears as they keep pumping the air faster into the helmet, and your ears don't get used to it, until all of a sudden, pop! and the pain is gone, a little over the eyes."

"Can you see down there, Mr. Hooper?" inquired Rand.

"In clear water I've worked and seen well at thirty or forty feet, but deeper you have to use a light. They have electric lights now, but on the wreck of the *Cape Horn* I used a candle in a lantern made like that helmet; they had to pump air to it same as they did to me. A man can't do much work with a greater pressure than fifty pounds per square inch."

"Didn't you get frightened, and didn't you see fishes and things?"

"Oh, I saw lots of funny, nasty-looking creatures, and they kept pokin' about me, and one looked as if he was

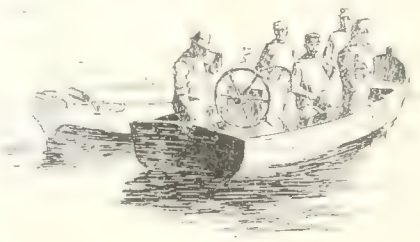


THE TWO SAILORS ADJUSTED THE HEAVY HEAD-PIECE.

askin' questions all the time; but I couldn't hear him—anyhow, time's too short. I've got so used to seeing them that I don't notice them. No, I don't enjoy it always, but if a man gets frightened he won't make a diver; that's a fact. Sometimes men get giddy, especially if the bubbles from the 'scape-valve whirl about the bull's-eye—that's the window in the helmet, one on each side and one in front, made of glass." Hooper picked up the helmet, that looked like a large brass coal-scuttle, and placed it on his knees. "See," he went on; "these bars are to prevent the glass being broken, for if they ever got busted in—good-by, Mary Ann!

"Look here now a bit." The diver, like any person who explains, was getting interested himself. "You see, it screws on to this collar about my neck. This V-shaped breastplate holds the collar and protects my lungs. Now it only takes an eighth of a turn to screw on the helmet. It goes on just like a bayonet on a gun; they call it a bayonet joint.

"When I signal for the men in the boat to haul me up, because I want to talk to 'em, I just open this front bull's-eye by turning a screw, and don't have to take off the helmet at all. That's a new invention. See how tight these sleeves are at the wrists. Well, I don't wear gloves. I ain't a dude." Hooper laughed. "You have to depend a good deal on your 'feel,' like a blind man. And lift? why, when I'm down eighty feet, I can lift more heavy two men in the world, providing it isn't iron I'm handling. But you can't push or pull much unless



HOOPER STOOD UP BEFORE PUTTING ON HIS HELMET.

you brace against something, and it's dreadful hard to walk against a tide—takes you right off your feet.

"Here's where the pipe from the air-pump goes on," continued Rand's instructor, pointing to a nozzle at the back of the helmet, "and this pipe inside opens right over my mouth and nose. All the bad air escapes out through this valve right under the place where the good air is pumped in; that valve lets it out, but won't let the water enter. One thing more, the draught of fresh air keeps my breath from smudging the glass."

"Are there many divers?" Rand inquired, thinking of giving up his idea of following the law.

"Not many," returned Hooper, looking about him. "But there's one we could all go to school to, and that's John Hagerty."

The boat had nearly reached the spot where the *Crusader* lay in about fourteen fathoms of water.

Hooper stood up and glanced at the pump in the aft part of the boat. It was a three-valve air-compressor, and turned much the way of the organ-grinder's music machine. It supplied a steady stream of air to the diver through the length of flexible rubber hose.

"Who invented this diving suit?" asked Rand, thinking of the only question left.



RAND SHOUTED TO THE DIVER "GOOD-BY."

"Now, I thought you'd come to that, sonny," laughed the diver. "An inventor by the name of Siebe made the first suit in 1829. I'm going to put on my helmet and

as soon as I get it on you'll want to ask how much an outfit costs, so I will tell you beforehand. Costs about six hundred dollars, and the breast-plate and helmet are made of tinned copper. I hope you think that it's a good fit, and becomes my style of beauty."

With that, the diver sat down and put on a heavy woollen cap, and two of the sailors adjusted the heavy head-piece. On his back and chest they fastened the leaden weights, and tied the signal cord around him beneath his arms. Hooper winked at Rand through the front bull's-eye. When he stood up, an ugly, ungainly figure Rand laughed out loud.

"Give my love to the fishes, Mr. Hooper," he shouted, as the diver lowered himself out of sight in the depths of green water.

Rand will never forget that day he had on the Winkle shoals, or for that matter the dream that followed the same night.

He dreamed that Hooper came up out of the water and said:

"Come down with me, sonny. There's a curious little fish that is asking me questions in French, and I can't understand him."

Now, the next time you go to an aquarium, you see if all the fish that look at you through the glass don't seem to be asking questions.

And remember that one of the best ways to learn about anything is to ask about it. And people who know things always like to answer sensible questions, and impart information. Which may have been the reason that Hooper, having been so successful with Rand, tried to understand the little fish.

## WISH-BONE VALLEY.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE Thanksgiving feast had just ended, and only Donald and his little sister Grace remained at the table, looking drowsily at the plum-pudding that they couldn't finish, but which they disliked to leave on their plates.

When the plates had been removed, and the plum-pudding taken to the kitchen and placed beside the well-carved gobbler, Donald and Grace were too tired to rise from their chairs to have their faces washed. They seemed lost in a roseate repose, until Grace finally thought of the wish-bone that they intended to break after dinner.

"Come, now, Donald," she said, "let's break the old gobbler's wish-bone."

"All right," replied Donald, opening his eyes slowly, and unwrapping the draperies of his sweet plum-pudding dreams from about him, "let's do it now." So he held up the wish-bone, and Grace took hold of the other end of it with a merry laugh.

"Here, you must not take hold so far from the end, because I have a fine wish to make, and want to get the big half if possible."

"So have I a nice wish to make," replied Grace, with a sigh, "and I also want the big end."

And so they argued for a few minutes, until their mother entered the room and told them that if they could not stop quarrelling over the wish-bone she would take it from them and throw it into the fire. So they lost no time in taking it by the ends and snapping it asunder.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Donald, observing Grace's expression of disappointment. "I've got it."

"Well, I've made a wish too," said Grace.

"But it won't come true," replied Donald, "because you have the little end."

And then Donald thought he would go out in the air and play, because his great dinner made him feel very uncomfortable. When he was out in the barn-yard it was just growing dusk, and Donald, through his half-closed eyes, observed a gobbler strutting about. To his great surprise, the gobbler approached him instead of running away.

"I thought we had you for dinner to-day," said Donald.

"You did," replied the gobbler, coldly, "and you had a fine old time, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Donald, "you made a splendid dinner, and you ought to be pleased to think you made us all so happy. Your second joints were very sweet and juicy, and your drumsticks were like sticks of candy."

"And you broke my poor old wish-bone with your little sister, didn't you?"

"I did."

"And what did you wish?" asked the gobbler.

"You mustn't ask me that," replied Donald, "because, you know, if I tell you the wish I made it would not come true."

"But it was my wish bone," persisted the gobbler, "and I think I ought to know something about it."

"You have rights, I suppose, and your argument is not without force," replied Donald, with calm dignity.

The gobbler was puzzled at so lofty a reply, and not understanding it, said:

"I am only the ghost, or spirit, of the gobbler you ate to-day, but still I remember how one day last summer you threw a pan of water on me, and alluded to my wattles as a red necktie, and called me 'old Harvard.' Now, come along!"

"Where?" asked Donald.

"To Wish-bone Valley, where you will see the spirits of my ancestors eaten by your family."

It was now dusk, and Donald didn't like the idea of going to such a place. He was a brave, courageous boy on most occasions, but the idea of going to Wish-bone Valley when the stars were appearing filled him with a dread that he didn't like to acknowledge even to the ghost of a gobbler.

"I can't go with you now, Mr. Gobbler," he said, "because I have a lot of lessons to study for next Monday; wait until to-morrow, and I will gladly go with you."

"Come along," replied the gobbler, with a provoked air, "and let your lessons go until to-morrow, when you will have plenty of light."

Thereupon the gobbler extended his wing and took Donald by the hand, and started on a trot.

"Not so fast," protested Donald.

"Why not?" demanded the gobbler, in surprise.

"Because," replied Donald, with a groan, "I have just had my dinner, and I'm too full of you to run."

So the gobbler kindly and considerately slackened his pace to a walk, and the two proceeded out of the barn-yard and across a wide meadow to a little valley surrounded by a dense thicket. The moon was just rising, and the thicket was silvered by its light, while the dry leaves rustled weirdly in the cold crisp air.

"This," said the gobbler, "is Wish-bone Valley. Look and see."

Donald strained his eyes, and, sure enough, there were wish-bones sticking out of the ground in every direction. He thought they looked like little croquet hoops, but he made no comments, for fear of offending the old gobbler. But he felt that he must say something to make the gobbler think that he was not frightened, so he remarked, in an off-hand way,

"Let's break one and make a wish."

The ghost of the old gobbler frowned, drew himself up, and uttered a ghostly whistle that seemed to cut the air. As he did so, the ghosts of the other turkeys long since eaten popped out of the thickets with a great flapping of wings, and each one perched upon a wish-bone and gazed upon poor Donald, who was so frightened that his collar

flew into a standing position, while he stood upon his toes, with his knees knocking together at a great rate.

Every turkey fixed its eyes upon the trembling boy who was beside himself with fear.

"What shall we do with him, grandpapa?" asked the gobbler of an ancient bird that could scarcely contain itself and remain on its wish bone.

"I cannot think of anything terrible enough, Willie," replied the grandparent. "It almost makes my ghostship boil when I think of the way in which he used to amuse himself by making me a target for his bean-shooter. Often when I was asleep in the button-ball he would fetch me one on the side of the head that would give me an earache for a week. But now it is our turn."

Here the other turkeys broke into a wild chorus of approval.

"Take his bean-shooter from his pocket," suggested another bird, "and let's have a shot at him."

Donald was compelled to hand out his bean-shooter, and the grandparent took it, lay on his back, and, with the handle of the bean-shooter in one claw, and the missile end in the other, began to send pebbles at Donald at a great rate. He could hear them whistling past his ears, but could not see them to dodge. Fortunately none struck him, and when the turkeys felt that they had had fun enough of that kind at his expense, the bean-shooter was returned to him.

"Now, then," said the gobbler's Aunt Fanny, "he once gave me a string of yellow beads for corn."

"What shall we do to him for that?" asked the gobbler.

"Make him eat a lot of yellow beads," said the chorus.

"But we have no beads," said the gobbler, sadly.

"Then let's poke him with a stick," suggested the gobbler's Granduncle Sylvester; "he used to do that to us."

So they all took up their wish-bones and poked Donald until he was sore. Sometimes they would hit him in a ticklish spot, and throw him into such a fit of laughter that they thought he was enjoying it all and chaffing them. So they stuck their wish-bones into the ground, and took their positions on them once more, to take a needed rest, for the poor ghosts were greatly exhausted.

There was one quiet turkey who had taken no part in the proceedings.

"Why don't you suggest something?" demanded Uncle Sylvester.

"Because," replied the quiet turkey, "Donald never did anything to me, and I must treat him accordingly. I was raised and killed a long way from here, and canned. Donald's father bought me at a store. To be a ghost in good standing I should be on the farm where I was killed, and really I don't know why I should be here."

"Then you should be an impartial judge," said Aunt Fanny. "Now what shall we do with him?"

"Tell them to let me go home," protested Donald, "and I'll agree never to molest or eat turkey again; I will give them all the angle-worms I can dig every day, and on Thanksgiving day I'll ask my father to have roast beef."

"I think," replied the impartial canned ghost, "that as all boys delight in chasing turkeys with sticks, it would be eminently just and proper for us, with the exception of myself, to chase this boy and beat him with our wish bones, to let him learn by experience that which he could scarcely learn by observation."

"What could I do but eat turkey when it was put on the table?" protested Donald.

"But you could help chasing us around with sticks," sang the chorus.



"WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM, GRANDPA?" ASKED THE GOBBLER.

They thereupon descended from the wish-bones upon which they had been perching, and flying after him, they darted the wish-bones, which they held in their beaks, into his back and neck as hard as they could. Donald ran up and down Wish-bone Valley, calling upon them to stop, and declaring that if turkey should ever be put upon the table again he would eat nothing but the stuffing. When Donald found that the wish-bones were sticking into his neck like so many hornet stings, he made up his mind that he would run for the house. Finally the wish bone tattoo stopped, and when he looked around, the gobbler, who was twenty feet away, said: "When a Thanksgiving turkey dies, his ghost comes down here to Wish-bone Valley to join his ancestors, and it never after leaves the valley. You will now know why every spring the turkeys steal down here to hatch their little ones. As you are now over the boundary line you are safe."

"Thank you," said Donald, gratefully.

"Good by," sang all the ghosts in chorus.

There was then a great ghostly flapping and whistling, and the turkeys and wish-bones all vanished from sight.

Donald ran home as fast as his trembling legs could carry him, and he fancied that the surviving turkeys on the place made fun of him as he passed on his way.

When he reached the house he was very happy, but made no allusion to his experience in Wish-bone Valley, for fear of being laughed at.

"Come, Donald," said his mother, shortly after his arrival, "it is almost bedtime; you had better eat that drum-stick and retire."

"I think I have had turkey enough for to-day," replied Donald, with a shudder, "and if it is just the same, I would rather have a nice thick piece of pumpkin pie."

So the girl placed a large piece of pie before him; and while he was eating with the keen appetite given him by the crisp air of Wish-bone Valley, he heard a great clattering of hoofs coming down the road. These sounds did not stop until the express-wagon drew up in front of the house, and the driver brought in a large package for Donald.

"Hurrah!" shouted Donald, in boundless glee. "Uncle Arthur has sent me a nice bicycle. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Didn't you wish for a bicycle to-day, when you got the big end of the wish-bone?" asked his little sister Grace.

"What makes you think so?" asked Donald, with a laugh.

"Oh, I knew it all the time; and my wish came true, too."

"How could your wish come true?" asked Donald, with a puzzled look, "when you got the little half of the wish-bone?"

"I don't know," replied Grace, "but my wish did come true."

"And what did you wish?"

"Why," said Grace, running up and kissing her little brother affectionately, "I wished your wish would come true, of course."

## THE MAKING OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

### I.—DAY WORK.

BY a *great* newspaper I mean a morning daily having a circulation of 100,000 copies or over, and published in any one of half a dozen of our largest cities at a daily expense of from $3000 to $5000. I say a *morning* daily, because the morning paper is everywhere larger, more prosperous, and more important than the one issued in the evening. There are perhaps a score of such great newspapers in the United States, and although the details of management differ in every office, its general routine is everywhere the same, and a description of one will give a fair idea of how all are conducted. I am therefore going to invite you YOUNG PEOPLE readers to spend a day with me in the office of one of the great New York dailies, the name of which is as familiar to you as is your own, no matter in what part of our wide-spread country you may live.

First, though, while we are on our way to Printing-house Square, on which the home of this particular paper faces, let us consider what newspaper life of to-day means, and what inducements it holds out to the young man just emerging from boyhood who is trying to decide what his life work is to be. Newspaper work, or journalism, is now generally recognized as a profession as much as the ministry, law, or medicine, and to be successful in it one must study just as faithfully as for any other profession. Like any business worth undertaking, it demands from the beginning long hours of hard and oftentimes disagreeable work; it presents many discouragements, and offers but small pay. At the same time it presents a life of incessant activity which is ten thousand times happier than one of idleness or of mere self-indulgence, a life of constant variety that brings out whatever of self-reliance a young man may possess, and one of many unique pleasures.

In what other line of business can a boy just out of school experience a delight equal to that of seeing, day after day, his own words and thoughts appear where they will be read and considered by hundreds of thousands of his fellow-men? Can there be any greater pleasure than to feel that from the outset of his career he is exerting an influence that is felt around the world? It seems to me not. Then there are the pleasures of meeting with all classes and conditions of men from the humblest to the greatest, of taking an active part in the most important public events of the day, of travel and the seeing of many places, of the stimulating rivalry that may result in the gaining of an exclusive bit of news or in making the most attractive presentation of a story, of the certain promotion with its increase of pay, and the public recognition—which is but another name for fame—that always accompanies the best newspaper work. All these and many other pleasures akin to them are to be found in journalism.

Besides these there are certain inducements held out by this profession that are greater, to my mind at least, than those offered by any other. The ministry leads to preaching, and thereby to the opportunity for doing great good. The study of medicine leads to the practice of medicine. Law leads to politics and to many honorable as well as profitable positions; but while it opens the way to one such, journalism points to a score. The latter not only prepares its student for any political office from a consulship to that of a foreign minister, or from a court reportership to the Presidency, as well as for any business place that a lawyer may fill, but it is the best of training-schools for every branch of literary work. An editor ranks in the social scale with the members of any other profession; and while the newspaper offices of this country have graduated such editors as Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana, they have also given us such statesmen as James G. Blaine, such financiers as Henry Villard, such novelists as Howells, Warner, and Crawford, such playwrights as Bronson Howard, such explorers as Stanley, such poets as Bryant and Bayard Taylor, besides hosts of other eminent men too numerous to mention. A reporter must of necessity learn something of every kind of business, and makes at the same time an extensive acquaintance among influential men, who are always on the lookout for capable and honest young fellows to serve them as private secretaries or in other confidential positions.

But here we are in Printing-house Square, the busiest and most crowded spot of all the great city. At one end is a terminus of the Brooklyn Bridge and of an elevated railway. At the other is the Post Office, with lower Broadway just beyond. On the west are the City Hall and other public buildings standing in City Hall Park; while on the east, looking down from lofty heights on the bronze statue of Ben Franklin, father of American printers, tower the splendid homes of the *Times*, *Tribune*, *World*, and *Sun*, containing, in addition to their own spacious offices, those occupied by the correspondents of hundreds of influential papers in every State and city of the Union. Here is the head centre of American journalism, and the very best place in the world to learn how a great newspaper is conducted.

On the ground floor of the building we are invited to enter is the publisher's department, for every newspaper

of importance has its publisher as well as its editor. He transacts the business of the paper, attending to the collecting of money due from subscriptions or advertisements, the paying of bills and salaries, the making of contracts, and the purchase of supplies. Of these last a single item is paper, of which an eight-page daily with a circulation of 100,000 copies consumes one hundred and fifty miles, the full width of its pages for a single edition. To aid him in attending to all this business the publisher has a large force of assistants—cashiers, book-keepers, advertising clerks, subscription clerks, and others—and from early morning until ten o'clock at night, after which hour no advertisements are received, his department presents a scene of incessant activity.

Passing through it, and ascending to somewhere near the top of the building, we gain the editorial floor. The door of a large room occupying the entire width of this story admits us to a small railed inclosure guarded by an office-boy. He demands our names and business, and then keeps us waiting until he finds out whether or no we shall be welcomed. This precaution is necessary to prevent the intrusion of innumerable cranks and bores who infest newspaper offices, and not only make an editor's life burdensome, but seriously interfere with the business of the office if not restrained. For this reason it is wellnigh impossible for any person to gain admittance to the editorial-rooms of any great newspaper unless he can show that he has business there; though, after he has proved that such is the case, its door is freely opened to him. As we have business in this particular office we are readily admitted.

The room in which we now find ourselves is the city, or news, room, and those long rows of desks, each with its locked drawers, inkstand, pens, writing and blotting paper, filling the middle floor space, belong to the reporters, none of whom has yet put in an appearance. Over by the windows is a row of single desks, which will in due time be occupied by the several editors who handle copy or are otherwise responsible for the news department of the paper; for into this room, by telegraph, mail, special messenger, or gathered by reporters, comes all the news of the world. Here it is sorted, culled, and put into the best commercial shape. Thus this city-room is a workshop in every sense of the word, and while fully equipped for its purpose, it contains no useless furniture or adornments. Along one end is a row of closets, one for each member of the working force. In it the reporter keeps his hat, overcoat, umbrella, and generally a hand-bag packed in readiness for a journey at a moment's notice. Into a series of glass-fronted letter-boxes near by goes the daily mail of the reporters and sub-editors. At one side is a file of all the daily papers published in the city. In front of each desk is a chair, but beyond the railed inclosure there are no extra ones for the accommodation of visitors or idlers. Fastened to one wall are some strange-looking brass tubes, and beside them is a little copy elevator that runs up to the composing-room. This completes the list of the room's furnishing. Beyond it are other editorial-rooms, one of which, furnished with rugs, easy-chairs, a library, and pictures, is that of the editor-in-chief. The rest are occupied by editorial writers, the editors of the Sunday and weekly editions, the exchange editor, the artists—who are now attached to the staff of every great newspaper—etc., but it is in the city-room that the bulk of the work is done, and there we will spend most of our time.

At ten o'clock in the morning this room is one of the quietest and neatest of places. It has just been swept, dusted, and put in order by the busy office-boys, until not a scrap of paper litters its floor, and every chair is in place. Besides the office-boys the great room has but a single occupant, a young man who sits at a desk near one of the windows, reading and occasionally making



THIS PRECAUTION IS NECESSARY TO PREVENT THE INTRUSION OF CRANKS.

clippings from a pile of morning papers. He is the assistant city editor, recently promoted from the reporters' ranks, and he generally arrives at the office about nine o'clock. For the next hour or two he reads the papers and makes clippings of such important events as may be noticed or advertised beforehand. Such of these as belong to that day he lays on the city editor's desk, while those of future dates are placed in a package of envelopes numbered from 1 to 31, and thus making up a month's record in advance of things about to happen. He also copies into a large record-book, from the assignment sheet of the day before, the name of each reporter who has been on duty, the nature of the work he has done, and the amount of space it fills in the paper. For example, if there has been an important political meeting in the Cooper Union, a great fire, or a newsboys' picnic, they appear on the assignment sheet as:

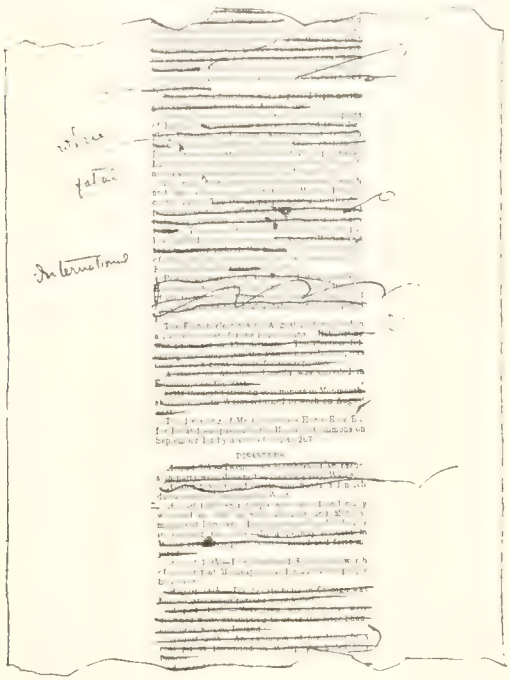
Meeting in Cooper Union (Political).....John Adams.
Fire in Grand Street.....{ Brown / Johnson.
Newsboys' Picnic.....Hiram Smith.

By reference to the record-book, into which these entries are copied day by day, one may discover, years afterwards, that John Adams reported the great political meeting on that date, or Hiram Smith wrote up the picnic, and so on, until every item of local news in that number of the paper can be traced to its writer.

By the time the assistant has prepared an outline of the day's work for his superior the city editor himself arrives. At home and on his way to the office he has read all the morning papers and compared their accounts of certain events with the same things in his own paper, has rejoiced over every "beat" or exclusive bit of news secured by his paper, and felt deeply mortified over every such bit of luck as has fallen to a rival.

In the office, after looking over his morning's mail, his first duty is to complete, so far as is possible, the assign

ment sheet for the day. Each piece of work given to a reporter is called an "assignment" or "detail," and the daily record of these is the assignment sheet. First are set down the regular assignments, such as the City Hall, the several police courts, Wall Street, marine news, etc. If a reporter is studying law or shows a special aptitude for legal work, he soon finds himself doing court reporting as a regular thing. Although it is by no means



PROOF SHOWING WHERE THE "SPACE" MAN SUFFERS AND THE SALARY MAN DOES NOT.

necessary that a reporter should be a stenographer, a knowledge of shorthand will often gain for him a position that he would not otherwise obtain, and in court work it is especially valuable. If the reporter's inclination is toward the sea, he is apt to drift into just as steady a line of marine work, and busies himself with yacht-races, ship news, the arrival of foreign men-of-war, wrecks, and such matters. His liking may be for business and finance, in which case he sooner or later appears on Wall Street as an assistant to the financial editor of the paper. If the stage is to him the most interesting of all places, or if he has received a musical education, he is selected as an aid to the musical and dramatic editor. Perhaps he has been a football player, or raised on a stock farm, or is a good all-round athlete, and so is attracted to the sporting department, which is becoming a more and more important feature of the paper with each succeeding year. Whatever he likes to do most and can do best is what he is given to do as soon as the wise city editor discovers his inclination, and can find a place for him in that especial department.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the reporters drop into the office one or two at a time, and the bustle of the day begins. Every great paper employs from thirty to forty reporters, most of whom are bright, gentlemanly young fellows, who are apt to be college graduates, and all of whom are as sharp as needles. Each as he enters the room glances at the mail-boxes, and secures his letters if there are any for him. Then from a file of that morning's issue of the paper he takes one or more copies to his desk and clips whatever article, paragraph, or squib he has written the day before. These, if he is a "space-man," he carefully pastes on a long strip of brown paper. This will be attached to his weekly bill against the paper for services rendered, and the daily clippings pasted on it are so many vouchers for what he has done. At the end of the newspaper week, which comes on a Friday, these bills, which include itemized accounts of all extra expenses incurred in the discharge of duties, are handed to the city editor. He audits them, and turns them over to the managing editor for inspection. After being thus "passed," they go to an accountant, who makes out a check for the full amount of each one. These are sent down to the publisher's office, where the checks are cashed. The money for each is enclosed in a small brown envelope, which is sealed, inscribed with the reporter's name, and will be handed to him when he calls for it on Saturday.

All reporters are classed either as "salary" or "space" men, the former of whom receives a fixed sum per week, while the latter is paid at the rate of so much a column for what he has printed in the paper. A new man generally begins with a weekly salary of $15. As his work increases in value, his salary is gradually advanced to perhaps $25, until at the end of a year or so he is allowed to "go on space." On some papers this operation is reversed, and the new man does space-work until he becomes worth a salary; but the other way is the more popular, and produces the best results. When on space, the amount of money that a reporter may make depends largely upon his own efforts. The most liberal papers pay $8 per column, and the rate scales from that down to $3 per column, which is paid by some of the evening papers. These, however, employ so few reporters that each may fill a column or more of space daily. On the great morning papers a good space-man rarely makes less than $40 per week, while it is no uncommon thing for the best reporters, who get the big jobs, to make $70, $80, or $100 by a week's work. To attain a position that yields this pay, however, the reporter must have a genuine love for his work, backed by a good education, some years of experience, and a persistent industry that would have advanced him to an even more lucrative post in almost any other line of business. Those who make fortunes out of a newspaper are its proprietors. Its writers or editors never do. Still, there are many other things worth having in life besides money. The newspaper man, if he is worth his salt, always makes a good living, and enjoys a life of infinite variety filled with possibilities.

While our particular group of reporters are making their bill clippings and criticising each other's work as it appears in the paper, the city editor is completing his assignment sheet, and allotting to each man his day's work. Now he begins to call them to his desk, one at a time, and to give them their assignments, accompanying each with a few words of advice or caution. To one he says: "Mr. A., I should like to have you cover the horse show to-day. You may give us a gossipy story of about a column and a half."

B. is sent to attend the funeral of a millionaire, while C. is directed to inquire into a case of terrible destitution reported to exist in a fever-infected district of the east side.

To the next one on his list the city editor says: "Mr. D., there is a deadly feud raging between two families in the mountains of Kentucky. Our local correspondent has been warned off on penalty of being shot if he puts in an appearance. The managing editor wants the story, and thinks you are the man to get it for us. Will you undertake to do so? and can you start for Kentucky at once?"

"Certainly, sir," answers the reporter, promptly, to both questions, his face beaming at this prospect of an adventure and a chance to distinguish himself.

"Very well. Here is an order on the cashier for your expenses. Let us hear from you as often as you can, and don't come back until you have acquainted yourself with

every interesting feature of the situation. If you find any other newspaper man on the case send in your story by telegraph as soon as you can get it; but if you have the field to yourself, mail it, or, better still, bring it out with you. Don't mention the nature of your business to any one—not to *any one*, mind. Good-by and good luck to you."

So the young fellow goes off, with a smiling face, on as desperate an errand as could well be found for a man in these times of general peace. He will endure discomforts and hardships innumerable; but to him they are as nothing. As he gayly says, "They are all part of the day's work." He takes his ready traveling bag, and with a happy but mysterious nod to his fellows, sets forth, to be gone perhaps for weeks, or perhaps never to return. No, not that. Reporters always turn up bright and smiling from the most desperate and apparently hopeless of situations.

While those left behind are speculating as to what kind of luck D. has struck to make him look so pleased, they are in turn sent out to attend a Sunday-school convention, the trial of an eminent minister for heresy; to go down to the bottom of the sea and examine a wrecked ship in company with the diver who is searching for bodies, or into a submarine chamber, charged with nitroglycerine, that is about to be exploded for the removal of a rock dangerous to navigation; to make a study of the immigration question on Ellis Island; to accompany a scientific man to the zoo, and report upon his studies of the simian language; to interview a distinguished foreigner regarding his earliest impressions of America; to spend an hour with a famous actress who has sent word to the office that, as a favor to this particular paper, she is willing to allow a reporter a sight of some marvellous costumes just received from Paris; to attend an execution, a notable christening, a society wedding, or to any of the thousand and one places and scenes in which the newspaper-reading public is supposed to be interested. At length all have departed, save one, who is held in reserve for an emergency, and who is perhaps at work on a special story for the Sunday edition, and the city-room is again comparatively empty and quiet.

Now the city editor is at leisure to receive the many callers who are waiting with suggestions as to how the paper should treat certain topics, with complaints of the manner in which it has treated others, with stories to sell or to tell, with applications for employment, with tales of distress or rascality that the paper ought to investigate, with demands that certain target companies, ward associations, societies, or coteries shall be "written up," as well as others of the same class, or with vague threats of what will happen in case any reporter goes near them. All these and many more must be listened to patiently, treated politely, and dismissed in a good humor with the paper and themselves before the long-suffering city editor can snatch a few minutes in which to run out for a hasty lunch.

When he returns, the first editions of the evening papers are coming in and must be carefully examined. The reporters are beginning to get back from their several errands, of which each is anxious to give the city editor a brief account, to impress him with its importance, and obtain permission to expand the ordered paragraph to a stick, the stick to a quarter, or the quarter to a half-column, as the case may be. These are space men. The salary man is apt to say that his story is not worth writing, or is of much less importance than was at first supposed. That is, he will say this, unless he happens to be a new or very conscientious salary man, or one who thinks he should be allowed to go on space, and so is anxious to make as big a showing in the paper as possible.

In the mean time the city editor, who seems always to know of everything that is going on, has learned from



GATHERING INTERESTING FEATURES ON THE SCENE OF THE KENTUCKY FEUD.

the evening papers, from his correspondents in various parts of the city, or from the several press associations to which his paper subscribes and who have agents everywhere, of other important events already happening or about to take place. All of these must be "covered," and as fast as the incoming reporters have written up their morning assignments they are hurried away to new scenes. Some of them will not return until late at night, while some will be back in time to receive still other assignments, for all news centres of importance must be covered up to the very hour of going to press, which is two o'clock the following morning.

Perhaps a startling despatch or message comes hurrying in from police headquarters telling of a great strike about to take place, the discovery of a den of green-goods men on which the police are preparing to descend, the expected arrival of an excursion steamer with a gang of drunken and desperately fighting toughs aboard, or some other stirring event that cannot be covered by the headquarters man in person, and to which experienced reporters from the main office must be sent at once. This "headquarters man" is an important member of the reportorial staff, and has an office to himself in a building on Mulberry Street, across the way from that of the Superintendent of Police. Here, aided by one or two assistants, he keeps track of every item of news telegraphed in by the police from all parts of the city. Some of these items are complete in themselves, only needing to be copied and sent to the office. Others can be worked up by the headquarters man himself or by his assistants, while still others demand the attention of a special detail from the city-room. All the great dailies, as well as the press associations, maintain such offices at police headquarters, and thus every policeman in the city while making his reports to Superintendent Byrnes is at the same time acting as a reporter for the newspapers.

While the city editor is quietly and methodically attending to the innumerable details that thus demand his prompt and intelligent action, and which, from their very nature, would drive an inexperienced or less self-reliant man into a distraction of hurry and worry, his superior officer, the managing editor, appears on the scene. This most important member of the entire staff is a man in

the prime of life, who has risen from the reporters' ranks, and is intimately familiar with every detail of news paper work. He knows more concerning public affairs, public men, and the events of public interest taking place in every part of the world, than any one outside of his own profession. He is clear-headed, quick-witted, able to form accurate judgments at a moment's notice, and is possessed of an absolute authority over the news department of his paper. He may expend vast sums of money in the collecting of news, organize and despatch expeditions to all parts of the world, charter special steamers or railroad trains, capture and hold possession of telegraph lines for hours, aid to successful conclusion great schemes for public good, or defeat powerful combinations of rascality. In other words, the managing editor of a great daily newspaper can and does exert an influence that is felt around the world, and is only equalled by that of the rulers of kingdoms or the most eminent of statesmen.

In spite of all this, the managing editor of our particular paper walks into the city-room late in the afternoon as unobtrusively and almost as unnoticed by its occupants as though he were the humblest of the reporters, with whom he exchanges a nod or a kindly greeting. He glances over his day's mail, dictates a score of letters and despatches to his stenographer, and then strolls over to the desk of the city editor. Here they study together the now lengthy assignment sheet, and make a rough estimate of how much space in the morrow's paper will be required for the news already in sight. Having been thus engaged for an hour or so, the managing editor departs, not to reappear in the office until eight, nine, or ten o'clock in the evening.

It is now six o'clock, and day work is ended. The night city editor has arrived, and has taken charge of the all-important assignment list. Evening details, so far as they can be foreseen, have been given out; the reporters receiving them, the city editor and other daytime occupants of the desks have departed on their several ways, and a complete change is about to take place in the appearance of the busy office. A lull of an hour or two intervenes between the two periods of greatest activity, and during it let us go for a breath of fresh air, a dinner, or a walk, from which we will return in good time to witness the interesting night scenes connected with the making of our great newspaper.

## A SECRET.

WHEN I am sent to bed at night,
One candle's given me to light
My way along the darkened hall,
Where shadows crowd and leap and fall.

But I've *two* candles in my room,
Which serve to banish all the gloom.
A single one my bureau has,
While one burns in the looking glass.

## SOME FAMOUS DWARFS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE

IT was a decided novelty to playgoers when a company of dwarfs suddenly appeared in New York and made its bow behind the footlights. But Franz Ebert and his merry manikins attract not only by their diminutive size, but by their really clever acting, while they have slowly but steadily crept into the public heart, until one of the questions of the day is, "Have you seen the Lilliputians in *Candy*?" and thousands flock to enjoy a jolly two hours with the talented little folk. Thus from time immemorial pigmies have been the pets of royalty, the playthings of the rich, while hosts of small prehistoric tombs found in some of our Southern States seem to give credence to old travellers' tales of whole tribes of miniature creatures discovered in African and Indian wilds.

As a rule, however, a dwarf is generally a *rara avis*, appearing in some family of ordinary size, while his children seldom follow in his tiny footsteps.

One of the most celebrated of little men was Jeffrey Hudson, who figures in Sir Walter Scott's *Pererel of the Peak*. His history has been so often written as to bear but a brief mention. A whimsical mite was he, presented by the Duchess of Buckingham to Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., served up in a cold pie, and many were the pranks in which he took a part. For instance, there was the party of tattle-baskets, as they were vulgarly termed, sitting down to enjoy the "cup that cheers" and a dish of gossip at the same time, while Butterkin the cat sat gravely by. The meal over, one guest offered puss a bit of cheese, and was almost paralyzed to have that animal speak up and say, "Butterkin can help himself when he is hungry," and then make off down stairs, leaving the old crones with uplifted hands, in wild confusion, shouting at their hostess, "A witch! a witch! with her talking cat!" while it might have gone very hard with the poor woman, had it not soon been found that a wag, for a joke, had killed and flayed her pet grimalkin, and dressed wee Jeffrey in its skin.

When knighted by the King, Hudson assumed many high and mighty airs, although he was the butt as well as the amusement of the Court; was once almost drowned in a basin of water, and would have been blown into the Thames but for a shrub that saved him. But Lord Minimus (as he was dubbed) really had his doughty adventures; was sent on diplomatic missions; fell into the hands of a Turkish pirate, who carried him off a prisoner to Barbary; and finally distinguished himself by shooting a Mr. Crofts in a duel, that gentleman having at first come to answer the small man's challenge armed only with a syringe filled with water.

A contemporary of Jeffrey was Richard Gibson, an artistic Lilliputian who studied under Sir Peter Lely, painted very creditable historical pieces and miniature portraits, and taught drawing to the royal Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, who were afterwards Queens of England. He was appointed, in his youth, page of the back stairs, and was married to Anne Shepherd, another court dwarf exactly his own height, having a most brilliant wedding, King Charles giving away the bride, while the Queen presented her with a diamond ring, and Edmund Waller, the poet to their Majesties, composed a poem on the event. This diminutive pair, 3 feet 10 inches high, passed a long and happy life together, and had nine children, five of whom grew to maturity and were full ordinary size.

In cold, bleak Polish Russia, one November day of 1739, some little peasant lads gazed wonderingly at the new-born baby lying on their mother's knee and measuring only eight inches in length. "He will be as short as I am," probably remarked the eldest, who was undersized. But the scrap of humanity, christened Joseph Boruwlaski, was even smaller, while, seven years later, a tiny doll-like sister, who could stand under his arm, came to keep him company. Poor little Anastasia! Adopted by the good Castelane Kaminska, she lost her pigmy heart to a young officer who was as poor as he was noble. For fear of ridicule she concealed her affection, but in order to assist the gallant soldier without wounding his delicacy, she induced him to play deeply at picquet with her, and managed always to lose. At the age of twenty this dainty little lady of twenty-eight inches died of the small-pox after two days' illness.

Meanwhile her brother Joseph, having been left fatherless, became the protégé of some high-born dames, especially of the Countess Humiecka, who on one occasion took him to Vienna and presented him to the Empress

Maria Theresa. At this time Boruwlaski, nicknamed Joujou, was in his late teens a trifle over two feet tall and a perfect little courtier, for the Empress taking him on her lap and asking what he thought most curious and interesting in the Austrian capital, he replied:

"I have seen many things in this city worthy of admiration, but nothing so extraordinary as that which I now behold."

"And what is that?" inquired her Majesty.

"To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman."

On the Empress's finger sparkled a fine ring with her cipher in brilliants. The dwarf's hand being in hers, he examined the jewel attentively.

"Is it not pretty?" she asked.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," murmured the small gallant. "It is not the ring I am looking at, but the hand, which I beseech your permission to kiss," at the same time raising it to his lips.

Charmed with this reply, the royal lady took another diamond ring from the finger of her little daughter, Marie Antoinette, and bestowed it upon the dwarf, which mark of her favor procured him the attention of the whole court.

After leaving Vienna, Joseph accompanied his benefactress to Luneville, where resided Stanislaus Leszinski, the old and dethroned King of Poland, who had in his household a French dwarf called Bébé.

The tiny Frenchman was a jealous, dull-witted mite, a few inches taller than Boruwlaski, but seemed inclined to make friends with him, until he observed that his master took much notice of the bright little Pole, and one day remarked: "You see, Bébé, what a difference there is between Joujou and you. He is amiable, cheerful, entertaining, and well informed; whereas you are but a little machine."

Bébé made no reply, but scowled ominously, and when the aged monarch had left the room, caught his rival around the waist and attempted to push him into the fire. He might have succeeded had not the King, hearing the scuffle, returned and rescued his small countryman, while the assailant was condemned to receive corporal punishment, and ordered never to enter his royal presence again. The last part of his sentence, however, was revoked at Boruwlaski's intercession on condition that Bébé should beg his pardon, which he did most reluctantly.

Later Joseph became a well-known character in Paris and at many courts, and also fell a victim to Cupid, although the actress he admired only openly laughed and made fun of his passion. This caused Joujou great chagrin; nevertheless, when forty years old he again fell in love with a beautiful French girl, Isalina Barbutan, whom his patroness had taken as a companion. The Countess was highly displeased, and turned him adrift in the world without money and without resources. In spite of this, however, being assisted by King Stanislaus II. and his brother, he married Isalina, and after that travelled from court to court, receiving favors from various nobles, and occasionally eking out his income by exhibiting himself and giving subscription concerts, when he would sometimes perform on the guitar music of his own composition.

Quite different was the career of unhappy Bébé, whose real name was Nicholas Ferry. He too was born of peasant parents, and was so tiny that his father's wooden shoe long served him for a bed. He was suckled by a goat, and when baptized was presented on a plate. In infancy he had numerous diseases, the small-pox being one; but when, at the age of six, Stanislaus summoned him to Luneville, he was in perfect health, although his intellect was no greater than his body, and he was a perfect little infidel. The Princess of Talmond, who was appointed to teach him, had a sorry task of it, but he became very fond of her, and—jealousy ever being his ruling passion—on seeing her one day caress a dog, he snatched the beast from her arms and flung it out of a window, exclaiming, "Why do you love him more than me?"

Up to sixteen Bébé was a gay, well-proportioned boy, though only twenty-one inches high; but then he altered sadly. He lost his strength and spirits: his back became crooked, one shoulder projected, and his head fell forward, while, although he gained a few more inches, Count Tressan predicted that he would die of old age before he was thirty, which proved the truth; for at twenty-one he was shrunk and decrepit like an aged man, and a twelvemonth later could scarce walk a hundred steps. He succumbed to a fever in his twenty-third year, when he was betrothed to the merry, musical Lilliputian Anne Therese Souvray, who danced and sang in public until past seventy. Though never actually married to Bébé, she assumed and retained his name.

A sketch of this kind would hardly be complete without some reference to the American "Thumbs"; Charles Stratton, or "General Tom," who began life as a hearty nine-pound baby, but whose growth was early nipped in the bud; and his wax doll of a bride, Lavinia Warren. Probably no wee gentleman was ever more petted and fêted than the former, not only at Barnum's Museum in this country, but when he played *Hop o' My Thumb* in London and *Le Petit Poucet* in Paris; while many of us can recall the "little, great, small man" strutting about as a miniature Napoleon Bonaparte, dancing the Highland fling in costume, and personating Grecian statues in a manner positively ludicrous.

Commodore Nutt was another Lilliputian of an uncertain temper who travelled with Tom Thumb for some years, as did also his wife's sister—lovely little Minnie Warren, the smallest and most charming of the quartette. Often has the writer laughed over a younger brother's childish enthusiasm for this pretty mite, and his longing to become a pigmy for the sake of that dainty scrap of a lady, than whom there could be nothing sweeter with which to close an article on famous dwarfs.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

BETWEEN the long vacation
And the Christmas holidays
Comes in the bright Thanksgiving,
When our ringing cheers we raise.
In the frosty, tingling weather,
With sheaves in barn and bin,
We haste to see the fellows
Their latest victory win.

Pell-mell by train and steamer
The merry people throng,
By the onward strength of thousands
The crowd is swept along.
The girls with telltale ribbons,
And perhaps a telltale blush,
No whit behind their brothers,
Are mingling in the rush.

Dear grandmammas and aunties,
With a softly fluttering sigh,
Lament the old Thanksgiving
As the new comes thundering by;
*Then* to the home's fair Mecca
The scattered tribes returned,
And told the year's long story
Where the great hearth fire burned.

But though we keep Thanksgiving
In the new athletic way,
We are much like famished pilgrims
When the sunset skies are gray.
By clans the kinsfolk gather
In many a hungry horde,
And we finish our Thanksgiving
At the happy family board.



THANKSGIVING-DAY WINNERS.

Whoever wins the game to-day we're on the winning side,
For we have all the solid sense, etc coming, to provide
Ourselves with flags and ribbons colored yellow, black, and blue.
We've brothers up at dear old Yale, and down at Princeton, too
So what's the odds to us who wins? We have no use for hers
Let Victory perch where she will, we'll join the victor's cheers

WHAT THEY WERE FOR.

MAMMA. "What do those holes in your new shoes mean?"

RUPERT. "I suppose, mamma, they must be meant to let the squeaks out."

HE WOULDN'T STAND STILL.

"I HAD my picture taken the other day," said Tom.

"And was it good?"

"I don't think so," said Tom.

"And why not?"

"Because I wasn't good myself, I guess," said Tom.

A NICER BIRD.

THE other day Tommy was lost in a deep dream; suddenly he looked up and said, "Papa, dear."

"Well, Tommy?"

"Wouldn't the turkey just be a nicer bird if he was only all drumsticks?"

A PLAYER'S CONFESSION.

I DON'T care a bit for the nurs'ry,
I think it's a terrible bore;
I'd rather play down in the parlor,
Or over the library floor.

I don't know a game that's exciting,
In a place where you needn't take care,
For fear you may scratch the piano,
Or upset some china that's rare.

TOMMY'S QUESTION

"PAPA, didn't George Washington ever really and truly tell a fib?" asked Tommy.

"No," returned papa. "He was always truthful."

"Well, say, papa," Tommy went on, "he never was a boy, then, was he?"

CAN THEY?

DONALD. "Aunty Mary, I heard a boy say to-day that elephants can remember awful long."

AUNTY MARY. "And so they can, Donald."

DONALD. "Aunty Mary, do you think the big elephants can remember all the lessons they learned when they were little elephants?"

WHY?

MABEL. "That maple-tree out there is all full of sugar, isn't it?"

NURSE. "Yes, it is, dear."

MABEL. "Then why doesn't it have lots of candy growing on it?"

WALTER. "Papa, don't you think for a goslin' to know that she can't grow up into anything but a goose must be terrible?"

PAPA. "Yes, if she realizes it, but as she is *only a little goose*, may be she doesn't."



REYNARD.

"The're after us, O Bruin,
The hunt and hounds, you know;
Suppose they chance to capture us,
Pray then what shall we do?

BRUIN.

"We'll drop the pig and pumpkin,
The turkey and the prog,
And for our dinner eat the man
And possibly the dog."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# A BRUSH WITH INDIANS.

BY PAUL HULL.

THE winter of 1870 had been an unfortunate one for Frank Mead. The bank in which he had deposited the money with which to pay off the mortgage on his farm had failed; the loan had been foreclosed, and the land that his father had tilled before him was to be given up to strangers.

"I tell you what, Nancy," said the dispirited farmer to his wife, "this is what I get for having had too much patriotism. When the war broke out my farm hadn't a cent of debt on it, but after four years of going to ruin while I was away, I had to mortgage it in order to get it running again; then the money I saved to pay it off with was stolen from me, and—and—it seems as though everything's against me."

"Don't despair, Frank," said his wife; "you did your duty, and I'm sure the Lord won't desert us. He will help us out of our troubles in His own good way, dear, if we only trust Him."

Here the kitchen door was flung open to admit a bright, manly lad of fifteen years, whose earnest gray eyes lit up with pleasure as they met his father's look. Crossing the room to where he sat, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, while he said, proudly:

"Dad, you ought to have heard what was said about



you this afternoon before the Board of Visitors at our school. When I was called to the platform to receive my diploma, one of the gentlemen spoke to Mr. Allison, our principal, asking him something about me; then he turned to me and said out loud, so that everybody heard him: 'So you are the son of Captain Frank Mead? I'm glad to shake hands with you, my boy, for your father was one of the best and bravest officers in my regiment. Tell him that I shall give myself the pleasure of calling upon him this evening.' I tell you, dad, it made me proud to have my father spoken of like that!"

The ex-officer's face brightened.

"It must have been Colonel Cruger," he said; "I have not seen him since our regiment was disbanded in Washington five years ago. How glad I shall be to see him and talk over old times!"

Until late that night the two veterans sat together rehearsing the scenes in which they had figured, and mentioning softly the names of gallant comrades who had gone on before. During their talk the Colonel learned of the misfortunes that had been experienced by his friend.

Suddenly turning to his host, he exclaimed:

"I say, Mead, why not join my party? I can offer you an agreeable position which your military experience qualifies you to fill, and the pay is sufficient to support your family comfortably. Come, think about it, and talk it over with your good wife, and let me have your answer in the morning. I shall be detained here for a week, so that if you decide upon joining the expedition, you will have considerable time to make all arrangements."

A family council, which lasted well into the small hours of the morning, resulted in Mr. Mead deciding to go, and in Frank obtaining the desired consent to go with him. When he at last tumbled excitedly into bed he resolutely decided that he would not go to sleep, fearing that if he did the morning would prove it to be all a dream. Nature at last demanded its tribute, and the curly brown head was resting quietly upon the pillow when the sun climbed high enough to look into the window of his bedroom.

The following week was a busy one in the old homestead. Arrangements were made whereby Mrs. Mead was to spend the summer with a relative, and all the live-stock, with the exception of Frank's pony and his father's big black mare, were sold. It seemed to Frank that some disaster was certain to occur before the day set for their departure which would cause the enterprise to fall through, and it was not until the last tender good-byes had been said, the horses safely led on board, and the little post steamer steaming up the river from St. Louis, that he felt the first symptoms of relief.

Ten days later the gang-plank was thrown on shore opposite the stockade known as Fort Thomson, which was garrisoned by a regiment of United States infantry and several companies of cavalry. Here Colonel Cruger found the remainder of his party awaiting him, and a few days sufficed to thoroughly organize the expedition. Major Montgomery, the commander of the post, informed the Colonel that although the Indians had been quiet for some time in the vicinity of the station, it would be unwise to place any dependence upon those to be met with on the journey, and advised him to conduct the survey strictly upon the lines that would be followed in a hostile country.

Early one morning six tent-covered wagons, known as "prairie-schooners," each drawn by four mules, left Fort Thomson under an escort of forty men, and rolled in a westerly direction across the plain.

When a halt was made the following day it was figured out that only twenty-five miles of the journey had been covered, so slow was the movement of the heavily laden wagons. Riding by the side of the guide hour after hour, Frank had been instructed in the rudiments of "Indian signs," and regaled with stories of hair-breadth escapes from the painted and feathered warriors of the plains.

A short time after breaking camp the next morning Frank was sent back with a message to the driver of the rear wagon. He carried out his instructions and started to return, when his pony picked up a stone in his shoe. Dismounting, he attempted to pry it out, but it was so firmly wedged that the last of the train had disappeared over a rise of ground just ahead before he succeeded in freeing the hoof; then, just as he was in the act of mounting, a scattering volley of rifle-shots and a series of blood-curdling yells rang out on the early morning air. To reason that the train was attacked by Indians was the thought of a moment. Why it was that he did not obey a natural impulse to throw himself into his saddle and spur furiously over the hill in an attempt to rejoin the wagons he could never tell. Perhaps the seeds of Indian warfare planted only a short time before by the old plainsman were already developing.

The crest of the ridge was covered with bushes, so that it was possible to creep among them and observe what was going on without betraying his presence. Leading the pony a short distance up the ascent, he quickly hitched the bridle-rein to a sapling; then, with wildly beating heart, crept on his hands and knees until the summit was gained. Looking out through the foliage, Frank saw, about a quarter of a mile away, several hundred Indians galloping about the wagons, which were being rapidly formed into a square to encircle the unhitched mules and unmounted horses. The redskins continually swept around the barricade, discharging arrows at the men, who blazed away at them in return, only to see the wily savages disappear behind the sides of their scraggy mustangs, to which they clung by one leg and arm until out of rifle-shot, when they would swing themselves upright, adjust new arrows, and charge furiously down upon the train, to let slip their poisoned darts and to immediately screen themselves again.

After a time the Indians gave up this mode of attack and withdrew out of bullet range. From the number of the redskins and the comparative weakness of the exploring party, Frank reasoned that, even if the latter succeeded in holding off the Indians in the daylight, they would surely be overpowered during the night by the savages creeping upon them unawares. To reach the train was impossible, for the instant that he would dare to leave cover the hawk eyes of the red men would detect his presence, and they would swoop upon him before half the distance between his hiding-place and the wagons could be covered. He saw the Indians scatter into groups, surround the train at a distance, and dismount from their horses. They had probably determined to wait for the night to come, so that they might make their way over the grass and gain the wagons unobserved.

It was at this instant that a means of saving the train flashed through the boy's mind. The fort was twenty-five miles away, but his pony was fresh, and would carry him there in three or four hours. It was only nine o'clock, and if fortune favored him he could be at the stockade shortly after the dinner hour. Before dark the cavalry could reach the spot where the explorers had been trapped. Frank knew that his father was nearly crazed over his absence, and he stifled a desire to make some signal to let him know that he was safe. Backing down the hill to where his pony was tethered, he flung himself across the saddle, drove his spurs into the sides of the spirited animal, and sped along the clearly defined trail that the wagons had made only a short time before. Soon he dashed by the place where the party had spent the preceding night. The fire over which their breakfast had

been cooked was still smouldering, and around it several coyotes were snarling and fighting over the remnants of the meal. Not until he had put a dozen miles between him and his starting-point did Frank rein in the gallant little horse; then he removed the bit, unbuckled the girth, and rubbed down the panting sides with bunches of grass. Soon he was in the saddle again, and speeding across the plain.

That afternoon, as the sentinel paced the elevated platform inside the stockade at Fort Thomson, his attention was attracted by something moving rapidly 'way out on the prairie, and which he soon made out to be a horse and rider coming toward the post. A few minutes later a foam-flecked pony with widely distended nostrils galloped through the postern gate, and stood with hanging head and convulsively working sides, while its boy rider dropped to the ground and reeled towards the Major's quarters.

The sun's lower edge was kissing the top of the long prairie grass out on the western horizon, and the long shadows were creeping stealthily across the plain—creeping as softly as the merciless redskins proposed to creep upon the surveying party after nightfall. Within the barrier of the wagons a council was being held, and the guide was speaking:

"Thar's no use a-denying of it, Curnel; we're in er tight fix, an' thar's only one thing fer ter do ef we are ter make a try fer our scalps. We must leave ther wagons, an' try ter cut our way through ther varmints, an' git back ter ther fort. In course some, and maybe all, of us 'ill git our scalps lifted, but it's better'n waitin' here whar thar ain't no show at all."

After some further discussion, the guide's plan was adopted, and preparations made for the desperate undertaking. As though they anticipated the decision of the men they were hunting down, the redskins drew their lines closer around the besieged, doubling them where the trail led in the direction of the fort. As the little company stood within the square formed by the wagons, holding the bridles of their horses, and waiting for the word of command, a hand was laid upon the old guide's arm. Turning, he met the Captain's sad gaze, while a choking voice asked:

"Where do you think my boy is? Do you believe he is in their hands?"

"No, Cap'n, I tell yer man ter man I don't. If ther red devils had er found him you'd 'a' heerd some high old yellin' over it, and we'd 'a' been treated to er sight of ther way they tortures their prisoners fer ter amuse theirselves. No, Cap'n, I believe ther young 'un is a-hiding of himself, an' I only wishes as how he knowed ernough fer ter git back ter ther fort when it comes dark. Yer see, he were behind ther last of ther wagons, an'—"

A volley of rifle shots, a blast of bugles, and a thunder of countless hoofs cut the sentence short. There, bathed in the last rays of the sunlight, and rushing down the slope of the hill where the mass of Indians had gathered, was an extended line of cavalry, before which the redskins were fleeing with howls of rage and fear.

"Come on, boys!" yelled old Bill Baxter, as he spurred his horse over a wagon-pole; "let's give some of ther devils er dose of lead as they go by!"

Like a panorama the evil faces of the painted and bedecked savages swept wildly by the little group of white men, who poured into them the contents of their rifles, and cheered whenever a redskin was seen to pitch from his pony.

As the rear rank of the cavalry charged past the wagons, one of the horses was reined to the right and halted alongside of Captain Mead's black mare. A sudden cry of joy, and Frank was clasped in his father's arms.

Around the camp-fire that night, when the story of the boy's gallant ride was told by the captain of the troopers, such cheers and bravos were given that the sneaking coyotes fled affrighted and with dismal howls across the prairie. Old Bill Baxter took off his coon-skin cap and remarked:

"I allus valleys pluck wheresome'r I find it. I axes ther company, an' 'specially ther tenderfoot hero of ther camp, ter accept my willin' dispersition fer ther deed."

Colonel Cruger crossed around to where Frank sat by his father's side, and taking the boy's hand in his, said: "In the name of each and every member of the expedition, I acknowledge our indebtedness to you for saving our lives, and, like our good friend Baxter, I uncover my head to the bravest boy on the plains."

## THE GREAT AUTUMN SPORT.

NOW that Thanksgiving day is close at hand, the great game of football, perhaps the greatest game in America to-day, is in every boy's mind throughout the United States. There is no other sport which gives you a better respect for yourself and for the boys against whom you are playing than this hardy game. Your anxious mother is terribly worried, and tears come into her eyes day after day when she sees one of your shins barked for two or three inches, or a big scratch down your cheek. It is nothing more than natural that she feels so worried, and there is no one in this world who ought to be guarded against worry and trouble and anxiety more than she, and no one who ought to worry her less than you. Yet I knew a mother once who worried in just the same way, whose tears came very quickly when she saw a black eye or a swollen football nose. One day her boy did poorly on his famous football team, and he was put off and his place given to another. In the morning papers the list of players of the day before was given, and his was not among them, and when he got home that night she had missed his name, and was far more indignant and hurt than he. She was sure there was a mistake, and when she was assured that it was all true, there was nothing too severe to serve as a punishment for the "incompetent captain and coaches who had been so prejudiced and blind as to make the change."



THE WEDGE IN MOTION.



A SCRIMMAGE.

If you look at the faces of the boys on the Cutler, Harvard, and Berkeley School teams, of New York, in the illustrations you will see that they are all "stocky," "sandy" fellows. They practise regularly every



THE CUTLER SCHOOL ELEVEN.

day. They eat together at their training-tables, making a careful choice of their food, so that they may be in the best possible physical condition. They have all done this through the fall season since middle September, and they are trained as carefully as any of the college teams. The three football teams whose pictures are represented here—the Cutler, Berkeley, and Harvard schools—are representative school football teams of America. Only in New York and Boston is there such a complete system of training and practice as these boys go through, and the three schools all belong to the New York Interscholastic Football League.

This association was started some years ago. A silver cup somewhat similar to the one of the Boston Interscholastic League was put up to be competed for, and each year the boys play off a regular series of games, the winner of the series being allowed to hold the cup for a year, and to have the football team's name and record engraved on a part of its surface.

The boys, year by year, watch the great university teams, and learn from them all the new plays, all the latest movements. In one way or another they learn all the results of the latest experience, and the three school teams of to-day would undoubtedly beat a Harvard or Yale 'Varsity team of twenty years ago. What they lack in strength they would have gained in skill and combination plays. One of these combination plays is represented in the picture that accompanies this article. The *wedge* is what its name represents, and the idea of playing it is based on the theory and practical experience that a group of boys running in the wedge form, the boy in the centre carrying the ball, is pretty sure to break through another line of boys; just as a wedge started in a small crack spreads the two parts of a board apart.

There are many other such plays, and no one should suppose that because these all look like a general jumble on the field there is no time spent on them. They are all studied out with the utmost care, day and night. If some evening you could get into the room where the coach is talking to the members of one of these teams, you might almost say you were in a school-room. The boys sit about the room listening intently to the teacher—the coach in this case—describing the *wedge*, for example, with a big blackboard near him, on which he can draw out plans to help every one understand exactly what he is trying to say. Then perhaps all the boys get up, stand in their positions, and walk through the play carefully, each one trying to see just where he ought to be, just what he ought to do. There is a very good reason for everything, and if the fathers studied it all as carefully as the boys do, they would certainly say that in many ways football was about as good for their sons as one of the studies at school.

There *is* another side to it all, of course, and it is this other side that so many people look at—so often in



THE HARVARD SCHOOL TEAM.

fact, that they see nothing else in the game, and therefore condemn it out and out. This other side everybody regrets, and no one regrets it more than an honest football-player, who knows how it hurts the game.

If a boy loses his temper in the midst of a scuffle, he sometimes hits the player opposite him. It is hardly more than human nature, some people will say, that the boy who has been hit should return the attack with interest, and then people up in the grand stand see a fight which remains in their memories long after the pleasure of the game has gone out.

This is not really football. One of the best things about the sport, one of the things that you can think of when you are playing, is that the tendency of the scientific game is to put down all mean, unnecessary, unfair, ungentlemanly roughness. Keep your temper in football, and you will win, just as you will win in sparring or in any other game. But in football you have to work a great deal harder to do this than in any other game, and so when you have gone through a football game and *not* lost your temper, you have done a good deal more than any boxer who has kept his temper through a sparring match.

If this can only be remembered, and the school teams made to play hard football without losing tempers, then no one will have anything that can be brought up against the sport. And it is an encouraging thing to see how these three elevens from Berkeley, Cutler, and Harvard do succeed in having hard vigorous games without bad temper coming up to spoil all the fun.

It will always be a rough game, but you can tell your family at home, with a clear conscience, that the bumping and bruising you get each afternoon, while it looks pretty bad, is healthy, and not nearly as bad as the bumping and bruising you are sure to get when you leave school or college and begin to fight out your own battle with the busy world.



THE BERKELEY SCHOOL TEAM.

Your mother will be open to honest reasoning—all mothers are—and she will be the first one to back her boy against the world. And in the mean time you are safe in saying that the more the game is studied the less striking there will be.

# CADET DAYS:

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES" "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

### CHAPTER IV.

DRILL, drill, drill! Up with the dawn, rain or shine; hurrying through their soldier toilets; rushing down the iron stairways and springing into rigid attention in the forming ranks; sharply answering to the rapidly called roll; scattering to their rooms to "spruce up" for inspection; sure of reprimand if anything went amiss, sure of silence only if all were well. Sweeping and dusting; folding, arranging, and rearranging each item of their few belongings; stumbling over one another's heels at first, yet with each succeeding day marching to meals with less constraint and greater appetite; spending long hours of toil and brief minutes of respite; twisting, turning, wrenching, extending, developing every muscle, most of them hitherto unsuspected and unknown; bending double, springing erect, roosting on tiptoe, swaying forwards, backwards, sideways, every ways; aching in every bone and joint, sore in every limb, yet expected to stick to it through thick and thin, until, as days wore on and pains wore off, all that was sore, stiff, and awkward grew little by little to be supple, easy, and alert. The 1st of July arrived; George Graham and his fivescore plebe comrades had now spent a fortnight under surveillance and discipline strict and unrelenting as that of the days of grim old Frederick the Great, except that it tolerated no touch of the corporal's cane, no act of abuse. Sharp, stern, fiercely critical, were the young cadet instructors, but after the first few days of soreness the boys began to take heart again, and a spirit of rivalry to develop between the drill squads. To Geordie the hours of soreness of spirit had been few as those of physical suffering.

His years of life among the soldiers had prepared him for much that he had to encounter, and pride and pluck sustained him when wearied by the drills or annoyed by the sharp language of his instructors. But with poor Benny Frazier all was different. A pet at home, and the brightest scholar of the high-school of his native city; moreover, the boy officer of the high-school battalion, of whom it was confidently predicted that "he would need no drilling at all at West Point"; "He'd show those cadet fellows a thing or two they never dreamed of"—it was gall and wormwood to his soul to find himself the object of no more consideration at the Point than the greenest "country jake" from Indiana or Dakota; and to Benny's metropolitan mind anything from either Western commonwealth could be nothing but green. What made matters worse for Frazier was the fact that his father and mother had accompanied him to the Point on his arrival, and with pardonable pride, but mistaken zeal, had sought to impress upon the minds of such officers, cadets, and relatives of other plebes as they chanced to meet the story of Benny's manifold excellences as soldier and scholar—oft-told tales of how General This or Professor That had declared him the most accomplished young captain they had ever seen. Then poor Mrs. Frazier, who had pictured for her beloved boy a reception at the hands of the authorities in which gratification, cordiality, and respect should be intermingled, was simply aghast to find that he must take his stand with his fellows at the bottom of the ladder. Luckily for Benny, his parents' stay was limited to three days. Unluckily for Benny, they remained long enough to see him at his first squad drill, side by side with two unmistakably awkward boys, and faring but little better. Such was her grief and indignation that the good lady declared to acquaintances at the

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 732.

hotel that her boy should be drilling that horrid little martinet instead of being drilled by him, and such speeches are sure of repetition. Before Benny was a week older he was known throughout the battalion as "the plebe who had come to creel the corps of cadets," and nothing could have started him worse. One can only conjecture what the fond but unwise mother would have said could she have seen, a fortnight later that boys who had never drilled at all—had never handled a musket—were grouped in the first squad, and making rapid and soldierly progress, while Benny was still fretting and fuming in the lower one. Yet what was so inexplicable and inexcusable in her eyes was perfectly plain and simple to those acquainted with the facts.

All over the Union now are military schools and National Guard organizations in which the drill regulations of the regular army are well taught and understood; but, on the other hand, there are many schools and communities in which the strictly business system of instruction insisted upon among all progressive soldiers has been neglected in favor of something showy, catchy, pretty to look at, and utterly useless and unserviceable except for spectacular purposes; and as ill-luck would have it, Benny had been taught all manner of "fancy-drill" movements utterly at variance with those he was now to learn; and so, poor boy, the nerves and muscles long schooled in one way of doing things were perpetually tripping him in his efforts to master another. He had to unlearn so much before he could learn even a little. The green boys, on whom he looked with such pity at the start, knowing no wrong methods, were speedily far ahead of him in acquiring the right.

And so the boy who had entered with the highest hopes and expectations was now low on the soldier list and lowest in his mind. But for his father's hard commonsense, Benny Frazier would have been only too glad to resign and get out of it all and go home, as other disappointed boys have done, and declare West Point a hotbed of narrow prejudice, of outrageous partiality, and unbridled injustice; and Benny's mother would have honestly believed every word of it. Connell, too, was ready to sympathize with Frazier, and confidentially to agree with him that Pops, the youngest of the four roommates, owed his rise to the first squad entirely to the fact that his father was an officer; but when four more boys were added to the first squad, and Connell was one of them, he changed his views, and decided that only merit governed those matters, after all. He began to pluck up heart too, for he and Graham were among the first to be marched over to the commissary's to try on the new gray fatigue uniforms, and Mr. Loring's squad all appeared in shell jackets and trousers before Winn and Frazier had cast off their civilian garb.

By July 1st, however, all were in fatigue dress, and consolidated in half a dozen squads for drill purposes. By this time, too, they could march to and from the mess-hall in stiff but soldierly fashion; and still, hour after hour, the relentless drills went on. Only on Saturday afternoons and on the long, beautiful, peaceful Sundays was there really time and opportunity for rest; and still the new cadets were kept carefully secluded from the old, seeing little or nothing of the battalion, except as, with its quick elastic step and its glistening white uniform, with the brave young faces looking browner every day under their snowy helmets, with drums and fifes playing their lively quicksteps, the little column came marching down the shaded road, and the plebes were drawn up in solid ranks until their future comrades should pass by, and, springing up the mess-hall steps, give room for them to follow.

Pops wrote his first long letter home the second Sunday after passing the entrance examination, and this is something of what he said:

"We have lived together now just fourteen days, Frazier and Connell, Winn and I, and are getting along pretty well. Of course we may be scattered as soon as we get in camp, for Winn is tall, and will be put in A or D company. Connell wants to live with his statesman, Mr. Foster, in B. If Frazier and I get into the same company we will tent together, most likely. He asked me to, and said he could fix it. We got our fatigue uniforms Thursday, Connell and I, and were almost the first, too, because of being in Mr. Loring's squad for drill. He is very sharp and severe, and some of our class don't like him a bit; but thus far we get along all right. I'm so pleased to be in the first squad to get rifles I don't mind his manner. Of course it helped a good deal knowing the manual of arms, but they're a heap stricter here. [Pops would drop into frontierisms at times.] If a thumb or finger is a bit out of place, the corporal makes more row about it than Sergeant Feeny would over a recruit's coming out for guard with a dirty kit. I guess Frazier wishes he hadn't been so fresh [more slang, Pops] at first.

He was captain in the High-school cadets and head of his class, and held over our boys about the drill at first; said he knew it all, and showed his school medals for best-drilled soldier, etc.; but Mr. Loring gave him fits, and put him under Mr. Flint, who drilled me the first few days, and is as ugly and stern as he can be. Frazier tried to make us believe the cadets were drilling him wrong; but when he showed us how they did it where he came from I knew it was he who was wrong; and he's had a lot of trouble, and wanted to resign and quit, but his father wouldn't let him. He's getting on a little better now, and says he'll be all right as soon as we are at our studies in the fall. I guess he will, for he's been clear through algebra and geometry and trigonometry, has been in France two years, and speaks French perfectly, and we all think he's sure to be head of the class, if he doesn't get disgusted; but he does that pretty easy. Connell is slower, but has been well taught in the public schools. Winn is a big tall fellow from 'Kentuck,' as he calls it—good-natured and jolly. He's been to college, and is nearly twenty; so is Connell; and Frazier is eighteen, but a regular boy. He was awfully disgusted at a trick the old cadets played on him last week; and they got hold of some story about his thinking he ought to be drilling them instead of their drilling him, and I expect he'll have a tough lesson when we go into camp, where they can get at us and have fun. Don't expect any long letters like this, mother dear, when once we are there, for there won't be any undisturbed hours, as there are here in barracks this lovely Sunday afternoon.

I've been thinking of all you said to-day, and tried to fix my thoughts on the service and the sermon in church; but they would go with my eyes along the row of cadet officers, who always sit at the centre aisle and the end of the pews, and I found myself wondering what each one was like, and whether the time would really ever come when I, too, would wear the handsome chevrons and sash. I could see just where Mr. McCrea must have sat when he was cadet captain of Company C. It must have seemed such a 'come down' to go out into the world and be nothing but a Second Lieutenant, whom anybody could rank out of quarters and everybody order around. And yet that's what I hope to do after four years—four long, long years of hard work; and there isn't a happier, hopefuler boy in creation than this particular plebe. But you just ought to see how blue most of them are!

"You asked me not to use tobacco, and I won't. It is forbidden in the corps, but lots of them do it. Frazier has a hard time. He has been smoking cigarettes two years, he says, though his mother doesn't know it, and he had a lot in his trunk when he came, but had to turn them all over to the old cadets. Winn chews. He says

they all did at his home. But Mr. Merrick made him surrender his tobacco, all he had; but it's easy enough to get more at the Falls. Frazier says all you've got to do is to pay some servant or drummer-boy. He has money in plenty, for his mother supplied him. They are rich, I believe, and Frazier says his father deposited two hundred dollars with the treasurer to start with, instead of the one hundred required. Some boys haven't that, and couldn't get it. Connell said he worked after hours for six months to raise enough to bring him here, and had fifty dollars to hand the treasurer. It hurts me to think how you and father must have pinched and denied yourselves to raise the money to send me all the way, and to pay all these expenses and the one hundred dollars deposit. I know now why father couldn't afford the new uniform he so much needed this year, and I don't know what you must have given up; but I love you, and don't mean to let myself think how I envy Buddie this minute, that he is there where he can hear your voice and see your face and touch and kiss you."

But here Pops's eyes began to fill, and the letter had to be put aside. He was glad of the loud, ringing summons on the ground-floor, "New cadets, turn out promptly!" and just dashing his hand across his eyes, went bounding down the stairs to take his station in the ranks.

And then came the momentous day of their move into camp. All were now in complete fatigue uniform, many thoroughly drilled, all passably so, and all eager to get into the battalion, and figure, in their own eyes at least, as old cadets. Right after reveille roll-call on the morning of the 2d of July they were bidden to stow the last of their civilian clothing in their trunks, carry the trunks to the store-rooms, roll their bedding into convenient bundles, and be ready to move the moment breakfast was over. By half past six the cavalry plain, as the turfless eastern half of the broad open plateau is termed, was covered with a long straggling procession of plebes, bearing their burdens over to the lively and excited camp. They had been sized the night before, the taller half of the class being assigned, as was then the custom, to the flank companies of the battalion, while Pops and Connell were told off into Company B, the right centre or color company. Frazier, always luckless, as he said, was one of the plebes assigned to C Company, and for a time it looked as though Pops were to lose his prospective tent-mate. But Mr. Merrick, in brief official tones, announced that exchanges would be permitted except between flank to centre companies, and Frazier presently found a meek little fellow named Willis who said it made no difference to him which company he went to, so he crossed over and took Frazier's place in the C squad, and thus it happened that when they trudged across the sentry post at Number Six and were directed to deposit their bundles in Company B's bustling street, Pops and Frazier were once more together. Already Geordie was beginning to doubt the wisdom of the arrangement, but he had given his promise to tent with Benny, and would keep it. All along among the tents the yearlings could be seen indulging in pantomime expressive of the liveliest delight at these accessions to the ranks. Pops could see them pointing out Frazier, and hear exclamations, "There's the plebe that ought to be drilling the corps," "Major-General Frazier," etc., and low laughter and chuckles. But all this was done covertly; for Lieutenant Allen, the army officer commanding the company, was standing close at hand with Cadet Captain Leonard supervising the assignment of tents. Mr. Merrick had handed the cadet captain a list of names of those assigned to his company, twenty-eight in all, and that young soldier was now keenly looking over his new men. Pops, saying nothing to anybody, was standing quietly by his bundle of bedding waiting for orders; but Frazier, who had more "cheek," as Connell expressed it, and less discretion, did not hesitate to step up to Lieutenant Allen, and say, "Mr. Graham and I would like to tent together, sir."

The officer turned. "Which is Mr. Graham?" he asked. "Call him here."

And so in another moment Pops found himself standing attention to his company commander and instructor.

"I am told you wish to tent with Mr. Frazier. Is that the case?"

Geordie colored. The question was so pat and what soldiers call point-blank. He could not truthfully say that he really wished to share Frazier's fortunes as a tentmate. In the pursuance of the policy he had mapped out for himself he would rather have lived with some one less likely to be the recipient of much attention from the old cadets—some one less apt to be perpetually saying or doing something to invite their especial efforts. Mr. Allen saw his hesitancy, and spoke kindly.

"If you think of any one else you would rather tent with, I presume it can be arranged."

"No, sir," answered Geordie, finding voice at last. "I had thought of no one else. I promised Mr. Frazier."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Leonard, put this young gentleman and Mr. Frazier in the same tent. Two more with them. Have you any choice, Mr. Graham?"

"No, sir."

And then again appeared Frazier, eager to speak. "Connell and Foster, sir, would like to tent with us."

The cadet officer looked interrogatively at his superior. Mr. Allen briefly nodded.

"Take that one, then," said Mr. Leonard, shortly, indicating a vacant tent on the south side of the company street, at about the middle of the row.

"Come on, boys," said Frazier, eagerly, assuming the leadership of his squad as though by vested right, and then was brought up standing by the voice of his captain.

"Mr. Frazier," said he, "the first lesson you have to learn is that very new cadets should only be seen, not heard; and when you are heard, sir, don't again allude to members of the corps of cadets of the United States army as *boys*. You are here to be men, if it's in you. If it isn't, you're apt to get out of it, sir."

And with this withering welcome to his company poor Frazier was permitted to go.

"That's another young snob, that fellow Leonard!" he confided to his comrades, in low tone, as they were depositing their few goods and chattels in their eight-by-ten domain. "I'll pay him off for that yet, see if I don't." Whereat Pops and Connell exchanged glances and grins.

It took little time to arrange their canvas home in the prescribed military order. Pops was a veteran campaigner, and had slept in many a tent or bivouac in the far West, so the quarters that struck his comrades as crowded were almost palatial to him. When they placed their loads in front of it at six forty-five, all they saw was a trimly pitched wall-tent, the walls themselves neatly looped up so as to allow the air to circulate freely, the tent and its "overcoat," or fly, both stretched taut and smooth, without crease or wrinkle, a square, smooth, six-inch-high platform or floor covering the ground from front tent pole almost to the one in rear. An elongated wooden box painted dark green, divided into four compartments, with lids opening at the top, extended almost from front to rear of the platform on the west side of the tent. This was to be their chest of drawers. A wooden rod hung about eighteen inches under the ridge-pole; this was to be their wardrobe, and of other furniture there was none. Under the brief instruction of a cadet corporal they began with the rudiments of their military housekeeping. First, their four big double blankets were folded in a square very nearly four feet across, and with the folded edges to the front and inside, accurately piled one upon the other. Then the four pillows in their white cases were evenly laid upon the blankets. Then the four



"TAKE THAT ONE, THEN," SAID MR. LEONARD, SHORTLY.

comforters or quilts, folded like the blankets, were evenly laid on top, edges vertical, and that was the way in which the beds were made up every morning right after reveille. The pile thus formed occupied the corner of the floor opposite the locker or chest of drawers at the back of the tent. The locker was the name given the dark green chest, and the "locker" had neither lock nor key. Under the supervision of the cadet corporal the plebe quartet contributed the items necessary to their summer housekeeping. A looking-glass, sixteen by twelve, in a plain wooden frame, was hung on the front tent pole, tilted a trifle forwards at the top. A water-bucket was deposited at the front edge of the platform close to the locker. A wash-bowl, bottom outward, was leaned against the front edge of the platform close to the bucket. A soap-dish was on the platform behind the basin. Candlestick, candles, cleaning materials, etc., were deposited in a cylindrical tin box that stood at the foot of the rear tent pole behind the base of the arm-rack.

The four rifles, barrels to the front, were stood erect, the butt of each in its wooden socket at the back of the floor, the muzzle poked through a hole in the wooden shelf fastened about five feet from the ground on the rear tent pole. The white webbing belts, supporting cartridge-box and bayonet scabbard, were hung on pegs projecting from the wooden shelf. Shoes, "neatly blacked and dusted at all times," were aligned at the back of the floor, toes to the front. Such books as were allowed were piled on the floor at the back end of the locker. All woollen uniforms, overcoats, rubber coats, etc., were to be hung on the hanging-pole. All white trousers, sheets, under-clothing, collars, cuffs, gloves, etc., to be stored, each man's in his own locker. Brushes, combs, shaving utensils, were stuck in loops tacked on the inside of each lid. The black full-dress shakos were, when procured, to be neatly placed on the shelf of the rear pole, ornaments to the front, and forage-caps hung on the owners' pegs. There was a place, howsoever small, for everything, and everything was to be kept in its place.

By the time the first drum was beating for troop parade everything was in spick-span order. The officers had gone about their duties, and a group of yearlings, looking as though each and every one had just stepped from a bandbox, so far as his dress and equipments were concerned, quickly formed in the company ground in front of the newly occupied "plebe hotels," the very imp of mischief grinning in the sun-tanned faces of the younger and more boyish members, but one and all full of the liveliest interest in the appearance of the new-comers and their household affairs. Comment and criticism, advice and suggestions, more or less valuable, were showered on every plebe; but even while silently and good humoredly submitting to his fire of remarks, Pops could plainly see that no tent was so surrounded as their own. It really seemed as though every Third Class man and many a senior in Company B, re-enforced by strong detachments from other companies, had come to claim the acquaintance of Major-General Frazier, and furthermore that the luckless Benny, instead of maintaining good-humored reticence, and speaking only when he had to, was rapidly adding to the array of charges laid at his door by trying to be smart in reply. The sudden batter of the second drum transferred the laughing, chaffing crowd into two statuesque ranks, and for the rest of that momentous hour, while doing his best to give his whole thought to drill and duty, Geordie Graham found himself thinking, "Just won't we catch it to-night!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE MAKING OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

II.—NIGHT-WORK.

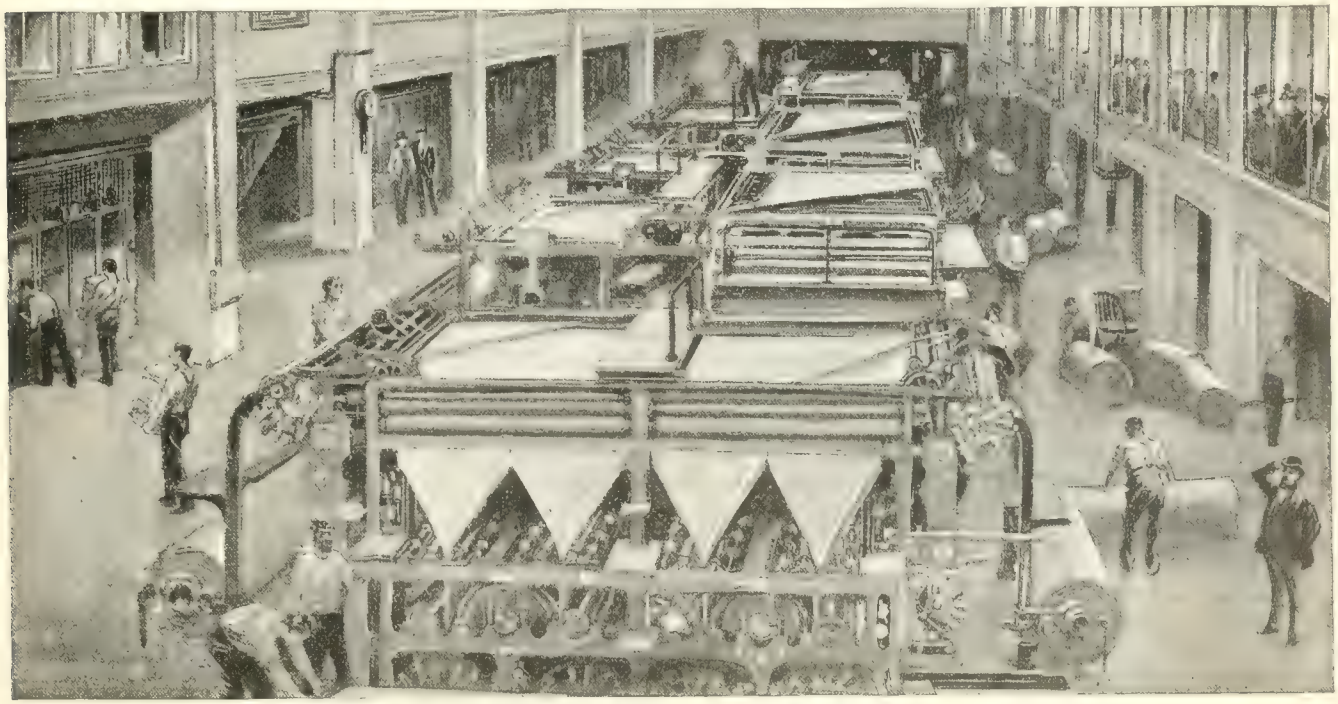
FROM six o'clock in the evening until midnight, or an hour later, is the busiest time of the whole day in the office of a great newspaper. During this time all the copy that has accumulated on the desk of the city editor must be edited, condensed wherever condensation is possible, and the several articles, be they long or short, must be provided with headings—or "heads," as newspaper men say. Much copy still remains to be handed in, and as time presses, it must be written hastily, with but slight chance for consideration. Now also comes all the telegraph matter, for at night the pressure of commercial business that has taxed the capacity of the wires to their utmost all day is relieved, and news despatches that have been accumulating for hours all over the country take its place.

Press matter by telegraph is paid for by the newspapers at the rate of one cent a word, and to save expense much of it is so abbreviated by the omission of articles, conjunctions, and other words of minor importance, that it requires the most careful and intelligent editing before it can be put into type. It is written in manifold on tissue-paper, which in the newspaper offices is termed "flimsy." In the Western Union Building a compact roll of this "flimsy" is packed into a small leather case about the size and shape of a dice-box. This is thrust into the open end of a pneumatic tube of strong brass, which is tightly closed behind it. A stream of compressed air is admitted, and away goes the despatch, as though shot from a gun, down to the street, along under Broadway, Park Row, and Printing-house Square, curving around corners, and finally mounting swiftly to the editorial floor of the newspaper office for which it is destined. The brass tube ends in the city-room, and here, in about three seconds from the time that it started on its journey, the little leather case pops out and drops into a basket placed to receive it. An office-boy, always on duty near this basket, empties the leather case, puts into it any message that is waiting to be sent by telegraph, and inserts it in the open end of a second pneumatic tube that is laid close beside the first. This is a vacuum tube, and through it the little box travels back to the Western Union Office as swiftly as it came through the other, or pressure, tube.

The roll of "flimsy" that is brought is handed to the telegraph editor or one of his assistants. At their desk the despatch is read, and its value estimated. If it is old news or otherwise unimportant, it goes into the waste-basket. If it can be condensed and still tell its story, it is cut down to the last limit, or is perhaps wholly rewritten. If it is important enough to stand as it comes, its missing words are supplied, its grammatical errors corrected, it is given a head, and sent up to the composing-room. If it contains but a meagre account of some event of great public interest, it may be "padded" or extended to several times its original length with information gained from other sources, or by some one in the office who is well posted on that special subject.

Not far from the telegraph desk are those of the editors who "handle" city copy. Their business is to condense, correct, head, and sometimes even to rewrite everything furnished by the reporters during the day. Of course it is an object for the space men to have as much matter printed as possible, seeing that they receive pay for only what appears in the paper. They strive therefore to make their stories so interesting that they would be spoiled by cutting down. On the other hand, the editor's object is to save space, there being always much more good matter received in the office of a great daily than can possibly be used. So the blue pencil is remorselessly drawn across every word, line, or paragraph not absolutely essential to the story, without regard to the reporter's feelings or purse.

Beyond the editors of city copy, who are apt to be the night city editor and his assistant, is the desk of the man who handles Long Island (including Brooklyn), Staten Island, and New Jersey copy, and at still another desk sits the editor who attends to all copy sent in by out-of-town correspondents. One of the most important duties of all these editors is the making of heads: display, dou-



AT TWO O'CLOCK THERE IS A JAR AND A RUMBLE. THE HUGE PRESSES HAVE BEGUN WORK.

ble, single, one, two, or three heads, or by whatever name they are called in the several offices. The making of heads is an art in itself, and some newspaper men who have a talent in this direction do nothing else. A head should be attractive, concise, and witty, if possible. At the same time it must contain the gist of the story that follows it; for some newspaper readers are so busy that they never find time to glance at anything but the headings. While thus expected to contain a story in itself, the head is strictly limited as to space, and may only occupy just so many lines of so many letters each, no more and no less. For the sake of practice, and with the hope that they will furnish original ideas, reporters are always encouraged to head their own articles before they hand them in; but in most cases these heads are changed or rewritten by the copy editors.

With all this receiving and editing of copy, the city-room, glowing with electric lights, and with every desk occupied, is a busier place at night than in the daytime, while in the department of editorial writing just the reverse is the case. All the more important editorials have been written and put into type long since, and now but a single editorial writer is on duty. His business is to furnish paragraphs of comment on any items of sufficient importance to warrant these being used that may come in during the evening. It often happens that he is not called upon to write a single line during the night, but he must always be on hand prepared for an emergency.

During the early evening the managing editor again appears in the news-room. This time he lays aside his coat, as all the other editors have already done, and sits down in his shirt sleeves, prepared for several hours of hard work. At one side lies a great pile of proofs, each one of which must be read, or at least examined. They represent every article, editorial news or special, long or short, that is in type for the paper but not yet printed. Some of them bear an imperative blue-pencil "must," written there by the editor-in-chief earlier in the day, and signifying that they must appear in the morrow's paper. On others the managing editor writes his own "must." Such as are left unmarked may be used by the "make-up" editor if his space permits, or they may be left over until another time.



A FEW REPORTERS ARE COMPARING THEIR DAY'S EXPERIENCES.

Before the managing editor turns to his proofs he reads and answers the despatches from correspondents that have accumulated during his absence from the office. One of these, sent from some place in the interior of the State, may read

"Town burning. Child leaped uninjured from six-story building. Goat stops a runaway team. How much?"

To this, without a moment's hesitation, the managing editor answers, "Fire, one thousand; child, two hundred; goat, five hundred—if can get here before midnight."

Just here the telegraph editor steps up with a bit of "flimsy" in his hand, and says, "Here is a report that So-and-so's circus has been abandoned in Smithville, Missouri, and its animals turned loose in the woods. The whole neighborhood is said to be hunting them, and while one man is reported as killed and several are wounded, all are supposed to be in great danger. I have been holding it, hoping for more details, or at least for a confirmation, but nothing further has come in."

Without a word, the managing editor draws from its pigeon-hole in his big desk an address-book containing his private list of correspondents. He turns to "Missouri," and among its S's finds Smithville. Opposite to it is written the name of the editor of the local paper. In another minute the following despatch is on its way to this correspondent:

"What about abandoned circus and menagerie turned loose in woods? Wire full details if story is as reported."

Within half an hour an answer comes flying back. It reads: "Story a fake [false]. No circus in Smithville for more than a year; no animals in woods."

This is handed to the telegraph editor, and the "faked" press despatch goes into the waste-basket instead of into type, as it might have done had there been no correspondent of the paper in Smithville.

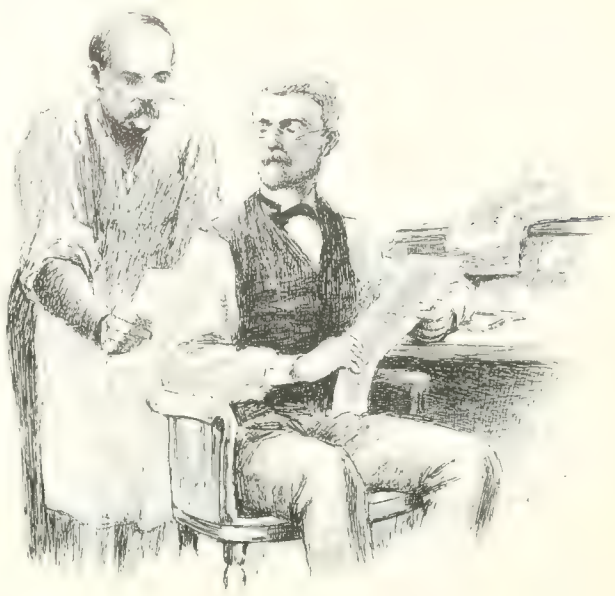
During his reading of proofs, telegraphing to correspondents, auditing of bills, and answering with prompt decision the many questions presented for his consideration, the managing editor has several times been obliged to drop everything else and devote his entire attention to consultation with the editor whose duty it is to make up the paper. Sometimes this individual is called the "make up" editor, and sometimes the night editor; but whatever title he bears, his position is a busy and important one. He is invariably a man of long experience in the office, and is as well posted regarding its details as the manager himself. He always has a handful of proofs, never remains for more than a few minutes at a time at his desk, and frequently leaves the room. If we should follow him on one of these occasions, he would lead us to the very top of the building, and into another large electrically lighted room, occupying the whole of the uppermost floor. It is the composing or type-setting room, and is crowded with men, every one of whom is as busy as he can be. In spite of their numbers and unceasing activity, there is no confusion among them, and very little noise; for in most cases the nature of their occupation compels them to be silent workers. The majority of them are setting or distributing type. Each sheet of copy sent up to this room is cut into several strips called "takes," and as these are distributed among as many compositors, a page can be put into type in a very short time. As soon as an article is set up, a rough impression or "proof" is printed from it on a hand-press. This goes to a proof-reader, a dozen of whom occupy one corner of the room, and after he has made marginal corrections of all its mistakes, it goes back to the compositors who have set it up, and who must make the same corrections in the types. Another proof, called a "revise," is then "pulled," or printed, and several copies of this are made for the use of the several editors whose duties compel them to examine proofs.

The foreman of the composing-room is a printer of long experience, whose duty is to collect the dozens of articles already in type that go to make up a newspaper

page, and assemble them in columns under their proper headings, according to the directions of the "make-up" editor. When a whole page is thus completed it is so securely locked or wedged into the heavy iron frame enclosing it that the thousands of little types forming it are as immovable as though each was part of a solid mass. This heavy metal page, which is termed a "form," is laid on a small wheeled table, and is rolled away to an elevator, on which it drops down to the foundry or stereotyping-room.

The foundry is one of the most interesting places in the entire establishment. At one end is a furnace surmounted by a huge caldron of molten type-metal. The floor is overlaid with iron plates as a protection against fire, and on all sides are strange bits of machinery, heavy moulds, electric fans for reducing the temperature, and a number of bare-armed, open-shirted men, all working with the utmost rapidity. In the foundry the form just received from the composing-room is laid on a solid iron bed, and over it is carefully spread a sheet of damp papier-maché of its exact size. A powerful press screwed down on this indents it with a perfect fac-simile of the page of type. Now the work of the types is finished, and they may go back to the composing-room for redistribution in the cases. In their place we now have the papier-maché cast or matrix. This is laid in an open steel mould shaped like one-half of a cylinder. The mould is closed and tilted up on end, which motion causes a stream of cold water to surround it. Then two brawny men lift from the simmering caldron a ladleful of liquid type-metal, and pour it into the mould, where it comes into direct contact with the matrix. The metal instantly hardens, and cools so rapidly that by the time the men have swung the ladle back to its caldron they can open the mould, and take from it a shining half-cylinder of metal bearing on its outer surface an exact impression of a page of type. It is from this plate instead of from the types themselves that the page is to be printed. Types wear out quickly if printing is done directly from them, but last for years when only used to produce papier-maché impressions. Then, too, by this method as many metal plates as may be desired can be made from a single matrix by repeating the operation just described, and in the foundry of our great daily newspapers half a dozen plates of each page are thus prepared for as many presses.

Although the type-metal is sufficiently hard to print from, it is at the same time so soft that the plates may be trimmed with saws, planes, chisels, or gouges to any extent deemed necessary. From the foundry they are sent down into the basement of the building, where the monster presses, each as large as a small house, are waiting to receive them. So perfect is the system by which these several operations are performed that two or three minutes suffice for them all. A striking example of this rapid work is given when an important baseball game is played on the Polo Grounds, or when a great race is on at Monmouth Park. From the sporting reporter who is covering the game a full account down to the last strike of the last innings has been telegraphed to the office and put into type as fast as received. Now come some moments of expectant waiting for the few words that shall give the result and the score. The telegraph instrument, with its attentive operator, is located near the case of type, before which stands an alert compositor, stick in hand. Suddenly the message comes—click, click, clickety-click. "Brady out on foul. Score, three to two," reads the operator aloud, and before he can write the words the compositor is making the types fly as he sets them up. In twenty seconds the line is finished. Five more sees it inserted in the space left for it, and the form is ready to lock. Twenty seconds later the matrix is in its mould, and in twenty more the plate is on its way to the press-room. Within two minutes from the time the despatch



THE CITY EDITOR RECEIVING PROOF.

was received its words are in print, and a few seconds later racing newsboys are flying up town with the damp papers under their arms. Thus, five minutes after the game ends, its spectators, on their way home, may purchase the evening papers containing a full account of what they have just witnessed, even to its closing scene.

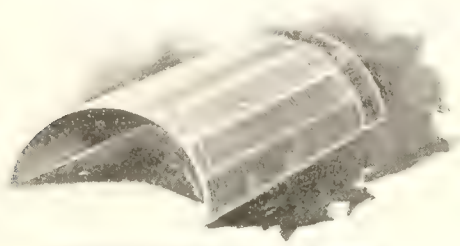
In the city-room, from which we have been absent so long, the necessity for rapid work increases up to midnight, though it is all performed so quietly that to the uninterested observer there seems to be little going on. As the reporters come in from their evening assignments they sit down and begin to write without a moment's delay. Suddenly the regular routine is interrupted by a telegraphic appeal from the headquarters man for assistance in covering a big fire that has just broken out on the river-front. The night city editor takes a deputy sheriff's badge from a drawer in which a number of these useful passports through fire lines and into all sorts of places are kept. He hands it, together with the despatch, to the emergency man, who is a reporter always detailed and paid to remain in the office from six o'clock in the evening until half past three the following morning, and the latter hurries off to get what he can of the fire before it is time to go to press.

By one o'clock a general air of relaxation pervades the big room. The work of getting out the paper, so far as it can be accomplished here, is nearly ended. The managing editor has lighted a cigar, and is leisurely reading proofs of some special articles—snake stories, perhaps, or old sailors' yarns that are intended for the Sunday paper. Telegraph news having ceased to come in, telegraph editors are engaged over a game of chess. One of the copy editors is adorning the neck of the dignified office cat with huge paper ruffs, to the delight of the office-boys, who giggle, and wish they dared laugh aloud. The night city editor is making notes that will aid the city editor in preparing the morrow's assignment sheet, and his assistant is eating the lunch that he has brought from home. A few reporters are chatting and comparing their day's experiences. The floor is littered in every direction with papers and other evidences of the day's work. The solitary editorial writer has gone home.

The only member of the staff who is very busy is the make-up editor, and he is busier just now than during any other hour of the twenty-four. He is in the composing-room, which he has hardly left since midnight. In twenty minutes the form of the first page, on which

the latest and most important news is printed, and which is therefore always left open until the last moment, must be in the foundry. Half its space is still vacant, and as the perspiring editor bends over it his forehead wrinkles at the problem of how to squeeze eight columns of matter into seven columns of space. At length this apparent impossibility is accomplished, though how only he and the foreman know, and as the latest minute of grace expires the last form is rushed into the foundry. Here a matrix and half a dozen perfect plates must be made from it within the next fifteen minutes.

At two o'clock there is a jar and a rumble far down in the basement. The huge presses have begun work. On each of their cylinders are firmly clamped two half-round plates, each representing a page of the paper. Every press is turning out sixty eight-page papers per minute, all printed, folded, and ready for delivery.



STEREOTYPE PLATE READY FOR PRESS.

About this time a street door at one side of the basement is thrown open, and in rushes a torrent of newsboys, who pile themselves in a confused and tumultuous mass against the solid counter that bars their further progress. Here, too, come the drivers of the delivery wagons that are backed against the curb in a long row, ready to rattle away with their loads of papers to all the railroad stations, to dealers all over the city, in Harlem, Brooklyn, and Jersey.

By half past two the all-night coffee-and-cake rooms in the vicinity of Printing-house Square are thronged with newspaper men eagerly scanning and comparing freshly printed copies of their respective papers, while the outer stillness of the night is broken by the shrill cries of newsboys shouting: "Mornin' papers! *Sun*, *Times*, an' *Trybune*! *Herald* or *Worl*!"

## DERELICTS OF THE SEA.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

FROM the rugged snow-capped shores of Greenland to the dreary wilderness of waters that wash the Cape Horn rock, and from east to west as far as the oceans roll, the relics of once proud and mighty ships are scattered over the surface of the deep. With usefulness and strength and beauty gone, they seem to struggle against the fate which is dragging them to the graveyard of the derelict, on the sandy platform thousands of fathoms down, where the skeletons of Viking boats and Spanish galleons keep company with princely steamships and frowning, ponderous hulk of war. One day these drifting, history-laden hulks are caressed by the murmuring and gentle sun-bathed sea; the next swept and torn and mangled anew by the surges that hurl themselves in fury upon the expiring victims of treachery and passion. Pathetic indeed are the thoughts that come to us as we contemplate the tragedies enacted on this watery stage, with phosphorescent fires for footlights and howling winds and breaking seas for an orchestra.



A LONG, LOW OBJECT RESTED ON THE WATER.

Let us all, in imagination, go off on an ocean cruise together, like curiosity-seekers visiting a battle-field after the shock of conflict, when the smoke has rolled away, when the birds are twittering again in the trees, the kindly sunlight pouring over the scene, and only the sight of broken and shot-riddled artillery wagons, and twisted, ruined implements left as silent witnesses of the struggle.



ONE WITH HER BOW AND THE OTHER

We leave port, and steer a course that will keep us in the highway of ocean commerce, for naturally it is here that we expect to have our quest rewarded, although on all parts of the sea these relics are to be found drifting under the influence of wind and current. The sun soon disappears below the horizon to the westward, where sky and water seem to meet, and the rosy face of the full moon rises up in the heavens, sending a broad beam of golden light across the dancing waves. 'Way ahead of us we see two points of light close together near the surface of the sea, one green, the other red, and a little above them a bright white orb like a planet, which appears to watch over the two beneath. We call the Captain's attention to them, asking him if the stars at sea are different in color to those viewed from the land. He smilingly informs us that we are looking at the side and mast-head lights of an ocean steamship coming toward us; that we will see the green light vanish as soon as the colored lamps of our vessel are detected from the other, for the



WITH HER STERN IN THE AIR.



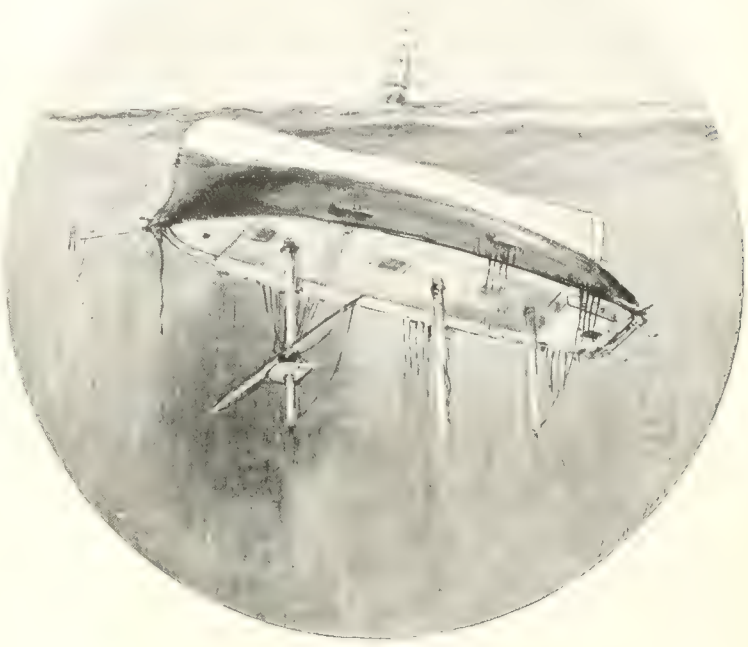
THE "KEARSARGE" REMOVING OBSTRUCTIONS TO NAVIGATION.

officer on her bridge will alter his course to the right, according to the rules laid down for preventing collisions on the ocean between ships propelled by steam. Exactly as the Captain predicts, the bright green point is snuffed out, but not until the outlines of the majestic vessel are viewed by us as she rushes in our direction, cutting a path through the moonlit waves. So little distance separates us when we are nearly abreast that the sound of music is clearly heard. The passengers are evidently enjoying the last night of the voyage, and putting a note of gladness into their songs, for the journey is safely accomplished, and port and home are just ahead.

Suddenly it becomes apparent that something is wrong. A mad churning under the stern of the steamship where the great propeller is whirling, and the quick change of course towards us, which brings again the green light into view, is evidence of an emergency. At the same instant a heavy crash and splintering of timbers proves that a collision has occurred. The steamer is now stationary, and we run down alongside of her to learn the nature of the trouble and make an offer of assistance.

"We have run into a derelict," her commander calls back in answer to our hail; "but our damage is light, and we will be able to make port without assistance!"

So we have had an experience with a derelict the first night out, and it gives us subject for conversation until long after the course has been resumed and the mass of the steamship has faded out astern.



THE MOST DANGEROUS DERELICT OF ALL.

Morning promises us a rich harvest of wrecks, for the derelict chart published by the United States naval authorities shows a rare collection of floating hulks close together, in a square of the ocean from which we are separated by only a few miles. In fact, while we are at breakfast, the officer on watch sends word to the Captain that there is something in sight ahead. Then there is a mad scramble up the companionway stairs. In answer to our eager questions the mate points directly ahead, where a long low object rests on the water, occasionally flashing like a mirror, and on and around which hundreds of sea-birds are to be counted. As we approach, it grows into shape, and is made out to be the hull of a large vessel floating with her keel in the air. The cause of the flashes we perceive to be due to the copper sheathing reflecting the sun's rays as the wreck rolls sluggishly on the gentle swell.

We exchange comments on the novel spectacle, and ask the Captain why it is that the hull does not sink. He explains that it is kept buoyant by the air which is confined in the hold, and tells us his experience when living for three days shut up with several companions in the interior of a capsized vessel. This is the way he relates the story:

"A number of years ago when I was second mate of the brig *Nancy*, belonging to Philadelphia, I met with the most exciting experience in my life, and came near losing the number of my mess. We had carried a general cargo out to Antigua in the Windward West Indies, and were on our way to Havana in ballast, to get a homeward freight of sugar. The day after sailing the wind died away altogether, and left us becalmed in close company with two brigs like ourselves, and a big three-masted vessel with painted ports. After watching the barometer for a couple of hours and finding it falling, the weather growing wilder looking, and the sky taking on a sickly greenish hue, the captain gave orders to strike top-gallant-masts, and snug the brig down. While we were at work aloft a big sea commenced to roll, although there wasn't enough air stirring to fan a feather off the top of the cabin-house.

"It took us an hour and a half to strip the

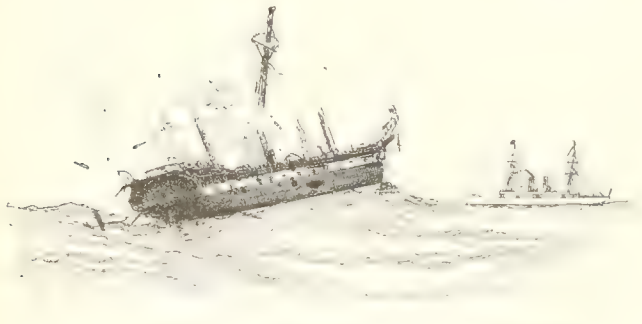


AT THE SAME INSTANT A HEAVY CRASH PROVES THAT A COLLISION HAS OCCURRED.

*Nancy* to a reefed main topsail and a storm jib. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sea had gotten up so that we thought the masts would go out of her with every roll she made, we caught the sound of moaning and screaming out to the eastward, and the next minute the wind came down on us, blowing away the tops of the curling seas, and sending them hissing on before. When the wind hit us I thought that it was all up with the brig, for she lay down to it, until her lower yard-arms were in the water, and the waves were coming over the windward bulwark rail. After a time we got her head off, and then the way she flew before the gale was enough to take one's breath away. For about an hour our light, high-sided vessel was blown away to leeward like a bladder, but at the end of that time the Captain ordered all hands to bring the ship to, as the seas were racing after us so fast that more than once they almost broke on board over our stern. When the helm was put down and the *Nancy* fell into the trough of the sea, she went over so far that I believed it was going to be eight-bells for us, especially when I heard the ballast in the hold pitching over to the lee. At last we got her pointed up, and lashed the tiller so as to keep her head to the wind.

"The Captain now ordered me to go down in the hold, with three seamen, and shift ballast, in order to bring the brig on an even keel. We entered the 'tween decks through the small booby hatch abaft the mainmast, and were walking forward to enter the hold through the open square, when we heard a loud cry on deck, and the next instant, amid the noise of the ballast being flung furiously across the vessel, we turned a somersault, and brought up heavily with our backs against the upper-deck beams, and our eyes directed towards the planks overhead that our feet had trodden but a moment before. Quickly realizing our situation, I cried to the men that the brig had capsized, and to hurry to the hatch and climb into the hold before the water made into the place where we were. Fortunately our lamp still burned to guide us, and in another minute we mounted into the hold and perched ourselves on top of the ballast that was now resting on the flooring of the 'tween decks.

"It would make too long a story to tell you what we suffered from despair and thirst and hunger during the three days that we were locked up in that floating tomb. It is enough to say that on the morning of the third day, when we had with incessant labor made two deep parallel cuts about two feet apart and almost through the planking, we heard the sound of heavy guns close aboard,



A CRUISER MAKING A TARGET OF THE WRECK OF THE BIG SHIP.

which told us of the presence of a man-of-war. Picking up a heavy stone from among the ballast, I dashed it several times against the planks between the cuts, until at last the weakened place was driven out, and in rushed such a flood of glorious light that for a moment we were blinded, and fell back screening our eyes; the next, we were scrambling out of prison and clawing our way on top of the keel, shouting as much from joy as from the desire to attract the attention of the people on board the naval ship that laid only a short distance from us making a target of the wreck of the big ship that had been in company with the *Nancy* a few days before. We were soon discovered and carried on board the man of-war, and landed a few days later in Jamaica, from which place we were sent home by the American counsel. The same day that we were picked up we passed two of the most peculiar-looking derelicts I have ever seen. Both of the hulls were standing perpendicular in the water, one with her bow and the other with her stern in the air. From the closeness of these vessels to the wreck of the *Nancy*, I have no doubt but that they were the brigs that had been near us when the gale broke."



TOWING UP WITH DYNAMITE.

The Captain's story concluded, we thank him heartily for the treat, then lay aloft to sweep the larger circle of the horizon. We have mounted only a few ratlines when we detect off on the starboard bow the spars of a vessel, and a little higher elevation, with the aid of the binoculars, brings the hull into view. We head toward her, and are soon able to assure ourselves that although motionless, everything about her is too symmetrical for a wreck, and a closer acquaintance develops the fact that it is an American man-of-war, the *Kearsarge*, engaged in removing from the track of steamers and sailing vessels all dangerous obstructions to navigation. A number of large spars are to be seen floating in the vicinity of the famous old war-ship, and these are so perfect and valuable that they are being collected and will be carried into New York for the benefit of their owners.

One of the Lieutenants pays us a visit, and courteously explains to our interested group the various methods employed for destroying abandoned vessels and drifting masts and yards. He sketches roughly a spar found that morning floating in a perpendicular position, and which was shattered by encircling it with a ring of dynamite, then allowing the explosive to drop down to the required depth, and firing it by means of a small electric battery in the launch. In answer to our question as to the most dangerous character of wreckage, he states it to be that which floats just below the surface of the water, and whose presence is only to be known by contact with it.

With curiosity gratified, we shape the course for home, expressing a hope that the day may be far distant when our good ship shall become a derelict of the sea.

## THE TWO DREAMERS.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

UNDER a tree two dreamers lay,
And unto one did the wind's voice say,

"Castle Pleasure is building fast;
I heard the hammers as I flew past!"

But to the other the wind's voice said,
"Hill Endeavor lies just ahead!"

The dreamers rose; the years sped by,
And the wind blew out of the changing sky.

He who wrought for his brother well
Came to the Castle of Joy to dwell;

He who turned from the toilsome hill,
Seeking his Castle, is seeking still.

## A GEOMETRICAL PUZZLE.

BY PAUL HULL.

TO find the number of square miles, square feet, or square inches in a given figure whose sides are equal, it is only necessary to multiply the length by the breadth.

What do we mean by square feet? Simply this: if the



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

floor of a room is 10 feet long and 10 feet wide, it contains 100 square feet. That is, it is possible to get from its surface 100 squares measuring 1 foot long and 1 foot wide.

Now geometry teaches us that such a figure will retain the same surface value even if it is cut up and rejoined in various shapes. Let us see if geometry is to be depended upon.

Take a piece of paper or card-board, and on it draw a

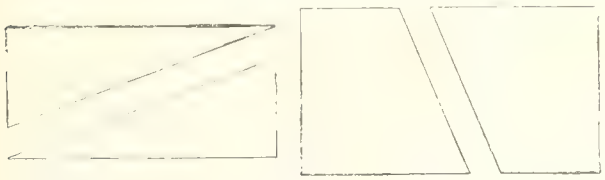


FIG. 3.

square which will measure 8 inches on each one of its four sides, as shown in Fig. 1. Now multiply two of the sides and you will get 8 times 8, which is 64; therefore you know that such a square contains 64 square inches. This you may further prove by counting the number of squares of 1 inch each into which the large figure is divided.

Now cut up the large square, following the measure-

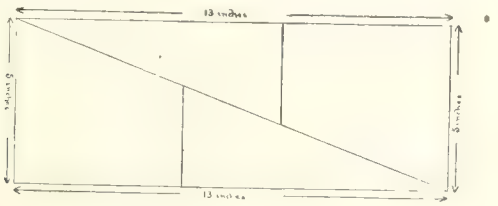


FIG. 4.

ment shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 2, and the result will be as seen in Fig. 3.

With these four pieces rejoined, as indicated in Fig. 4, the new form will be found to measure 13 inches long and 5 inches wide. The square of this is obtained by multiplying two of the sides, and the answer given is 65. Consequently it contains 65 square inches.

Where does the extra inch come from?

## A NEEDLE-BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS.

A NEEDLE-BOOK is an essential item in any well-equipped work-box. Cushions may serve for pins, and even for the needle of immediate use; but for the safe-keeping of that variety which no girl should ever be without, the book with its leaves of flannel is the only satisfactory thing.

Cut two pieces of stiff card-board into the shape of a heart, and let each measure three and one half inches at its widest part, and four from the point to the top of the curve. Then cut two pieces of full white linen slightly larger all round, and on each embroider forget me nots, buttercups, or some other small flower that you may prefer. Press all the work with great care, and cover both of the boards, with the linen on one side and blue silk (or silk to match the flowers) on the other; and when you have that done prepare the flannel leaves. Cut these of the exact shape of the heart, but let them be slightly smaller all round, and let them number either three or four. Buttonhole all their edges with silk of the same shade as the lining, then lay them evenly between the covers. Carefully stitch all together at the two curves that make the upper portion of the heart, and be quite sure that your stitches are strong. Then sew fast to each cover at the two rounded portions, and also at the point, three-eighths of a yard of narrow No. 1 ribbon, and tie these at the curves into full bows. Fill the flannel leaves with needles of assorted sizes, and when all is done tie together the ribbons at the point of the heart, by which the case is designed to be kept closed. You will be quite sure to be pleased with your work, and if you have followed all the directions with care you should have no trouble at all, but should find every part a perfect fit.

## A FANCY CLOTHES RACK.

A UNIQUE and useful gift may be made for mother or aunt, or any one who has a room and wants a place for hanging clothes in the form of a clothes-rack—one that will not rust, and that will serve as a little decoration for the room, besides being useful. So often during the rainy season at home, or in the summer near the sea-shore, you find the iron hooks are rusty, and one wooden peg gives more comfort than all the others.

An ordinary hay-rake and about five yards of ribbon—a pretty, lasting shade being preferable—are all that are required to



make this useful article. The handle of the rake should be cut, leaving the length different in different cases, depending on the height of the room. Then neatly tack the ribbon in a small loop at the top of the handle, and twine gracefully round, as in the illustration. In this same way ornament the supports, finishing off prettily with bows of ribbon, and you will have an inexpensive and yet a most useful gift, which is not only pretty, but quite new to most people. The rake should be hung from the picture moulding, the handle being long enough to bring the teeth to the right height for pegs, and then clothes may be safely hung on the teeth. The corner of a room or the walls of a closet may be covered with these rakes hung close together, and they make a very attractive little feature of the room.



"BEAR.—"Say, Billy, who's your barber?"
BILLY.—"Be-a-h! Bah! That is my winter overcoat, stupid!"

INFORMATION WANTED.

I DON'T see why our furnace gets so hot
And keeps us comf'table in wind and storm:
I picked a piece of coal up yesterday,
And truly it was not the least bit warm.

ALL IN HIS EYE.

"WHAT are you crying about, Willie?" asked his mother.

"I've got something in my eye," said Willie.

His mother looked into the eye, but could find nothing. "I don't see anything here," she said. "What do you think it was?"

"A tear, I guess," said Willie.

DOLLY. "Oh, Twaddles, look! Your little sister is swallowing those grapes whole!"

TWADDLES. "That don't make nodiff'ence. They'll get chewed up down in her tummick."

DOLLY. "How you talk, Twaddles!"

TWADDLES. "Yes, they will. She's got teeth down there. I know, 'cause I heard mamma say she had thess done cuttin' her tummick teeth."

"LET the boys play!" said the old professor, as his pupils rolled over the grass. "Now is the *heyday* of their youth."

And as the wind passed over the clover blossoms they sighed, and said:

"He seems to forget that our necks are being broken while they play. Ah, well! our *hay day* will have to come after we are dead, anyway."

JOHNNIE. "Twaddles, why is a needle a poor joker?"

TWADDLES. "A needle a poor joker? Don't know, I am sure."

JOHNNIE. "Because it has only one eye, dear [idea], and it never sees its own point."

"AH me!" said the hen in the coop,
"But troubles do come in a troop!
I'm ordered for roast,
Daughter broiled upon toast,
And husband is booked for the soup."

TO SUIT THE SEASON.

HARRY (*of the all-year-round hotel in the Rockaroundle Mountains*). "Papa, does the landlord charge you four dollars a day now, same as in summer?"

MR. BROWN. "Yes, Harry, and why not?"

HARRY. "I think he might charge less. The days are much shorter, you know."

A YOUNG POET.

"I GUESS I know why worms is called worms," said Johnnie, as he watched his father bait his hook one day last summer.

"Why?" asked his father.

"Because they rhyme with squirms."

LITTLE STIRLING (*in drawing room*). "Toot, toot! Toot, toot!"

MOTHER (*severely*). "Not another note of that, my son."

LITTLE STIRLING. "Toot, toot! Toot, toot!"

MOTHER. "Why, my boy! Didn't I say *not another note of that!*"

LITTLE STIRLING. "That isn't another note, deame. It's the same note."

"MAMMA," said little Teddy, as he gazed into the vine, "I've been watching this bee for a long time, and I don't think he is a *busy* bee at all. I think he's only *buzzy*. Maybe his *business* is just *buzziness*."

OSCAR'S PLIGHT.

THE other day Oscar ran into the house crying.

"What is the matter, Oscar?" asked his mother.

"I just ate a piece of a red pepper," replied Oscar, sadly, "and I want you to give me a big lump of sugar to take the taste out of my mouth."

AN OPINION.

"WELL, Kenniboy, how do you like German?" asked his papa after the boy had returned from his first day at a kindergarten.

"It's worse 'n baby-talk," said Kenniboy.




AT SCHOOL.

JENNY broke the new lead-pencil in fighting with her brother Tom. Her teacher, eager to say, straightway broke another

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

## CHAPTER V.

THE dusk of evening had fallen on the Point when the battalion broke ranks, returning from supper. A few minutes later, a hundred strong, came the column of plebes, marching by fours, looking even more than usually sombre now in their suits of gray, contrasting with the white trousers and natty bell-buttoned coatees of the corps, and feeling doubtless more than usually solemn in anticipation of the possible experiences ahead of them. First night of plebe camp is a thing not soon to be forgotten, even in these days when pitchy darkness no longer shrouds the pranks of the yearlings, and official vigilance and protection have replaced what really seemed tacit encouragement and consent of over thirty years ago. Then it was no uncommon thing for the new cadet to be dragged out ("yanked," was the expression in vogue) and slid around camp on his dust-covered blanket twenty times a night, dumped into Fort Clinton ditch,



tossed in a tent fly, half smothered in the folds of his canvas home, tumbled by his tormentors about his ears, ridden on a tent pole or in a rackety wheelbarrow, smoked out by some vile slow burning pyrotechnic compound, robbed of rest and sleep at the very least, after he had been alternately drilled and worked all the live-long day. Verily the hardening process of the early sixties was a thing that might well be frowned down upon and stamped out, but it took stringent measures to effect it. In great measure the deviling system was, so far as its more harmful features were concerned, but the ghost of its old self when Ralph McCrea entered the Academy just after the Centennial year. Then little by little means were taken to make the process still more difficult to the perpetrators, until twenty years after the war of the rebellion hazing became indeed hazardous. Officers were kept on duty and on the alert in camp at all hours. Gas lamps were placed along the sentry post. In every way the authorities could foresee the plebe was protected from the more active torment of the old days, but so long as boys will be boys some modification must exist; and as for the year of probation which the newcomer must pass, the year in which he is taught in every conceivable way that he is a creature far apart from the rest of the corps, a being to be drilled, trained, disciplined, badgered, even at times bullied, it is really a year of most valuable experiences, perhaps the most valuable of the four. It is this that teaches him that no matter what may be the wealth or social standing of his relations, he is no better than the humblest clodhopper of his class. It is this year that teaches him to look to his own classmates and no others for comrades and chums. It is this that teaches him silence, patience, and fortitude. Nine out of ten of the plebes and their relatives pronounce it inhuman and barbarous so long as it applies to them or theirs. Ninety-nine out of a hundred, however, uphold it so soon as their plebehood is done.

All this George Graham fully understood, and was ready to bear his part in without a murmur. Not so his friend Benny. That young gentleman had been too long the prize boy at school and the spoiled boy at home to "come down gracefully." Nothing could convince him that the cadet officers had not shown outrageous partiality to Graham and abominable malice towards himself in the matter of advancement in the school of the soldier. It was worse still when Connell stepped up into the first squad. But now, argued Frazier, we're all starting fresh again. We're all on a level to-day as B Company plebes, but the moment we are completely uniformed and relieved from squad drill under such brutes as Loring and Flint, and with our own company officers, I'll soon show them I know a trick or two far beyond them. But the golden gift of silence was something beyond Benny Frazier, and he couldn't keep his hopeful predictions or his boyish boasts to himself. He had attracted at the outset the attentions of the whole class of yearlings, and, just as Graham expected, their house-warming was all too well attended.

Two minutes after their return from supper this particular "plebe hotel" was surrounded. The yearlings in force had come to call on Major-General Frazier. No noise was made. Nothing, on their part, at least, occurred to attract the attention of the army officers in charge or the cadet officers of the guard. Indeed, the latter are most apt to be particularly deaf at such times. The darkness gathered no more quickly, no more noiselessly, than did the crowd. And doffing their natty forage-caps, bowing with exaggerated politeness, cadets Cramer, Cresswell, Daggett, Driggs, Elton, etc. one might go alphabetically through the list of the Third Class and hardly miss a name—begged the honor of an interview.

Benny, standing well back within the tent, his hand on his heart, bowed, smiled, and protested that nothing would give him greater delight than to meet the entire class; expressed his sense of the high honor paid him, regretted that his quarters were so contracted that he could not invite them in, and was thereupon invited out, but begged to be excused. Connell was lighting the candle, and Graham, seated on the locker, was whimsically wondering what form the mischief would take, when the broom came up from behind the locker in most mysterious fashion. Match and candle both went out, and an instant later so did Benny, projected by some mysterious force from behind.

Pops and Connell were conscious of the sudden arrival from under the tent wall of three or four shadowy forms, and of smothered laughter as Benny shot forward into the company street to be instantly engulfed in a swarm of active young fellows in gray and white, through whom it was impossible to break away. In an instant he was standing attention, heels clamped together, knees straight, and with anything but stiffness, for they were trembling violently, shoulders and elbows forced back, little fingers on the seam of the trousers, head high, and eyes straight to the front—the attitude of the soldier in the presence of his superior officers as interpreted by his natural enemies, the old cadets. And then began the mad confusion of question, comment, and criticism; dozens talking eagerly at once, and all demanding reply, still making very little noise. The suppressed tones could hardly be heard beyond the company streets.

Benny's personal history from babyhood to date of admission at the Point was matter of the liveliest interest. No detail escaped inquiry. His military experiences as Captain of the high-school cadets was a theme on which it was no longer possible for him to be silent. Even with the recollection of his capture and incarceration in the guard-tent, and Graham's friendly counsel to say nothing more than he had to and that in the simplest way, Frazier's propensity for putting his foot in it followed him even here.

In the innocence of their parental hearts Benny's father and mother had brought to the Point certain newspaper clippings that had given them huge delight at the date of their appearance and of Benny's appointment. For several weeks he was the envied of all the boys in Beanton, the proud possessor of a cadetship, the future General, the present conquering hero; but if Mr. Frazier senior could have imagined what woe those clippings were destined to bring to Benny's door, he would gladly have consigned them, their compounders, and compositors to the plains. In her maternal pride poor Mrs. Frazier had given copies to the mothers of other cadets less favored of Providence, little dreaming to what base uses they would come. One of these, a florid description of the review and drill of the high-school cadets on the 10th of May, and the presentation of medals to the most distinguished of the cadet officers, concluded with a glowing tribute to the "wonderful soldierly ability of Captain Benjamin Franklin Frazier, the only son of the Honorable T. J. Frazier, of this city, who was pronounced by the judges and many veterans present the most remarkable drill-master and battalion commander they had ever seen. His promptness, presence of mind, and fine military bearing, as well as his accurate knowledge of the tactics, were all astonishing in one so young.

"The writer, who has frequently visited West Point, is free to say that cadets of that famous school are not to be compared with the high-school cadets in the precision and beauty of their drill, and the examiner confidently predicts a brilliant career for the appointee from the Sixth Congressional District, who will doubtless step at once on donning the West Point uniform into the command of one of the cadet companies of the national school."

The group of yearlings had constituted itself into an examining board, and was propounding most intricate and surprising problems to test Benny's knowledge of military tactics. Suddenly a tall fellow came elbowing his way through the throng.

"Mr. Frazier," said he, in tones at which every other voice was stilled, "you represent the Sixth Congressional District of the Pilgrim State, I understand."

"I do, sir," answered Benny, eyes still to the front, and wondering what was coming next.

"Were you a member of the cadet corps of the Beanton High-school?"

"I was, sir."

"Then it can be no one but yourself to whom this article refers. Gentlemen, fall back! Hold a candle here, somebody. Mr. Frazier, we will now permit you to give an exhibition of your ability to read aloud in the open air so as to be distinctly understood by your troops. Your services as Adjutant-General may be needed at any moment. Read this carefully, now." And on a foot square of card-board poor Benny saw before his startled eyes the very paragraph of all others Graham had warned him against letting any old cadet get hold of. It was pasted on the board. He could not tear it. Oh, what would he not have given to burn every word and line! "Read, sir," ordered the cadet in authority, evidently a First Class man.

"Read, sir," in solemn unison chorussed some fifty yearlings. In vain he protested, in vain he begged off. The audience was inexorable.

In low tone at first, but elevating his voice in response to imperative "Louder!" from every side, he tried to slur and scurry through; but "Slower, sir. Enunciate carefully, sir," were the next orders, and he had to obey. Now the only interruption was a faint groan of dismay from some apparently scandalized cadet. At last he finished, and dropped the board and his eyes both in confusion. Dead silence for a moment. Then the circle widened. The cadets, as though awe-stricken, fell slowly back. The solemn voice was heard.

"And to think that this paragon has been mistaken for an ordinary plebe! It is incomprehensible. Mr. Frazier Captain Frazier—will you have the goodness to read that just once more?"

Frazier would have refused, but some lingering grain of sense told him the better course was now to obey. Once more he began, his progress this time being punctuated by occasional muttered exclamations—"Astonishing!" "Prodigious!" "I knew there was extraordinary power in that face the first time I set eyes on it." "Merciful heavens! to think that we were on the point of asking a man so distinguished to sing for us!" This was too much for Connell. From the dark interior of the tent came a gurgle of suppressed laughter. Instantly two or three yearlings heard him, heaved him up on his feet, and hustled him forth into the company ground. Unparalleled audacity!—a plebe laughing at the recital of the deeds of Major-General Frazier. The circle gave way to right and left, and Connell was shouldered into the midst, and made to stand facing his luckless tentmate until the second reading was finished. Then, even as poor Benny was hoping that Connell's coming was to distract in a measure their attention from himself, the same deep voice was heard declaring that this was too important matter to be kept from the rest of the corps. "March over to A Company," was the word. Benny never knew how it was done. In the twinkling of an eye in silence the mass began to move, Benny and Connell borne helplessly along. Resistance was useless. Not a hand was laid upon them, but not a gap was seen through which they could escape. In another moment all B Company, except its plebe contingent, re-enforced by detachments of Third Class men from all over camp, was crowded into A Company's street, and gravely presenting Major-General Frazier to the officials of the right flank company, and demanding the third reading of the *Examiner's* clipping. Poor Benny! Not until the tattoo drums began to beat far over across the plain was he released from limbo. During that time he had been exhibited in every street in camp, had favored all four companies with extracts from his biography, and was bidden to be able to recite it *ver batim et literatum* on the morrow on pain of having to read it ten times over for every slip.

Meantime, thanks to the overwhelming interest attached to the arrival in camp of their comrade, the general, Geordie and the bulk of the plebe class were having a comparatively easy time. They sat or stood guard over their few belongings in the darkness of their tents much of the evening until turned out for roll-call. Occasionally some old cadets would suggest that they "turn out the guard," form ranks, and render the honors of war when Major-General Frazier and his escort marched through the company street. A young gentleman with corporal's chevrons on his sleeves called Mr. Graham's attention to the fact that most of the water-buckets of the old cadets' tents needed replenishing; and Pops said nothing, but took them two at a time to the tank down by the sentry post of Number Three, filled and replaced them. This done, he was invited to Mr. Proctor's tent to see how cadet beds were made for the night, and under Mr. Proctor's tutelage, spread the blankets, etc., on the wooden floor, and was informed that at the sounding of police-call after reveille in the morning he would receive further instruction in the correct methods of cleaning up and putting in order everything in and around the tents, on reporting in person to Mr. Proctor. In all this Mr. Proctor's manner was grave and dignified. He gave no orders, made no demands; could not be said to have exacted of a new cadet the performance of any menial or degrading task, the penalty for which, as well as for hazing, improperly molesting or interfering with or annoying new cadets, was court martial and dismissal. Pops accepted his lesson without a word, and when tattoo sounded and the plebes were assembled for the last time that evening, forming on the general parade, as the open space between the right and left wings of camp was termed, he felt that he had got off very easily.

"Now go to your tents; make down your bedding just as you were taught in barracks; do not remove your shirts and drawers and socks; hang up your uniforms where each man can get his own in an instant; put your shoes and caps where you can get them in the dark if need be; turn in and blow your candle out before the drum strikes 'taps,' at ten. After that, not a sound! Get to sleep as soon as you can, and be ready to form here at reveille." So spake Cadet Corporal Loring, adding, "Break ranks. March!" as required by the drill regulations of the day. And at last poor Benny, ruffled and exhausted, was allowed to go to his tent.

"Oh, I'll get square with that gang! Just wait until I'm on guard some night next week," whispered he to Pops. "You caught it nicely for laughing, Connell. Next time perhaps you won't be so ready to chuckle when they're making fun of a fellow's relatives."

In his general disgust Frazier was ready to growl at anybody who had suffered less than he had. "Misery loves company" the world over. Little time was wasted getting into their blankets for the night, little more in getting to sleep. The last thing heard before the signal for "lights out" was Benny's repetition of the vague threat, "Just wait until I get on guard, then I'll show 'em."

And now followed three or four days of ceaseless drill and duty; the plebes still "herded together," as the old cadets expressed it—formed by themselves for roll-call, drill, and marching to meals. They were granted a

half holiday after the chapel exercises on the glorious Fourth, and George spent the lovely afternoon with Connell and others in a climb to the top of Crow's Nest, and in the enjoyment of one of the most glorious views on the face of the earth. On the 5th their drills in the school of the soldier were reduced to two, in big consolidated squads, and the whole class began instruction at the field battery south of the camp at nine each morning, and then were marched to the academic building at half past ten, to be put through their paces at the hands of the dancing master.

Immediately after the return of the corps from dinner on the 5th, Cadet Corporal Loring read from the list in his hand some twenty names, Graham's among them, and followed it with the brief order to those named to fall in at two o'clock. Comparing notes, it was found that most of them were members of what had been called the first squad. No one knew what it meant until just before police-call at four o'clock, when the party came marching back to camp, each man burdened with clothing. Frazier's face was a study when Pops and Connell returned to the tent, hung their glistening new uniform coats on the rack, folded their ten pairs of white trousers in the lockers, and tried the effect of the natty dress hats in the little looking-glass. Like many another boy, Benny was learning that there was a wide difference between the official and the family estimate of his military aptitude. The idea that twenty of his classmates could be put in full uniform and readiness for guard duty and he not one of them was something that had not occurred to him as a possibility.

"Mr. Graham, get ready to march on guard to-morrow morning," said Loring to Pops that evening just before retreat roll-call. "You, too, Mr. Connell."

And that evening the plebes of B Company congregated for an hour about the tent to see the preparation of their first representatives. In some way the word had gone around that Graham was "getting a shine on his gun" the like of which no one had seen before. Frazier, with others of his class, luckless fellows who by unguarded use of their tongues had made themselves conspicuous, were, as usual, entertaining a circle of old cadets who demanded songs, recitations, dissertations, anything to keep them busy and miserable, and so it was tattoo before Frazier came back to the tent. Almost the last thing given to Geordie by his old friends of the cavalry before he came away from Fort Reynolds was a complete kit for cleaning and polishing arms and accoutrements. Many an hour of his boyhood had been spent watching the men at work on their arms, pouches, boxes, sling-belts, etc., and learning how to put the handsomest polish on either brown steel or black walnut. Buff board, heel ball, beeswax, linseed oil—all their stock in trade he had long since found the use of, and already his rifle and accoutrements had been touched up as new cadets never saw them; but not until this evening had he unboxed his trooper kit; and with a dozen classmates eagerly looking on, Geordie squatted on his pile of blankets and worked away by candle-light. Ten of the plebe class had been warned for guard, and notified to appear in full uniform so that they might undergo preliminary inspection. Nearly ninety eager boys, still in Quaker gray, swarmed about these distinguished and envied pioneers as they successively arrived. But the greatest interest centred in the B Company contingent. Graham purposely kept to his tent until the moment before the assembly sounded, but ever among the yearlings there were nods of approbation and comments of "Well done, plebe," as he came forth, catching the pompon of his shako in the tent flap as he did so, and blushing not a little in consequence. Connell, too, had patterned by his friend's experience. Their cartridge-boxes had of course been varnished, just as were those of the rest of the corps, but the bronzed bayonet scabbards and their leather attachments wore a gloss and polish new even to the eyes of the old cadets. Luckily for the two the voice of Mr. Loring was heard ordering them to "Step out lively," and they escaped for the moment the scrutiny and question of the yearlings. But the whole plebe class heard, a few minutes later, Mr. Merrick's "Very well indeed, Mr. Graham," at sight of the sturdy young fellow's glistening equipments and snowy belts. Then he took the rifle which Geordie had tossed up to the "inspection arms" of the old tactics, and with evident surprise in his tone, as well as satisfaction, exclaimed,

"Where did you learn to clean a rifle like this, sir?"

"Out West among the soldiers," was the brief reply.

The Commandant, with Lieutenant Allen, came along at the moment to take a look at the first representatives of the new class for guard. As luck would have it, Graham and Connell were about the last of the ten, and were at the left of the squad. All looked neat and trim, and Mr. Merrick had made his selection with care; but the expert eye rarely fails to find something about one's initial appearance in uniform that betrays the plebe. The Colonel made no comment until he reached Connell. Then he turned to Mr. Allen.

"Very neat and soldierly, especially here on the left," he said.

Cadet Merrick, without a word, held up Graham's rifle. The Colonel took it, glanced quickly along the polished weapon, and then at Geordie, standing steadily at attention, with his blue eyes straight to the front.

"You must have seen service, sir," he said, with a smile. "That's a very handsome rifle," and handed it back.

"Who is that young gentleman?" asked he of Lieutenant Allen, as they turned away.

And then,—alas for all McCrea's kindly advice! alas for all his own precautions!—our Geordie heard Mr. Allen's reply. It was meant to be for the Colonel alone. It reached, however, the strained and attentive ears of half the plebe contingent. His days of modest retirement were at an end; his time for plague, pestilence, and torment was come.

"That's Mr. Graham, Ralph McCrea's *protégé*. You've heard of him before, Colonel; that's Corporal Pops."

The instant the order "Break ranks" was given Benny Frazier rushed upon Geordie with delight almost too eager, and loudly hailed him as Corporal Pops. The pet name of his boy days had followed him to the Point.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A WORLD'S FAIR CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

AS the holidays draw near the yearly recurring question is heard—"How shall we keep Christmas?" Not the family Christmas. In every home there are special ways of celebrating the dearest festival of the year, and it would never do to vary from the stocking-hanging, the Christmas tree, or whatever other fashion has been followed for presenting gifts. It is when a Christmas party is under discussion that perplexities arise. Something new is hard to find, and the old is *so* old!

"Have a Santa Claus," suggests one.

"Oh, every one who gives Christmas frolics has had that again and again."

"Well, then, a grab-bag."

"That is stale too."

"A Christmas pie," is another suggestion.

"There have been Christmas pies at Sunday-school celebrations until every one is tired of them."

And so the list is continued, until it seems settled that

the only design which does not meet with disfavor is the good old Christmas tree. This never grows hackneyed, but puts forth fresh leaves and blossoms, and bears its precious fruit anew every year. Still, a Christmas tree is alone hardly enough for a party in these days. There must be some innovation to stimulate the enjoyment of the little folk. And what could be better in this World's Fair year than a World's Fair party?



DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

This should be something in the nature of a fancy-dress gathering, at which each child will represent one of the countries whose people and exhibits were found in Chicago last summer. The matter of costuming need not be difficult or expensive, if ingenuity and skill will take the affair in hand. There is a wide field of choice for the little people, and they may be puzzled at first to select a part. A boy will be undecided between the dress of an English sailor lad, the flowing robes and turban of the Turk, or the furry costume of a Russian moujik. A girl will balance the claims of an Italian contadina's picturesque attire, the soft drapery and quaint head-dress of a little Japanese maiden, and the high white cap and gay skirts of a French peasant girl. But the choice cannot be too long delayed, for in her notes of invitation the hostess will have requested the guests to let her know at an early day in what characters they will appear.

The little people will become more and more interested in the affair as the time of the party draws near. When the evening at last arrives, and they are all gathered together in the hospitable home, the scene will be quaint and pretty. There will be an Indian girl, who might be Pocahontas herself, in her beaded skirt and head-dress of feathers, chatting with a boy whose huge turban and full white robes proclaim him a traveller from the land of the Vedas. There is a Norwegian peasant with his skates flung over his shoulder; close by him stands a Highland laddie in tartan and kilts, and not far off is a little lady of the harem in a bewitching Oriental costume, her head and wrists decked with coins.

For some time the guests will probably think of little beyond wondering over and admiring their companions. But this cannot last all the evening, and the hostess should be ready with a new means of diversion. For it is not wise at a children's party to follow the same lines that lead to success in a gathering of older people. Even the latter like to have some means of amusement decided for them, but they at least are able to entertain themselves by conversation. With the children, whose resources are limited, who lack the experience to make recreation, if they do not find it ready to their hands, it is desirable to have a plan of amusement previously marked out.

The experienced hostess does not begin the evening by asking her young guests what they would like to do. Later on, when they have become better acquainted with each other and their surroundings, they will probably suggest games. Now a feeling of shyness keeps them quiet.

Wise authorities say there are no new games, and the utmost one can hope to do is to infuse new life into the old ones. Those time-honored pastimes, "Blind-man's Buff," "French Blind-man's Buff,"-"Going to Jerusalem," "Fox and Geese," and the like, always seem especially suitable for Christmas jollification, and are so good in themselves that they can hardly be improved upon. But a little change introduced into the customary mode of telling the "Stage-Coach" story will carry out the World's Fair idea that is the key-note of the evening.

In naming the different portions of the anatomy of this famous coach, give to each child a name that will bear upon the nationality he represents. Let it be understood that the front wheels were made in England and Ireland, while the body of the coach came from Germany. One horse may be a Spanish Barb, another a Normandy cart-horse. The passengers may be from the four quarters of the habitable globe. A red Indian from the Rockies may be cheek by jowl with a Bedouin of the desert, while the never-to-be-omitted old lady may come from Spain, and have in her basket a bowl of Scotch porridge or a bottle of Russian tea.

Another pretty though quieter game may be played in somewhat the same way as "Consequences." A number of long narrow slips of paper may be provided, and on the top of each should be pasted a flag of some nation. To each child is given a slip, and upon it he writes what he supposes is the name of the nation to which the flag belongs, and below this he signs his name or his initials. He then folds the paper over the words he has written and passes it to his next neighbor, who in turn writes his idea of the name of the flag and signs his name. Unless the children are tolerably familiar with the flags of all countries, there will probably be much uncertainty, a good deal of guessing, and some instruction. The lucky child who has hit the right name in the greatest number of cases may receive a small prize.

Besides the games there will doubtless be more or less dancing. But the great event of the evening will be the supper and the tree.

The tree comes first. Every one knows the delicious thrill that runs over one from head to foot when the room is darkened as a preparation for the opening of the folding doors or withdrawal of portières that reveals the tree, blazing from top to bottom, and alive with fruits more precious than apples of the Hesperides, to the eager children's eyes. The owners of the eyes can hardly wait to have the treasures put in their hands, and their delight will probably be increased if instead of the conventional Santa Claus there is a little Christ child, to borrow the German idea, who comes forward in white tunic and golden wings to dispense the gifts.

Now appears the reason why the hostess insisted upon knowing beforehand what nation each child was to represent. For the presents are such as each might have secured in the country which he has for this evening adopted as his own. The gifts are not costly, but each is appropriate. There are a bow and arrow for the red Indian, a bottle of attar of roses or a bracelet of dried rose leaves for the delegate from Constantinople, a wee pair of snow-shoes or a miniature toboggan for the boy who is arrayed as a Canadian trapper, a little sledge for the Russian, miniature skates for the hardy Norseman, a model of a chalet for the Swiss, a bit of lacquer or Japanese bronze for the maiden who has strayed hither from flowery Nippon, and so on through the whole party. There are no large gifts, none of a cost to place the receiver under uncomfortable obligations, but each trifle is so fitly chosen as to give it a value quite beyond its intrinsic worth.

A little time must be allowed for the inspection and display of the gifts, and then comes the supper. Here, too, the World's Fair fancy is well kept up. The room is decorated with greens and holly, and perhaps a piece of mistletoe has been suggestively placed here and there. But flaunting from cornice and ornament, brightening the evergreen and decorating the table, are flags of each of the nations, under which any guest there is supposed, on the Christmas night, to feel at home, while before all must wave the Stars and Stripes. A trophy of flags is bunched in the centre of the table, the American banner out-topping them all, and up and down each side of the board are dishes, some with unfamiliar contents, but each bearing a tiny flag. These, if the children have played the flag game described above, they now recognize, but it requires a few minutes' consideration before they grasp the fact that each of these decorated dishes contains a food from a different country, and that an attempt has been made to cater to the supposed tastes of the foreigners present. Not one has been omitted.

There are very thin waffles, baked to a crisp, in humble American imitation of the Turkish zellabia, there are crystallized oranges from Italy, big chestnuts and Malaga grapes from Spain, candy fish to represent Russian sturgeon, small pretzels from Germany, and scones from the land o' cakes, French bonbons for the Parisian, figs from Smyrna, dates for the Bedouin, Chinese nuts for the Mandarin. No one need go hungry for lack of the food peculiar to his nation.



AT THE SUPPER TABLE.

The supper does not consist entirely of these dainties, however. There are more substantial viands to suit the appetites pertaining to guests gathered under the American flag. Delicate sandwiches, tiny rolls, oysters, and a simple salad, or perhaps creamed chicken and ice-cream and cakes are there. What imported and curious cakes could make up to the children for the absence of these? The hours for such a party may be chosen to suit the ages of the guests. For children under twelve, it is not well to extend the festivities late into the evening, and even boys and girls of over fourteen will be all the better if they are in bed by ten o'clock, dreaming of the joys they have tasted.

## JACKY'S SNOWBALL.

I HAD a little snowball once
That was so round and white,
I took it home with me and tried
To keep it overnight.

But when next morning I awoke,
Just at the dawn of day,
I went to get it, and I found
That it had gone away.

Now where it went to puzzles me,
Unless some burglar took
And threw it at Policeman Jones,
Who's cousin of our cook.



# THE STORK EXPRESS, LIMITED.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS

YOU must not question the truthfulness of this statement. I understand every ring made by an Infant's mouth, all the bubbles he blows with his lips, and each puckering or dimpling of his chubby face. The pantomime, I own up, is harder for me to follow. What really did make it difficult in this case was that the Infant would be dropping off every little while into sleep. That was only, however, a trial of patience. What I had to do was to wait until he woke up again.

What he said to me I have translated into every-day English, and I am sure anybody could have done that much.

"Yes," the Infant said, "people are nice to me, only don't let them bounce me so. I don't mind being kissed. What I don't like are my methods of transportation."

"What! baby-carriages?" I asked.

"They are exasperatingly slow. Nurse-girls dawdle, and sisters are so fond of gossiping at the worst places, the street crossings. Why doesn't somebody think out a trolley system for me? That would be the real march of science. It is monotonous to have so limited a horizon as a pink-lined parasol, and to be trussed like a chicken, without the least chance of picking bits out of your fancy blankets."

"Well, what do you want?" I asked.

"Want? Why, that my lovely dreams should come true."

"Will you tell me of your dreams?"

"I don't mind if I do, only you must not show any annoyance if I go to sleep every now and then. I can't help it, and because I can't help it that is why I am cross sometimes when I wake. Well, every time I drop off into a sweet slumber I have such lovely dreams."

"You said that much before."

"Well, then I dreamt I was tired of playing circus on a lily leaf. Maybe it was the butterfly going round and round that made me dizzy, and I dreamt myself sound asleep in a water-lily, when, just as I expected, my best friend, the Stork, came wading into the water."



GETTING READY.

"Was the water deep?"

"Ever so deep; over his feet. He flirted a drop of water on my cheek, and that woke me. He has such a lovely white neck, and a pink bill, and twinkling black eyes, and he dances so stagcato."

"What's that word? You must mean staccato."

"No, I don't. When the Stork dances, why, he dances like a stag and a cat. See? That Stork is always proposing pleasure parties. So says he to me,

"'Youngster, pack up and let us take a jaunt.'

"'Agreed,' says I. 'Where to?'

"'Anywhere. Now climb up on my back.'

"'Oh, that's nice enough,' says I. 'But you ought to know I am sure to get hungry, and when I am hungry I am bound to cry.'

"'Of course you are, as any decent and self-respecting baby would. But don't you know that old daddy Stork is always on the lookout for provender? I have lots and cords of milk and a bottle, likewise a pipkin to warm the milk in, and seven lumps of sugar, and a patent rattle, and, deary, I am going to light a fire this very minute, and we will warm the milk, and after you have had a good swig we will load up the bottle, and off we go.'



WAKING UP.



PACKING.

"Then the nice old thing piled some chips on the bank, lit a match, fanned the fire with her wings, put on the pipkin, and the milk was on the simmer in a second. It smelt so good that I at once got hungry and came near burning myself. I took an awful big drink of milk, and it was just splendid.

"'What's your heft?' asked the Stork.

"Twelve pounds, I am proud to say.'

"'And with milk bottle, pipkin, and rattle, that makes two pounds more. Total of ballast, fourteen pounds. I am only good for thirteen pounds six ounces. Dear me, how you are swaddled, baby! See here, Infant, strip. All that toggery is superfluous. You aren't an Eskimo baby, are you?'

"That was just delightful. I hate clothes so. In a twinkling the Stork with his bill and his toes had every rag off me. He seemed to bother a long time fumbling over a pin.

"'A pin is a mighty useful instrument, now mind I tell you,' said the Stork to me.

"'Tisn't,' said I. 'It's a horrid, sharp, sticking thing. Pitch it away.'

"'A prick in time saves nine,' replied the Stork. 'Suppose you were to go to sleep in the most interesting part of our excursion and slip off? I must save that pin. Now lend a hand, baby. I am going to water up.'



GETTING FIXED.

"I knew what he wanted, so I scooped out the sand, and soon there was a little pool of water, and daddy Stork plunged in his bill, and he sucked like everything.

"'Here's my harness,' cried the Stork.

"I hadn't the least idea where the harness came from. There it was, with a lot of straps and silver buckles; and he ducked his head, and I slipped the collar over his neck, and fastened the straps, and tied on the bottle, the pipkin, and the rattle.

"'Check your baggage,' cried the Stork. 'Jump on. Where's your ticket? Whenever you rattle, I shall know that means loose brakes, and then I'll shake her up.'

"'Jump on! How can I jump on? Why, just as you stand you must be fully two and a half feet high, not counting your crest!' I was a little provoked.

"'There's your chance,' sang out daddy Stork, hopping around; and he showed me a little bush, and there was a twig growing on it. I climbed up it, and slid right down on the Stork's back. It was soft and warm, and only a trifle slippery. 'Hold on good. Don't be skeery, for I can't rise from the ground with such a dead-weight prize baby without a skip, a jump, and a caper. Hug me tight round the neck.'

"It was well I did hug the Stork's neck, for he gave an awful skip, a fearful jump; but the way he cut his caper was simply terrible. My heart was in my mouth; but I am a baby with grit, and the very next thing you knew he was flapping his great white wings, and we were going on the full tear.

"'You need not mention bicycles to me,' cried the Stork, merrily.

"'I wouldn't for the world,' says I.

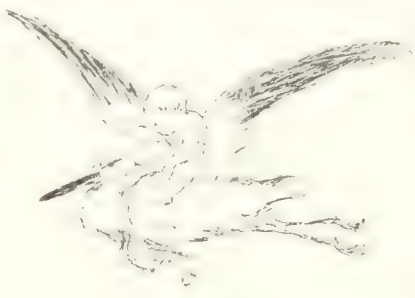
"'Nor express trains.'

"'Never, nor baby carriages, nor snails, sloths, nor any other slow-pokes, for you are just the whizzenest thing that ever beat a pinion.'

"'Only an amateur flier; that's all. But I say, my boy, that's Chicago.'

"'Where,' says I.

"'I knew it! I was certain you would miss it; but I can't prod you with the pin, because I dropped it. This scooting tells, for San Francisco is not distant.'



STARTING OFF.

"'Oh! it must be so very, very far from home.'

"'Far! Not for a Stork that has made a record. Why, the Pacific is only a biscuit-toss from here. Now I am not going to try that ocean without a rest. If you are not hungry, I am, so we will make a landing in an orange grove. I wish to gracious you could eat an orange, but I am afraid you can't!'

"'Then don't you show me one, or I might cry for it.'

"Then the Stork just let himself down gently and gently to the earth.

"'You won't mind, my pet, because of that little cloud near the moon? I smell the coming rain. I ought to have brought my blue gingham umbrella with me, but I couldn't think of everything, could I?' said the Stork.

"We were in a beautiful garden steeped in perfume, and now a few drops of rain splattered on the leaves, and the sound was so pleasant that I was lulled to sleep. I remember how I waked several times during the night, and there was the Stork standing right over me, and though he was sound asleep, and snoring too, he was keeping the rain off me.

"When I opened my eyes next morning, just as the sun was rising, I found the Stork's wing around me.

"'Here's your milk,' said he; 'and, sweetness, I have had my fish. I couldn't fly, you know, on an empty stomach. And they were the nicest fish I ever tasted. But the frogs! Think of it! They had horns on 'em. I couldn't abide 'em. Now we are going to have a tiptop sail to-day. You see, I was beating up yesterday dead against the wind; but to-day, my boy, we take the trades with us.'

"I climbed up, and away we went.

"'Sandwich Islands!' cried the Stork. But he went so fast that his voice seemed away behind me.

"'And there is Japan; and they are mighty considerate to babies and storks in Japan. And here is China; and, Infant, don't you mind it if your teeth do chatter for a half-minute, because it always was raw crossing the Himalayas; and those Thibetian steppes are nothing short of being chilly. But here's your Persian Gulf, and now we will swelter, for I am going to take a slant right up the Red Sea; and, sure enough, here is Egypt, and when I make a big pile of stone, northwest by west, then we will stop for refreshments, for I want to see a precious old relation of mine that I haven't clapped eyes on for ever and ever so long.'



IN THE RAIN.

"Just then I saw a great broad silent river gliding between banks of low-lying sand, and away off what I made out to be a huge pile of stone.

"'Pyramids,' cried the Stork, going faster and faster, excited like. Then he described great circles in the air, as if uncertain where to land. All of a sudden he gave a joyful squeak, and said: 'It's all right, for surely there is Great-grandma Pelican. Now I want you to be ever so pleasant, for my great-grandma is the most amiable, the most considerate, of birds that live on the Nile, or, as for that, anywhere else.'

"I was glad he told me that, because, though intimate with storks, I had not the least acquaintance with pelicans. Sure enough, when we reached the ground a big pelican with a loud squak waddled out of the swamp near the river. Oh, how she teetered and dipped and flapped her wings, and then, making the sand fly with her webbed feet, she rushed to meet us, and it was affecting to see the way these two birds billed and cooed. Absolutely, Great-grandma Pelican cried for joy.



ASLEEP.

"'These tears,' she sobbed, 'are the gushings of gladness, and I haven't my laced pocket-handkerchief to shed them in. Forgive the sentimentality of an old bird!'

"'My revered great-grandma,' said the Stork, 'be calm.'

"'And to think, now, that it is 3429 years, lacking five days and seven hours, since I last saw you—and if I am not right as to the time that has flown, pray correct me. And to add to my happiness you have brought me a real American baby. Oh, what a honey-top-knot it is! Pretty little duck! I wonder if it would like to take a sleep in my pouch. It's just as comfortable as a cradle, sweet heart. But I do chatter so, and I know I talk thick. Maybe it's age.'

"'Never saw you looking more spry,' said the Stork. 'You are just blooming.'

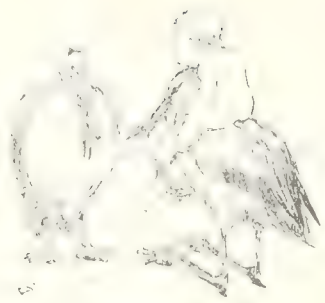
"'Flatterer! I know I talk thick, because my pouch is full of fish, the primest I could catch, and they are for you.' And saying that, the Pelican emptied out of her great big yellow wrinkled pouch a bushel or more of silver fish.

"'Certainly I will excuse you; so eat away,' said the Pelican. 'If only the child could have something nice too; our honey-dates are dead ripe and luscious sweet. It's just the season.'

"How the Stork did enjoy the fish!

"'I may have had selections from the choicest fish of the world,' said the Stork, 'but never, no, never, for crispness, flavor, could there be such fish.'

"'But I really have something for that precious child. For the last fifteen hundred years I never saw a bead shine on the sands nor glisten at the bottom of the Nile that I did not scoop it up. The little Egyptian babies lost them thousands of years ago for me to find for you.' And thereupon the Pelican drew out of a compartment in her pouch a necklace of lovely beads and put them around my neck.



GOSSIPING.

"'Suck 'em, dear,' said Great-grandma Pelican, 'but don't you swallow one of 'em. If you only had pockets, I'd fill 'em up with the prettiest things.'

"I was having a lovely time, and so was the Stork. We were being made so much of.

"'I do so hope you have come to stay,' said the Pelican. 'You couldn't have the heart not to pay a visit to your relatives in Abyssinia before they make their start for Germany. Leave baby with me. I will treat him just as if he were one of my own brood. Oh, I am an old baby-spoiler, I am, and proud of it!'

"Great-grandma Pelican did seem ever so good; but I couldn't help it, I didn't want my dear old Stork to leave me for a second, so I whispered in his ear:

"'Great-grandma is ever so nice, but please don't abandon me. I might, I dare say, in time get fond of her, but only she smells so fishy.'

"'It is not right to be fastidious,' said the Stork; and I thought him a little cross, and came near whimpering; but he continued: 'Baby, to leave you is not my intention; but don't you see how hard it is to sever the bonds of affection? Dear great-grandma, those fish were the sweetest.'

"'Did they taste like more?' asked the Pelican. 'I am so glad they did. There is a school of fish not a minute from here. Wait a bit,' and with this off she bounced and flew to the river, and we saw her bobble about and duck and dive and splash in the blue waters.

"'She is a-fishing for me, the dear unselfish thing! If I staid, the temptation to remain would be too great. But—I know my duty. Now I am going to take an awful sudden jump.' And jump sudden he did, and we just hissed through the air like a sky-rocket.

"The Stork didn't say a word. If he did not look back, I did, and I saw poor old great-grandma away down ever so far below, behaving now in a distracted



CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

way. She was so much overcome with grief that, opening her eyes, she spilt all the last drop of her power.

"Maybe in the course of an hour. It was a mean trick to play, because the Stork never uttered a word.

"'Oh, you will be home in time,' at last said the Stork.

"'Why, of course, dear Stork,' I cried.

"'Time!' Time for Christmas, of course. Was I a little cross? Well, I didn't mean to be; but it was a mean trick I played on her, the dear, confiding old soul! Hear a bell, boy.'

"'Oh, lots of them!' I said.

"'They are the Christmas chimes.'"

I never heard the rest of it. Maybe there never was any more to the story. I never found out where the Stork landed. This time the Infant was apparently sound asleep. There was a little stray curl falling over his nose, and it must have tickled him. He opened his eyes, and I think he said something like this:

"Please don't worry me any more." It was an indistinct gurgle.

"But it never would do to cut your dream short in such an unsatisfactory manner. Pray rouse up," I urged.

"Can't. If you are not able to write a plain story, there is an old friend of mine, Mr. Church, who has been acquainted with my Stork from away back, and I know he can. Tell him I say—he must—make—the pictures."

The Infant was now as sound asleep as a log in a snow-drift.

## HIS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

RUTHVEN, *loq.*:

I'VE got a lovely baseball and a bat
To make my spirits flow with feelings glad
Alas! ah, little me! in spite of that,
At heart I'm very sad.

My mother, though she's always more than kind,
Should more consistent and more thoughtful be.
I know her tender love for me is blind,
Or she would surely see

That it is never, never right at all,
Upon this bright and glorious Christmas day,
To give a lovely shining bat and ball
To gild my hours of play....

She won't let me play ball in-doors—oh dear,
The vases all as precious are as gold!
She won't let me play ball out-doors, for fear
I'll take my death of cold.

## UNCLE TIM'S COMPROMISE ON CHRISTMAS.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

AS the moon sent a white beam through the little square window of old Uncle Tim's cabin, forming a long panel of light upon its smoke-stained wall, it brought into clear view an old banjo hanging upon a rusty nail. Nothing else in the small room was clearly visible. Although it was Christmas eve, there was no fire upon the broad hearth, and from the open door came the odor of honeysuckles and of violets. Winter is often in Louisiana only a name given to the months coming between autumn and spring by courtesy, out of respect to the calendar; and so it was this year.

Sitting in the open doorway, his outline lost in the deep shadows of the vine, was old Uncle Tim, while upon the floor at his side lay little Tim, his grandson. The boy lay so still that in the dim half-light he seemed a part of the floor furnishings, which were, in fact, an old cot, two crippled stools, a saddle, and odds and ends of broken harness, and bits of rope.

Neither the old man nor the boy had spoken for a long time, and while they gazed intently at the old banjo hanging in the panel of light, the thoughts of both were tinged with sadness. The grandfather was nearly seventy years old, and little Tim was but ten; but they were great chums. The little boy's father had died while he was too young to remember, leaving little Tim to a stepmother, who brought him to his grandfather's home, where he had been ever since, and the attachment quickly formed between the two had grown and strengthened with the years.

Old Uncle Tim was very poor, and his little cabin was small and shabby; and yet neither hunger nor cold had ever come in an unfriendly way to visit it. The tall plantation smoke-house threw a friendly shadow over the tiny hut every evening just before the sun went down—a shadow that seemed a promise at close of each day that the poor home should not be forgotten. Nor was it. Some days the old man was able to limp into the field and cut a load of cabbages for the hands, or to prepare seed potatoes for planting, so that, as he expressed it, "each piece 'll have one eye ter grow wid, an' another ter look on an' see dat everything goes right."

And then Uncle Tim was brimful of a good many valuable things with which he was very generous -*advice*, for instance.

He could advise with wisdom upon any number of subjects, such as just at what time of the moon to make soap so that it would "set" well, how to find a missing shoat, or the right spot to dig for water.

These were all valuable services; and yet cabbages were not always ready to be cut nor potato-planting in season. Sometimes for weeks not a hog would stray off. Only once in a decade a new well was wanted; and as to soap-making, it could occur only once during each moon at most.

It is true that betweentimes Uncle Tim gave copious warnings *not* to make soap, which was quite a saving of effort and good material.

But whether he were cutting seed potatoes, or advising, or only playing on his banjo, as he did incessantly betweentimes, his rations came to the little cabin with clocklike regularity. They came just as regularly as old Tim *had worked* when he was young, as regularly as little Tim *would* when he should grow up, as it is a pity daily rations cannot always come to such feeble ones who, whether in their first or second childhood, are able to render only the service of willingness.

And so we see that the two Tims, as they were often called, had no great anxieties as to their living, although they were very poor.

The only thing in the world that the old man held as a personal possession was his old banjo. It was the one thing the little boy counted on as a precious future property, and often, at all hours of the day or evening, old Tim could be seen sitting before the cabin, his arms around the boy, who stood between his knees, while, with eyes closed, he ran his withered fingers over the strings, picking out the tunes that best recalled the stories of olden days that he loved to tell into the little fellow's ear. And sometimes, holding the banjo steady, he would invite little Tim to try his tiny hands at picking the strings.

"Look out how you snap 'er too sudden!" he would exclaim if the little fingers moved too freely. "Look out, I say! Dis ain't none o' yo' pick-me-up-hit-an'-miss banjos, she ain't! An' you mus' learn ter treat 'er wid rispec', caze, when yo' ole gran'dad dies, she gwine be yo' banjo, an' stan' in his place ter yer!"

And then little Tim, confronted with the awful prospect of death and inheritance, would take a long breath, and blinking his eyes, drop his hands at his side, saying, "You play 'er, gran'dad."

But having once started to speak, the old man was

seldom brief, and so he would continue: "It's true dis ole banjo she's livin' in a po' nigger cabin wid a ole black marster an' a new one comin' on blacker yit. You taken dat arter yo' gran'mammy, honey. She warn't dis heah muddy-brown color like I is. She was a heap purtier and clairer black.) Well, I say if dis ole banjo *is* livin' wid po' ignunt black folks, I wants you ter know she was *born white*.

"Don't look at me so cuyus, honey. I know what I say. I say she was *born white*. Dat is, she *de*scended ter me *f'om* white folks. My marster bought 'er ter learn on when we was boys together. An' he took *book lessons* on 'er too, an' dat's how come I say she ain't none o' yo' common pick-up-my-strings-any-which-er-way banjos. She's been played by note music in her day, she is, an' she can answer a book note des as true as any *pianner* a pusson ever listened at ef anybody know how ter tackle 'er. Of co'se ef you des tackle 'er p'omiskyus she ain't gwine bother 'erse'f ter play 'cordin' ter rule; but

"Why, boy, dis heah banjo she's done serenaded all de a'stocercy on dis river 'twix' here an' de English Turn in her day. Yas, she is. An' all dat expeunce is in 'er breast now; she 'ain't forgot it, an' ef air pusson dat know all dem ole book chunes was ter take 'er up an' call fur 'em, she'd give 'em eve'y one des as true as ever yet.

"An' yer know, baby, I'm a-tellin' you all dis," he would say, in closing, "caze arter while, when I die, she gwine be *yo'* banjo, 'n' I wants you ter know all 'er ins an' outs."

And as he stopped the little boy would ask, timidly, "Please, sir, gran'dad, lemme take 'er an' hang 'er up. I'll step keerful." And taking each step with the utmost precision, and holding the long banjo aloft in his arms as if it were made of egg-shells, little Tim would climb the stool and hang the precious thing in its place against the cabin wall.

Such a conversation had occurred to-day, and as the lad had taken the banjo from him the old man had added,

"I wouldn't be s'prised, baby, ef 'fo' another year passes dat 'll be *yo' banjo*, caze I feels mighty weak an' painful some days."

This was in the early evening, several hours before the scene with which this little story opens. As night came on and the old man sat in the doorway, he did not notice that little Tim, in stretching himself upon the floor, as was his habit, came nearer than usual—so near, indeed, that, extending his little foot, he rested it against his grandfather's body, too lightly to be felt, and yet sensibly enough to satisfy his own affectionate impulse. And so he was lying when the moon rose and covered the old banjo with its light. He felt very serious as he gazed upon it, standing out so distinctly in the dark room. Some day it would be his; but the dear old grandfather would not be there, his chair would be always empty. There would be nobody in the little cabin but just little Tim and the banjo. He was too young to think of other changes. The ownership of the coveted treasure promised only death and utter loneliness. But presently the light passed off the wall on to the floor. It was creeping over to where little Tim lay, but he did not know it, and after blinking awhile at long intervals, and moving his foot occasionally to reassure himself of his grandfather's presence, he fell suddenly sound asleep.

While these painful thoughts were filling little Tim's mind the old man had studied the bright panel on the wall with equal interest—and pain. By the very nature of things, he could not leave the banjo to the boy and witness his pleasure in the possession.

"She's de onlies' thing I got ter leave 'im, but I does wush 't I could see him git 'er an' be at his little elbow ter show 'im all 'er ways," he said, half audibly. "Dis heah way o' leavin' things ter folks when you die, it soun's awful high an' mighty, but look ter me like hit's po' satisfaction some ways. Po' little Tim! Now what he gwine do anyhow when I draps off? nothin' but step folks ter take keer of 'im—step mammy an' step daddy an' 'bout a dozen step brothers an' sisters, an' not even me heah ter show 'im how ter conduc' 'is banjo. De ve'y time he need me de mos' ter show 'im her ins an' outs I won't be nowhars about, an' yit—"

As the old man's thoughts reached this point a sudden flare of light across the campus showed that the first bonfire was lighted.

There was to be a big dance to-night in the open space in front of the sugar-house, and the lighting of the bonfires surrounding the spot was the announcement that it was time for everybody to come. It was Uncle Tim's signal to take down the banjo and tune up, for there was no more important instrument in the plantation string-band than this same old banjo.

As he turned backward to wake little Tim he hesitated a moment, looking lovingly upon the little sleeping figure, which the moon now covered with a white rectangle of light. As his eyes rested upon the boy's face something, a confused memory of his last waking anxiety perhaps, brought a slight quiver to his lips, as if he might cry in his sleep, as he muttered the word "Gran'dad."

Old Uncle Tim had been trying to get himself to the point of doing something which it was somehow hard to do, but this tremulous lisping of his own name settled the question.

Hobbling to his feet, he wended his way as noiselessly as possible to where the banjo hung, and carrying it to the sleeping boy, laid it gently, with trembling fingers, upon his arm.

Then, first silently regarding him a moment, he called out, "Weck up, Tim, my man! Weck up!"

As he spoke a loud and continuous explosion of fire-crackers—the opening of active festivities in the campus—startled the boy quite out of his nap.

He was frightened and dazed for a minute, and then seeing the banjo beside him, and his grandfather's face so near, he exclaimed: "What's all dis, gran'dad? Whar me?"

The old man's voice was pretty husky as he answered: "You right heah wid me, boy, an' dat banjo, hit's yo' Christmas gif', honey."

Little Tim cast an agonized look upon the old man's face, and threw himself into his arms. "Is you gwine die now, gran'dad?" he sobbed, burying his face upon his bosom.

Old Tim could not find voice at once, but presently he chuckled, nervously: "Humh! humh! No, boy, I ain't gwine die yit—not till my time comes, please Gord. But dis heah's Christmas, honey, an' I thought I'd gi'e you de ole banjo whiles I was livin', so's I could—so's you could—so's we could have pleasure out'n 'er bofe together, yer know, honey. Dat is, f'om dis time on she's *yo' banjo*, an' when I wants ter play on 'er, you *can loan 'er to me*."

"An'—an' you—you *sho'* you ain't gwine die, gran'-dad?"

"I ain't sho' o' nothin', honey, but I 'ain't got no *notion* o' dyin'—not to-night. We gwine ter de dance now, you an' me, an' I gwine play de banjo—*dat is ef you'll* loan 'er ter me, baby?"

Tim wanted to laugh, and it seemed sheer contrariness for him to cry, but somehow the tears would come, and the lump in his throat, and try hard as he might, he couldn't get his head higher than his grandfather's coat-sleeve nor his arms from around his waist. He hardly knew why he still wept, and yet when presently he sobbed, "But, gran'dad, I'm 'feered you *mought* die," the old man understood.

Certainly, even if he were not going to die now, giving



"DIS HEAH'S A FUS'-CLASS THING TER WORK OFF BAD TEMPERS WID."

away the old banjo seemed like a preparation for death. Was it not, in fact, a formal confession that he was nearing the end of his days? Had not this very feeling made it hard for him to part with it? The boy's grief at the thought touched him deeply, and lifting the little fellow upon his knee, he said, fondly:

"*Don't* fret, honey. *Don't* let Christmas find you cryin'. I tell you what I say let's do. I ain't gwine gi'e you de banjo, not yit, caze, des as you say, I *mought* die; but I tell you what I gwine do. I gwine take you in pardners in it wid me. She ain't *mine* an' she ain't *yo'se*, and yit she's *bofe of us's*. You see, boy? *She's ourn!* An' when I wants ter play on 'er *I'll play*, an' when you wants 'er, why, you teck 'er—on'y be a *leetle* bit keerful at fust, honey.

"An' ken I ca'y 'er behime de cabin whar you can't see how I'm a-holdin' 'er, an' play anyway I choose?"

Old Tom winced a little at this, but he had not given grudgingly, and so he answered:

"Ca'y 'er. Why not? Git up an' play 'er in de middle o' de night ef you want ter, on'y, of co'se, be keerful how you reach 'er down, so's you won't jolt 'er too sudden. An' now, boy, hand 'er heah an' lemme talk to yer a little bit."

When little Tim lifted the banjo from the floor, his face fairly beamed with joy, although in the darkness no one saw it, for the shaft of light had passed beyond him now. Handing the banjo to his grandfather, he slipped naturally back of it into his accustomed place in his arms.

Dis heah's a fus'-class thing ter work off bad tempers wid," the old man began, tightening the strings as he spoke. "Now, honey, ef you feel de temper ever take a holt of yer in de foot, dat foot 'll be mighty ap' ter do some kickin'; an' ef it seizes holt o' yo' han', dat little fis' 'll be purty sho ter strike out an' do some damage; an' ef it jump outer yo' tongue, hit 'll mighty soon twis' it into sayin' bad language. But ef you'll teck hol' o' dis ole banjo des as quick as you feel de badness rise up in you, *an' play*, you'll scare de evil temper away so bad it *daren't come back*. Ef it done settled *too strong* in yo' tongue, run it off wid a song; an' ef yo' feet's got a kickin' spell on 'em, *dance it off;* an' ef you feel it in yo' han', des run for de banjo an' play de sweetes' chune you know, an' fus' thing you know all yo' madness 'll be gone.'

"She 'ain't got no mouf, but she can talk ter you, all de same; an' she 'ain't got no head, but she can reason wid you. An' while ter look at 'er she's purty nigh all belly, she don't eat a crumb. Dey ain't a greedy bone in 'er.

"An' I wants you ter ricollec' dat I done guv 'er to you dat is *go sheer* [share] *in 'er*, caze she's *mine* too, you know. I done guv you a even sheer in 'er, des *caze you an' me is gran'daddy an' gran'son*.

"Dis heah way o' dyin' an' *leavin'* prop'ty, hit mought suit white folks, but it don't become our complexions, some way, an' de mo' I thought about havin' to die ter give de onlies' gran'son I got de onlies' *prop'ty* I got, de *mo'ser' bler I got*, tell I couldn't stan' it no mo'."

Little Tim's throat choked up again, and he rolled his eyes around and swallowed twice before he answered. "An' I—I was mo'serable too, gran'dad. I used ter des look at 'er hangin' 'g'inst de wall, an' think about me maybe playin' 'er, an' you—you not—not nowhar in sight—an' some days seem like *I—I des hated 'er*."

"Yas, baby, I know. But now you won't hate 'er no mo', boy; an' ef you die fus'—some time, you know, baby, little boys *does die*—an' ef you go fus', I'll teck good keer o' yo' sheer in 'er; an' ef I go, you mus' look out fur my sheer. An' long as we bofe live—well, I'll look out fur 'er voice—keep 'er th'oat strings in order; an' you see dat she don't git ketched out in bad comp'ny, ur in de rain, an' take cold.

"Come on now. Wash yo' little face, and let's go ter de dance. Gee-man! Lis'n at de fire-crackers callin' us. Come on. Dat's right. Ca'y 'er on yo' shoulder like a man."

And so the two Tims start off to the Christmas festival, young Tim bearing his precious burden proudly ahead, while the old man follows slowly behind, chuckling softly.

"Des think how much time I done los', not takin' 'im in pardners befo', an' he de onlies' gran'son I got!" While little Tim, walking cautiously so as not to trip in the uneven path, turns presently and calls back:

"Gran'dad, I reckon we done walked half de way, now. I done toted 'er *my* sheer. Don't you want me ter tote 'er *yo' sheer?*"

And the old man answers, with another chuckle, "Go on, honey."




MY! HOW MANY WERE THERE!—[See "His First Christmas," Page 86.]

## HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

BY FANNY E. PAINE.

"SO this is 'Christmas.' I don't know exactly what Christmas is, but it seems to be something very nice. They say it comes once a year, but, so far as I can see, it only comes once in a lifetime—at least, this is the first time that it has come in all my life. Christmas seems to consist of a great many things that last quite a long time. This one has lasted an entire day. At first I thought Christmas was just a kiss which my mamma gave me when I woke up, because she said, "This is Christmas, dearie." Then I thought it was a stocking that my mamma had hung by the fireplace the night before, and which she took down quite full of funny things this morning.

There was a lovely silver rattle with little bells, and when I shook it, it went "ting a ling a ling ting a-ling a-ling." I played with it a long time, and I heard mamma say "it was *so* kind of grandma to send it to me; it kept me quiet for almost an hour." *I* did not know I had been making a noise, but I suppose I don't always know. Then there was a stick with a funny little man that went up and down. I think I liked that the best of everything. It made me scream every time he jumped. When it was time for my nap and mamma put me in my little crib, I kept thinking of it all the time, and just how it looked, and I thought I should never go to sleep. When I woke up I had a nice drink of milk and a little piece of sugar. "Because it was Christmas," mamma said. I had seen the sugar on the table a great many times before, so I didn't see how *that* could be Christmas.

A little while after that I had a pain that made me cry very hard, because it hurt, and mamma had to walk up and down, up and down with me for a long time. That part was very nice, for I like to be *walked*. First I thought the pain might be Christmas, but I remembered I had had that kind of a pain a great many times before. My mamma said she thought it was the sugar, but I didn't think anything so good as sugar could make me feel so bad.

Then I was taken down stairs, and put on the floor in the parlor. I liked that, for I could do just what I wanted. The only thing I couldn't do was to *fall off*, and that was all the better for me and my poor little head.

Pretty soon I heard a noise in the hall, and in a few minutes some big boys and girls came into the room. They looked *so* big! I was afraid at first they would not see me, and that I might get hurt, so I crawled 'way over in the corner. Mamma came after me, and picked me up in her arms and said, "You dear abused little thing, did we leave you all alone!" But I did not think I had been abused; I thought I had gotten on very well when there were so many big people around, and I was very glad they had left me alone. My! how many there were! More than I had ever seen before, and they all looked so beautiful.

Mamma held me on her lap, and they all came up and said, "How do do!" and "Merry Christmas!" to me. I thought it was very good of them, and that all these little boys and girls must be "Christmas." One little girl kissed me, and I didn't cry. She had a great deal of hair; it was very pretty. I think I heard her ask where my hair was; but perhaps she couldn't see it. I know my hair is very nice, for mamma says so every morning when she brushes it with my little brush. There was one very big boy. I thought he was splendid, and wished I was like him. He didn't want to speak to me, and cried a little. I thought he had a pain like mine, and I was glad he had a nice mamma like mine to take care of him. Then there were two big girls; first I thought there was *one*, and then I thought there were *two*. I couldn't make out how many there were, because they *all* looked just alike. I never saw so many look just alike before. They had on lovely blue ribbons like on my cap that I wear when I go out, and they looked at me as though they liked me very much. One or two of them held me for a little while, and I didn't move for fear of falling off; the place she held me on was so small. I think I liked her better than any one. They were so big.

I was just beginning to get used to so many big people when some one pulled the curtain, and there was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I cried at first—I could not help it—but my mamma held me very tight and told me not to cry, that it was the "Christmas tree!" Then Christmas was a tree! And all the trees I saw in the square when I went out in my carriage were Christmas! I couldn't make it out, and it made me cry some more. This tree was not like the other trees; it had little lights all over it, and balls, and oranges, and apples, and dollies, and doggies, and a little baby smaller than me on the top. That little baby didn't cry, so I tried very hard to be good, too. The big boys and girls jumped up and down and clapped their hands. I think they liked it very much. Then they all danced around it, and sang a pretty song. My mamma played on the piano, and held me on her lap all the time.

After that she said she thought it was time for me to go to bed, and she held me up in her arms and I shook a "day-day" to all the big boys and girls, and some of them came up and kissed me again. Then my mamma and I had a nice time up in the nursery, and I thought that everything that had happened all day must be Christmas. That seemed the best way to think about it, and it made me feel better.

The last thing I thought just as I dropped off to sleep, all tucked up in my little crib, was what a very nice thing Christmas is, and how glad I was I had lived to see it.

## NOTICE TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY BOBBIE.

DON'T want much from Santy:
Only choo-choo cars;
And a half a dozen
Chocolate cigars;

And a bag of marbles;
And a lot of books;
And a pole for fishin',
Lines, and sev'ral hooks;

Half a dozen sets of
Stone and wooden blocks;
Dozen pounds o' candy
Done up in a box;

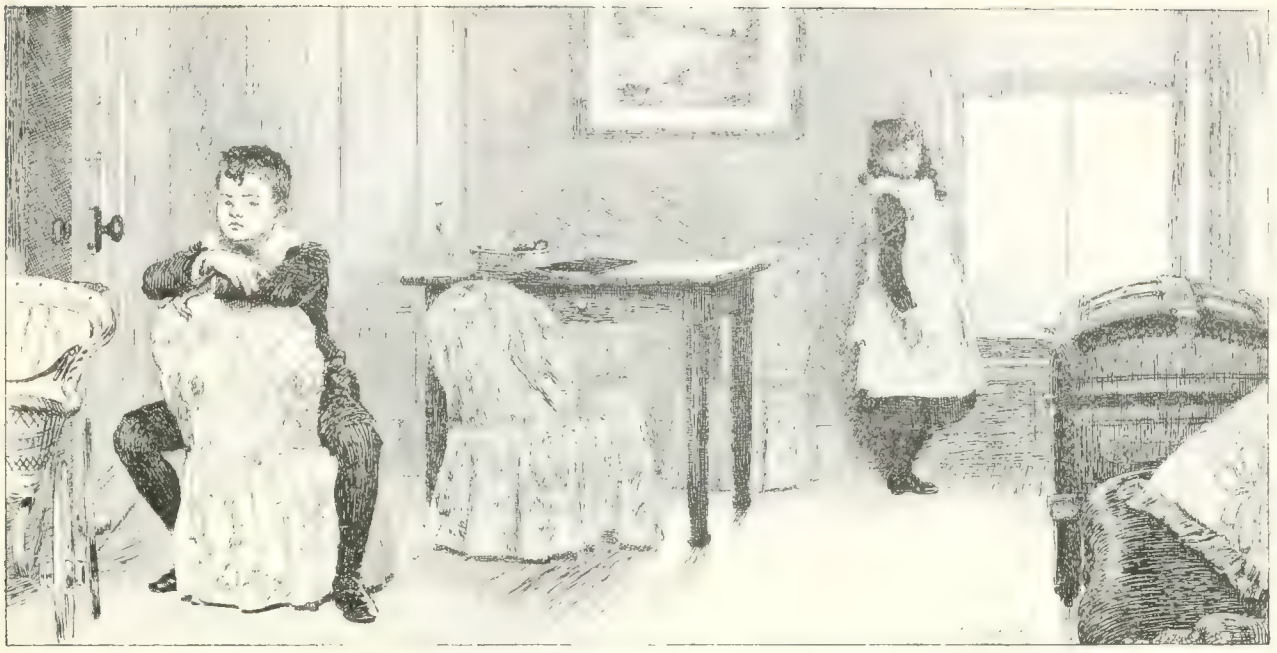
Three or four small steamboats;
Ten or twenty cents;
And a small toy farm-yard
S'rounded by a fence;

One small bowlin'-alley;
Suit o' soldier clo'es;
Music-box; an organ;
Punch an' Judy shows;

Bow an' arrer; also,
Possibly, a gun;
And a putty-blower
Would be lots o' fun;

Elephants and lions
That could walk and roar,
After bein' winded,
Up and down the floor.

These, and sev'ral others,
Hangin' on the tree,
I've a sort of notion 'd
Be enough for me.



# THE TABLES TURNED.

## A Farce in One Act.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

*CHARACTERS*

| | |
|---|---|
| MOLLIE, *a girl of twelve* | PUNCH *a rectangular doll* |
| JACK, *a boy of ten* | JUDY *the wife of Punch* |
| MR. PRATTKINS, *father of Jack and Mollie* | |

SCENE.—*A nursery.* TIME.—*A rainy room of a rainy day. At back of room is a window; to left of window is a door opening into hall; in left wall of room is a door opening into a toy closet. The room holds four chairs, a table, a good sized trunk, a sofa, and a baby carriage. In the toy closet should be a small tea sword, a Punch doll, a Judy doll, and an assortment of toys generally. The dress of the two characters* Punch *and* Judy *should be as nearly like that of the two dolls as possible. The dress of* Mollie *and* Jack *is that of children of to day. Curtain rising discloses* Mollie *leaning against side of window, looking out at the storm.* Jack *is discovered sitting astride a chair, his face to the audience and back of chair. He presents appearance of dissatisfaction.*

MOLLIE (*turning from window and walking to front of stage*). Heigho! still raining, and no sign of a let-up.

[*Picks up small work basket from table, and goes through it carefully, as though in search of something.*

JACK (*with a scowl*). Yes. Isn't it vile? It was a fine snowstorm we had this morning, and here it turns to rain and spoils everything. No snowballing, no sledding, no nothing but nursery walls. Bah! The idea of its raining on Saturday, anyhow—the only day a fellow has free from school! It isn't fair.

MOLLIE. It never is fair when it rains. The barometer says so.

JACK. Oh, what a joke! Regular girl's joke that.

MOLLIE. Well, why not? I'm a girl. I like gentle jokes. I think they're better than your jokes, tripping people up and putting salt in the sugar-bowl.

JACK. Oh, as to that we never should agree. What's the use of fighting? It's gloomy enough without that. I'd almost rather study than quarrel.

MOLLIE (*rising and walking to closet door*). Then why don't you study? I'm going to play with my dolls

JACK (*rising and taking geography from table*). Well, if it's dolls, quarrelling, or geography, I guess I'll choose geography. It's more exciting than dolls, and less bothersome than quarrelling. (*Resumes seat and opens book.* Mollie *busies herself about room.* Jack *reads.*) Africa. Hm! Glad I don't live there. No snow storms there, and no skating, and I suppose there's no Santa Claus either, because the small African boys don't wear stockings, and consequently can't hang 'em up. Africa is a continent, and is bounded on the north by the— (*Slams covers of book to, and throws it on the floor.*) Oh, nonsense! This is no fun, and no use either, far as I can see. Who wants to know about Africa, unless he's an African and has to live there? What good is it to me to know that it is a continent? I'm not collecting continents. If I was going to be a sailor there might be some use of my knowing all that stuff. It might keep me from running bang into it with my ship some dark night to know just where it is. But what earthly use such knowledge is to a boy who expects to be a lawyer or a fireman, or maybe a policeman, I can't see. What are you doing, Moll?

MOLLIE (*putting cloth on table*). I think I'll have a tea for Punch and Judy.

JACK. Ho! You mean a tea for yourself, with Punch and Judy looking on. I notice at those teas that you do all the talking and eating yourself.

MOLLIE. That's very true; but then they don't need to eat. They're only dolls. You and I can have the eatables, and they can *pretend* they're having them. They're just as well satisfied.

JACK. Thanks. No doll tea party for me.

MOLLIE. Heigho! Very well. I'll play alone, then. I'd rather, anyhow. I'll get all the apple-sauce.

JACK. The what?

MOLLIE. Apple-sauce. Cook has promised me cake and milk and apple-sauce for the tea.

JACK. Oh! that's different again. I may not feel like a tea party, but I think I wouldn't mind an apple-sauce party. If you'd only spoken of it before, we might have been eating it now. Where's the lunch?

MOLLIE. I'll go get it at once.

JACK. Very well. I'll see if I can find Punch and Judy. (Mollie *goes out.* Jack *rummages in closet.*) This is all nonsense. I hope none of the boys will hear of my playing tea party with dolls. They wouldn't let me stay Chief of the White Redskins if they knew I was soft enough for that; but apple-sauce is too much even for a mock Indian chief. (*Pulls out half a dozen toys, and finally extricates* Punch *and* Judy *from the lot. He looks at them scornfully.*) It's nothing but apple-sauce brings me to this, O Punch and Judy. (*Throws them back in closet, and shuts door again.*) No. I won't do it even for a royal lunch. Yet I don't know. I'm pretty hungry. Bah! It's too bad. The idea of me being forced into playing with dolls to keep from starving! Oh, don't I wish things were different days like this! Why, I'd rather even be a doll than me just about now, because it doesn't know anything, and is never discontented, whatever happens. I wish Mollie and I were Punch and Judy, I do.

[*Enter* Mollie *with the edibles. She sets them on the table.* Jack *gazes at them gloomily.*

MOLLIE. Here we are now, Jack. Come along. Where are Punch and Judy?

JACK (*nodding to closet*). In there. (*Rises and starts to walk to closet, but stops suddenly.*) I'll get 'em, but— Why, Mollie, what do you suppose is the matter with me all of a sudden? I—I can't move!

[*His knees give way under him, and he flops down on the floor.*

MOLLIE (*starts to run to his side, but also stops short*). I—I—I can't move! (*Tries to move.*) Can't move? Why, you—neither can I! (*She gazes at her in alarm.*) Catch me, Jack—quick—I'm going to faint too!

JACK. I would if I could; but— (*Noise is heard in the closet.*)

Hullo! what's that in the closet? Seems to me I hear a noise in [illegible]

Mollie [illegible] Oh, Jack, dear [illegible]

Jack. Really, Mollie, I [illegible] I can't [illegible] would [illegible]

Mollie. [illegible]

*[illegible]* Punch and Judy *[illegible]*

Judy. It chanced upon a rainy day
A boy and girl, like these you see,
Thought that if they could have their way
Plain dolls like us they'd like to be.

Punch. A fairy passing through the air
These wishes chanced to overhear,
And granted that unhappy pair
The wish they had expressed so clear.

Jack. Oh dear! I see it all. I'm a doll!

Mollie. Jack, did you wish any such awful thing? What does it all mean?

Judy. And so she came to Punch and me,
And asked us if we'd mind if we
Took Jack and Mollie's place to day,
While they took our place in the play.

Punch. Of course we said we didn't mind;
And that is why these children find
Themselves like dolls upon the floor,
While Jude and I walk through the door.

Jack. Mollie, this is awful.

Punch. Ah, Judy! did you hear that? My doll, Jack, can talk. And you don't have to hit him on the chest to make him do it, either. I wonder what he'd say if I did hit him on the chest? *[Does so.* Jack *howls, and* Punch *dances in glee.]*

Mollie. I wouldn't mind this if I could only move. Say, Judy, can't I be a walking doll?

Judy. 'Sh! Don't you say a word, Mollie. You're only a doll, and you have no choice of anything. You've got to be just what you are, and be satisfied. But there's one thing. I'm a neater girl than you are, and I don't like to see my dolls on the floor, so I will place you on the sofa.

*[She raises* Mollie *upstairs places her face downwards on the sofa.]*

Jack. Pick me up too, will you, Punch? I'm dreadfully uncomfortable.

Punch. Me! I! A fellow like me play with dolls? I guess not. You're no fun. I'll put you in the closet, and get out the marbles.

Jack. But I don't want to go into the closet. It's dark and stuffy in there.

Mollie. Turn me over, won't you, Judy? I am suffocating here.

Judy. Oh, I guess it won't hurt you to suffocate a little. Dolls don't have to breathe. Just stop breathing for a day or two. You'll be all right.

Punch. You never seemed to think the closet was dark and stuffy when things were the other way, Master Jack. I've lain in there with a fire-engine and a Noah's ark on top of me many a [illegible]

[illegible] "Now [illegible] and [illegible] let me [illegible] let you, so [illegible] to [illegible] Lady [illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] Punch. [illegible] [illegible] closet [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] closet [illegible] Judy [illegible] Mollie [illegible] Well, Judy, what's [illegible]

Judy. I've never had a chance like this before, Punch, and I'm making the most of [illegible] I never did like the way Mollie's hair was fixed, and now that I have something to say about it I'm doing what I think ought to be done. She'll look well with a head covered with pig-tails. Wait till you see her.

*[Proceeds braiding* Mollie's *hair into pig-tails.*

Punch. Are her eyes open or shut?

*[Pretends to get his first glimpse of them.*

Mollie. Ouch!

Judy (*shaking her*). Hush! Well-behaved dolls do not speak.

Mollie (*ruefully*). I'm not a doll.

Judy. Oh yes, you are, too; and what is more, I'm going to put you to bed at three o'clock this afternoon, the way you did to me last week.

Mollie. Oh now, Judy!

Punch. Let's see if it shuts its eyes when it leans back.

Jack (*in muffled tones from closet*). Say, Punch, let me out, will you?

Punch (*ignoring* Jack, *and pushing* Mollie *backwards and forwards*). She doesn't seem to have any system about opening her eyes and shutting them, does she? Queer doll that. I've half a mind to open the top of her head and see how she works. (*Pause.* Mollie *groans.*) Say, Judy?

Judy. Well?

Punch. Let's take a carving-knife and see if she's stuffed with sawdust.

Mollie. Oh, Judy, Judy, don't let him!

Judy. No, indeed. Do you suppose I'm going to have my doll ill-treated? Go see if your own doll is stuffed with sawdust.

Punch. Good idea. I'll take him all to pieces with that toy sword of his that he tried to cut my foot off with last summer.

*[Opens closet door.*

Jack. Let me out, there's a good fellow, Punch.

Punch. Count on me for that, Master Jack. I'll let you out; I'll let you all out in a way you won't like. Do you know what I'm going to do now?

Jack. No, I don't. What?

Punch (*rolling him out on the floor, and placing the rocking-chair on his stomach*). I'm going to see first what you are stuffed with.

Jack (*in terror*). What I'm whatted with?

Punch. You'll find out in a minute, my boy. Do you remember one day last summer how you took a small tin sword like this (*goes to closet and gets sword*), and poked it into my rib like this?

*[Pokes* Jack *gently with it.*

Jack. Ow—wow—wench! You fellow!

Punch. Oh, do I, indeed? Then how you sawed up and down my foot with it like this?

Jack. No, I don't remember, Punchy.

Punch. Well, I do. I remember it well—just as you are going to remember to-day for some time to come.

Jack. Well, now, see here, Punch; honest, did I hurt you?

Punch. Did you? Well, you'll be able to answer that in a minute or two when I've sawed off your head to see what is inside of it.

Jack. Mollie, call for the police.

Punch. Yes, Mollie, do. Lots of police would come in answer to the call of a doll. Hee-hee! I'd just like to see what a policeman would do if a doll called him. For my part, I believe he'd run—the other way.

Jack. But if you cut my head off you'll kill me.

Punch. Oh no, I think not. Dolls don't die, you know. They're only destroyed. Judy can sew your head on again, I guess, or if she can't, we can throw you away, and get another doll in your place. You aren't a very good doll anyhow. Come, now. Get ready.

*[He starts to remove* Jack's *head, when* Judy, *having finished braiding* Mollie's *hair in a ridiculous fashion, discovers the apple-sauce.*

Judy. Hi! Punchy!

Punch. Don't bother me, Judy. I'm busy. This doll is getting very rebellious simply because I'm going to treat him as he treats me.

Judy. Very well; Mollie and I will have the tea party.

Punch (*dropping the sword*). The what?



"THERE, TRY THAT FOR A WHILE."

JUDY. The tea party. I've found milk and cake and apple-sauce here all ready to be eaten.

PUNCH. Why didn't you say so before? Apple-sauce! Um-um! Well, if this isn't richness. I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

JACK. Well, don't forget me. I like apple-sauce, if I am a doll.

PUNCH. Yes, we'll give you some. We'll give you a spoonful to feast your eyes upon. Draw up the table, Judy, and set it, and I'll fix these new dolls of ours. We'll show them what lots of fun and how little apple sauce dolls usually get at tea parties like this. (Judy *prepares the table, while* Punch *sings.* Jack *and* Mollie *glance anxiously at the crackers, etc.*)

Oho, oho,
I happy am,
Aha, oho,
As any clam;
We'll go without
The pudding course,
And fill up well
On apple-sauce.



THEY DANCE WITH GLEE.

Ha! ha! ha! My! But this is richness, as I said before.

[*Dances gleefully.*

JACK (*aside to* Mollie). I'm afraid we're going to be badly left, Mollie.

MOLLIE. So am I; but you shouldn't complain. If the apple-sauce hadn't attracted his attention you'd have had your head cut off.

PUNCH. Now, Master Jack, we'll give you one of those imaginary tastes of apple-sauce you have always been so fond of giving me—generous boy that you are.

[*Sets* Jack *properly on chair and pushes it up to table.*

JACK. Oh, if I could only move my hand!

PUNCH. Which, being a doll, you can't. (*Pushes* Mollie *up to table in a second chair alongside of* Jack.) Now, Judy, you sit there (*pointing to one end*), and I'll sit here (*taking other end*). Ah, but this is fine!

JUDY. Isn't it, just! Shall I help you to some apple-sauce, Mollie?

MOLLIE. If you please.

PUNCH. And a great big plateful for Jack, please, Judy. I'll pass the milk. (*Fills four cups with milk, and puts one before each plate, while* Judy *helps and passes the apple-sauce.*) Now for the feast. (*Takes a spoonful of the sauce.* Jack *and* Mollie *meanwhile, unable to move, leave theirs untouched.*) Ah! um! isn't it fine, Judy?

JUDY (*with her mouth full*). Elegant. Just taste the milk, Punch.

PUNCH. Milk-punch? I don't see any milk-punch.

JUDY. I didn't say milk-punch, Punch. I said milk.

PUNCH. Ah! oh! How's that for a joke, Jack?

JACK (*mad*). Pretty bad.

PUNCH. Hoity-toity! What an impudent doll! I'll have to punish you. (*Takes* Jack *across the room, and places him on his back on the floor with his legs up against the wall.*) There; try that for a little while. It's a nice comfortable attitude; one I've tried many a time and oft.

JUDY. Mollie, why don't you drink your tea?

MOLLIE. I would if I could; only I can't move, you know, Judy.

JUDY. That's so. I'd forgotten that. Here, take this.

[*Puts a spoonful of sauce into* Mollie's *mouth.*

MOLLIE. It's awful good. Seems to me it never tasted better.

JACK (*with a groan*). Where do I come in? I'd like a little.

PUNCH. That's just what you'll get, my boy — a very little; so little, that you'll wonder that anything in all the world could be so small. (*Helps* Jack *back to table, and holds spoonful of sauce before his mouth.* Jack *tries to take it, but* Punch *pulls it away and swallows it himself.*) Isn't that fine, Master Jack?

JACK. How do I know? I didn't taste it.

PUNCH (*mocking him*). Why, how can you say that? Can't taste it? You taste it quite as well as I could last time you and Mollie had a tea party. Here; try this. (*Holds cup of milk about two inches from* Jack's *mouth.*) How's that?

JACK. This isn't fair. You are getting all the tea.

PUNCH. Why, my dear boy, you surprise me. I'm afraid you are ungrateful. Getting all the tea? Why, I'm sure Judy helped you to as much sauce and milk and cake as I ever was helped to.

JACK. Yes; but you are eating all mine.

PUNCH. Well, isn't that the way to play tea party? I'm only following the rules. Every time I've tea-partied with you you've eaten all mine.

JACK. Yes; but this is different. I'm not really a doll.

JUDY. Tut, tut, Jack! Pray what are you, then?

JACK. I'm a boy.

PUNCH. Ho! you a boy? Why, you're nothing of the kind. You used to be a boy, but now you're only a doll. You're me, and I'm you; and really, Jack, I think you're a very tiresome doll. You aren't satisfied the way you say dolls always are. You've done nothing but grumble and growl all the time.

JACK. But that's because you treat me badly.

PUNCH. I treat you just as you always treated me.

JACK. Well, anyway—

PUNCH. I don't want to hear another word from you. I'm going to give you away. I'm tired of you; you don't behave well at all.

JACK. Me? Going to give me away?

PUNCH. Of course. I'm going to pack you away in this trunk and send you off to a poor little Indian boy out in Dakota. (*Picks* Jack *up and throws him into the trunk.* Jack *howls.*) Judy, don't you want to give Mollie to the Indians?

MOLLIE. Oh, please don't, Judy! I'll be an awfully good doll—

JUDY. No; I wouldn't give Mollie away for anything. I'm going to take her out for an airing in the carriage.

[*Assists* Mollie *into the carriage and rolls her out through the door.*

JACK (*from trunk*). Look here, Punchy. Don't send me off to Dakota. What 'll my father say?

PUNCH. Humph! he won't say anything. He doesn't care anything for dolls. I should think you'd know enough to know that. Men of his age have something else to think about.

JACK. I know that; but you don't seem to remember that I'm not really a doll.

PUNCH. But you are. You are nothing else. You wished to be a doll, and the fairy granted your wish. If your father wants me for a son, he can have me. I think he'll be rather pleased at the change, because I heard him say last night after you had gone to bed that he didn't know what to do about you, you were getting so wild.

JACK. Well, anyhow, take me out of this trunk until we have settled the matter, will you? It's awfully stuffy in here.

PUNCH. All right; I will. (*Takes* Jack *out.* Jack *sits on edge of trunk.*) I'm not severe. I don't want to make you uncomfortable, particularly since you'll have to be locked up in there for seven or eight days. I'm going to send you to Dakota by freight.

JACK. Now see here—

PUNCH. I'm seeing, my boy. You'll have a fine time out with the Indians. The children may leave you out in the wet grass all night occasionally, but you won't mind that. Dolls haven't any feelings, you know, and they're *always* satisfied, whether it rains or shines, and as for—

*Door opens. Enter* Mr. Prattkins.

PRATTKINS. Jack!

PUNCH. I'm taking Jack's place to-day, sir.

PRATTKINS. Oh, you are, eh? How's that?

JACK. I wished I was a doll, and I got turned into a doll. Punch was turned into me.

PRATTKINS. Well, that's good for you, because I've come up here to see you about something very particular.

PUNCH. Dear me! I wonder what's up?

PRATTKINS. Your school teacher came in to see me to-day, and he told me that you wouldn't study. Now, what have you to say for yourself?" [Punch *tries to sneak out of the door.*

JACK. I'm only a doll, papa. He's me.

PUNCH. Oh, that's only a joke, Mr. Prattkins. I'm not him.

JACK. Yes, he is me too, papa. He's been trying to cut my head off to see what I'm stuffed with, and he ate my apple-sauce.

PUNCH (*seriously*). Oh, I know, but I was only fooling.

PRATTKINS. Oh, indeed! Well, we'll see about that. Did you eat Jack's apple-sauce?

PUNCH. Well, yes; but—

PRATTKINS. Never mind the buts. Did you try to cut his head off to see what he was stuffed with?

PUNCH. That's only a custom. Every boy does that to his doll.

PRATTKINS. Ah, then you *are* the boy and *he* is the doll?

PUNCH (*desperately*). I suppose so.

JACK. He was going to send me away to the Indian children in Dakota, too.

PRATTKINS. Well, under the circumstances, I think I'll make no mistake in giving you what I came to give Jack. Come on.

[*Seizes* Punch *by the arm and pulls him from the room.* Punch *struggles vainly.* Jack *roars with laughter.*

JACK. Hooray! It isn't so bad after all. (*Sounds of whacking from next room.* Punch's *voice is heard in howls.*) Ho ho! Ha! ha! he!

[*Laughs so hard that he falls over backward in the trunk. Door opens. Enter* Judy, *with* Mollie *in baby carriage.*

JUDY. There, Mollie. Wasn't that a nice ride?

MOLLIE. Fine; but I couldn't help thinking of poor Jack all the time, going out to the Indians.

JUDY. He'll never go. Punch won't send him. (Punch *appears at door crying.*) Why, Punchy dear, what is the matter?

PUNCH. Matter enough. Jack's father was just in here, and I got one of Jack's thrashings in his place. I wish—

JUDY. Hush, Punch. Don't wish that. Don't you remember what the fairy said? We can keep just as we are as long as we want to, but the minute we wish we were back again we lose it all.

PUNCH. I don't care. I'm not going to stay this way if I'm to get all the lickings that Jack ought to have. So I wish things were as they were.

JUDY. Don't, Punch, don't!

PUNCH. It's too late, Judy—too late. I can't help wishing it.

[Jack *begins to move slightly, stiffly at first, and then actively.* Mollie *sways her head as power of movement returns to her, where* Punch *and* Judy *grow stiff and then fall to the floor.*

JACK (*gleefully*). Hurrah! We're all right again.

[*Dances around the room.*

MOLLIE. Yes; but I'm sort of sorry, Jack. Judy treated me very well.

JACK. Well, Punch didn't treat me well, and I'm going to make him suffer for it.

*Enter* Mr. Prattkins.

PRATTKINS. He did suffer for it. He got something I had stored up for you.

PUNCH (*from the floor*). Yes; but I'll gladly give it back.

JACK. No, Punchy, no. Far be it from me to deprive you of that. Keep it, my boy, and I forgive you.

[*Assists* Punch *to rise.* Jack *stands at right. Next to him is* Punch. *In center is* Mr. Prattkins, *then* Judy, *and at left stands* Mollie. Mollie *assists* Judy *to rise. They stand in a semicircle.*

MR. PRATTKINS:

We think 'tis very clear to all who've watched our pranks to-night
That that which is is gen'rally about the thing that's right.

PUNCH.

The children who were sorry that they were not dolls, like us—

JUDY

Discovered that as dollies they were quite ridiculous.

JACK:

While dolls who thought it would be fun to take the children's place—

MOLLIE:

Were soon discovered putting on a melancholy face.

MR. PRATTKINS:

From whence, 'tis very evident,
'Tis always well to be content,
Whatever be your lot,
And not go moping here and there,
A prey to dire and dark despair,
Because you're not some otherwhere,
Or something that you're not.

[*They dance with glee.*

CURTAIN.

## FRED FOLGER'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

BY HERBERT LAWS WEBB.

FRED FOLGER was one of those fortunate boys blessed with "all-around" tastes. He took as keen an interest in baseball or football or bicycling or skating as any crank who can talk of nothing but his favorite sport at all hours and seasons. But although Fred could hold his own with most boys in every out-door game, he was far ahead of most of them when it came to things that generally belong indoors. He had a natural gift for using his hands well, and he was an expert carpenter and joiner and a fair mechanic by the time he was fifteen years old. Then he got switched off to chemistry through seeing some experiments done by a friend of his father, an analytical chemist. For some time Fred spent most of his money in chemicals, and all of his spare half-hours in making explosions and abominable smells in the little room where he had been allowed to establish his workshop and laboratory.

It was not long, however, before Mrs. Folger made a forcible objection against the explosions and the bad smells that Fred's chemical experiments usually ended in. In fact, she forbade them altogether, and as Fred found it extremely difficult to carry out any experiments that did not sooner or later lead up either to an ear-splitting report or a smell that went all through the house, he was obliged to give up practical work with his retorts and beakers and test tubes. Most luckily it so happened that just at this time one of his grown-up cousins, who was an electrical engineer, took him over one of those great buildings in New York which simply throb with electricity. Fred saw all sorts of curious electrical instruments and machines, and although he could not understand half of what he saw, or much of what was told him about it all, he was so impressed that he promptly resolved to become an electrician.

He had never fairly been able to make up his mind before. Sometimes, when he was out boat-sailing, he thought a sailor's life must be the only one worth living. After that there was nothing for him but electricity, and in about a year he had gathered together a collection of batteries and coils and magnets and strange-looking instruments of all sorts that completely put to shame the bottles and crucibles that formed his chemical laboratory. Fred's mother was quite satisfied with his new hobby, because not only were there no explosions nor smells nor clothes burned away by acids, but, on the other hand, the results promised to be quite useful.

Before Fred had been studying electricity very long he fitted up a complete set of electric bells in the old-fashioned country house, which had never before boasted of any such convenience. Then he added burglar alarms to the doors and windows, and telephones from parts of the house to the servants' quarters. It was true that the bells often would not ring for a whole day at a time, that the burglar alarms occasionally went off of their own accord at very awkward hours, and also that the orders given over the telephones were generally misunderstood. But Fred's father and mother were so pleased with his ingenuity that they put up with trifles like these without much complaint. His younger brothers and sisters, however, chaffed him unmercifully, and told him that he had better stick to the boots and shoes in which the family fortune had been made.

Just at the time that this story opens Fred had determined to plan a Christmas surprise for those same younger brothers and sisters of his. He had resolved that it should be something highly original, and that it should be something electrical—just to show them that he could do a great deal with his batteries and wires and magnets, in spite of their lack of faith. But for the life of him he could not hit upon a good scheme. He did not want it

to be a mere practical joke, without any point to it, but something really clever and interesting and mysterious, and at the same time quite scientific.

One day he was in the workshop, idly turning over the things that littered the table, and thinking of the problem he had set himself, when in came Jack Hastings, one of his favorite chums. Fred and Jack were boon companions in all sorts of games and sporting expeditions, but when it came to science, or, in fact, in-door work of any sort, Jack was not in it. Indeed, he took not the least interest in anything of the kind, and laughed at Fred for his devotion to his "junkshop," as Jack called the laboratory.

"Now, then, Fred, old chap, leave these rattletraps alone and come along. The ice on the small pond bears beautifully this morning, and we can practise the double grape-vine." As Jack spoke he brandished a pair of gleaming club skates in front of him to show that he meant what he said. It was the first good frost of the winter, and he expected to see Fred, who loved skating, start up without a moment's hesitation; but Fred did not stir.

"Sit down a minute, Jack," he said. "I'm trying to think of something, and I can't get hold of the right idea."

"What's the matter? Bell's gone wrong again, or did the cook send up hot water when you telephoned for more biscuits at breakfast?"

"No, you scoffing beggar. The bells have worked splendidly for over a week, and as for the telephones, they talk all right, but the stupid creatures don't know how to use them, and they're too silly to learn. No, I'm trying to *invent* something now."

"Oh! This is getting serious. Edison will have to go out of business if you start inventing. I suppose we shall be seeing your picture in the newspapers soon."

"Now, Jack, stop your chaff and see if you can't give us an idea. I want to get up a Christmas surprise for the young 'uns. Something to go by electricity, you know."

"H'm! Why not give 'em an electric shock when they're all in bed, and pretend it was Santa Claus going his rounds?"

"I'm afraid they wouldn't see the fun of that, and I don't quite see the point of the joke myself."

"No more do I. But you wanted a suggestion, you know. And it would be mysterious enough."

"Yes. A jolly sight too mysterious; and it would give Santa Claus a bad character."

"Well, you might rig up an electrical Santa Claus. Put electric-lights in his eyes, and make him go round and glare at them all."

"Good gracious, Jack! do you want me to frighten all the children to death? Besides, I can't make a figure walk by electricity, or talk either."

"I don't know about walking, but as for talking, how about the phonograph? Those ridiculous talking dolls say things, and you can tell what they say—if you know it beforehand. Surely you can get up something better than that."

"It's not so easy as you think. You chaps that don't go in for science think that things can be done just as easily as talking about them; but it's a precious sight more difficult than you imagine when you come to rig up apparatus."

"Very likely, Freddy, my boy. Anyhow, I'm not going to give you any more ideas, as you sit on them all so hard. So you may just get your skates and come along."

Jack was a couple of years the elder of the two, and was the leader in all sports and games. Fred obeyed, and the two spent almost all the rest of the day on the ice. But Fred was nearly all the time thinking of his pet scheme, and his heart was not in his skating. So he made rather poor work of the difficult figures that he and Jack were practising together, and he got soundly raked over the coals for his clumsiness.

The idea of the phonograph stuck in his mind, and the more he thought it over, the surer he felt that something might be done in that direction. The trouble was that although he had often seen the phonograph, and had listened to it, and knew how it worked, he scarcely felt equal to making one. He could not afford to buy one, and did not want to ask his father for the money, as whatever he did, he wished it to be a complete secret.

That evening, after the younger ones had gone to bed, Mrs. Folger said, "By-the-way, Fred, I was reminded to-day how near Christmas is getting by a letter that came from Uncle Alec."

"Oh, I suppose he'll be back all right."

"Well, I am afraid not. He doesn't expect to be able to sail from England until just a week before Christmas."

"That would be too bad. Why, Christmas without Uncle Alec wouldn't be like Christmas at all."

"No. I am afraid the children will be terribly disappointed."

"But does he really say he won't be able to start before that?"

"He seems to be pretty certain about it. He says that by coming straight through he may get here late on Christmas day itself."

"What a pity! Why, it's on Christmas eve that we always have all the fun, and things won't go off at all without him."

"No, they won't, I'm afraid. I almost think we shall have to get James Bartlet up here to take his place."

Fred laughed at his mother's suggestion, and went off to bed feeling very disappointed at the thought of his uncle's expected absence from the family Christmas gathering.

Now Uncle Alec was Mrs. Folger's brother and the children's favorite uncle. He was a bachelor; a big, hearty, good-natured man, full of life and spirits, and always ready for a romp or a game of any sort. He was devoted to his nephews and nieces, and they to him. As Fred had put it, Christmas without Uncle Alec wouldn't seem like Christmas at all, and especially Christmas eve, when it was the custom of the family to have a grand festive gathering — the great day of days itself being spent in a quieter manner. Fred did not think very seriously of his mother's reference to James Bartlet. James Bartlet was one of the foremen at the factory, and his likeness to Uncle Alec was a standing joke with the family. He was a big strong man, and had a heavy black mustache and black hair, just like Uncle Alec, and his deep voice was so like Uncle Alec's that, except for a little difference in accent and pronunciation, you couldn't tell which was speaking if either called out from a little distance.

The next morning Fred had an idea. It was such a splendid idea that at first it quite took his breath away. He was cudgelling his brains about the phonograph, and at the same time he happened to think of James Bartlet, and in that way the idea came. From that moment he determined that Uncle Alec should take part in the Christmas-eve festivities whether he arrived in time or not.

With Fred to plan a thing was to act, and he at once set to work to make a phonograph. He knew how it was made, what the important parts were, and how they worked; but in spite of all his knowledge and all his efforts, he could not rig up a phonograph that would talk properly. He got a few squeaks and grunts, but that was all. Scarcely a word would come out distinctly.

After spending a day in the town dropping all his spare nickels—and a good many that he could not spare—into the slots of the phonographs in the druggists' and hotels,



HE FILED AND HAMMERED AND SAWED AND SCREWED.

he decided that, after all, a phonograph would not do, and he went home very much cast down. It was very hard to find that his beautiful idea was no good after all. What was the use of a phonograph that would only talk for a few minutes—three or four at the most? Such things ought to be put down; they were only a hindrance to people who wanted to do things scientifically.

In the evening Fred was very glum and low-spirited. He felt quite unable to give his mother his usual cheerful account of the day's doings.

"What's the matter, Fred? You seem quite out of sorts to-night. What did you do in the town to-day?"

"Oh, nothing in particular, mother dear. I saw one or two of the fellows about the next football match, and I listened to a lot of those idiotic phonographs. Stupid things! all bands and cornet solos and 'whistling coons.' And they stop just when you're getting interested and want 'em to keep on."

Mrs. Folger laughed merrily. "Why, I'm surprised to hear you running down your favorite scientific marvels, Fred."

"Well, what's the use of a scientific marvel if you can't use it just when you want it?"

"Ah! That's what I have often thought. That seems to be a little habit that some scientific things have." As she spoke Mrs. Folger glanced slyly at the telephone hanging on the wall.

"Now that's too bad, mother. I'm sure the telephone's all right if people would only use it properly," said Fred, with quite an injured air.

"Yes, dear. No doubt it's all our fault. What a pity now that your uncle Alec couldn't telephone to us from London! How nice that would be!"

Fred jumped up from his chair with a bound. "Oh, I beg pardon, mummy darling," he said, as he saw her startled look. "I've forgotten something I wanted to do in the workshop;" and he flew off like a shot.

The next morning Fred was working away in high glee with wires and magnets and boxes and cylinders. He felt he was on the right track this time, and there would be no other hitch to spoil his plans. He filed and hammered and sawed and screwed and fitted and joined and wound wire and cut out plates of metal, putting things together and pulling them to pieces again, adjusting and trying every part—just like a feverish inventor eager to finish the model of some wonderful machine that is to bring him fame and fortune.

This went on for some days, and by that time Fred had turned out several curious looking things. He talked and bellowed to them, and altogether made a great deal of noise with them. Naturally, this disturbed the rest of the household somewhat; but Fred would allow nobody in to see what he was doing, although they could all hear that he was doing a great deal. He paid several mysterious visits to the factory, and somehow he seemed to be greatly interested in James Bartlet's department, and spent much of his time in that worthy foreman's little den, talking earnestly and going over papers with him. For those few days James scarcely got time to eat his dinner properly, as he had to look after his work, and could only attend to Fred during the dinner-hour.

The last day or two before Christmas, Fred was busy putting up various wires about the house, and when he was asked what they were for, he said, vaguely, that some more bells were needed. Nobody else seemed to think there were; in fact, some of them thought there were too many bells already, and said so, but that did not disturb Fred at all.

Finally Christmas eve came, and no Uncle Alec. In the middle of the day Mr. Folger came in with a telegram he had received at the factory, and was about to read it out to the children, when his wife touched her forefinger to her lip, warningly; so he said nothing. Everybody was disappointed at the prospect of Christmas eve without Uncle Alec, and there was not half the noise and excitement that usually reigned. At tea-time Fred made a little speech, much to the astonishment of his brothers and sisters. With an air of extreme seriousness and importance, he said:

"You are all very sorry to know, as I do—no, I mean, as I am—I mean, er, as I—we are all very sorry that Uncle Alec will not come—will not be—will not arrive home in time to be with us here to-night. We are always glad to see him, to have him with us; but this is a time—this is a day—I mean a night—er, rather, at this season it seems that we miss—we cannot get on without him. (Shut up, Johnnie, will you? Stop kicking!) Now, Uncle Alec has not been able to get here. No doubt he has tried; no doubt he is as anxious to come as we are to see him. But he has to come a long journey, and ships are slow, and so are trains, when one wants to get home to spend Christmas. [Applause.] Now, although ships and trains are slow, electricity is fast, wonderfully fast, marvellously rapid." Fred began to get eloquent. "Some of you"—glancing severely around—"are fond of jeering at the things electricity does in this house. But by electricity, by making use of some of its wonderful powers, I have brought Uncle Alec's voice here to-night ahead of him, and if you will follow me into the nursery, you will hear what he has to say for himself."

At this Fred brought his little speech to a full stop and started off for the nursery, directly across the hall. His brothers and sisters, half inclined to giggle, but still wondering what it all meant, followed in a troop. Mr. and Mrs. Folger and the grown-ups brought up the rear, looking quite serious.

In the nursery the gas was turned rather low. The big table was pushed back from the middle of the room, and a row of chairs was arranged in front, with a good space

in between. On the table stood a box about the size of a soap-box in fact, it looked rather like one and from the side of the box there came out a large funnel, or trumpet. Fred stood by the table, and when everybody had sat down, he explained things.

"Now this is one of the finest inventions in electricity. By this machine, that is called the phonograph, you can bottle up a voice or a song or a band, and let it out again whenever you want. That is what I have done with Uncle Alec. He can't be here himself, but as you can do so many things by electricity, I have got his voice here, and that is better than nothing. I now push down this handle and start the machine."

As Fred spoke he pressed on a little handle at the side of the box. There was a rattling and clicking, and then the trumpet began to speak. It spoke out loud:

"Good-evening, my little nephews and nieces. I wish you a merry Christmas. I am very grieved not to be with you to-night, as I have always been before, to have lots of fun. I should like to be with you very much, and I am very sorry only to be able to send my voice."

Here the voice broke off into a cough, and there were some dull thuds from the trumpet, as if the voice were stamping its feet. It was a curious rasping sort of voice, yet it was Uncle Alec's—or it sounded like Uncle Alec talking in a box. The children looked at each other and wondered, and Muriel, the youngest, clutched hold of her mother's hand and nestled up close to her.

"It's very cold where I am. It's not so cold in England as it is in America; at least, it don't snow so much. I hope you will all be very grateful to Mist—to Fred, for bringing my voice to you like this. He can do lots of clever things with electricity, and after this you mustn't joke if sometimes a bell don't always ring when it ought to. Now I must tell you what a lot of nice things I am going to bring you when I do git home."

By this time it began to strike some of the elder ones that Uncle Alec's accent sounded very funny through the phonograph. Fred had coughed and turned very red just as his name was mentioned. Mr. Folger was holding his hand over his mouth as if he had a bad toothache. Still nobody spoke but the trumpet, which went on steadily:

"There was so many lovely things in London an' Paris that it was hard work choosin' what to bring. There was dolls, an' books, an' games, an' candies, an'—an' I don't know what not. I knew what some one wanted, an' I got *that*. I wonder what Mooriel will say when she sees a bootiful doll, dressed up just like Queen Victoree. By jimboree! what's that?"

There was a sort of crack in the trumpet, and the voice stopped. There was a deep silence for a few moments, while Fred stooped over the box and nervously began pressing handles and pulling at wires.

Then Muriel's little voice piped out with a very injured tone: "Why, I do believe it's James Bartlet. He always says 'By jimboree!'"

"Nonsense," said Fred, from among the wires. "Don't be a little goose."

At that moment there was a noise in the hall, and the next instant the door was thrown wide open, and in the doorway stood a big figure covered in snow. Snow was clinging to his mustache and eyebrows, as well as all over his hat and coat, so that he looked like a veritable Santa Claus. A regular shout went up.

"Why, it's Uncle Alec himself!" And they fell upon him in spite of the snow.

"Fred," he called out, "the snow has broken one of your wires, and it fell on the carriage and nearly cut my head off."

"We got your telegram, Alec," said Mr. Folger, quietly; "but we didn't want to spoil Fred's Christmas surprise."

Fred bolted off, saying: "I think I'd better get James Bartlet out of that stable. No good letting him holloa away to a broken wire."



"WHY, IT'S UNCLE ALEC HIMSELF."

## THE PULLMAN STOCKING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

THEY came into the Pullman sleeper just as Christmas eve was closing in, a woman and one small boy. The woman was dressed in widow's clothes freshly made, but of rather cheap material, such, as the lady in the opposite section decided after one glance of her practised eye, as would very soon hang limp, turn brown, and look "sleazy." The boy's suit was a trifle outgrown, and not in the latest style.

But no lack in the matter of clothes could extinguish the beam in the bright eyes which gazed about in childish delight on the fineness of the surroundings, and which met with frank friendliness the gaze of fellow-travellers as he stood up to pass his hand over a panel above his head.

A man in the seat close behind leaned over and spoke to him. It took but a few words, joined with a glance at the kindly face, to loosen the flood-gates of childish talk.

"Yes, we've come, oh! ever 'n' ever so far. We was on a train that something happened to it, on another road, and so we didn't get here to get on this road this morning; we thought we would. So we have to keep on to-night, and that's how 'tis we come into this nice car. We was just in a seat all last night; but mamma said we'd have to have a place to sleep to-night. Handsome here, ain't it?" patting the velvet cushion. "And they make up cunning little beds, just like you has at home, mamma says; only it costs a lot."

The clear treble rang out for the full benefit of the half-dozen nearest neighbors, and just here mamma whispered a few words which checked the flow of information. The round face grew sober with grave speculation, and presently a hand touched the shoulder of the man in the seat behind.

"Say, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on this train?"

"Oh, I really don't know," was the reply. "Well, I suppose not."

"That's what mamma said she s'posed," with a little sigh. "But course he couldn't," with a half-laugh. "Santa Claus has too much to do Christmas eve to be takin' trips."

"And he doesn't travel by rail," some one suggested.

"Course he doesn't," with enthusiasm. "He goes kitin' along with his reindeer, scootin' over the roofs and down the chimleys—my! But," with another sigh, "I don't know how he'll find me!"

"Where did you expect him?"

"Oh, to grandpa's; we're goin' there. And I 'spected to hang up my stockin' there, and I wonder what Santa 'll think when he goes down the chimley and doesn't find my stockin'. Do you s'pose," with a little anxiety, "he'd go back to our old house where we lived 'fore papa died, spectin' to find us there?"

"No, I think not. Santa Claus keeps track of his children, you know."

"I guess so," brightening up; "and he knows me. He's brought me things, oh! dozens of Christmases."

"Then I guess he'll be likely to find you somewhere."

A delighted expression grew on the small face as a keen investigation of the face of the person offering such comforting opinion seemed to result satisfactorily.

"If you're sure he wouldn't forget, though he's got such millions and millions of places to go to. He'll think it strange I ain't there at grandpa's with my stockin'. Well," with another sigh, "I hope he'll get to understand some way; and I hope he'll know I was good, and didn't bother mamma when she said we couldn't get there, for all I wanted to awful bad." There was a choke in the high-pitched voice.

The porter now came to make up the berths, and mamma led the boy to another seat. For a while the clear eyes watched with a pleased admiration all the arrangement of the "cunning little beds." Then mamma drew him into her arms and, as the quiet of approaching sleep fell on him, talked softly of the Christmas eve eighteen hundred years ago, when quiet shepherds watched their flocks, with the clear heavens above, and the star leading to the cradle of the Child for whose sake we love to make Christmas a time of rejoicing for children. Inside the curtains of the berth the pillows for mother and child were laid at opposite ends, in order to give more room, so that the expression of pleasure in the "pretty curtains," "nice little pillows," "warm blankets," with the mixture of delighted giggles was still easily audible.

The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with a smile the smile of the lady across the aisle as she nodded towards the curtains which closed outside the boy who had missed a visit from Santa Claus. Upon the button of the drapery hung a small stocking.

Others paused in passing, and others came on hearing of it, so that before long every one in that sleeper had seen the little Christmas stocking. In the subdued light there may have been tears mingled with the smiles with which it was regarded by those who by force of circumstances were not gathering by some stocking decked fireside; from those whose life had lost the music made by little feet; perhaps sadder by those who had wandered far from home joys and home purity.

"A poor place for that sort of thing, I'm afraid," said the next behind to the lady across.

"Perhaps not so bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and, just as the man, after fumbling in his pocket, dropped a silver dollar in the toe of the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

"Look there!" Four school-girls on their way home for the holidays caught sight of what was going on.

"Well, it isn't often you see a Christmas stocking on its travels. We must scrape up something for it."

A doll was hastily made up of two or three silk handkerchiefs and crowded in, accompanied by nuts and candies from lunch baskets. A boy further down made some lemons into pigs, which nearly filled the stocking.

But the gifts did not stop, for the spirit of the season was fully awakened. Small coins were passed along from one hand to another, and shaken well down into the toe by the man next behind. A woman, with a bag of Christmas gifts for a family of expectant small friends, made a selection from them, and brought her offering.

"Why, the stocking's full," said the man next behind. "But here—this 'll do."

He pulled out a large silk handkerchief, and when she laid her gifts inside tied it by the four corners, and pinned it to the stocking.

The word had passed along, and travellers in the next car came through to take a peep at the travelling stocking. Small trinkets were edged in beside the doll. Scarfs were tied around the stocking, and handkerchiefs filled out with nobody knew what fastened on. In short, if Santa Claus was not travelling on that train some of his near relatives must have been. The child and his mother were hurried out of the car early in the morning.

"Hush—sh sh-sh-sh-h-h h—!" The mother was fairly out of breath with her efforts to keep that boy from arousing the whole car. But the car was ready to arouse, and shouts of laughter mingled with the squeals and giggles and exclamations of delight and amazement.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" Heartfelt greetings followed the two as at length they hurried out.

"He shouldn't have done it—I didn't know," said the mother, looking about in shy gratitude. And with the puff of the engine came the last words of the boy:

"But, mamma, if I hadn't done it, how would Santa have known where to find me?"



# A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER. Music by ETHELBERT NEVIN.

*Allegretto semplice.* *mf*

1. When Christmas comes with song and stir, We bring our boughs of pine and fir; Oh!
Christmas comes we light our tree, In cheer and mirth and jol - li - ty, Oh!
Christmas comes, where'er we roam, We hear the mer-ry sounds of home, Oh!
Christmas comes on sea or land, 'Tis love sends gifts from hand to hand, Oh!

*p* *più cresc.* *p*

sweet bells, ring! And all we meet to them we say, "By God's good will be glad and gay, By
sweet bells, ring! Our ta - pers make a star - ry arc, So shone the Star a - cross the dark, So
sweet bells, ring! And bus - y peo - ple on the street, Laugh out when stran-ger - folk they meet, Laugh
sweet bells, ring! But dear - est gift, the Vir - gin's Son, Him - self be - stows on ev - ery one, Him -

*cresc.*

*1, 2, 3 vv. D. S.* *Last verse.*

God's good will be glad and gay." Sing! sing! sing!
shone the Star a - cross the dark. Sing! sing! sing!
out when stran - ger - folk they meet. Sing! sing! sing!
self be - stows on ev - ery one. Sing! sing! sing!

2. When
3. When
4. When

*sempre cresc.* *f*



Two hairy Bruins, one bright day,
Stole Bobs and Wilkes's nice new skates;



And when they got them on they tried
The ice with wondrous show of pride;



Till Mike, the elder, went "Ker-thump!"
And down he came all in a lump.



Jim helped him up, but then their feet
Behaved in fashion indiscreet;



And ere they knew what happened they
Were sliding on the ice this way.



"Once more," cries Jim. "Once get the swing,
And we shall go like anything."



"That's it!" cries Mike. "Hooray! I vow
We bears, you bet, are in it now."



And Mike was right. The two poor wrecks
Were "in it" right up to their necks.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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"WE COULD SEE IT RUSHIN' THRO' THE SEAS JESS AS PLAIN AS IF IT WERE DAY."

See "The Torpedo that was Lost," Page 98

## A TORPEDO THAT WAS LOST.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a clear and beautiful moonlight night. It was also a cold night. There was very little wind to speak of, but there was a biting crispness in the atmosphere, so that any one who was out for a walk felt like keeping up a pretty brisk gait. Henry Hovey and his little brother had been studying their lessons, for school days had come again, and they were not idle boys. When they had finished, a few minutes after eight o'clock, Henry looked out of the window, and exclaimed,

"I tell you, mother, this is a fine night!"

Mrs. Hovey looked out, and agreed with her son.

"Yes," added George, "and how dancy the stars are!"

"I feel dancy myself this sort of weather," said Henry. "Mother, mayn't we go out and run as far as the beach and back? It isn't bed time yet."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hovey; "I think a breath of fresh air will make you sleep better."

"Hurrah!" cried George, snatching up his cap.

The next minute the two boys were bounding over the rough road towards the sea. It was only a short distance, and, according to their custom, they made straight for the old pier. They did not dream of finding the Old Sailor there; but he was there. He was not sitting down. He was standing on the end of the pier, gazing out to sea. He heard the boys' footsteps, and turned his head.

"Waal, waal, waal!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't never 'a' thort o' seein' you out here at night."

"And we didn't expect to see you," replied Henry.

"I s'pose ye jess couldn' stay in no house w'en it were sich a werry fine night out-o'-doors."

"That's it. Mother said a breath o' fresh air would do us good."

"Mother said so, eh? That there mother o' yours—Say, are she made any doughnuts to-day?"

"No; but there are some left from yesterday."

"Werry good, too; *werry*, werry good. An' do you s'pose there might be any tea-leaves in the pot?"

"Maybe."

"An' some hot water in the kittle?"

"Sure to be."

"Also werry good. I were a-thinkin' that p'rhaps you would sleep a little extry better ef you heard about wot this 'ere moonlight night reminded me of."

"Oh, I'm sure we would!" cried Henry.

"But this 'ere pier are not no bed o' down on sich a night, an' ef I were to keep you here a-tellin' o' a yarn I expect your mother wouldn' like it. Moreover, also, an' furthermore, you might git a sore throat."

"Then walk up to the house with us."

"That are about wot I were a-proposin' to do."

"And I'm sure mother will give you a doughnut and a cup of hot tea."

"W'ich the same would be werry agreeable on this 'ere cool evenin', an' I think might werry likely make the yarn a leetle longer."

So the three friends started for the house. On arriving there Henry explained the state of affairs to his mother, and the cup of tea and the doughnut were soon produced.

"Now," said Henry, "what were you thinking about when we found you?"

"W'ich the same I are about to relate to you in a plain an' simple tale o' the sea. It were a werry large an' old-fashioned ship wot I seed out there wot sot me a-thinkin' about a experience wot I had once on to a man-o'-war in furrin waters." The Old Sailor swallowed the last mouthful of tea, and then said: "Thankee, marm. The principal pussonage in this 'ere yarn wot I are a-goin' fer to tell you were a torpedo."

"A torpedo?"

"Yes. Not the kind wot boys throw at sea-farin' gen'lemen on the Fourth o' July, but the kind that is occupied aboard o' war-ships."

"W'at kind is that?"

"A torpedo are a kind o' a invention wot are made out o' copper an' other metal in the shape o' a cigar. It are loaded with gun-cotton or dynamite or some sich stuff to make it go off, an' it has machinery in it to turn a propeller wot makes it go jess like a boat. An' there's a wire to it w'ich the same you keep the end of aboard the ship, an' by electricity you steer the aforesaid, an' make it do most anythin', 'ceptin to talk, w'ich it warn't never intended to do but once—an' then, good-by. The puppose of a torpedo is to blow up a enemy's wessel. You launch the torpedo overboard, havin' started the machinery, an' away she goes at a 20 knot gait, you a-steerin' of her by the electric wire. W'en she hits the other ship you explodes her by electricity, an' the other ship goes to Davy Jones's locker in sections. Are that plain to your mind?"

"Oh yes," said the boys. "Now," added Henry, "tell us about your torpedo."

"Waal," said the Old Sailor, "it were in the Russo-Turkish war. I were knockin' around Europe without no berth w'en it bruk out, an' so I says to myself, says I, here's goin' to be a shindy with chances for prize-money, an' I hurried off an' 'listed. I were not a green hand exactly, 'cause I'd sarved three years on the *Minnesota* an' one year on the *Hartford* durin' a difficulty w'ich ariz betwixt the North'n and the South'n parts of the United States, in w'ich the same we live. Howsumever, I didn't speak any Roosian; but they put me on the cruiser *Skipoffvitch*, w'ere an ossifer wot talked English had charge o' the powder diwision; an' findin' I were an old American man-o'-war's man, he took me into his gang an' put me to work. Before the war got fairly started I knowed all the commands in Roosian; an' w'en a ossifer swalleyed his front teeth, choked, coughed, an' said, 'Ouftik gouvitchsky vod,' I knowed putty well that he meant, 'Cast loose and purwide,' w'ich is the order to git everythin' ready fer to load up and shoot.

"The business o' this 'ere cruiser *Skipoffvitch* were pecul'ar an' aggrawatin'. I s'pose you know that there are a passage o' water connectin' the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, an' that the Black Sea are chiefly inhabited by Roosians. Leastways, you ought to know it, an' if you don't, what fer do you study geoggerfy, w'ich the same I s'pose you have at school."

"Oh, yes," said Henry; "and the strait you mean is the Bosporus."

"W'ich the same it isn't," said the Old Sailor. "The strait wot I'm alludin' to are the Dardanelles, not the Bosporus. The *Skipoffvitch* were engaged in hangin' around, dodgin' in an' out among the islands o' the Greek Archipelager for the purpose o' prewentin' any Turkish man-o'-war from Constantinople from gittin' out an' away into the Mediterranean. There was plenty o' Roosian ships in the Black Sea to head 'em off if they tried to run up to Odessa or sich ports, an' we wanted to keep 'em shut up in the Sea o' Marmora, w'ere they couldn't do no harm to nothin' 'ceptin' their own perwisions. Waal, to prewent this 'ere story from growing as long as our cruise, I'll jess skip over a month or so, an' come down to the partikler occasion w'en that torpedo got lost. Fust and foremost lemme ask you whether you ever saw a dry gale o' wind?"

"You mean a gale when it doesn't rain and the sun often comes out from behind the clouds?" said Henry. "Oh yes, I've seen that kind of a gale right here on this coast often."

"Werry good, too," said the Old Sailor, gazing out into the bright moonlight at the ships in the harbor, and laugh-

ing heartily, but without a sound. "Only in this 'ere gale wot I'm a-tellin' of the moon were more notable than the sun, 'cause what this story are about happened at night. It had been a-blowin' a howlin' dry gale fer two days, an' the Cap'n allowed that it would be better fer us to go an' lie up under the lee o' a werry small an' low island jess outside o' the entrance to the Dardanelles, w'ere a lookout at the topmast head could see any wessel wot might try to come out, while our ship could be ridin' werry snug to her anchors. Bless you, how it war blowin'! The clouds were sizzlin' across the sky like great buckets full o' spray, an' every oncet in a while the moon would come shootin' out from behind one o' 'em like a white-hot cannon-ball. The sea were roarin' like ten thousand mad bulls, an' the combers were breakin' on every wave. To make things all the more interestin', the sea war alive with phosphorescence, an' every comber that broke looked as if she was on fire. It were nigh on to the most grandest night wot I ever seed at sea. Every time a sea hit our cruiser under the bow the spray 'd fly up around the cat-heads like flames, an' I'm blamed ef it didn't make even me feel creepylike sometimes. 'Cause w'y? It didn't look real, it didn't, but more like a sort o' a burnin' ghost o' a sea. Leastways, that's wot I says to myself standin' right there on the starboard side o' the forec'sle deck of the Roosian cruiser *Skipoff ritch*

"Waal, we was a-gittin' well up under the lee o' the aforesaid island w'en the lookout let us know that he seed a sail, w'ich the same looked like a man-o'-war. One o' the ossifers went aloft an' took a look, an' then he came down in a great deal o' a hurry, an' after that there was a great lot o' whisperin' among the ossifers on the quarter-deck. Putty soon some orders was gave, an' I made out that the wessel comin' out war steerin' such a course that she'd pass close around the south end o' the island, an' not more 'n 700 yards from where we were a-proposin' to anchor. The Cap'n's idee were that she wouldn't see us in behind the island, an' she'd be right on top o' us afore she knowed anythin', an' we'd just blow her into flinders with a torpedo. I didn't think it were much o' a night fer torpedo practice, but as I weren't an ossifer, but a seaman, I were not supposed to think. There warn't no question about her bein' a Turk, 'cause none o' our ships from the Black Sea could 'a' got through the Bosporus noway at all.

"The torpedo were got ready, an' I stood by with the rest o' the launchin' crew. We waited an' waited, an' putty soon, arter we'd waited about an hour, the ship hove in sight off the point. She were a great high-sided, old-fashioned hooker, an' she were a sort o' a greenish-white, like moonlight, or a iceberg at night, from waterline to truck. I tell you, boys, that there wessel gave me the shivers the werry minnit I see her. An', bless you! although it war blowin' a gale, that craft had every stitch o' canvas set; yet she were a-creepin' along like she war tired. The torpedo ossifer he didn't seem to notice nothin', but give the order, an' the torpedo were launched.

"We could see it rushin' thro' the seas jess as plain as if it were day, on account o' the phosphorescence an' the moonlight, an' I says to myself, says I, that the other ship would see it too, an' would let loose on it with her rapid-fire guns, ef she had any. But blow me for a porpoise ef she paid any attention at all to it. 'They're all asleep,' says our Cap'n, laughin', 'an' in a second they'll all be in eternity.' Our torpedo ossifer were fairly dancin', he were so excited. The torpedo were steerin' beautiful, an' war goin' as straight fer the ship as a bullet at a target on shore. The wire were runnin' out at a 16-knot gait, an' the electric sharp stood by to press the key w'en he got the order. In a few short seconds we saw the torpedo right under the strange wessel's side.

"'Ouamphkth!' screeched the torpedo ossifer.

"The electric feller pushed down the key, an' we all held our breaths, a-lookin' at the stranger an' waitin' fer the explosion

"Pst! That there wessel went out."

"Did what?" exclaimed the boys.

"Went out—jess like gas wot's turned off. There warn't no explosion at all; not a sound; but the icebergy-lookin' ship warn't there. That's all."

"But the torpedo?"

"That weren't there, either. The wire fell slack an' stopped runnin' out, an' w'en we hauled it all in the end were jess burnt off, an' smelled like all the brimstone in creation 'd got on to it. We had to chuck it overboard, or else the hull crew 'd been suffercated."

"And what became of the white ship?"

"My young friend, there is some questions wot can't be answered."

"But what was she?"

"It ain't fer me to say wot she were," said the Old Sailor, very gravely, "but it's allus been my solemn conwiction that them there Roosians tried to torpedo the *Flyin' Dutchman*, w'ich the same you can't."

## SANTA CLAUS WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

BY H. G. PAINE.

"I GUESS you'll find John Amos out in the studio, James; he's been spending most of his time out there lately. Up to some tinkumboberation or other, I reckon," said Mrs. Prendergast, Jack Prall's grandmother, to Jimmy Atwater, in answer to the latter's anxious inquiry at the living-room door.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Jimmy; "the correctness of your surmise as to the nature of his occupation is borne out by the scene of his activities."

"Dear me!" said the old lady to her daughter, as Jimmy bowed himself out and shut the door, "who'd ever 'a' thought that Sam'l Atwater's son would have had such a command of language; and Sam a deaf-mute from his birth!"

"Come along, Frogsy," said Jimmy to his companion, Fénélon de Smith, whose nickname was a delicate schoolboy tribute to his alleged French ancestry; "Jack's in the studio."

A few steps brought the two boys past the house to the small barn in the rear of the lot, in the loft of which Jack's "studio" was located. As they entered they noticed that the ladder leading to the studio had been drawn up, and that the trap-door was closed. On the under side of the trap was a notice in large black letters,

THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!

"There!" said Fénélon; "what did I tell you? He's working at something he's keeping secret. He won't come down. I stood here and yelled for ten minutes yesterday, and couldn't get a word from him."

"Oh, that's only because you don't belong to It," said Jimmy. "I'll bring him down soon enough. Just step outside and shut the door, please."

Fénélon went out with a perplexed look on his face. As soon as he had closed the door he turned around and looked in through the key-hole. Then he turned away. "No, I won't do that," he said to himself; "that's a mean trick; but it's pretty hard to have so many of the fellows so mysterious with that wonderful society that's so awful secret that they won't even speak the name of it, and not have some curiosity about it. It's probably nothing but

a lot of stuff and nonsense, anyhow. I wish I belonged to it though," he sighed.

Jimmy in the mean time had taken a small billet of wood that hung by a string from a nail, and knocked three times slowly on the floor, then three times in rapid succession. Instantly a similar rapping was heard on the floor above. Jimmy then rapped twice slowly and twice quickly. This was answered by a single rap from above. The trap opened and Jack's head appeared.

"Hullo, Boundless!" he cried. "What's up?"

"You are," replied Jimmy; "come down."

"No; you come up," said Jack, and began to lower the ladder. "I want to see you."

"Frogsy's outside," said Jimmy.

"I know it," answered Jack. "He started to look in through the key-hole, and then thought better of it. Frogsy's improving. I want to see him, too."

In another minute the two boys had climbed the ladder and were standing in the studio. Jimmy had been there many and many a time before. But this was Fénélon's first visit. He saw a large room, taking up half the available space in the loft, which was divided in two by a partition which showed no door or other opening. The room in which he stood was brilliantly lighted by a large skylight. On a work-bench, which took up a good part of one side of the room, were a number of cells of an electric battery, some insulated wire, and other electrical contrivances.

"Fénélon," he said—and that young man looked up in surprise at the use of his own name instead of the nick-name he had expected to hear—"Fénélon, you may wonder why you are admitted to this room, where usually only those chosen few are allowed to venture in who belong to It. Now Fénélon, it is known that you would like to belong to It; but to do that, you must live up to a certain standard. It isn't a very high or impossible standard, because we don't want to keep ourselves out, but it draws the line at all meanness—prying" (Fénélon blushed), "tattling, swearing, lying, smoking, and cruelty to animals and children. Some of the first of these faults you were guilty of when you first came to the High-School, but I know how hard you have worked to overcome them. You are fond of animals and kind to them. Then what makes you cruel to children?"

Fénélon looked up; "I ain't!" he said.

"That's the trouble," said Jack; "you don't realize it. Did you know that you had frightened Jimmy's two little sisters so by telling them ghost stories that they are scared to go to sleep in the dark?"

"Jimmy never said anything to me about that," said Fénélon.

"No," said Jack; "Jimmy isn't that kind of a boy. The question is this: I have invented a way to keep those kids' minds quiet on the ghost subject; will you see me through?"

"What do you mean? What is it?" asked Fénélon.

"It's this," said Jack: "I have rigged up a little electric light. It isn't very big and it isn't very strong, but it's a light; and I can put it in the little girl's room with a button right at the head of the bed, so that if they wake up and feel afraid, they can just touch the button and light up the room, and see that there is nothing to be frightened at. It will cost just one dollar to put it in. That is your allowance for four weeks. Are you willing to put it up for this purpose?"

Fénélon bit his lip, and shuffled his right foot to and fro on the floor.

"Say, are you sure it 'll work?" he asked, suddenly.

"Sure," answered Jack. "See here!" He lifted a small incandescent burner from the table and touched a button which was attached to the same wire. The carbon instantly glowed, and gave out a faint light. "That 'll seem a great deal brighter at night," he explained.

"Say, when can you put it up?" asked Fénélon.

"Oh, any time—this afternoon, the sooner the better," replied Jack.

"Well, boys, I'll go you," said Fénélon. "But really I didn't mean to frighten your little sisters, Jimmy. I'm awfully sorry for what I did, and I'll pay for putting in the light," he continued. "Let's do it right away."

In a few minutes the three boys, loaded with zinc and wire and acid, and all the needed paraphernalia, were on their way to the Atwaters.

It did not take the boys long to fix up the light. The jars of the battery were placed in a box under the bed, to which Jimmy furnished a lock. The wire ran up behind the bed to a button on the wall, then up to the ceiling, and along to about the centre, where the electric-lamp hung.

Fénélon sat on the edge of the bed, and kept pushing the button and then letting go.

On the Friday before Christmas Fénélon came up to Jimmy Atwater when school was dismissed, and said, "Jimmy, I'm afraid that electrical invention of Jack's is going to do as much harm as it's done good."

"How's that, Frogsy?" asked Jimmy, with interest.

"I'll tell you. You know that Bertha and my little sister play together a great deal. Well, last night Thérése asked me if she couldn't have a light like Bertha's, because she wanted to see Santa Claus too. I kept asking her questions, and she told me that Bertha and Bertie have made up their minds to sleep with one ear open, and as soon as they hear anybody in the room they're going to turn on the light and see who it is."

"Dear me!" said Jimmy. "I'm sorry for that. I wonder what we can do?"

"I thought we might get Jack to fix the button so that it wouldn't work on Christmas eve," suggested Fénélon.

"No, that wouldn't do," said Jimmy. "Let's go and ask Jack; he's just ahead."

They soon caught up with him, and explained the situation.

"Oh yes," he said; "I've provided for that. Come into the studio."

The boys went up with him. He went over to an old chest, and pulled out a lot of queer-looking furs.

"There," he said to Jimmy, "take those, and ask your father to put them on when he goes into the children's room to fill the stockings. The children will wake up, they will turn up the light, and they will see Santa Claus, sure. This is the Santa Claus suit I made out of an old buffalo robe last year. It's so big that your father can easily get into it—though he may find it a little short in the legs," he added. "It wasn't any too long for me."

The day after Christmas the three boys met again in the studio to compare presents and experiences.

Fénélon was very anxious to hear about Jack's plan.

"Oh, it was great," cried Jimmy. "Father put on the suit, and mother stuffed it out with pillows. The trousers only came down to his knees, and he wore an old pair of arctics with some bits of fur stuck on. We rigged him up with a white false beard, a pack, and everything like the fairy-tales, and he was the most comical-looking object I ever laid eyes on. Mother and I got laughing so we could hardly stop.

"Well, the joke of it was father went into the room and dropped his pack on the floor with a thump, and the children didn't budge; then he began filling the stockings. But the kids slept as sound as the Seven Sleepers. Then he whacked on the floor two or three times with a baseball bat that I got for Bertie. Nothing would wake those children up. Father came out in the hall, and we had a council of war. Father said he wasn't going to make such a guy of himself all for nothing, so nothing would do but I must bundle up and go out to the stable




BERTHA WAS NEAREST THE BUTTON, AND SHE TOUCHED IT.

and get the string of sleigh-bells. Then I stood outside the door and jingled them until the kids really did wake up. Bertha was nearest the button, and she touched it, and there, sure enough, was Santa Claus caught in the act. It scared her so that she took her finger off the button, and father slipped out in the darkness. All was quiet for a minute. Then they began to discuss which should light up again. Finally, Bertie lighted up again.

"'There,' he said, 'you see, you scared him away.'

"'I don't care,' whispered Bertha; 'he left all the presents.'

"'Then I don't care,' said Bertie; and the next moment they were both fast asleep."

# CADET DAYS:*

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

### CHAPTER VI.

IT takes but little time for a boy to win a nickname in the corps of cadets, though a lifetime may not rid him of it. Physical peculiarities are turned to prompt account, and no account is taken of personal feelings. Certain fixed rules obtain as to the eldest and youngest of each class. They are respectively "Dad" and "Babe." Otherwise a young fellow becomes "Fatty" or "Skinny," "Whitey" or "Cuffy," "Beauty" (if ugly), "Curly" or "Pinky," "Shanks" or "Legs," "Bones," etc., if in anyway remarkable from an anatomical point of view, "Sissy," "Fanny," "Carrie," if rosy-cheeked and clear-skinned, whether otherwise effeminate or not. All these, more or less, depend upon physical charms or faults, and these are apt to be settled at the start. So, too, such titles as "Parson," "Deacon," "Squire." Others come in as lasting mementos of some unfortunate break in recitation or blunder in drill.

But no term or title is so calculated to convey with it so much of exasperation in the case of the plebe, strange as it may seem, as one which is exclusively military. Just why this should be so it is difficult to explain. The end and aim of West Point existence is the winning of a commission, that opens the way to a series, perhaps, of military titles; yet let a plebe be saddled with such an appendage to his name, all the explanations in the world cannot save him from misconception and annoyance.

From the time a new cadet is fairly in uniform and a member of the battalion he has perhaps no higher ambition than that of being made a corporal at the end of his year of probation. It is indeed a case where "many are called but few chosen." Four out of five are doomed to disappointment, but the head of the class in scholarship stands not so high in cadet esteem as he who heads the list of officers. To be made senior corporal at the end of the first year, and, as such, acting sergeant-major, or first sergeant throughout camp in the absence of Second Class or furlough men, is to be the envied of almost every other yearling; but to have conferred upon one in his plebe camp by common consent the title of "Corporal" carries with it a weight of annoyance little appreciated.

It was Geordie Graham's luck to begin his very first tour of guard duty with this luckless handle—that, too, coupled with the diminutive of "Pops."

Geordie swallowed all comments, vigilantly walking the post assigned him, paying strict attention to the instructions given him every few moments by the officers of the guard. Time and again as a boy he had played at walking post in front of the doctor's quarters, punctiliously saluting officers in the daytime, and sternly challenging after dark before being hustled off to bed. All this stood him in good stead now. He had studied the cool, professional way of the regulars on sentry duty, and looked far more at home on post this bright July day than any of his classmates. Both Lieutenant Allen, who was officer

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 732.

in charge, and Cadet Captain Leonard, who was officer of the day, said, "Very well indeed, sir," as he repeated the long list of his instructions.

It galled him to think that when gentlemen of their standing should treat him with such respect, and when the general regulations of the army provided that all persons of whatsoever rank in the service should observe respect towards sentries, so many old cadets, lolling in the shade of their tent flies in Company A, so many classmates skipping along inside his post on the path leading to the shoeblack's or to the water-tank, should make audible comments about the "corporal on post."

His life had been spent on the frontier, where the safety of the camp depended on the vigilance of the sentry, and where no man high or low, behaved towards a soldier on such duty except with the utmost respect. He remembered what McCrea had told him, that even as a sentry on post—indeed, more so at such times than at any other, so long as he was green and unaccustomed to the duty—it was the habit of the old cadets in the old days to "devil" and torment the plebe in every conceivable way. But Geordie argued that he was not green. He knew the main points of sentry duty as well as any cadet, though nowhere are the finer points, the more intricate tests, so taught as they are at the Military Academy.

It was actually his misfortune that he knew so much. Geordie Graham might have been spared many an hour of trouble and injustice and misrepresentation had he not been imbued with the soldier idea of the sacred character of the sentinel. It was one thing to submit to the unwritten laws and customs of the corps of cadets so long as they were applied to him in his personal capacity. It was a very different matter, however, in his judgment, to be interfered with or molested as a member of the guard.

His first "two hours on" in the morning passed without material annoyance, for most of the corps were out of camp at drill. At dinner-time, after marching down with the guard, he found his classmates at the B Company table, to which he had been assigned, awaiting his coming with no little eagerness; but as the yearlings began their quizzing the instant he took his seat and unfolded his napkin, Frazier and Burns were forced to be silent. Connell had remained with the relief posted at camp during the absence of the battalion, so Pops had his fire to undergo all alone. The Third Class men hailed him, of course, by his recently discovered title.

"Ah! the cavalry corporal of Camp Coyote!" exclaimed Mr. Riggs, the nearest of his tormentors. "Corporal, suppose that you found your post suddenly invaded at night, sir, by the simultaneous appearance of the general-in-chief and staff on the east, the commandant and corporal of the guard on the west, the superintendent and a brass band on the north, Moses and the ten commandments on the south, and the ghost of Horace Greeley on the other side, which would you first advance with the countersign?"

Mr. Woods, another young gentleman whose years at the Academy had conferred upon him the right to catechise, wished to be informed what Corporal Graham's—or—excuse me, Corporal Pops's—course would be in the event of a night attack of Sioux squaws upon his post. A third young gentleman demanded to be informed if he had ever been regularly posted as a sentry before, and to this question Pops truthfully answered "No, sir," and went on eating his dinner as placidly as he could, keeping up a good-natured grin the while, and striving not to be ruffled.

But Frazier, smarting under his own worriments, jealous, too, of the comments that he had overheard from the lips of fair-minded cadets, who could not but notice Graham's easy mastery of sentry duty, was only waiting for a chance to give Pops a dig on his own account. At last the chance seemed to come, and Benny, eager to show old cadets and new comrades how much more a Beanton High-school cadet knew of sentry duty than a frontier plebe, lucklessly broke forth:

"Nice blunder you made this morning, Graham, turning your back on the officer of the day, instead of facing him and saluting!" And Benny looked triumphantly about him. The other plebes within hearing pricked up their ears, as a matter of course.

"Is that so?" asked Pops. "When was it?"

"Oh, you needn't pretend you didn't see him! I saw you; so did Green here. Didn't I, Green? I spoke of it at the time. You looked right at him as he came around from A Company street past the Adjutant's tent, and instead of stopping and presenting arms you deliberately turned your back on him, and stood facing Fort Clinton while he passed along behind you."

Alas, poor Benny! Even yet he had not begun to learn how dangerous a thing was a little learning. Graham's reply was perfectly quiet and placid.

"I was taught this morning that when an officer passed along in rear of the post without attempting to cross it, simply to stand at a carry, facing outwards. I never heard of its being done any other way."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Benny. "Why, the very first thing a soldier's taught is to look towards the officer he salutes, and never to turn his back. Ain't it so, Mr. Cross?" he asked, confidently and appealingly of the corporal of the guard, who had arisen, listening with a grin on his face while pulling on his gloves.

"You have a heap to learn yet, young man," was the withering reply. "A sentry always faces outward in camp when an officer passes by, even if he passes behind his post, in which case he doesn't even salute. I gave Mr. Graham those orders myself, sir."

Pops was wise enough to hold his peace, and never admit that he knew it all before; nor did he join in the burst of laughter at Benny's expense. Frazier, indignant, discomfited, shamed again before them all, glared wrathfully at his tentmate, as though it were all his fault.

But it would never do to let a plebe come off with such flying colors, argued Mr. Woods, of the yearlings. One after another, insistently, he pressed Geordie with all manner of points in sentry duty, and all that were not broad burlesque were answered correctly, though it was evident that Pops was getting annoyed. At last, just before the order to rise was given, the yearling leaned half-way across the table.

"Now, suppose I was to come, sir, in the dead of night to your sentry post and demand, as your superior officer, that you give me up your gun, what would you do?"

There was strained silence among the plebes for a moment. Geordie's blue eyes, blazing a little, were looking straight into the frowning face of his tormentor.

"Do you mean without the countersign? Without being an officer of the guard?"

"Exactly, sir. Simply as your superior officer; as an old cadet to a plebe, sir."

The answer came in low tone, but without a quaver, and every man at the table heard it.

"I'd let you have it, butt foremost, between the eyes."

The sudden order for Company B to rise, in the voice of the first Captain, put instant end to this exciting colloquy. Foster gave his leg a loud slap of delight. Even Benny rejoiced in the display of what he called "Graham's grit." Mr. Woods made a spring as though to come around to Graham's side of the table, but Cadet Captain Leonard, officer of the day, was standing not forty feet away, and his attention was evidently attracted. A classmate seized Woods by the arm.

"Not here, not now, Jimmy," he cautioned. "We'll tend to that plebe later."

Before the guard broke ranks on its return to camp the battalion had scattered, and the yearlings of Company B

were in excited consultation. A plebe had threatened to strike Woods, was the explanation, and in the unwritten code that has obtained at the Point from time immemorial that meant fight.

"Nothing can be done till he marches off guard to-morrow, Woods," said the First Class man to whom the matter was referred. "That'll be time enough to settle it."

But meantime Geordie was destined to undergo further experiences.

That morning at guard-mounting the junior officer of the guard inspecting the rear rank had very rigidly scrutinized every item of Graham's dress and equipment, handing back his rifle with a look of disappointment, as though he really wanted to find something he could condemn. Even a junior cadet lieutenant seems to consider it a mistake to be compelled to approve of anything a plebe can do.

But presently along came the Adjutant, to whom, as was customary, those old cadets of the guard who desired to "try for colors" tossed up a second time their rifles, inviting his inspection. Trying for colors used to be quite a ceremony in itself. The color-line in camp at West Point extends along the front of what is called the body of camp and parallel with its western side. It is the line along which the battalion holds morning and evening parade, and along which all four companies stack their arms immediately after "troop." The color-bearer furls the flag and lays it upon the centre stacks; a sentry is immediately posted, and there the colors and the stacks remain until 4 P.M., unless it should rain. All persons going in or out of camp must pass around the flanks of the line, and in so doing raise the cap or helmet in salute to the flag. It is the duty of the sentry on colors to see that this is done. Even civilians who may be invited into camp by officers are expected to show the same deference.

Now an ordinary member of the guard has to walk post eight hours during his tour of twenty-four, two hours on and four off; but the color sentries had only the time from about 8.45 A.M. to 4 P.M. to cover—less than two and a half hours apiece—and at night they were permitted to go to their own tents and sleep, while their comrades of the guard were walking post in the dew and darkness or storm and rain; for never for an instant, day or night, are the sentry posts around cadet camp vacated, by authority at least, from the hour of the corps' marching in late in June until the fall of the snowy tents on the 28th of August. It was a "big thing," therefore, to win one of the colors at guard-mounting.

Twenty-one cadet privates marched on every day, eighteen to man the ordinary posts and three the color line, these three being selected by the Adjutant from those whose rifle, equipment, uniform, etc., were in the handsomest condition. Keen was the rivalry, and simply immaculate at times the appearance of the contestants. The Adjutant would not infrequently force a dainty white handkerchief into all manner of crevices about the rifle, or corners of the cartridge-box, wherever dust or rust might collect, and a speck would ruin a fellow's chances.

On this particular morning, however, Mr. Glenn, the Adjutant, was not thoroughly satisfied with his color men. He found some fault with two of those whose rifles were tossed up, and there were only four all told. And so it happened he had made the circuit of the front rank without finding a satisfactory third man, nor had he better success on the right of the rear rank. Coming to Graham, and looking him keenly over from the tip of his pompon down to the tip of his shoes, the Adjutant's soldierly face lighted up with interest.

"What is your name, sir?" he asked.

"Graham."

"Toss up your rifle."

Geordie obeyed, conscious that his knees and lips were trembling a little. Glenn took the beautifully polished weapon, the interest on his face deepening.

"Did you clean this gun yourself, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"If this were not your first tour of guard duty, Mr. Graham, and you had not to learn sentry duty, I would put you on colors." And all the rear rank and file closers and most of the front rank heard him say it.

Now while a plebe must be berated for every blunder he makes, and is perpetually being ordered to do better next time, the idea of his doing so well the first time as to excel the performance of even the "lowest-down yearling" is still more unforgivable in old cadet eyes. It was not until dinner-time, however, that Mr. Glenn's commendation of Corporal Pops began to be noised abroad. The Adjutant, in his dissatisfaction with the yearling candidates for colors, had virtually instituted comparison between them and a plebe marching on for the very first time, and comparisons of that nature were indeed odious. And so it resulted that through no soldierly fault, but rather from too much soldierly appreciation of his duties, Geordie Graham had fallen under the ban of yearling censure, and was marked for vengeance.

This is not a pleasant thing for an old cadet—a very old cadet—to write. There were plenty of Third Class men who, had they heard the Adjutant's remarks as made, and the conversation between Mr. Woods and Graham as it occurred, would have taken no exceptions; but such affairs are invariably colored in the telling, and gain exaggeration with every repetition. There was no one to tell Geordie's side of the story. There were few yearlings who cared to question the Adjutant as to the exact nature of his remarks. Without any formal action at all, but as the result of their own experience the year before and the loose discussion held in group after group, by a sort of common consent it was settled that that plebe must be "taken down." Not only must he be called upon to apologize to Mr. Woods on marching off guard on the morrow, or else give full satisfaction, cadet fashion, in fair fight with nature's own weapons, but he must be taught at once that he had too big an idea of his importance as a sentry. That might be all very well a year hence, but not now.

At the risk of court martial and dismissal if discovered, two members of the Third Class who had just scraped through the June examination, and by reason of profusion of demerit and paucity of brains were reasonably certain of being discharged the service by January, "shook hands on it" with one or two cadets more daring—because they had more to lose—that they would dump Mr. Graham in Fort Clinton ditch that very night; and as Fort Clinton ditch lay right along the post of Number Three for a distance of some sixty yards, that would probably be no difficult thing to do. "Only it's got to be a surprise. That young Indian fighter will use either butt or bayonet, or both," was the caution administered by an older head.

"Keep your eye peeled, Graham," whispered Connell to him just after supper. "Some of those yearlings are going to try and get square with you to-night."

Pops nodded, but said nothing. He had noticed that during supper neither Mr. Woods nor any of the Third Class men at the table looked at or exchanged a word with him. Frazier, all excitement, had overheard Cadet Jennings, one of the famous boxers of the corps, inquire which was "that plebe Graham," and had seen him speak in a low tone to Geordie.

"I have a message for you from Mr. Woods, Mr. Graham," was all that Jennings had said, "and will see you after you march off guard."

Pops well knew what that meant. From many a graduate, and especially from Mr. McCrea, he had heard full account of the West Point method of settling such



"WHO COMES THERE?"

matters. It differed very little from that described by that manliest of Christians, Mr. Thomas Hughes, in his incomparable boy story, "Tom Brown's School-days at Rugby," and Pops had never a doubt as to what his course would have to be. It was one point he could not and would not discuss with his mother, and one his father never mentioned. Pops had said just what he meant to Mr. Woods, and he meant to stand by just what he had said.

But meantime other yearlings proposed to make it lively for him on post that night, did they? Well, Geordie clinched his teeth, and set his square sunburnt jaws, and gripped his rifle firmly as the relief went tramping away down the long vista under the trees. The full moon was high in the heavens, and camp was wellnigh as light as day. A nice time they would have stealing upon him unawares, said he to himself; but his heart kept thumping hard. It was very late—long after one. Only at the guard-tents was there a lamp or candle burning. It was very still. Only the long regular breathing of some sleepers close at hand in the tents of Company A, the distant rumble of freight trains winding through the Highlands, or the soft churning of the waters by some powerful tow-boat, south bound with its fleet of barges, broke upon the night.

Mr. Allen had visited the guard just before their relief was on, and, going back to his tent, had extinguished his lamp, and presumably turned in. It was very warm, and many of the corps had raised their tent walls; so too had Lieutenant Webster, the army officer commanding Company A, and Pops could see the Lieutenant himself lying on his camp cot sleeping the sleep of the just. His post—Number Three—extended from the north end of the color-line, on which Numbers Two and Six were now pacing, down the north side, skirting the tents of Company A; then, with the black deep ditch of Fort Clinton on the left hand, the gravelled pathway ran straight eastward under the great spreading trees, past the wall tent of the cadet first captain; beyond that the double tent of the Adjutant; then near at hand was the water-tank; and farther east, close to the path, the three tents of the bootblacks and varnishers.

The four big double tents occupied by the four army officers commanding cadet companies were aligned opposite their company streets, and some twenty yards away from them. The big "marquee" of the commandant stood farther back still, close to the shaded post of Number Four—and all so white and still and ghostly. The corporal of the relief came round in ten minutes to test the sentries' knowledge of the night orders. Pops challenged sharply, "Who comes there?" and went through his military catechism with no serious error. Half an hour later the clink of sword was heard, and the cadet officer of the guard made the rounds, and still there came no sign of trouble. Twice had the call of the half-hour passed around camp. "Half past two o'clock, and a-l-l's well," went echoing away among the moonlit mountains, and still no sight or sound of coming foe.

"They won't dare, it's so bright a night," said Pops to himself. "Only an Apache could creep up on me here. They have to come from the side of camp if they come at all. They can't get out across any sentry post."

Pacing slowly eastward, his rifle on the shoulder, turning vigilantly behind him every moment or two, he had reached the tank where the overhanging shade was heaviest and the darkness thick. Opposite the shoeblack's tent he turned about and started westward again, where all at the upper end of his post lay bright and clear. He could see the white trousers and belts of Number Two glinting in the moonlight as he sauntered along the northern end of his post. Then of a sudden everything was dark, his rifle pitched forward into space; something hot, soft, stifling, enveloped his head and arms, and wound round and round about him, all in the twinkling of an eye. Cry out he could not. Brawny arms embraced him in a bear hug. Sightless, he was rushed forward, tripped up, and the next instant half slid, half rolled, into the dewy grassy depths of Clinton ditch. Unhurt, yet raging, when at last, unrolling himself from the folds of a drum-boy's blanket, and shouting for the corporal of the guard, he clambered back to his post. Then not a trace could he see of his assailants, not a sign of his beautiful gun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# WHEN THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

MOST days it was the sleepiest little town in the world, a mere huddle of white houses drowsing beside the broad red big road. All about it lay barrens, first cousin of the prairies, their wide level richness cut up into big farms, whose fields, also big, were dotted with bursting barns and cramped white farm-houses, for the most part bare of shade or vine or shrub or flower.

The town houses were cramped too, perhaps because there was so little need for it, but they had each a garden at the back, a few fruit trees, a stumpy evergreen or two in the front yard, and flower borders running each side the walk that led from the sagging white gate to the narrow front door. Porches there were none, except, indeed, at Squire Yarbrough's, where the house seemed but an appendage of the veranda, with big white columns running the full stretch of its two stories. There was a projecting shed, it is true, in front of the general store, and a floor that had never been roofed over across the entrance to the American Hotel, which entertained three transient guests in each month of its existence.

That is, except in August. Then for one day it overran. It was when the circus came to town—a great event to all good folks thereabouts. You see, they were not a reading people. Three copies of the county paper was all the literature that came to the post-office. Books they had none, save a few spellers, arithmetics, and so on. And travelling was out of the question, except for such journeys and distances as could be compassed in a half-day's ride upon horseback or in a carriage. They were, besides, too energetic and thrifty to waste much time in visiting. Going to church once a month was the year-long diversion, with a family dinner at Christmas, and maybe a picnic upon the Fourth of July. But all those combined sank out of sight beside circus day, when the country-side met in town for its one glimpse of fairy-land.

So much by way of preface.

Mrs. May stood tying with nervous fingers her smallest boy's cravat. Though it was barely eight o'clock, her house and her family were in company trim. They had need to be; her yard gave full upon the big road along which the Mammoth Grand Aggregation of World-wide Wonders was to make its triumphal entry. It was as certain as anything could be that very shortly all her country friends and kinsfolk would be trooping in to see. And she did want them to find everything shipshape; they had never quite got over her marrying the town blacksmith, when she might have had a farm and a farmer for the taking. Of course with most of them it was no great matter what they felt; except Aunt Jenny, who brought her up, whose heiress she was thought to have been till Jack May came courting her, it was surely worth while to have her impressed that her adopted daughter had not done so badly, after all.

"Now mind, Robadore," she said to the small lad wriggling under her fingers, "if you play any of your tricks to-day—steal Aunt Jinny's snuff-box, or pull out her knitting-needles, or sass back when she scolds you, or—or—do anything at all—you sha'n't go inside the circus day nor night—nor even next year; that you sha'n't."

"I I wisht Aunt Jinny wus in Halifax," sniffled Robadore. "I hate her, I do; seems like I cain't never do nothin' I want to 'cause of her. You went an' named me ter please 'er soon as I wus borned. I don't thank you fer it neither. When I get so's I can write I'm goin' ter put it down Joe-Bob, like gran'pap's. The boys all call me 'Dora' now, an' say it's er gal's name—an' I ain't er gal."

"No, sir-ee; ef you wus, yaed be named Jane Julianna Johnson, after Aunt Jinny!" Jack junior said, with a grin. "Take some comfort in that, Dory," he went on; "besides, ye don't have ter wear dresses—not now."

"You hush!" shouted Robadore, angrily.

Jack laughed aloud, saying: "Well, you did wear 'em till you wus seben years old. Aunt Jinny wouldn't 'a' let ye have britches yet ef pap hadn't put his foot down that ye should. Baa! cry-baby! Whut ye tunin' up fer? Bless its itty heart! Aunt Jinny's brought it some pep'-mints, so she has," Jack said, mimicking his aunt's tone.

Robadore dug his fists hard in his eyes, swallowed a minute, then made a dash at his tormentor, and sent him sprawling on the clean bare floor.

"You Robadore! Dear me! That child will be the death of me," Mrs. May said, dropping the peacock-feather fan that she was about to lay beside a big arm-chair. "I never saw such a little wild-cat," she went on, looking after the sturdy legs twinkling down the path and out of the gate. "You no business teasin' him so, Jack; like as not he won't come near Aunt Jinny all day, and then there will be a nice kittle o' fish. The Lord and Squire Yarbrough only knows how much money she's got, an' what she'll do with it—let erlone the land. An' I ain't after it, not fer myself, but you children."



WITH TRAMP OF ELEPHANTS.



BETWEEN SOLID HUMAN RANKS THE CIRCUS CAME.

"Never you mind 'bout us, mammy; we kin work, like pap does, an' make er bushel er money, an' ask nobody no odds," Jack said, rubbing his head where it had struck the bare planks.

His mother looked troubled. It was clear that she had ambition for her sons. "That's all mighty well, talkin' erbout work," she began, when a noise of wheels at her gate sent her flying out to welcome the first-comers.

They were a wagon-load, all in the gayest good-humor.



"WELL, MY PRETTY YOUNG MAN, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

A tall young fellow drove, standing upright on the hard springless bottom, and flourishing his long whip over the two sleek mules, that had bells tinkling over their collars and gay red wrappings on their headstalls. Huddling in the straw back of him were three girls and as many young men. Then came chairs ponderously full of Aunt Jenny and her husband, who each weighed two hundred; last of all, half a dozen small-fry sat promiscuously over as many fat sacks.

"Well, I never! Aunt Jinny, you're gittin' young again! How ever come you in the wagon with these young folks, with two good buggies ter ride in? You oughtn't ter risk it; but, anyway, I'm mighty glad ter see you—see ye all. I've been lookin' fer ye an hour," Mrs. May said, holding out hospitable eager hands.

"Take them cuildren out—keerful," Aunt Jenny commanded, not stirring from her seat. She was a big woman, broad and square and severe-looking as her husband was round and jolly. He got up airily, balanced himself a minute on his tiptoes, and made as if to clamber over the wagon-side.

"Sit down," Aunt Jenny rumbled in a round bass voice that contrasted oddly with his shrill unctuous piping. He dropped at once to his knees, saying, with a funny grimace to the children: "I wus fetched up ter mind my elders an' betters. Jinny's three days older'n me, an', by George! she's always kep' the whip hand o' me on the stren'th of it."

"Mighty I have, ole man," Aunt Jenny said, with the ghost of a grim smile; "but take down that thar tailboard, some on ye. Betty" — to Mrs. May — "thar's er bag o' meal an' two o' flour, an' apples an' pertaters an' things back thar fer ye. Call somebody ter tote 'em in. An' whar's my boy—Robadore?

"Booby? Oh, he's jest run down ter the shop er minit; you know he's er great pappy child," Mrs. May said, diplomatically. "Jack, you run an' tell him Aunt Jinny's come, an' fer him ter come right straight home."

"Seems like everybody's come, or comin'," one of the girls said, as the visitors filed through the gate. "The road wus just one string er wagons an' buggies an' folks on horseback. How many loads did we pass, Teeny?"—to the tall driver.

"Sebenteen. Them mules er mine don't take dust from nobody—not when I'm thar too," Teeny said, standing two inches taller as he straightened himself.

"I lay I've got two kin beat 'em," Aunt Jenny's husband said, with twinkling eyes. His wife gave him a look of tolerant reproof, saying:

"Easy, easy, Nathan. I've always heard tell that self-praise is half scandal; besides, folks at our time o' life is got no business with racin' an' sech vanities. It come ter me, as we druv erlong, this is the fortieth circus I've come to in this yere little town, an' every time they've had somepin new, besides my old favo*rites*. I've always been a-wonderin' how they done it—folks must be powerful smart ter study up sech things."

"They are that," said Teeny, staring at the dead-wall on the other side of the road, whereon lions, tigers, camels, flying horses, leaping ladies, and dancing goats stood out in all the colors of the rainbow; for all the posters came to town, though only a small part of the Mammoth Aggregation managed to reach it. Now and then an elephant or camel was nimble enough to be driven over the twenty miles betwixt town and the railway or the river. Once even there had been a cage of real lions in the procession of gorgeous red and gold chariots, women on white horses, and men betinselled from head to heel. Oftener than not, though, a Happy Family represented the menagerie; but what did that matter, so long as the clown was there, the dancers, the trapeze-men, the lady who jumped through hoops at the crack of the ringmaster's whip—above all, the sellers of pink lemonade and peanuts, albeit everybody thereabout raised his own patch of "goobers," and ate them in season and out? Nobody dreamed, though, of filling his pockets beforehand with the home product. That would have been a false and disgraceful economy—treason indeed to the joyous spirit of the time.

Aunt Jenny, too, looked at the poster with a little half-envious sigh, saying, "I cain't help wishin' they'd either fetch all them things erlong jest one time before I die er else not show them picters; but I d' know neither, the children would miss er heap: they look an' wish an' wish an' look 'most up ter Chris'mus. I remember when I wus little, they never let me come then, but in the fall when father fetched in the lot of us ter git our winter shoes fitted, I used ter jest keep my head out as soon as we got ter the cooper shop in the aidge er town, watchin', watchin' fer whut wus left er the show-bills. They wa'n't nothin' much ter start with—not like they are now—an' whut with the rain an' sun an' boys rockin' 'em 'bout the heads, they wus still less time I set eyes on 'em; but, oh me! didn't I look longin' at 'em, an' say 'at if ever I did git grown an' married I wouldn't miss nary circus, an' shore 'nough I 'ain't."

"No; she tole me as much when I axed her," Uncle Nathan said, laughing cheerily. "But say, Betty, whar's the boys? Jack 'pears ter be sorter like that thar burd Father Noah sent outen the ark."

"Oh, Jack's good ter stay when ther circus crowd's erbout," Mrs. May said, confidently, though far from easy in her mind.

"He's a comin'. But, Robadore—" Aunt Jenny said, getting to her feet and making anxious strides toward the lad who came grinning through the gate. "Whar's my boy?" she demanded, leaning ever so lightly upon her stick, a note of tremor in her deep voice.

"Down at the shop, fightin', an' pap sickin' 'em on; fightin Tommy Moseley 'bout callin' him 'Miss Dora,'" Jack panted; then, before his mother could check him, "an' he says he ain't er comin' home till you're gone;

he hates you with your snuff an' spectacles, an' he don't want none er your ole candy nor your ole money neither."

"Jack! You are the worst boy! You know your brother never said no such thing. I'll whip you this very minute about lyin' so," Mrs. May said, very red and flustered, making a dive for her son, who had paused for breath.

Aunt Jenny put out her hand. "Don't tech 'im," she said. "I believe 'im, no matter whut you do. I see how it is. I've sp'ilt that boy Robadore—sp'ilt 'im from the cradle; this is my reward, which Scripture says those shall have that make unto themselves idols."

"I tole ye always Jack here wus wuth two on 'im." Uncle Nathan said, while the young folks laughed together.

"No I ain't," Jack said, repentantly. "Aunt Jinny, I—I'm sorry I tole ye. Bob did say it, but it wus this way—we all deviled him so 'bout his name—"

"I know," Aunt Jenny nodded; "but never mind, Jack—say no more erbout it—yere comes the perecession."

It came with drum-beat and fifes' high squeal, with flash and glitter of color and gilding, with tramp of elephants, roll of wheels, and strange half-heard noises from the depths of great vans. Between solid human ranks it went the length, the round, of the town, then on to the grassy space where time out of mind the tent had been pitched, where the ring and the stakes endured from year to year.

Then while the show folk made ready, the older circus-goers shopped, visited, gossiped; the children among them ran utterly wild. A few were already sure of entrance; their fathers owned wall space available for display, and had got family tickets for the use of it. The rest looked at these people in delicious wide-eyed envy. For until the doors opened at two o'clock in the afternoon no one of them felt actually certain that he was to go inside. Even if he had money in his pocket, there was the chance of losing it, and it was much the fashion with fathers, who had not forgotten their own boyhood, to keep up as long as possible the pleasure of uncertain hope.

Jack and Robadore had never missed a circus since they were out of long clothes. Jack had gone always with his father; Robadore as constantly at Aunt Jenny's elbow. Of late, indeed, a large part of her pleasure had come from seeing its glories reflected from his young eyes. How it was to be with them to-day neither lad could tell, for Mr. May at dinner had been very wroth over their joint discourtesy to his wife's foster-mother, and had said roundly that both deserved never to go anywhere any more. Jack heard him with a quaking heart. Robadore was not there; in fact, nobody had seen him since, dirty and victorious, he had run away with the mob of small boys at the tail of the procession.

"I do wish you'd go look fer him. In spite of everything, I can see Aunt Jinny is that uneasy!" Mrs. May said aside to her husband, who growled:

"M—m—naught's never in danger. Let 'im erlone, an' he'll come home all right. 'Twon't hurt 'im ter go hungry one day, an' maybe it 'll cure 'im of some of the pamperin' up he's had."

Aunt Jenny was rigidly silent on the subject of peanuts, peppermint, and circus tickets until they had on their bonnets to start. Then her hand slid into her big pocket, fished up two bright new half dollars, and tossed them to Mrs. May with the words:

"Betty, I 'lowed ter spend 'em ter-day. You can do as ye please with 'em. Only I'm goin' in by myself."

"No, you ain't. I'm goin' ter set by you an' fan ye the whole time," Teeny said, making a feint of offering her his arm.

Uncle Nathan laughed more merrily than ever, saying, with his best twinkle:

"Lord! I'm willin', Teeny; so's Rosy here; but Jinny—well, she's ruther pertickler 'bout the looks er the man that sets by her. An' you know you cain't hold er candle ter me; so get away, young man; it's time we wus movin'."

Meantime, what of Robadore? At first that young transgressor found his way anything but hard. Running full tilt to the tent-ground, he somehow got into the midst of the show folks, and stood gaping at all about him, until a man in black velvet and silver lace said,

"Well, my pretty young man, what do you want?"

"I—I wus jest lookin'. I don't mean no harm," the boy faltered, pulling off his straw hat, and letting a torrent of yellow curls tumble about his neck. He hated them beyond everything; they were, indeed, his chiefest root of grievance against Aunt Jenny. For to-day he had hidden them safe in his hat, even after vainly trying to hack them off with his barlow knife. A few ragged rings over the forehead showed the vigor of his efforts. The circus man, though, did not seem to share his own dislike for the long yellow strands. He came close, ran his fingers through them, touched the boy's rosy cheek, and said, as if to himself, "The very thing!" then drew the boy away toward the tents, and began to question him, low and eagerly.

The circus was half over, and everybody agreed they had never seen a better one. All it lacked in animals it made up in spectacle; there were tights, spangles, gauze wings aplenty. Now, the programme said, the very best bit was to come. Master Angelo Parquetti, the world-renowned young charioteer, and his sister Giulia, in their thrice-famous act as Phœbus and Aurora, for which they had received the acknowledgments of all the crowned heads of Europe.

"Who was Pho-ebus and A-roaree?" Uncle Nathan asked of Rosy, who was munching a peppermint stick.

"I d' know; seems like I've heard the preacher talk erbout that part er Scripture, but I ain't sure."



SHE CUT UNTIL HIS CURLS LAY ON THE FLOOR.

"Hush! they're a-comin'," Aunt Jenny said.

And there, sure enough, came a gilt chariot drawn by four white horses, whose gilded hoofs seemed to spurn the earth. Their driver, a slight handsome black-eyed lad in a suit of silver spangles, held them marvellously in hand—made them turn and wheel, dash hither and yon, or stand upon their hind feet, at a touch, a word. Back of and well above him stood Aurora—lissome herself a mere

child blue-eyed, with streaming yellow hair, and pallid with fright in spite of rouge. She was marvellously stout and well-muscled for her years—the programme said they were ten—yet there were obvious tremors in the sturdy legs, from which skirts of pink and white blew back as the horses raced and wheeled.

"That gal's skeered ter death. Jes look at 'er!" Teeny said.

Aunt Jenny looked, gave one scream, then plunged to the ring-side, crying out: "Robadore! Robadore!—they've stole my Robadore; git the constable—the milishy—anything; er hundred dollars to the first man that stops 'em!"

"We don't want it!" cried fifty voices, as the ring filled with angry determined faces. Pluribus, scenting danger, had tried to dash away. Twenty hands caught the bridles, and drew the beasts to a stop. Then before any one knew rightly what had happened, Aurora was leaping down into Aunt Jenny's arms, and the ring-master explained that no harm had been meant; they had only persuaded the boy to take the place of a performer temporarily indisposed, with the sole purpose of not disappointing their large and intelligent audience. Of course they would have paid the lad handsomely, and seen to it that he was sent safe home. Here Robadore himself piped up, "Aunt Jinny, I'll never do so no more."

"No, I reckon not," she said; "but better make it so you cain't." Then she fished some scissors out of her pocket, and cut and cut until skirts, curls, and spangles lay in a ragged heap at her feet.

## WITHOUT HOOK, NET, OR POWDER.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

### Part I.

"TOM would like nothing better than to go with you, Major Lester," remarked Mr. Warren, slowly, "but his mother is so afraid of fire-arms that she would be nervous all the time he was away."

"Major" Lester, so called by courtesy, he having been a private in the war and now occupying the position of sheriff of the county, brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding whack, winked broadly at Tom, who stood near, and chuckled softly for fully a minute before he spoke. "That's just it," he answered. "I don't like boys to be handling guns *myself*—I've been shot once, an' that's enough. I don't want to stop no more bullets if I can help it, an' so we ain't going to take no guns at all. I'm going to tote my rifle along in case we see a b'ar, but 'tain't likely I'll use it. We're just going huntin' an' fishin' near a good campin'-ground, without hook, net, or powder."

"That's a funny idea," laughed Mr. Warren. "What substitutes will you have?"

"Dogs men sticks torches - traps an' a little in-ge-nu-i-*tie*."

Major Lester pronounced the last word slowly, and somewhat sadly, as though he were not very familiar with it. "Hardly on good speaking terms," explained Mr. Warren later on.

Tom watched his father anxiously as the Major made the explanation. "Well," said Mr. Warren, after a moment's thought, "that being the case, Tom can go," and Tom gave a wild whoop of delight.

"That's fine!" he cried. "Bob and Jack Marshall and Dick Roberts will go along, and we'll be sure to have fun. We'll be like old Indian hunters who have lost their bows and arrows, and have to get some game or starve—only we'll have plenty to eat with us. Major says he has everything arranged."

"I do hope it is a healthy place," sighed Mrs. Warren, who came out on the piazza at that moment and heard the details of the scheme.

"It is, madam," returned the Major, decidedly, "at least at this time of year, though I wouldn't recommend it as a situation to build a summer residence. Every morning we all take a dose of raw quinine and water, and the boys 'll eat a hearty breakfast afterwards, even if they ain't hungry, so as to get the taste out of their mouths, and that prevents chills."

All except Tom laughed at the Major's method of doctoring; Tom merely grinned in a feeble manner.

"Not so bad when you gets used to it," assured the Major, who had watched his face; "you'll grow to like it after a while. Be ready to start at five o'clock tomorrow morning when the wagon gets around, and I'll have everything all fixed."

Mr. Warren had a great deal of fun that evening over the Major's "hunting expedition." "The Major probably charms the game and fish by singing to them," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "or maybe he uses his 'in-ge-nu-i-*tie*' to scare them to death."

"I don't know how it's done, but it's all right," answered Tom, stoutly; "the Major is one of the best sportsmen in the county and we will be satisfied."

"Probably," returned his father; "but I don't believe it would be well to omit our usual order at the butcher's in the expectation of having some game brought home."

"All right," Tom replied; "we'll wait and see."

Tom dressed by lamp-light the next morning, and as he came down stairs carrying his rubber boots and overcoat the rumble of wheels was heard outside, and a great canvas-covered vehicle stopped before the gate. It was the kind commonly known as a "prairie schooner," and from the opening in the rear projected the heads of Tom's three friends, while two negroes sat on the front seat. The Major was ahead in a light spring wagon filled with boxes and parcels, alongside of which trotted four of the ugliest-looking dogs that could be found in all the State. But the dogs had rather a haughty manner, wholly out of keeping with their appearance and apparent station in life, as though they knew that they had the reputation of being the best "'coon dogs" anywhere around.

"Come on; tumble in," shouted the Major, cheerily, starting up his horses. "All ready!" and the caravan started down the road just as the eastern sky began to glow with a little color. It was rather chilly in the autumn air, but the four boys huddled together beneath the canvas covering, and talked in earnest whispers.

The party had gone about six miles when they left the rough road and turned into a wagon path which led through the bottom. It was nothing more than a trail, in fact, for a wagon had not gone over it apparently for weeks, and they could only follow it in places by "blazes" made on the trees by the hubs of wagons which had scraped them in passing. At about eleven o'clock, after a long and tedious drive through the woods, the Major called out that they were near the camp; and just at that moment one of the dogs gave a quick sharp bark.

"They've treed something," shouted the Major, jumping from his wagon, and running in the direction of the barking, in which all the dogs now joined. The boys followed his example, and crashing through the underbrush, came to a little open space, in the centre of which stood a dead tree.

"A 'coon," announced the Major, pointing to the fork of the tree, where, sure enough, crouched a large 'coon, his bright eyes watching the excited dogs, which danced about to the music of their own barking.

"Hurrah!" "Whew!" were the varied exclamations of the boys, almost as excited as the dogs, while Tom sighed dolefully, "Oh, if we only had a gun!"

"Now, now," retorted the Major, who overheard the remark, "what do you want with a gun? Run to the wagon, Jason, and fetch a couple of axes. We will get him all right."



"A FINE FELLOW," HE CRIED A MOMENT LATER, HOLDING UP THEIR FIRST QUARRY BY THE TAIL.

The negro addressed returned quickly, and the Major and he set to work to chop the tree down. The dogs knew what it meant, for they took positions out of range and sat down, giving vent to an occasional yelp of satisfaction. The 'coon meanwhile jumped at every stroke of the axes, and shifted his position uneasily.

*Crash!* fell the tree, and the moment it touched the ground the four dogs were in the midst of the branches, fighting and growling.

"Go it, Mose! Good dog, Cap'n! Close in, Spot!" shouted the Major, encouraging his pack. The 'coon fought well; his sharp razorlike claws scratched more than one dog's nose, but these scratches were marks of honor, like the scars of a duelling student at a German university. Then the dogs set up one wild yelp of victory as the Major drew his hunting-knife and went into the midst of the fight.

"A fine fellow," he cried a moment later, holding up their first quarry by the tail. "We'll have 'coon stew for supper."

"What!" laughed Bob, examining the animal's long and beautifully marked fur. "Do you *eat* him?"

"Eat him?" echoed the Major. "I just reckon we do. Well," continued the Major, when he had deposited the 'coon in the wagon, "the camp's right near at hand now. Yonder's the river right ahead, and we'll settle on a little bluff that's just at the junction of the river and creek there;" and he pointed to a little stream that the boys had not noticed before. "You can follow the creek right down to the camp if you want to, boys."

Tom and Jack Marshall thought that they would like to try the short-cut; so they left the wagon and labored through the bushes which bordered the stream. Suddenly they came to where the land was very low and marshy, so they sought the higher ground, and plunged into a large canebrake. The lithe green cane towered high above their heads on all sides, but bent readily to allow their passage. They lost sight of the stream, and toiled on silently in what they supposed was the right direction.

"We ought to be near the camp now," said Jack at last. "I wonder how big this canebrake is?"

"Oh," replied Tom, stopping a moment to cut a long switch, "sometimes they're *miles* long. I'm going to carry home some of this cane; it 'll come in handy."

"That's not the right direction," cried Jack, as Tom started off in the lead again; "we came from that way."

"No; just the opposite," replied Tom. "At least I think so."

Jack shook his head and pointed with his finger. "There," he said. "That's right."

"Why, Jack Marshall," laughed Tom, in a nervous manner, "that's a new way altogether." But Jack was obstinate, and started off; so Tom had to follow, for he was not going to be separated from his companion even if they did lose their way. On and on they travelled, until it seemed that it must have been fully fifteen minutes, when Tom stopped and bent toward the ground.

"Jack," he cried, "we really are lost. There's where we started from a few minutes ago, and we've been going in a circle. Don't you remember where I cut the switch? This is the very spot, for here's the stump."

The two boys looked at each other for several moments in wonder and amazement

"T Tom," faltered Jack, his voice trembling suspiciously, "how long did you say canebrakes sometimes were?"

"Miles!" answered Tom, slowly, "but we're not one mile from the place we came in."

"No," returned Jack; "but we don't know which way that is."

It was decidedly disagreeable and unpleasant to find themselves in such a fix. The canes, eight and ten feet high, shut out the sky, and there was absolutely nothing in the green jungle to give them the points of the compass.

"Well," queried Tom, after a little reflection, "what shall we do?"

"Gee up dar! Whoa!" came a hoarse voice from immediately in the rear of where they were standing, and both boys made a rush toward that point. A dozen steps, and they suddenly left the canebrake behind them, and were in a "clearing" overlooking the river, and the wagons were just coming up the road.

"Oh-h!" said Jack, with a hearty sigh; "just think how near we were all the time! Don't let's tell the others."

"No, sir," replied Tom. "And look there! Not more than five hundred feet of canebrake altogether. We'd never hear the last of it if we said we got lost in *that*."

"Well, boys," was the Major's greeting, as he saw them. "Didn't get lost, eh? That's the first thing for a hunter to know—how to find his way."

Tom and Jack wanted very much to laugh, but wisely refrained, and busied themselves in helping to unload the wagons. There were axes and hatchets and baskets and boxes; a tea-kettle, a package of nails, some laths, and a little of everything else, it seemed to the boys. The place selected for the camp was situated on a grassy mound overlooking a rapid little river, just at the point where the sluggish creek emptied into it. The banks of the river on either side were quite steep and narrow, which accounted for the swift current there. Bordering the mound were tall trees, whose branches formed a canopy overhead, and the charred wood and ashes about bore witness to previous camping parties.

"We'll only take a light snack this noon," said the Major. "I've got some sandwiches here in a basket. Then build a fire, set the kettle boiling, and prepare Mr. 'Coon—he'll be first rate; and for to-morrow's dinner we'll have fish."

"What sort of bait do we use?" asked Tom, deeply interested.

"There you go again," sniffed the Major, contemptuously. "First, it's guns, and then bait. Why, we don't use none at all. Just catch 'em—go in the water and bring 'em out."

Tom's face expressed decided disgust at any such attempt to fool him; and the other boys were equally sceptical.

"Don't we, Jason?" appealed the Major, noting the incredulous looks of the party.

"'Deed we do, Mars'r Gawge," was the answer, and the other negro, Noah by name, also nodded. The boys accepted this testimony in silence; they would wait and see.

"Now," said the Major, when lunch was over, "I'm going to fix some traps for rabbits and squirrels, and maybe we can get a few partridges at a place I know just a piece below" (the Major pronounced them "pat-tidges"). "Tom, I want you to take this knife and cut me three or four nice hickory switches about the size of your little finger. White oak will be better, if you can find it. The rest of you boys go down to the creek and bail out the old boat down there; but don't go in her, for she ain't safe. Jason, you and Noah give the horses some water, stake 'em out there near the canebrake, and then start the fire. All alive, now, everybody pitch in and work!" The Major's voice was hearty, and he seemed accustomed to giving orders—something the boys supposed he had learned in the war, forgetting that he was only a private then, and had simply to obey.

Tom took the knife and started down the road. In a moment he was out of sight of the camp, and a few steps brought him to a little clearing in the woods about a hundred feet square. Beyond were a number of saplings which seemed to promise some good switches. He walked slowly out into the open, and at that moment heard the crackling of twigs just ahead. Looking up quickly, he beheld a sight that made his heart jump. Just stepping out of the bushes on the other side was a little brown black bear about the size of a Newfoundland dog. The animal and Tom saw each other at the same moment, and both stopped short. The thought of danger flashed through the boy's mind, and he grasped the knife tightly.

What should he do? Was the bear going to advance? and in that case, which would be the first to reach camp—bear or boy? If he only had a gun at hand! Thoughts of the swiftness and strength of bears that he had read of in stories came to him, polar and grizzly bears being confounded with this fat little specimen of the Southern bottoms. But before Tom had time to act, all on a sudden there was a noise from behind, and one of the 'coon-dogs by the name of Captain, yellow as a pumpkin, with a head and nose like a wolf, dashed by him, and made straight for the bear, which stood ready to receive this enemy's onslaught.

## DRESS MAKING FOR GIRLS.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

### I.—HOW TO MEASURE.

ON a bright sunny morning three young girls were sitting around a table in the school-room of a pleasant old-fashioned house. Their names are Helen Bright, Fanny Hodge, and Mary Semple. Evidently something very important is about to take place. Each girl has a work-basket on the table in front of her, containing needles, scissors, thimble, cotton, and a tape-measure; also a small blank-book and pencil, a marking-wheel, a paper of pins, and two yards and a half of white French cambric.

The young faces glance eagerly at a clock on the mantel-piece that points to five minutes of nine, and then to the door, as the handle turns to admit a young lady, whom they greet as Miss Cutting. It is easy to guess now what these young girls are gathered here for. They are about to begin a series of lessons in dress making, and the young lady who has just come in is their teacher.

"Oh, Miss Cutting," exclaimed the three girls, "we are so glad you have come; we want so much to begin our lesson!"

"You are all very encouraging," answered Miss Cutting, smiling. "I hope your enthusiasm won't all evaporate before the lesson is over."

"Never fear," said Helen; "if Miss Cutting can't teach us to *cut*, I don't know who can."

"Helen," said Fanny, "don't make bad puns, and don't be so rude to your teacher."

"Oh," said Miss Cutting, "I do not think Helen rude. I have always thought it quite a delightful coincidence that my name should be so applicable to my employment. But suppose, now, we begin our lesson."

"Do tell me first, Miss Cutting," said Mary, "what is this little wheel for? It looks like the thing Jane, our cook, marks the top of the pie crust with."

The girls all laughed, and Miss Cutting was also amused.

"That is to trace the basting lines on your patterns," she said. "You will find it very easy to use."

There was a little hum of conversation for a moment, and then the chattering ceased, and three pairs of bright eyes were turned on Miss Cutting, who stood at the head of the table holding a tape-measure.

"The first thing to do," she said, "is to learn to take a person's measure, and to do this we must pair off in twos.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

I will take Helen's measure, and let her take mine, for the sake of practice; then Mary and Fanny can take each other's measure in turn. Before you begin, write down these items in your blank-books, leaving a small margin for the figures."

| Waist Measure. | Sleeve Measure. | Skirt Measure. |
|---|---|---|
| Size of breast. | Whole length inside. | Length in front. |
| Size of waist. | Length to elbow (inside). | Length in back. |
| Length of back. | Elbow to wrist (outside). | Size of belt. |
| Length of point. | Size of arm. | |
| Width of chest. | Size of hand. | |

Having told them this, Miss Cutting then took her tape-measure and passed it around Helen's figure, holding it close under the arms and well up in the back, as seen in Fig. 1. Helen's breast measure proved to be thirty inches. The waist measure was then taken by passing the tape tightly around Helen's waist.

"Now," said Miss Cutting, "we must find the length of her back. To do this, measure from the bone you will feel in the back of your neck to the end of your waist; and if at any time you are in doubt as to where your waist ends, get a second tape-measure and tie it around the waist—it will guide you in knowing just where the length of the back should end."

"What is this measure for?" said Mary.

"It has several uses," answered Miss Cutting. "The chief one is to find the waist line, which I will explain later, and its immediate use is to find out how long-waisted you are in the back. The 'length of point,' which comes next, is to ascertain how long-waisted you are in front. You have, of course, noticed, even without knowing anything of dress-making, how people vary in length from their necks to their waists."

Miss Cutting then took her tape-measure, and placing one end on the bone in the back of Helen's neck, she passed it over her shoulder and down the front to the waist (Fig. 2). Mary and Fanny started to do the same thing, each in turn, when Mary exclaimed:

"Fanny Hodge, are you trying to bore a hole in my neck?"

"I have lost your bone," said Fanny, tragically, which made them all laugh, and brought Miss Cutting to the rescue.

"Here it is," she said; "this small prominent bone right in the middle of the back of your neck and at the top of the spine. It serves as a starting-point to measure from, so is very useful. Now," she continued, "for the chest measure. Pass the tape right across the chest to where the arm joins the shoulder, allowing it to be about three inches below the neck. This," said Miss Cutting, "ends the measures for a waist. Some dressmakers use more measurements, but I find these all that are essential to ensure a good fit. Our next step is to find the sleeve measure, and for this you first take the whole length of the arm inside, measuring from the top of the arm to an imaginary line joining the bone on the outside of your wrist" (Fig. 3).

"Must I have such a long sleeve?" said Mary.

"No," answered Miss Cutting; "that is not necessary. The fashion in the length of a sleeve varies, but as we have to have some points from which to start and to end in taking a measure, the bone in the wrist is given as the end of the arm. After your sleeve is cut out and basted, you can either leave it long or cut it shorter, as you may desire."

"Oh," said Helen, "I see, and the bone in the back of the neck is for the same purpose."

"Yes," replied Miss Cutting; "and now having found the length of the arm inside, we next measure the length of the arm to the elbow (inside) and then from the wrist to the elbow (outside) (Fig. 4), drawing a line between these two points. This line, which is called the 'elbow point,' is to show where to put the gathers that are at the elbow of nearly all sleeves. These gathers should be one inch above and one and a half inches below the elbow point. We now find the size of the arm, passing the tape around the fullest part (Fig. 5). Finally," said Miss Cutting, "we measure the hand right across the palm and over the knuckles where the hand is widest."

"I suppose," said Fanny, "this is to show us how wide to cut a sleeve at the wrist?"

Just then a merry laugh broke from Helen, in which both teacher and pupils joined when they saw the cause. Mary had her tape-measure around Fanny's hand, when she discovered that Fanny's thumb was standing straight out in the air, and there was a look about that thumb that said "I will not be measured."

After the merriment had subsided, Miss Cutting said: "Yes, Fanny, you are right, but we can hardly expect to cut off your thumbs in order to get your hand through the sleeve at the wrist; so if you hold your thumb close to the side of your forefinger the whole width of the hand will be measured, and we can be sure the sleeve is wide enough to let the hand pass through."

"I think this is very interesting, Miss Cutting," said



FIG. 3.

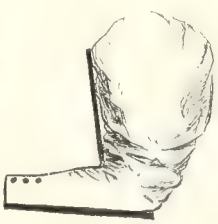


FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

Helen, "and I hope we can understand the rest of the lesson as well."

"I like it immensely," said Mary.

"So do I," said Fanny. "Won't you tell us, Miss Cutting, what comes next?"

"Our lesson is over for to-day," answered Miss Cutting. "This morning you have learned to take measures. Next week I will teach you how to measure and cut out a pattern for yourselves, and when that is done you will each make a pretty dress."

"Oh!" exclaimed the three in a breath, "how lovely that will be!"



KEEP STEP, RABBIT, MAN!

## UNCLE EPHE'S ADVICE TO BRER RABBIT.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

KEEP step, Rabbit, man!
Hunter comin' quick's he can!
H'ist yo'se'f! *Don't* cross de road,
Less 'n he'll hit you fur a toad!

Up an' skip it, 'fo' it's too late!
Hoppit hippit! What a bull frog gait!
Hoppit hippit hippit hoppit!
Goodness me, why don't you stop it?

Shame on you, Mr. Ge'man Rabbit,
Ter limp along wid sech a habit!
'F you'd balumps on yo' hime legs straight,
An' hurry wid a mannish gait.

An' tie yo' ears down under yo' th'oat,
An' kivir yo' tail wid a cut-away coat,
Rabbit-hunters by de dozen
Would shek yo' han' an' call you cousin,

An' like as not, you onery sinner,
Dey'd ax you home ter eat yo' dinner!
But *don't you go*, 'caze ef you do,
Dey'll set you down to rabbit stew.

An' de shape o' dem bones an' de smell o' dat meal
'Ll meek you wish you was back in de fiel'.
An' ef you'd stretch yo' mouf too wide,
You know yo' ears mought come outried;

An' when you'd jump, you couldn't fail
To show yo' little cotton tail,
An' den, 'fo' you could twis' yo' phiz,
Dey'd *recognize* you *who you is*:

An' 'fo' you'd scarcely bat yo' eye,
Dey'd have you skun an' in a pie,
Or maybe roasted on a coal
Widout one thought about yo' soul.

So better teck ole Uphe's advice,
Des rig yo'se'f out slick an' nice,
An' tie yo' ears down, like I said,
An' hide yo' tail an' lif' yo' head.

An' when you balumps on yo' foots,
It wouldn't hunt ter put on boots.
Dey walk *straight up*, like Mr. Man,
An' when he offer you 'is han',

Des smile, an' gi'e yo' hat a tip:
But *don't you show yo' rabbit lip*.
An' don't you hab a word ter say,
No mo'n ter pass de time o' day.

An' ef he ax 'bout yo' affairs,
Des 'low you gwine ter hunt some hares.
An' ax 'im is he seen a jack—
An' dat 'll put 'im off de track.

Now, ef you'll foller dis advice,
Instid o' bein' et wid rice,
Fi' baked in pie, ur stuffed wid sage,
You'll hive ter die of nachel age.

'Sh! hush! What's dat? Was dat a gun?
*Don't* trimble so. An' *don't you run!*
Come, set heah on de long wid me
Hol' down yo' ears an' cross yo' knee.

*Don't* run, *I say*. Tut tut! He's gorn.
*Right 'cross de road*, as sho's you born!
Slam bang! I know'd he'd ketch a shot!
Well, one mo' rabbit fur de pot!



WELL, ONE MO' RABBIT FUR DE POT!

TODDLES. "Papa, why do we hang up *holly* branches on Christmas? Is it because it's a *holi*day?"

FRANK (*the day after Christmas*). "Papa, wouldn't it be just as good if mamma'd put *just a little speck of paregoric in all* the Christmas things, to save trouble of takin' it all next day?"

DIMPLES (*examining her new Christmas doll*). "Buddy, how do you s'pose Santa Claus got pieces just like mamma's wrapper to make dollie's dress?"

BUDDY. "I don't know, 'less maybe Mrs. Santa Claus buys remnants."

LITTLE CORINNE. "I know a awfully funny story, F'owence. My mamma told it to me when I had the dipferia."

FLORENCE. "Tell it to me, won't you?"

LITTLE CORINNE. "Oh, I can't, 'cause you might catch the dipferia; don't you see?"

MAMMA. "Tommie, what are you going to buy mamma for her Christmas gift?"

TOMMIE. "Why, mommy dear, I've *thought* and *thought* about that, and I decided that the best thing I could get for you would be *a pair of new skates for your little boy*."

JOHNNIE. "I say, Sharpie, what would you do for a Christmas present if Christmas were left out of the year?"

SHARPIE. "Well, I suppose if I couldn't get a Christmas *present*, I'd have to content myself with a Christmas *absent*; eh?"

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

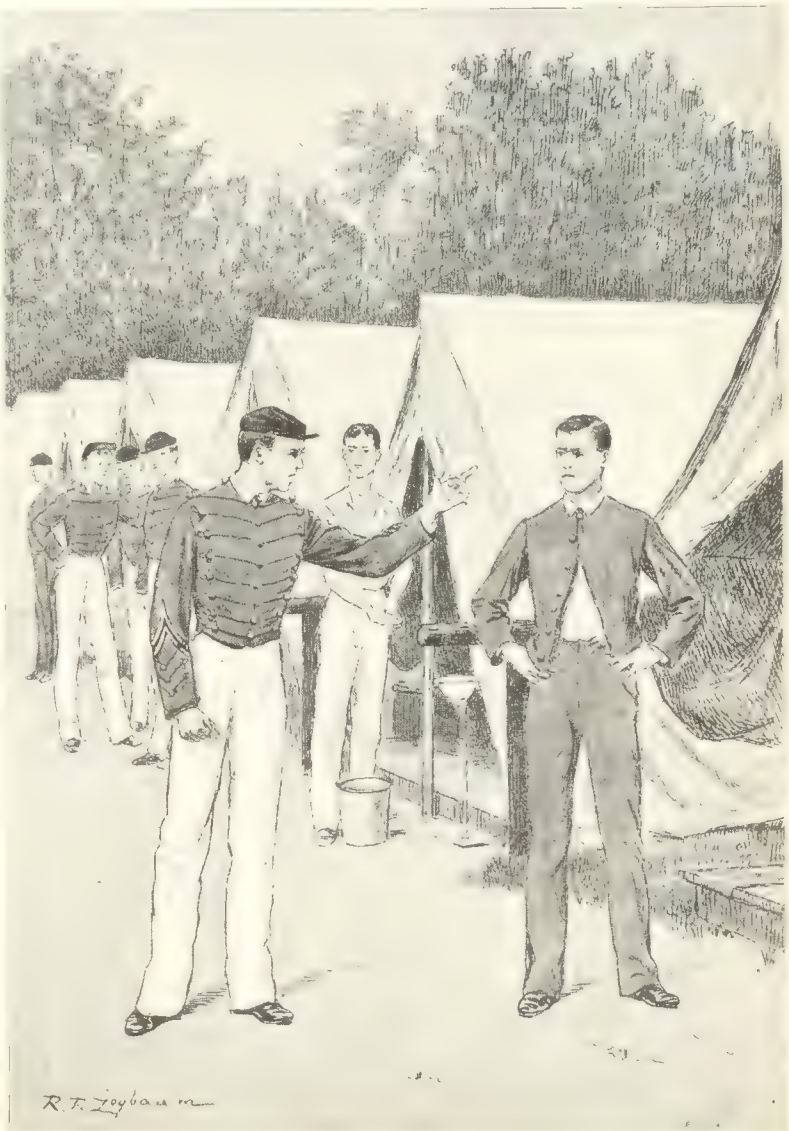
BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

## CHAPTER VII.

THERE was excitement in camp next morning. Beyond rapid-running footfalls and certain sounds of smothered laughter among the tents, nothing had been heard by any sentry, plebe, or yearling of the assailants of Number Three, yet they must have been three or four in number. Geordie was sure of that; sure also that they must have concealed themselves in the shoeblack's tent or behind the trees at the east end of his post. Once clear of his muffling, his loud yell for the corporal of the guard had brought that young soldier down from the guard-tents full tilt. (It transpired long afterwards that he was expecting the summons.) It also brought Lieutenant Webster out of bed and into his trousers in one jump. "Deviling sentries" was something that had not been dared the previous summer, and was hardly expected now. The officer of the guard, too, thought it expedient to hurry to the scene, and those two cadet officials were upbraiding Mr. Graham for the loss of his equipment and equilibrium, when Mr. Webster interposed.

Cadet Fulton, of the Third Class, was on the neighboring post, Number Four, and declared that he had seen neither cadets nor anybody else approaching Mr. Graham's post, nor had a sound of the scuffle reached him. He must have been at the south end of his post at the time (as indeed he was, as it also turned out long after), otherwise he could have seen the marauders had he so desired. Mr. Webster got his bull's-eye lantern, and made an immediate inspection of camp, finding every old cadet in his appropriate place, and unusually sound asleep. Meantime it was discovered that Mr. Graham's shoulder-belt had been sliced in two, and that his cartridge-box and bayonet scabbard were also gone. The gun and equipments, therefore, on which he had bestowed so much care and labor, and the Adjutant such commendation, were partially the objects of the assault. The officer of the guard sent for a lantern, and bade Geordie search along the ditch for them. So down again, ankle-deep in the long dew-sodden grass, did our young



plainsman go, painfully searching, but to no effect. Lieutenant Allen, officer in charge, who had in the mean time dressed and girt himself with sword belt, came presently to the scene and ordered him up again.

"One might as well search for a needle in a hay-stack, as you probably knew when you sent him there, Mr Bland," said he, not overplacidly. He was angry to think of such daring defiance of law and order occurring almost under his very nose. "Go to the first sergeant of Company B and tell him to credit Mr. Graham with a full tour of guard duty, and order the supernumerary to report at once at the guard-house. Mr. Jay"—this to the corporal of the guard—"you remain here in charge of this post until relieved. Now go to your tent, Mr. Graham, and get to bed. You've done very well, sir. This matter will be investigated in the morning."

But Pops was mad, as he afterwards expressed it, "clean through." "I'll go if you order me to, sir, but I'd rather borrow a gun and serve my tour out, and let them try it again." And Mr. Allen, after a moment's reflection, said, "Very well; do so if you choose."

Whereupon Geordie went to his tent, found Benny awake and eager for particulars. Taking Foster's gun and "rummings" as they used to call cadet equipments in the old days, he hurried back. Mr. Allen was still there.

"Did you recognize no one—did you hear no voice see nothing by which you could identify any one?" he asked.

"No, sir; it was all done quick as a flash. I didn't hear a thing."

"Have you had any difficulty with anybody? Had you any inkling that this was to happen?"

Graham hesitated. He knew the cadet rule, "the truth and nothing but the truth." Indeed, he had never known any other. He knew also that were he to mention Mr. Woods's name in this connection, it meant court martial, in all probability, for Woods. What he did not know was that that young gentleman was perfectly well aware of the fact, and for two reasons had had nothing whatever to do with the attack: one was that in the event of investigation he would be the first suspected; the other that, having taken exceptions to Mr. Graham's retort to the extent of demanding "satisfaction," he was now debarred by cadet etiquette from molesting him—except in one way.

"I'm waiting for your answer, Mr. Graham," said the Lieutenant.

"Well, sir, I suppose every new cadet has difficulty with the old ones. This was nothing that I care to speak about."

"With whom had you any trouble, sir? Who threatened you in any way?"

Geordie hesitated, then respectfully but firmly said,

"I decline to say."

"You may have to say, Mr. Graham, should a court of inquiry be ordered."

But Pops knew enough of army life to understand that courts of inquiry were rare and extraordinary means of investigation. He stood respectfully before his inquisitor, but stood in silence, as, indeed, Mr. Allen rather expected he would do.

"Very well. You can post Mr. Graham again," said he, finally; "and you will be held responsible, Mr. Officer of the Guard, in the event of further annoyance to him to-night."

But there was none. At half past three the relief came around, and Geordie turned over his post to Connell. There was some chuckling and laughter and covert glances on the part of old cadets when they went to breakfast, and Benny Frazier was full of eager inquiry as to what had become of his rifle and equipments. But Geordie was still very sore over his discomfiture, and would say nothing at all. No sooner had the detail broken ranks, after being marched into Company B's street on the dismissal of the old guard, than the drum-boy orderly appeared and told Geordie the commandant wished to see him.

The Colonel was seated in his big tent, and the new officer of the day, Cadet Captain Vincent, of C Company, was standing attention before him.

"There must be no repetition of last night's performance on your guard, sir," Pops heard him say, as he stood on the gravel path outside awaiting his turn, and wondering why Mr. Bend, the acting first sergeant of his company, should be there too. Any one who happened to be on the lookout at this moment could not fail to see that a number of cadets had gathered at the east end of each company street, and, though based apparently to animated chat with one another, were keeping at the same time a close watch on the commandant's tent. Mr. Vincent saluted, faced about, and gravely marched away, holding his plumed head very high, and looking straight before him. It wouldn't do to grin until he had passed the line of tactical tents (as the four domiciles of the company commandants were sometimes called). Yet he felt like grinning. No one man could suppress the impulse of mischief rampant in the yearling class, and Vincent knew it. And then Pops was summoned. The Colonel looked him keenly over.

"You are sure you recognized none of your assailants last night?"

"Perfectly sure, sir. I had no opportunity."

"Have you heard anything as yet of your rifle and equipments?"

"No, sir; nothing at all."

"Mr. Bend," said the Colonel, "issue Mr. Graham a brand-new rifle, one that has never been used; also new equipments. His were taken because they were the best cleaned in the class. We'll save him as much trouble as possible in the future—until those are found."

And so, instead of the "veteran outfit" that would doubtless have been issued to replace those lost, Geordie found himself in possession of a handsome new cadet rifle, bayonet, cartridge-box, and bayonet scabbard. Mr. Bend, as instructed, carefully registered the arsenal number on his note-book. The first and second classes breaking ranks after their morning duties came thronging back to their company street to get ready for dinner. The yearlings promptly clustered around Bend.

"The Colonel tried to get him to tell," said he, in answer to eager questions, "but he wouldn't. You're safe enough, Woods, if you don't push matters any further."

"But I've got to," said Woods, in a low tone. "Jennings has seen him already, and Ross says it's got to be one thing or the other."

Mr. Ross, the authority thus quoted, was the cadet First Lieutenant of Company B. There are generally certain magnates of the senior class to whom mooted questions are referred, just as in foreign services the differences among officers are examined by the regimental court of honor, and it may be said of Mr. Ross right here that he never refused his services as referee, and rarely prescribed any course but battle. There were still some fifteen minutes before the dinner drums would beat, and when Mr. Jennings came over from Company A and took Woods aside the eyes of the entire street were on them. A prospective fight is a matter of absorbing interest from highest to lowest.

"One moment, Jennings," said Bend, joining the two; "before you go any further in this matter I want you to know that when many a plebe might have been excused for giving the whole thing dead away to the commandant this morning, Mr. Graham stood up like a man and wouldn't tell."

"Of course he wouldn't," answered Jennings, shortly. "Mr. Graham's a gentleman. All the more reason why Woods can't swallow his language."

"Well, see here; I think Woods brought the whole thing on himself," said Bend, sturdily. "This is no personal row, and that young fellow has been taught all his life that a sentinel is entitled to respect, in the first place, and is expected to do his whole duty, in the second. I'm not 'going back on a classmate,' as you seem to think, but I want you, and I want Woods here, to put yourselves in that plebe's place a moment, and say whether you'd have answered differently."

"We can't back out now," answered Woods, gruffly. "The whole corps knows just what he said, and it will be totally misjudged if we don't demand an apology. He's got to apologize," he went on, hotly, "or else fight; and it's not your place to be interfering, Bend, and you know it."

"I wouldn't interfere if it were a simple matter of a personal row between the two; but this is a matter in which -and I say it plainly, Jennings—this young fellow is being set upon simply because he's been raised as a soldier, and knows more what's expected of a soldier than any man in his class, and—by Jupiter! since you will have it—than a good many of ours, you and Woods in particular." And now the cadet corporal's eyes were flashing. "What's more, Jennings, I believe Woods's better judgment would prompt him to see this thing as I do, but that you're forcing a fight."

By this time ears as well as eyes of half of B Company—First Class, yearlings, and plebes—were intent. Bend, indignant and full of vim, had raised his voice so that his words were plainly heard by a dozen at least. Fearful of a fracas on the spot, cadet Lieutenant Ross sprang forward.

"Not another word, Bend! Be quiet, Jennings! You two can settle this later. I'm witness to what has been said; so are a dozen more. Go about your other affair, Jennings."

Jennings was boiling over with wrath. In cadet circles almost as much opprobrium is attached to the bully who is over-anxious to fight as to the shirk who won't fight at all—not quite so much, perhaps—but Jennings turned away.

"You'll hear from me later on this score, Bend," he growled. "I'm at Woods's service for the moment, and I decline any officious meddling on your part." With that he strode up the company street, his face hot and frowning.

Geordie was pinning a collar on his plebe jacket at the moment, and had resumed the gray dress of his classmates in order to march with them to dinner. So had Connell. Foster and Frazier, all excitement, had been watching the scene down in front of the first sergeant's tent.

"Here comes Mr. Jennings, Graham," said Benny, excitedly, and the next instant the burly figure of the A Company corporal—Woods's friend—appeared at the tent door. It wasn't the first time he had been accused of a bullying tone in conveying such a message. A First Class man, splashing his close-cropped head and sunbrowned face in front of the next tent, emerged from behind his towel, and still dripping, came forward as Jennings began to speak.

"Mr. Graham, my friend Mr. Woods considers himself insulted by your language at the dinner table yesterday, and he demands an apology."

Geordie's face was a little white, but the blue eyes didn't flinch a particle.

"I've none to make," was the brief answer.

"Then I suppose you will refer me to some friend at once. You know the consequences, I presume," said Jennings, magnificently.

"Just as soon as I can find some one," answered Geordie. "I'll look around after dinner."

"Well, you want to step out about it," was the curt reply. "There's been too much shilly-shally about this matter already."

"That's no fault of mine!" answered Pops, firing up at the instant. "Connell, you'll stand by me, won't you? Mr. Jennings, you can have all the satisfaction you want; and, what's more, just you say that if I can find out who stole my gun last night there'll be no time fooled away asking for any apologies."

"Bully!" gasped Benny, with eager delight; and Foster smote his thigh in ecstasy.

"All right, my young fighting-cock," sneered Jennings. "We'll accommodate you—and begin to-night during supper. You see that you and Mr. Connell here are ready."

"Oh, one moment, Mr. Jennings," interposed the First Class neighbor. "Mr. Graham is possibly ignorant of the fact that as a challenged party it's his right and not yours to name the time. Fair play, if you please, now; fair play."

"Oh, he'll get fair play enough," said Jennings, impatiently.

But here the clamor of fife and drum, thundering away at "The Roast Beef of Old England," put an end to the preliminaries. All through dinner nothing was talked of at the table of Company B but the coming mill between Woods and Graham, the first of the inevitable series of fisticuffs between yearling and plebe. Of course, too, by this time Graham's virtual challenge to his assailants to come out and own up was being passed from lip to lip. Of course it was always the understood thing that if a plebe objected to his treatment and demanded satisfaction, the offender must fight. Only by the unwritten code of the corps there were certain things which it was held a plebe should take as a matter of course, and not look upon in the light of personal affront; and being hazed on post was one of them. Mr. Otis, their next-door neighbor, took the trouble to explain this to Pops later in the afternoon, and Geordie listened respectfully, but without being moved. He had been taught all his life just the reverse, he said. A sentry was a sentry all the world over, and whether Life-guardsman in London, soldier in the Sioux country, or plebe at the Point, it didn't make a particle of difference to him. "I may be wrong, Mr. Otis, but it's all the fault of my bringing up."

"Confound the pig-headed young sawney!" said Otis, afterwards. "He's as obstinate as a mule, and, what makes it worse, he's perfectly right; only the yearlings can't see it, and he'll have no end of fight and trouble, especially if he licks Woods to-night."

Now here was a question. Woods had all the advantage of the year's splendid gymnastic training under as fine a master as the nation could provide. Every muscle and sinew was evenly and carefully developed. He was lithe, quick, active, skilled with foil, bayonet, and broadsword, and fairly well taught with the gloves. He had borne himself well in the two or three "scrimmages" of his plebe year, and the Third Class were wellnigh unanimous in their prediction that he'd "make a chopping-block of that plebe." Geordie was bulkier than his foeman, a splendid specimen of lusty health, strength, and endurance; but he lacked, as yet, the special training and systematic development of the yearling.

"Take 'em a year from now," said Mr. Ross, "and there's no question but that Woods 'll be outclassed; but to-day it makes one think of Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu."

And so the afternoon wore away, and the excitement increased. Jennings was in his glory.

"It 'll be a beauty," was the way he expressed himself. "That plebe's a plucky one. I may have to give him a

lesson myself yet." And he bared his magnificent arm and complacently regarded the bulging biceps.

"If it's two years from now when he tries it on," remarked Mr. Otis, when Jennings's remarks were repeated to him, "may I be there to see! It's my belief Mr. Jennings will get a lesson he richly deserves."

Despite every effort to keep the details secret, nine-tenths of the corps knew that the fight was to come off in Fort Clinton during supper-time, and such was the eagerness to see the affair that, despite the urgings of Mr. Ross, the referee, and Mr. Jennings, no less than thirty or forty old cadets fell out after parade, as they were then allowed to do in case they did not care to go to the mess-hall. It was a hot night too, and so short was the time between evening-gun fire and the opening waltz that many of the corps were in the habit of "cutting supper." The thinned ranks of the battalion, therefore, conveyed no meaning to the officer in charge. Jauntily the gray and white column went striding away across the plain, drums and fifes playing merrily. Pops never hears the jolly notes of "Kingdom Coming" now without feeling again the throbbing of his heart as he quickly doffed his gray trousers and donned a pair of white, so as to be in uniform with the older cadets, Connell doing the same. Benny and Foster, though mad with excitement, had been ordered to go to supper. The absence of so many from one table would have aroused suspicion. One or two plebes in C and D companies determined to be on hand to see Graham through, though rare indeed are there cases of unfair play. They had borrowed old dress-coats and white trousers. Mr. Ross had duly seen to it that at a certain moment the sentries on Three and Four should be at the distant end of their respective posts and facing away from Fort Clinton, and as the battalion disappeared down the leafy avenue by the "Old Academic," Mr. Otis came to Graham's tent.

"Now's your time, lad, and I've only one piece of advice—clinch and throw him as quick as you can."

Two minutes later, all on a sudden, some thirty or forty nimble young fellows appeared at the northeast corner of the camp, darted across the north end of Number Four's post while that sentry was absorbed fifty yards away in a 'bus-load of ladies going back to Cranston's after parade, and in less time than it takes to write it they were over the grass-grown ramparts of the old fort, and grouped about the shaded nook near the Kosciuszko monument, the scene of hundreds of storied battles. Only two styles of combat were recognized at the Point in Geordie's day—only honest fighting could be tolerated at any time, but it was the right of the challenged cadet to say whether it should be fought to a finish from the word, without time or rounds of any kind, taking no account of falls or throws—the old-fashioned "rough-and-tumble," in fact—or else by the later method of the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The slow and cumbrous system of the old London prize-ring had long since been abandoned.

Acting on Mr. Otis's advice, Connell had decided on the first named, as giving less chance for Woods's science and more for Geordie's strength. And now, while in silence the eager spectators ranged themselves about the spot, the two young fellows threw aside coats and caps, and with bared chests and arms stepped forward into the open space among the trees, where stood Mr. Ross awaiting them. Each was attended by his second. Jennings eyed Geordie, and in a gruff, semi-professional style, ordered: "Show your foot there! No spikes allowed." Graham flushed, but held up, one after the other, the soles of his shoes to show that they were smooth.

"It seems to me that your man has no business wearing tennis shoes," said Connell. "Rubber soles give him an advantage on this turf. I protest!"

Ross shook his head, but suddenly another voice was heard, and a new figure joined the group. A light shot into Graham's face. He recognized Mr. Glenn, the cadet Adjutant who had so commended him at guard-mounting.

"Of course it's unfair, Ross. What's more, the plebe's shoes are new and stiff, and the soles are slippery. This thing can't go on until that's settled."

Mr. Ross frowned. Time was precious, but down in his heart he knew the Adjutant was right. More than that, he felt somehow that Mr. Glenn was there in the interests of fairer play than he himself considered necessary, but there was no running counter to Glenn's dictum. A yearling was despatched for Woods's uniform shoes, and it was some minutes before he got back. Then the exchange was quickly made, and a second time the foemen faced each other, the yearling's skin as white and firm as satin-wood, Geordie's face and neck brown as autumn acorns, his broad chest and shoulders pink and hard.

"Are you ready?" asked Ross. "Fall back, Mr. Jennings."

Woods instantly dropped into an easy, natural pose, his guard well advanced, his right hand low and close to the body.

"Watch that right, Graham," muttered Connell, as he backed away; and Geordie took a similar stand, clumsier, perhaps, but well meant.

And then the simple word, "Go!"

It would have baffled an expert reporter to describe what followed. Something like a white flash shot from Woods's shoulder to start with, and then for just twenty seconds there was a confused intermingling of white and brown. All over that springy sward, up and down, over and across, bounding, dancing, darting, dodging, Woods active and wary, Graham charging and forcing the fight despite heavy blows planted thick and fast.

"Isn't he a young mountain-lion?" muttered Glenn, below his breath.

"He'll be worse than a grizzly if he gets Woods in a hug," was the reply. "Look! he's grappled!"

Reckless of punishment as was ever stalwart Roderick, Geordie had backed his lighter foe up the slope, then

"Locked his arms the foeman round."

A moment of straining and heaving, then down, down they came upon the turf, the plainsman atop. And then went up a sudden shout of warning. The next thing Graham knew he was jerked to his feet.

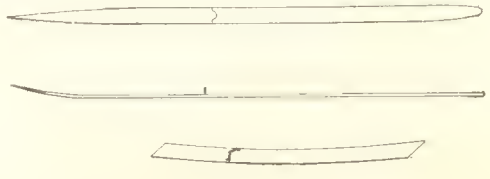
"Run for your life, plebe," was the cry, as he dimly saw the crowd scattering in every direction, and, led by Connell, rushed he knew not whither.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CRUST-RUNNERS, DOUBLE BOBS, AND SNOW-SHOES.

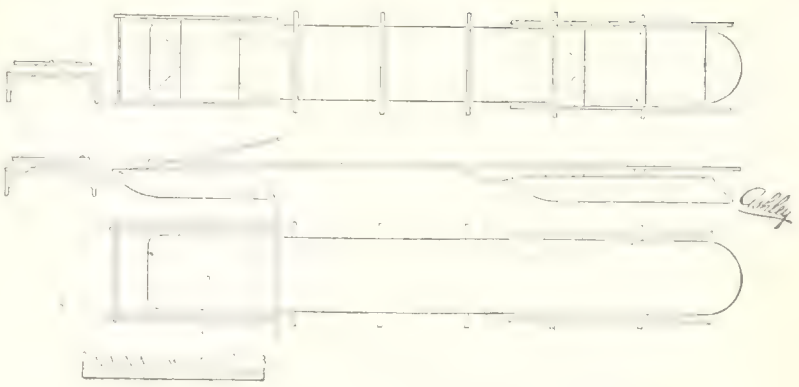
BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

THERE are many of our readers who would like to have a ride over the frozen crust. A sled slips and slides and becomes unmanageable, to say nothing of the unpleasant way it has of cutting through and sticking fast, while the occupant continues onward until stopped by the sharp crust, and has to retire for the remainder of the day to attend to his numerous cuts and scratches. Every one has at hand the materials for a good crust-runner. The



LAPLAND AND BARREL-STAVE SNOW-SHOES.

easiest to make is the one without a spring. Get a flour-barrel from the nearest grocery, and carefully see that the staves are light and free from checks. Take two of the staves, place them about 18 inches apart, and be particular that they are of exactly equal distance at each extremity. At each end of the staves clinch on a 22-inch piece of pine, which should be 1½ by 1 inch. On these nail one board that should be exactly the length of the staves, three-quarters of an inch thick and one foot wide. The other way is to saw off three or four half-inch boards exactly the same length (22 inches). Clinch these on the staves with wrought-iron nails. When you have securely fastened them over the first pair of staves lay two more of exactly the same length and width. You will find on the first pair the nails protrude on the running surface. The second pair obviates this, as nails are only driven at about one inch from extreme ends of the staves. The boards are at right angles with the staves.



BOTTOM, SIDE, TOP, FRONT, AND REAR SECTION OF THE DOUBLE BOB.

The spring-runner is two staves for each runner, with the two curves opposite to each other (see cut). You can steer any of them with a sharp stick held in each hand,



THE WAY TO USE BARREL-STAVE SNOW-SHOES.

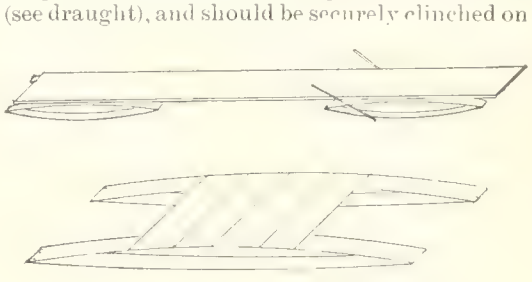
or by a long pole held under the right arm, while you guide it with the left hand. Sharpen this pole on one end, and screw on a heavy iron washer. This, being at right angles with the pole, causes resistance enough on the crust to enable you to steer, but makes no resistance in moving from right to left. Screw a couple of eyes in one end and attach a light rope, and your crust-runner is finished. Some grease smeared on the running surface is a great help in making extra speed.

The remainder of your barrel staves can be used in making snow-shoes. All that is required is to clinch a strap a little forward of the centre of each stave that will reach over the front part of the foot.

The position for it should be half-way between toe and instep. In learning to use snow-shoes, shove one shoe ahead, and drag the other after it, lifting the forward end slightly. A little practice will enable you to shuffle over the snow at a very respectable rate. The Lapland snow-shoes can be used on very much lighter crust than those made of barrel staves, and are made as follows: Select two of the best-seasoned white-wood strips, 5 feet long (each strip) by 3½ inches wide and one-quarter inch thick; bring the extreme ends down to one-eighth inch (this should be gradual from centre), and point one end. Now plunge the pointed end in hot water 1½ feet, and let it remain for ten or fifteen minutes. This prepares the wood for bending. Bend the pointed end, and let it remain securely fastened for two or three days. When released, it will retain the upward curve. Sandpaper the friction surface, and make it as smooth as possible. Place the foot a little forward of the centre of each shoe, and fasten the strap same as in barrel-stave shoe. In walking, these shoes must be slid one after the other; but in going down hill, the feet must be kept side by side. A novice will find great difficulty in keeping the two shoes exactly parallel in going down an incline. On a level surface the walker will not hurt himself if he falls on the snow. This is decidedly more pleasant than falling on ice, as many know by experience.

The most difficult part to learn is to ascend and descend hills. The former is accomplished by making the ascent zigzag, and difficulty is experienced in keeping the shoes near together and parallel. In going down hill an old rake-handle pointed at one end is used to steer with and to act as a brake. The body must be bent somewhat forward. The very best shoe for snow-shoeing is a moccasin, but if it cannot be obtained, a very good substitute is a limber pair of tennis-shoes. Laplanders have made from ten to fifteen miles per hour on their native shoes.

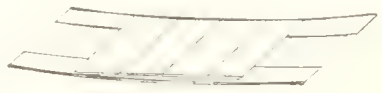
The double crust-runner is simply two spring crust-runners, joined by a board of any desired length (6 or 7 feet is a practical length). Remember that the forward runner, as well as the aft one, is stationary. The double runner for coasting is of more elaborate construction. Procure a well-seasoned spruce board, 10 feet by 13½ inches and one inch thick. Plane it on both sides; round the ends and all corners. Make six strips of spruce, 1¾ feet by 2½ by 1 inch; place them on the lower side of the board, equal distances, at right angles. These act as foot-rests (see draught), and should be securely clinched on runner board. Bore two holes 1¾ feet from back end of runner board, and one hole in centre of board one foot from forward end. This last hole is the pivot-hole, on which the forward bob is turned in steering. The two bobs are made of three-quarter-inch yellow pine. The extreme length of the forward one is 2¾ feet, while the other is 3½



SINGLE AND DOUBLE SPRING CRUST-RUNNERS.

feet. The width of each bob is 1½ feet and the height of the runner is 6½ inches.

Be sure to have the bobs exactly the same width, as the back bob must run exactly in the track made by the first runner in passing over the snow. The end section of the runner will show their construction. Several braces are placed inside to give additional strength. The rear bob is fastened on the runner plank by a 3 by 3 inch joist 14 inches long, which is placed between the bob and the runner plank, and securely fastened by two bolts



SINGLE OR SLEIGH KNEE.

running from runner plank through cross-boards on the bob. The forward or steering bob is fastened by placing a block 6 by 6 by 3 inches square with runner plank. It has one bolt running through it, including runner plank and forward bob. This allows the bob to turn. The steering apparatus consists of two strips of oak 3 feet by 2½ by 1¼ inches, with cross-bar of the same, whose length should be 2¼ feet. It allows a handle on each side. This apparatus is bolted to the nose of the forward bob, and can be used in drawing the sled from place to place.

## THE LUCK OF THE LAUNCH "END RUSH."

BY JAMES BARNES.

Part I.

JACK ADAMS was not the kind of a boy to be easily discouraged, but to tell the truth he was becoming a trifle impatient, and then he was very hungry.

"I wonder what *is* keeping them?" he said to himself for the hundredth time, as he made his way down to the end of the long pier crowded with barrels and piles of lumber that smelt sticky and uncomfortably hot.

He strained his eyes out towards the mouth of the little harbor and watched the narrow opening in the breakwater.

"I'd like to get on board and get into that white flannel suit," he said, looking down at his travel-stained garments and then longingly at a huge Gladstone bag that lay shining and new on the rough planks beside him.

Jack had long looked forward to this day in June—the day when he was to join Joe Billings, Franklin Eddy, and two other boys of his own age for a two-weeks' cruise in the *End Rush*, Joe Billings's twenty-foot naphtha.

They were to have arrived at Westport this very morning, and Jack had come down by train from the city to meet them. But not a sign of a naphtha launch could he find along the water front. Nothing but coal barges, lumber schooners, and a few larger vessels that were loading or unloading at the wharves.

Across the narrow bay—a scant half-mile—he could see a fleet of small craft and a few big lighters moored to a heavy pier at the foot of the steep descent. Then he looked back at the big summer hotel that stood overlooking the odd, old-fashioned town.

"A fellow might get something good to eat up there," he said out loud, "and I am going to try for it."

It had fallen calm; not a breath of air was moving. Huge black clouds were piling up in the east, and as he watched them a jagged streak of lightning seamed across the darkest, and a low grumble of thunder followed. Jack picked up his bag, and made his way up the pier and across the dusty road to the hotel.

"Just in time," thought Jack as he ran up the piazza steps.

As he neared the gate an explosion sounded across the harbor.

"What's that?" asked Jack of a little ragamuffin who had followed him up from the wharf.

"They're gettin' stone for the light-house out in the Rip," the latter responded, pointing. "See that sloop over ther' th' one flyin' the little red flag? She's loaded plum full o' dinermite; 'nuff dinermite to blow Pat Rock clean out'n the Sound, Capt'n Dan'l says. They wouldn't let her tie up ter the wharf."

There was a fine view from "The Hillcrest," and Jack looked out towards the blue waters of the Sound.

"Jingo! There she is!" he said out loud.

A little narrow slip of a boat with a shining brass funnel near the stern could be seen rounding a point a mile or so away and making straight for Westport harbor. There was an ominous hush in the air; the flag on the tall flag-staff in front of the hotel hung motionless; then it lifted, and the halyards rapped sharply against the staff. Then the storm broke with a roar. The hotel people, who had rushed inside, were gazing out through the windows, and Jack, with his mackintosh flapping about him, found himself the solitary occupant of the piazza.

The last thing he remembered seeing before the slanting rush of the rain hid everything from sight was a white slip of a boat doing its best to make the narrow entrance in the breakwater.

How long he stood there, holding on to the piazza railing with both his hands, Jack did not know. But suddenly there was a streak of light that seemed to flash pink and yellow before his eyes, and a vicious rending snap, a cracking report, yet louder than any cannon he had ever heard, and then came an odd taste in the back of his mouth and an odd sensation about his ears. It seemed difficult for him to raise his head.

When he did so, there was the tall flag-staff in long white splinters scattered across the lawn. Another crash, but further off, and the rain ceased almost as quickly as it had begun. But the wind seemed to blow with unabated force. Jack struggled against it down the path and across the muddy road to where there was a better view of the little harbor. His heart was beating fast. She never could have lived out there in the Sound, he thought, if she had not made the shelter, and he almost sobbed. But then—

"Hurrah!" There she was, right below there, looking no bigger than a knife blade. Her sharp white bow right in the eye of the wind, holding her own so steadily and surely that the chills of delight ran up and down Jack's spine, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he waved his soaked Derby hat about his head and shouted: "Hurrah! Hurrah!" again and again.

The small craft across the bay danced and swung to and fro, tugging and jumping at their anchors in the short choppy seas. Past the mouth of the breakwater the waters of the Sound rushed like a river before the wind.

Down in the town below him there was a commotion. Jack could see people run across the road, holding on their hats and turning their backs to the wind that they might button their coats the easier. They were gathering on the water-front, and he could make out a group pointing to something, and evidently in great excitement.

Near the opposite shore, a quarter of a mile below the heavy pier, a large schooner had lain at anchor ever since the morning. She was loaded with salt-meadow hay, in bales piled high up on her deck, almost from stem to stern. She had more the appearance of a colossal floating hayrick than a vessel fit to go to sea.

It was evident that she had met with trouble. Her foremast, splintered like the flag-pole, was gone a few feet from the deck, and the tarpauling covering of the hay had broken loose, and flapped, with the wreckage of her shrouds and foresail, over her starboard side.

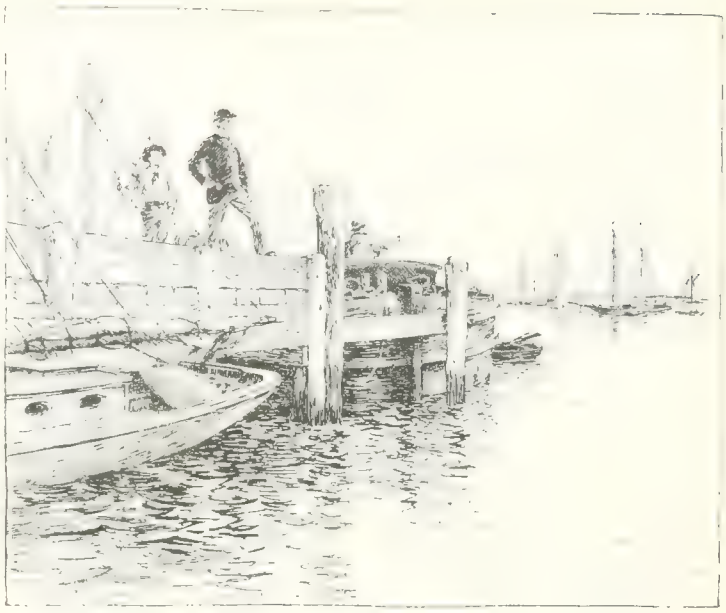
But this was not all that had happened. A veil of smoke trailed off her deck across the scudding white caps. Then a tongue of flame shot up, and the smoke increased in volume.

He had forgotten all about the *End Rush* now that he saw she was safe, and gathering his coat tightly about him, he ran down the muddy road and fought his way out on the long pier to where the group of men were standing.

An old weather-beaten sailor, whose white beard blew straight back across his shoulders, was talking, almost shouting, to the rest as Jack struggled up to them.

"I tell ye thar she's a-draggin'," he said. "No mistake, I tell ye; take a line from her starn tu the end of that fish-house. See it? She's a-draggin' anchor, or my name ain't Dan'l Beebe."

"Sure enough. Uncle Dan'l, you're right," rejoined one of the others. "An' she's goin' tu glory in a fiery charrit," he added, as a fresh burst of flames crept up above the hay.



HE STRAINED HIS EYES TOWARDS THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR.

It could now be plainly seen that the schooner's anchor had ceased to hold, and more than that, with the wind blowing the full gale it then was, her fate was sealed. The smoke almost hid her from sight at times, and then it seemed to blow away and leave only the flames that poured over her bulwarks.

"Will she come clear across?" asked one of the men, anxiously.

"No," answered the old man, as if every question was addressed to him. "No; when she gits off in that lidge of rocks and strikes the mud, she'll—" He broke off suddenly, and looking around with an odd, scared expression on his seamed red face, he signalled out one of the group, a man perhaps older than himself, and grasped him by the sleeve of his oil-skin coat.

"By tar, Captain Billy, she's a-goin' tu fetch up on that dynamiter!" he roared, pointing to the sloop with the red flag that rocked and tossed directly astern of the drifting schooner.

"That's what she be," shrieked Captain Billy, in a high falsetto. Then, as if he did not know what else to say, he repeated this remark at the top of his voice to each one about him, emphasizing it with a jerky nod of his head.

The schooner just then caught the tide eddy that swirled around the heavy pier. The excitement increased. More people hurried down from the town, and then a shout went up, and some ran half-way back and stopped. The boats had come together!

"I wish they were further off," said one of the town merchants, nervously. "If that sloop blows up, there's no telling."

"Somethin' 'll have to come tu pieces," said a lanky boatman; "more'n probably all the winders and crockery-ware in taown."

The schooner and sloop were fast together, both enveloped in the thick smoke of the burning hay. The larger vessel had drifted athwart the smaller's bows, and there she hung.

Suddenly another shout; the double strain had proved too much for the hempen cable of the dynamiter. It had parted at the hawse-pipes. The schooner's anchor struck the mud, and there it held.

On came the sloop, broadside to the town, a floating, dreadful mine. She was partly on fire forward, and half a bale of hay blazed menacingly in her cockpit.

It was horrid, frightful. If once she reached the wharves and then blew up, who could tell what damage would ensue? The great warehouse and ship-chandlers that came down to the water's edge, the vessels half unloaded that groaned against the piers, property and life wiped out, destruction right and left: and what was there to do? On she came, and nothing to stop her; no telling at what moment the rending force might loosen. The helplessness was sickening.

Some one started up the hill, and the crowd stampeded like a lot of sheep—all but a few, who, grouped about the Mayor of Westport and Captain Dan'l, were listening attentively.

"It was foolish no one should volunteer," the Mayor declared.

But what was that? As suddenly as if she had been dropped from the skies, a narrow white launch, with the naphtha vapor quivering out of the shining funnel at her stern, shot into sight around the point. She was making straight for the blazing sloop.

Jack Adams's heart stood still; he caught hold of Uncle Daniel's arm: "Stop them! Stop them!" he said, hoarsely. "They don't know. Can you call to them?" he pleaded. "They're friends of mine." Then he shut his eyes.

"They couldn't hear a fog-horn, sonny, agin this wind," said the old man, kindly, bending down and putting his hand on Jack's shoulder as he spoke. "Meybe they won't go nigh her," he added, in a husky whisper.

But there could be no doubt about the intention of those on board the launch.

Nearer and nearer she came. There was a small figure in the bow holding something ready to throw. Jack knew it in an instant.

"It's Joe," he gasped; and as he clutched Uncle Daniel once more fiercely by the coat sleeve, the grapnel thrown by Billings's strong young arm fell on the deck of the dynamiter.

Jack ran to the edge of the pier. He shouted, and waved his hands, and the others joined him. But no one on board the launch paid the slightest attention to the outcry.

And now, again, what was the horror of the watchers on the shore when they saw two more figures join the one who grasped the sloop's gunwale in the bow. Then all three disappeared in the smoke on board the burning vessel. Borne down on the wind came the sound of chopping. The minutes seemed to crawl so slowly that Jack closed his eyes again. When he looked up, he noticed with a heart-thrill that the smoke grew less and




THE GRAPNEL THROWN BY BILLINGS FELL ON THE DECK OF THE DYNAMITER.

less, and two figures could be seen dipping up water in buckets and handing them to the third, standing on the steps of the companion-way. The burning hay had been thrown over the side, and, thank Heaven! the wind was gradually going down. How those small figures worked out there, bareheaded and soaking wet, fighting a danger that had made brave men, who had faced death often, many times, turn pale and sicken.

"It's Eddy and Louis!" shouted Jack to those about him, and his courage all came back to him at once. "They'll put it out. They're putting it out. Hurrah!"

"That's what they're doing, the Lord be praised!" said the Mayor, thankfully.

"I never seed anything like *that* before in all *my* born days," said Captain Daniel, as the last vestige of smoke disappeared, and the boys leaned together against a stay and rubbed their eyes.

Then Joe Billings emerged from the companion-way, and closed it after him carefully. He sat down on the roof of the cabin-house and buried his face in his hands.

Two of the crew of the *End Rush* had remained on board the launch, and from the first they had had the sloop in tow. But so excited had been those on shore that this fact had escaped them.

The wind was dying out to a smart sailing breeze, and the *End Rush* and her prize slowly approached the long pier, to which the crowd was returning, having watched the rescue from the hill.

"Is the fire all out?" asked the Mayor, anxiously.

"She's out," said one of the boys, rubbing his red eyes with the back of his sleeve. They were now bobbing about within easy talking-distance. Joe Billings, however, still sat, with his head on his knees, and did not look up.

"I 'spect ye know what that air sloop's loaded with, don't ye?" inquired one of the fine busybodies who had run away.

"No," answered one of the boys—Tom Lewis, the famous half back of Jack's school. "What with—clams?"

"No, sirree," returned the busybody; "dynermite."

"Whew!" and both the boys looked at each other in consternation.

Joe Billings did not join in their surprise, however. He lifted his white grimy face, and seeing Jack on the pier, waved his hand weakly, and said: "Hello, Jack! Sorry we kept you waiting."

And Jack could say nothing in reply. The tears were in his eyes, and he only waved his hand, and grinned until his jaws ached. Somebody plucked his coat. He turned, and looking down quickly, saw it was his barefoot friend of the morning.

"Th' band's puttin' on its uniform to 'scort 'em up tu th' hotel," he said.

"That's the stuff men are made of," remarked some one. And then, as if by signal, three rousing cheers were given by the crowd for the *End Rush* and her crew.

"Ye can't tell me," said Uncle Daniel, as he walked up the pier. "There's a special providence watches over children, sleep-walkers, and ameteur yachtmen. There's no agin sayin' them boys is brave, and thet the Lord watched over 'em; but there's one thing more; that lunch of ther'n is lucky."




THE XMAS PUDDING

F. J. CHURCH.

See Poem "The Christmas Pudding" Page 122.

## THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

FAR, far away in a distant clime,
A Fairy small told me,
Over the frosty snow and rime
Is a rich plum-pudding tree;
A pudding-tree so large and fine,
That never a day doth pass
That dozens of puddings and pies divine
Don't fall on the soft green grass.

And I told the Fairy that told me that
To see that when Christmas came
To take good care that a juicy fat
Plum-pudding bore my name;
For I have three boys, with appetites
As big as the Fairy was wee,
Who long for a series of great deep bites
In the fruit of that splendid tree.

And I think that the noise of the merry bells
That jingle so loud in my ear
Is the longed-for sound that comes and tells
That the pudding is almost here.
And I'm sure I hear, as I listen again,
On the roads so white and hard,
The pattering hoofs of the reindeer twain,
And the paws of the rabbit guard.

So gather, my boys, come gather about
Our home mahogany tree;
Cease not your din or your noisy rout,
But join in a "three-times-three"
For the distant folk of that lovely land
Who under the spice-tree play,
Who are bringing to us that pudding grand
To gladden our Christmas Day.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

## IN THE DAY CAR.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"WHAT are those boys doing now?"

Accent on the "now," which might lead one to guess that "those boys" had been rendering themselves something of a burden to the lives of the occupants of the Pullman sleeper on this twenty-fourth day of December of the good year '92.

The question was asked by a lady looking out of the car window.

"Nobody knows. No telling what boys of that age may do."

"And nobody cares," with a groan, "if they'll only do it outside the car."

"Watch them struggle through those drifts."

"What are they after, anyway?"

Nobody could tell, as they all smiled at the antics of the boys in the snow. They had bravely fought their way through the deep drift in which the long train had been held for twenty-four hours, and were now making a vigorous climb up a spur of the desolate-looking hills which closed in on all sides.

"See! they've reached those cedars."

"They're cutting one down."

"I know! They're after Christmas greens. I've heard the varlets, through their fun all day, occasionally dropping into a whine about the Christmas doings at home which they can't reach."

Shouts, squeals, laughter, and stamping as they reached the platform. A bang, a gust of wind, and a flurry of whiteness from the snow-laden boughs as they were flung into the end berth occupied by the three boys, whose hard luck it was to be on this snow-bound train on Christmas eve. Some of the ladies in the car shivered and frowned, but a quiet-looking old-maidish body in the opposite berth, with two demure-looking girls who were under her care, was beaming at the proceedings with eyes as sparkling as the boys' own.

The conductor came towards the boys with eyes set into interrogation points.

"No," replied one of the boys, in a clear high-pitched voice, but evidently toned down by respect for the dignitary, "we're not going to make a bit of fuss or muss, but Ned and Jack and me—"

"You're not beginning right, Phil," interrupted another. "You see, sir, it's Christmas eve—awful mean time for boys not to be at home!—and Jack and Phil and I have been through the other cars, and there's a lot of young ones—"

"Germans, and they can't speak a word of English—"

"And one of the little chaps is lame—"

"And it's a day car they're in, and they're having the miserablest kind of a time—"

"All tired out, and the young ones crying to get home. Almost home, so they say. Nobody with 'em but an old, old woman—"

"As gray and wrinkled—"

"And they're a real jolly little set—at least they were till they got so tired and homesick."

"Regular little rolly polies."

"Hair braided just like sticks of molasses candy. Well, Phil and Ned and I've got to thinking—I mean, some one else helped us to think it out"—with a glance at the little old maid, who shook her head and scowled at him—"that it would be tip-top fun to make some sort of a Christmas doings for 'em. Make it a bit easier for 'em to have to wait so long."

"Hush up now, Phil. You see, we're going to hang this tree with oranges, and carry it into that car for those poor little Deutchers. Merry Christmas! Hurrah! Three cheers!"

They were given with a will, after which the boys quieted down to business. Nobody refused an approving smile at their plan. They were by no means ungentlemanly or unreasonably noisy boys for boys on their way home from school, and snowed up in a sleeper all day Christmas eve.

"Why didn't some one else think of it?" said the lady who had accented the "now."

"Well, now that it has been thought of, we can do something to help it on."

"Who pays for the oranges?"

"The boys, I suppose," said the little old maid.

"And boys never have more money than they need at holiday-time," remarked a gentleman. "At least they didn't when I was a boy. We'll give them a bit of help on that."

The stir in the car kept growing. At length a bright eyed little man who had worried through the day by reading yellow-covered novels stood up in the aisle and asked attention.

"As we're all here and can't help ourselves" (groans from the boys), "some of us think we might enlarge a little upon the most excellent idea of doing something to celebrate Christmas."

"Hear! hear!" vociferously from the boys.

"We think of asking the occupants of the other sleeper to join us in the day car. To join us also in making the tree grow other fruit besides oranges. Some of us, perhaps, can help it out a little. And we want to include all the young people in the cars as recipients of gifts from the tree—not simply the German family."

Enthusiastic hand-clapping.

"Now, will all in this car who are under the age of sixteen please to rise?"

Half a dozen or more arose, among them a large man with a merry twinkle in his eyes above a wealth of flowing white beard.

"Oh, sir," Jack sprang towards him in a paroxysm of boyish delight, "won't you please to let us roll you in the snow and have you for Santa Claus?"

"I would, youngster," was the reply, "if it were not that the snow would melt unless I staid out-of doors which I shouldn't like to do."

"No, we shouldn't like to have you," returned the boy. "But," half regretfully, "you would make a magnificent Santa Claus."

"Perhaps I can do a little at it, anyhow."

"I guess you can—can without the snow," said Phil, with another glance into the genial eyes.

Contributions for the tree rapidly poured in. The little old maid, "Santa Claus," and the peanut man gave valuable aid in hanging the love fruit.

"Let's be as long as we can about it," suggested Ned. "These evenings are fearfully long to get through. Don't let's begin early."

They dawdled so judiciously that it was eight o'clock before the tree was ready to be carried to the day car. The conductor, now fully infected with the general enthusiasm, had done his best to have a space cleared for it. The occupants of the other cars had crowded themselves into the day car, now hung with evergreens, brightened by pink paper roses, which the little old maid and her girl charges had improvised from some tissue wrapping-papers.

"All ready."

"Who's to carry it?"

"The boys, of course," declared "Santa Claus."

Three pairs of energetic hands grasped the tree.

"Forward—march!"

With shouts of laughter, the glorious tree, bright with oranges, bewildering in its lading of all sorts and shapes, suggesting delightful possibilities, was borne out from one car into the other.

"Merry Christmas! Hurrah! hurrah!"

The shout of greeting drowned all other sounds. The "little Deutschers" sprang upon their seats and clapped their hands, shrieking with delight.

"Oop, Hans! oop!" cried one of the plump, rosy-cheeked little madchens, as she tried to raise the white faced cripple into a position from which he could see the tree.

But the woman who had accented the "now" was near, and other gentle hands joined hers in lifting the helpless boy.

At the request of Ned, Phil, and Jack, "Santa Claus" gathered the Christmas fruit, to be distributed by the three. It was not done rapidly. Each gift came with its accompanying joke or little story or wild scrap of school-boy song.

"What's that?"

Phil stayed his hand as he was reaching one of the last gifts from the tree.

A long whistle in the distance; then another whistle coming nearer and nearer.

"The snow-plough—hey? It must be—Hurrah! hurrah!"

The boys rushed out, followed by most of the men. The women left inside listened eagerly to the confusion of voices.

"What is it all about?" asked the little old maid, as at length the boys came in.

"Oh, you can't tell much about it; there's such a row—with the snow-plough trying to work, and the snow so deep it hasn't much chance, and our engine puffing like an old horse. They're hoping to get her started pretty soon, so she can pull us down to the junction, and there they're going to hitch on another engine and then we'll go it. But there's been an accident down there—too bad! And on Christmas eve!"

"What was it?"

"Snow-plough collided with a locomotive, and two of the hands killed—as near as I could get at it. Mike Haley and Carl Kobel."

"Carl Kobel!" The round German faces lit up with interest, while the wistful eyes of the cripple brightened. "Carl Kobel." "Mein Vater." "Mein Vater" the soft little murmur went around, while glances of pleased inquiry were turned upon the strangers about them.

The other passengers were returning into the car. Blank bewildered eyes sought other eyes.

"Can it be?" The little old maid wiped her eyes. "Oh, the poor little children! And they cannot understand a word."

"So much the better," said Phil, under his breath.

Puff puff whist e with a labored movement the locomotive at length drew out of the snow-bank. The boys had been all ready for a hilarious shout when this point of happiness should be reached, but now the silence was unbroken as through the darkness the train slowly moved towards the junction. Most of the passengers lingered in the day car, turning eyes of pity upon the children as yet so happily unknowing of the tragedy darkening upon their innocent lives.

"Good to see something that looks like life again, isn't it?" whispered Ned to his companions, as the lights of the station glanced upon the car windows.

"Yes; here are folks coming in. It can't be that anybody expects to meet friends in such a forsaken corner of the world as this."

"It's very evident that somebody wants to see somebody."

"What an animated snow-bank!"

It was; for as a large man with beaming blue eyes and a mass of tangled yellow beard came in at the door of the car "like an avalanche," as Phil remarked, there was a commotion in the seats occupied by the party of Germans. Cries of affectionate greeting were followed by much soft-voiced chatter.

The boys looked on with tantalized interest, then rushed about making inquiries on all hands.

"It was all a mistake," at length shouted Jack in a transport of joy. "The men, instead of having the life bounced out of them, were bounced down into a ravine so full of snow that they couldn't have got hurt if they wanted to. O-o-o-o! will somebody please make room for me to stand on my head?"

"I say, Jack," said Ned a little later giving one of his companions a punch just as the three were dropping to sleep, "would you ever, *ever* have supposed 'Santa Claus' was a preacher?"

"Never!" said Jack.

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## WITHOUT HOOK, NET, OR POWDER.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

Part II.

SUDDENLY, in his mad rush, Captain seemed to realize that the foe he charged was no ordinary one, and he decided to halt. But the thought came too late, and before he knew it, the terrific charge had carried Captain to within a foot of the bear, where he stood still for a moment, doubtful how to proceed. The bear, however, acted on the instant, and raising a fore leg, dealt the dog a blow on the side of the head which sent him sprawling and howling. Then the bear, deciding not to investigate matters further, turned and trotted amiably away, while the hero of a hundred 'coon and 'possum fights got up and dashed madly off in the direction of the camp, yelping as he ran. By that time Tom was sufficiently recovered to laugh heartily.

Then Tom remembered his errand, and being discreet, sought another clump of bushes in the opposite direction from that which the bear had taken.

When he returned to camp with the switches the Ma-

jor was busy with hatchet and saw, and Captain lay to one side, growling savagely to himself, and apparently grieving over his defeat.

"What's got into the dog?" asked the Major, just as Tom appeared and Captain gave a particularly vicious snarl.

Tom related the meeting with the bear, and the Major listened, convulsed with laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he cried. "That's it, eh? and didn't *you* get skeered and run as well?"

"There wasn't any time for that," answered Tom; "it was all over in a minute; but I was frightened when I saw him."

"Lucky for Cap'n," commented the Major, "that it wasn't six months later; there might have been a big fight, for the b'ar would have enjoyed a little fresh dog after his long fast."

The Major was busy sawing laths off at irregular lengths, and Tom watched him curiously for some minutes, and then asked what he was making.

"Traps," replied the old hunter, "for partridge and rabbits, and maybe a squirrel or two. This here's a bird-trap."

He placed two pieces of lath, each about twenty-four inches long, parallel upon the ground, twenty inches apart; then he laid two more crosswise at either end and nailed the four corners. He continued in this way, decreasing the length of the sticks each time, until almost a perfect pyramid was built; and when the tip was nearly reached the Major laid three laths sidewise without nailing them, and taking one of the hickory sticks, bent it over the top in a bow and tied it by stout cord to the lower part of the trap on either side.

"There," he said, "by just shifting the bow the top pieces slide off, and we can get the birds without danger; here's the trigger," and he drew out three little pieces of wood of various lengths. "Do you see where they are pointed and notched?" he said; "they fit together, so fashion, making what is called the figure 4 drop. The trap rests on this upper bar and the birds walk under to eat the grain. Then one brushes against this long bar, and—zip!—we have 'em."

The other boys had returned by this time, and all sat around, watching the Major at work. He finished another bird-trap, and then brought out two oblong boxes, with five sides closed, and a door which slid up and down at the open end. He then rigged an upright stick in the centre of a box, and balanced thereon another stick, making a large T. Then from either end of the cross stick stout cord was affixed, one piece connecting with the door and the other attached to a notched piece of wood which ran into the trap through a hole near the back. When the notch caught in the trap the door was held open, but the slightest touch from an object inside would release the stick and swing it up in the air, when the door would fall by its own weight, and imprison the game.

"These here are for rabbits," said the Major, "and we'll set 'em to-night after dark. There's a chance of catching a squirrel, but if the fellow has an hour's start on us he'll eat his way clean through the boards. The squirrels won't be around until daylight, so we'll put 'em in a position where we can see the door from a distance, and look at it every half-hour or so until the sun gets high. Say, you Jason!" he called out. "Got that 'coon ready?"

The negro held up the animal skinned and dressed.

"All right! drop him into the pot with the dumplings and we'll have him for supper. Ought to get some buffalo steaks for to-morrow."

"Some what?" queried Tom, amused at what he considered the Major's ignorance or foolish attempts to tease them.

"Buffalo steaks," answered the Major, promptly. "They're fine; and we will catch a couple to-morrow. Now, boys, it's too late to do anything more to-day and we will rest. The sun 'll be down in an hour, and as we got up so early we'll go early to sleep, and be all ready for to-morrow. You all might go out and gather some firewood, however."

So the boys trudged forth, and had a long talk about the Major's nonsense regarding buffaloes.

"Why," laughed Tom, "they're only in the West, and getting scarcer every year."

"Reckon the Major thinks we don't know," added Bob Marshall. "I've lived South all my life, and never heard of a buffalo around here; though, perhaps, the Major may know."

When they returned to camp they wisely resolved to say nothing about buffaloes, but to bring the Major to task later on.

Delicious indeed were the 'coon stew and hoe-cake that Jason prepared that night, and the boys all agreed that they had never eaten a better supper. As soon as it grew dark the Major and his followers went out to set the various traps, and then sat around the camp-fire.

"Now to-morrow," the Major remarked, after he had entertained the party with stories of the war, "we will begin bright and early to do something, sure enough, but now—"

The Major did not wait to finish his sentence. A short, quick bark from one of his dogs roused him, and seizing a bright brand from the fire, he called upon the others to follow him. Tumbling over bushes and stumps, the negroes, with the axes, and the boys went after the red torch, which had been fanned into flame.

"Cap'n's treed something," shouted the Major, halting beneath a hickory sapling, "but I can't see what it is."

"Dar he! dar he!" shouted Jason, pointing up through the branches. "See his eyes, Massar Gawge. It's a 'possum, shuah," and with swinging blows the two men set to work on the tree, while the boys stared upwards and saw nothing. It was a weird and impressive scene in the night, and one that Tom could never forget.

"Stand back!" warned the Major, as the tree began to totter, and when it fell the dogs flew at it. A scurrying, a shuffling, but much less growling and fighting than there had been with the 'coon, and the Major stepped



"DAR HE! DAR HE!" SHOUTED JASON.

boldly in and picked up the little animal that lay stiff and silent, holding it aloft.

"Oh, do let me see it!" cried Tom, taking the ratlike tail of the 'possum in his hand and examining it closely. "Why, it's just like a big gray rat! Are 'possums as good as 'coons?"

"Ask Jason," laughed the Major. "Don't you know that song,

> 'Possum meat am good an' sweet,
> Carve him to de heart'?

Better keep a tight hold, Tom; the young rascal may—" but at that moment there was a quick wriggle on the part of the 'possum, and Tom dropped him. A streak of gray through the darkness, and the total disappearance of the animal, followed by shrieks of disappointment on the part of Noah and Jason.

"There," cried the Major, "I was just about to warn you; he was 'playing 'possum' to good purpose then."

The dogs had disappeared. But the sly little animal was out of reach, while Tom's face expressed grave disappointment and regret, especially as the other boys were roaring with laughter.

"Never mind," said the Major. "We'll have some to-morrow; now to sleep."



NOAH GRABBED IT, AND THREW INTO THE BOAT A GOOD-SIZED FISH.

The boys bunked in the "schooner," while Noah and Jason slept underneath, and the Major, rolling himself in a heavy blanket, curled up in his wagon.

A terrific yell awakened the boys just as the dawn was approaching.

"That," remarked the Major, who had thrust his head into the canvas tent, "is what we used to scare the Yankees with when we went into battle, only they got used to it after a while. Now, hurry up; there's lots to be done."

The boys were out in a hurry, and after washing in the river came back to the Major, who sat by the camp-fire directing the preparation of breakfast.

"Here you are," he said, "and here's your medicine. Drink it right down." He handed each a glass of white mixture, which they drank with awful faces, and then made a rush for the cracker-box, the Major laughing heartily, as though it were a great joke.

Breakfast over, the horses fed, and everything in order, the Major suggested visiting the traps. The first one seen from afar was a box-trap, door down.

"Something there, at any rate," said the Major, hurrying forward. He stood the trap on end, so that the animal, having gone in head first, could not escape. Then, slyly opening the door, he peered in, and announced "Squirrel"; and in a few seconds the trap was set again, and Mr. Squirrel was carried along by his tail to furnish a stew. The other box-trap was not sprung, but the first bird-trap held five quail. The boys quietly slid open the top and caught one bird after another, which were carried in triumph to the camp, the Major and Jack going to visit the remaining trap. They came back with a look of disgust, carrying an assorted lot of laths.

"We caught some birds," growled the Major, "for their feathers were there, but an old fox visited them first, and only left us splinters. I'll have to build it all over again. Now for buffalo."

Tom nudged Bob, he being the nearest, and the boys all looked at each other and grinned.

The Major led the way to the creek, followed by Noah and Jason, who had put on old shirts and wore high rubber boots.

"Get all the sticks and bushes you can," directed the commander-in-chief, and, wondering what was to be done with them, the boys gathered the fagots as ordered. The point at which the Major stopped was very narrow, while, beyond, the creek widened out considerably. Beyond this was a slight bend, where it was also narrow, and at these points the Major and his assistants dammed up the water with bushes. The sluggish current could still find its way through the bushes, but no large fish would be able to pass. The place thus enclosed was about sixteen feet long and nearly as wide, and pushing the boat which the boys had bailed out from shore, the negroes stepped into the water.

"The big fish coming up the river," explained the Major, "run in here to rest, and we want the boat to bring them ashore."

Noah and Jason, meanwhile, with the water above their waists at places, were kicking furiously about the muddy bottom, while the boys watched with open-mouthed astonishment. Presently the water grew thicker and thicker with mud, and then a light body flopped to the surface. Noah grabbed it, his hands gloved, and threw into the boat a good-sized fish. Then Jason was seen grappling with another, and soon landed a fish fully eighteen inches long.

"There's your buffalo!" cried the Major.

And the boys cried in chorus, "A fish?"

"Certainly," retorted the Major; "did you expect a bison?" and the quartet was so crestfallen that they did not venture to reply.

Before long the boat held quite a load, composed of, in the Major's parlance, who announced each fish as it was caught, "Blue, black, yellow, and mud cats, buffaloes, suckers, and sun fish."

"That's what we call 'muddying,'" he explained, as the negroes tore up the dams and pushed the boat to shore. "Now, where's your hook, or net? where's your bait? Eh, boys?"

"I wish father could have seen," remarked Tom, as he made his way to camp with a big armful of fish.

"We'll take him home some," said the Major, "just for proof, 'cause I don't believe he thought we'd get anything."

The morning was nearly spent when the camp was

reached. Some of the fish were prepared for dinner, and the rest set swimming in a barrel of water. The broken trap was repaired and a rabbit found in one of the others.

During the afternoon Tom cut some canes to take away with him, and also bit into a green persimmon, which he declared nearly as bad as quinine. It was a merry party that assembled at supper that night, until the Major cast a veil of gloom over all.

"I'm afraid," he announced, "that we're going to have an autumn rain, judging by the way the sun went down; but I don't believe it. If he here for twenty four hours, and by that time I reckon you all will be right tired."

"No!" came a loud chorus. "It's lots of fun."

"So it is," assented the Major, "except when it rains. Now, we'll create consternation in the 'coon and 'possum families to-night if the dogs are in the mood."

And certainly the dogs were, Captain especially. He evidently felt that he would have to redeem his defeat by the bear, for he treed no less than three 'coons and caught one 'possum before he could climb two feet. They got altogether five 'coons and three 'possums that night, and it was nearly one o'clock before they returned to camp. Noah and Jason sat around a blazing fire, preparing the animals and singing sweetly. Tom tried to stay awake to listen to them, but he dozed off, and seemed to sleep such a short time that the Major's yell in the morning was confused in his mind with the song he heard Jason singing at midnight:

"O, Lawd, I'm gwine —
O, Lawd, I'm gwine —
I'm gwine o'er to Beaver Dam befo' de winters rise."

That was the last thing he listened to before he fell asleep, and the waking yell seemed to come in as a chorus.

It was a dark and cloudy day, and the Major's prediction bade fair to be true. But, nevertheless, they went "muddying" again that morning, and got several very large fish, and shortly after noon started for home with a goodly supply of game, the traps having yielded largely that morning. As the corduroy road along the railroad track was reached the storm burst, and the rain came down in torrents.

"This will settle things for days," yelled the Major from his wagon; "the bottom will be knee-deep in water," and the boys congratulated themselves on their good luck.

When Mr. Warren saw the supply of game that Tom brought home, he was surprised indeed. "Well," he confessed, "I didn't have much faith in what you would get; but the Major was right, 'in-ge-nu-i-*tie*' does it."

And in Tom's room at boarding-school there are a couple of 'coon-skins supported on canes, and he never tires of telling his experience in fishing and hunting without hook, net, or powder.

## A FAMOUS AMERICAN SHIP.

BY PAUL HULL.

GLORIOUS is the history of the frigate *Constitution*. There is not a patriotic boy in this broad land whose heart will fail to pump the life current quicker through his veins as he reads the story of Old Ironsides. In the naval annals of the world it is impossible to find a single vessel that can parallel the career of the ship which had for commanders such men as Preble, Hull, Bainbridge, and Stewart. The glory that surrounds the memory of the *Bonhomme Richard*, the flag-ship of that grand old Commodore John Paul Jones, the invincible *Constellation* under the gallant Truxton, or the *Victory* of the great English Admiral Nelson, will never fade, but in the records of heroic naval achievements the name of the *Constitution* shines out with the brilliancy of a planet in the centre of a cluster of stars.

In the year 1796 Congress ordered the building of three men of war, to be named respectively *Constitution*, *United States*, and *Constellation*, the first and second of which were to be pierced for 44 guns, and the third for 36 guns. In the Boston *Commercial Gazette*, published Monday, October 23, 1797, the following article appeared:

"On Saturday last at fifteen minutes past twelve, at Hart's ship-yard in Boston, the frigate *Constitution* was launched into the adjacent element, on which she now rides, an elegant and superb specimen of American naval architecture, combining the unity of wisdom, strength, and beauty."

One of the officers appointed to the *Constitution* was Isaac Hull, who received a commission as fourth lieutenant, and who, fourteen years later, while in command of the ship, fought some of the most noted battles in her history.

In July of the year 1798 a rupture having occurred between the United States and the French Republic, the *Constitution* sailed on her maiden cruise from Boston, commanded by Captain Samuel Nicholson, her destination being the Windward Islands. The double object of this voyage was to protect American merchant-men and to encounter the enemy's men-of-war that were to be found in the vicinity of the French colonies in the West Indies. She returned from this duty in November of the same year, her officers and crew greatly disappointed in their unsuccessful attempt to find and try conclusions with their polite foes. The following month she sailed on her second unfruitful cruise, from which she reached home several months later, after a renewed search for the enemy's cruisers. The chagrin of Captain Nicholson and his men was intensified by learning that during their absence the *Constellation* had captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, of 40 guns and 420 hands.

The war with France terminated soon after this, and the *Constitution* was unemployed until the breaking out of the Tripolitan war, in May, 1803, when Commodore Edward Preble made her his flag-ship, and sailed with a squadron for Tripoli. In this three years trouble the *Constitution* played a conspicuous part, especially after the destruction of the *Philadelphia*, when she remained for a long time the only frigate left in the Mediterranean to act against the Barbary States. With a number of schooners, gunboats, and bomb-vessels, she did more to humble the corsairs of these countries than all the fleets of Europe ever did before. Upon the conclusion of a peace with Tripoli the American frigate returned to the United States, and was not again commissioned until the commencement of the second war with Great Britain.

On the 12th of July, 1812, about one month after the opening of hostilities, she left the Chesapeake for New York, under command of Captain Isaac Hull. Five days later, when within sight of the Highlands of Navesink, she was chased by a British squadron consisting of the *Africa*, 64, *Shannon* and *Guerrière*, 40, *Belvidera*, 36, and *Æolus*, 32. Under the influence of a light westerly breeze the *Constitution* headed to the eastward, threw out studding-sails, and wet her canvas from the royals down, hoping to outsail the ships of the enemy. To render the situation more desperate, the wind soon died completely away, when the boats of the English were employed to tow their vessels within gun-shot range of their antagonist. In order to counteract the effect of this movement, Captain Hull proceeded to kedge his ship by carrying out a small anchor in the launch, attached to the former being a long hawser. When the length of the line was exhausted, the anchor would be dropped, and the men on board would heave the ship up to the spot. By repeating this process the *Constitution* succeeded in gaining a mile on her pursuers, then, a breeze springing up, she was compelled to depend upon her sailing qualities to escape the

squadron, that was spread out astern of her in such a manner as to profit by any alteration of the course. Under various conditions of wind and weather the chase continued for three days, during all of which time, owing to the splendid seamanship displayed by the American commander and his officers, and sustained by the excellent discipline and noble exertions of her crew, the vessel was kept out of the range of the enemies' batteries. During the third night of the chase Captain Hull out-manœuvred the British fleet, and arrived safely in Boston six days later.

After taking on board her stores, the *Constitution* again set sail, and on August 19th, just a month from the date of her escape, she fell in with the *Guerrière*, one of the frigates of the squadron that had chased her away from New York. The Britisher mounted 40 guns, had 302 men in her crew, and was commanded by Captain Dacres, a brave and experienced officer. After an action of thirty minutes, all of the enemy's masts having been shot away, and her hull rendered a complete wreck from the rapid and well-aimed fire of the Americans, her flag was hauled down. The *Constitution* returned to Boston with her prisoners, and anchored in President Roads, where she was visited by thousands of people anxious to tread the decks of Old Ironsides—a name by which she had been affectionately christened. Few traces of the engagement which had taken place less than a fortnight before were to be discovered. No serious damage had been sustained, and she appeared to be in as good order as she was on the day that Boston Light flashed farewell to her in the preceding month. This was the more remarked as she had encountered a first-class frigate of equal force, which had been shattered into a sinking hulk in the short space of half an hour. The loss of the *Guerrière* was 79 killed and wounded, and on the *Constitution* 7 killed and 7 wounded.

A family affliction experienced at this time by Captain Hull obliged him to give up the command of his ship to Captain William Bainbridge, who, without further changes in the officers or crew, sailed for South America. On the 29th of December, in the same year (1812), while cruising off the coast of Brazil, the *Constitution* fell in with H. B. M. ship *Java*, of 49 guns, and a crew of more than 400 men, under the command of Captain Lambert, and after an obstinate fight of over an hour, obliged the English vessel to lower its flag. This was one of the most stubbornly contested naval battles of the war. The *Java* struck her flag only after the bowsprit and every mast had gone by the board, and when her hull was a confused mass of shattered timbers. The *Constitution* had 9 killed and 25 wounded, among the latter being Captain Bainbridge and the junior Lieutenant, Mr. Alwyn, who subsequently died of his injuries. The *Java* had 60 killed and 101 wounded, a number of whom died soon after being transferred from their sinking vessel. Captain Lambert, a lieutenant, the sailing-master, and several inferior officers were mortally injured. The great distance from the United States and the complete wreck made of the enemy forbade any idea being entertained of saving her; consequently, after receiving all the prisoners and the baggage, she was blown up. In this desperate encounter the *Constitution* received only slight damage, and was repaired in one week's time after reaching Boston, where she arrived on the 8th of February, 1813.

In the following June an English fleet of seven sail closely blockaded the above port, but did not succeed in preventing fortune's favorite ship from running the gauntlet unscathed. From this time until the end of the year she failed to meet with an armed enemy, although doing excellent service in destroying or making prizes of a number of English merchant ships.

About the middle of December Captain Stewart succeeded to the command of Old Ironsides, and on the last day of February met two British cruisers near the island of Madeira. One of these proved to be the *Cyane*, of 34 guns and 200 men, and the other the *Levant*, of 21 guns and 125 men.

It is probable that there has never been a more perfect exhibition of nautical skill than that given by Captain Stewart on this occasion. Pitting his single vessel against two of the enemy, he not only prevented them from delivering a raking fire during the whole engagement, but so manœuvred as to rake them again and again.

After a contest of three-quarters of an hour, both the *Cyane* and the *Levant* surrendered. In this battle the *Constitution* had 3 killed and 12 wounded; the *Cyane*, 12 killed and 26 wounded; and the *Levant*, 23 killed and 16 wounded.

After putting prize crews on board the captured vessels, sail was made for the Cape de Verds, and Porto Praya, in the island of St. Jago, reached ten days later. While refitting in this place, a heavy English force appeared in the offing, and knowing that the neutrality of the port would not be regarded by the enemy, Captain Stewart at once signalled to cut cables and get under way. The *Constitution* and the *Cyane* succeeded in escaping, but the *Levant* was chased back. The latter anchored within 150 yards of the fort that was supposed to guard the harbor and preserve peace within its limits. Disregarding the neutral laws of nations, the *Leander* and *Newcastle*, of 50 guns each, and the frigate *Acosta*, of 40 guns, sailed within musket-shot range and opened a tremendous fire on the *Levant*, whose crew, under Lieutenant Ballard, continued for some time to fight against the fearful odds. At last, to save his vessel from being blown out of the water, the American flag was hauled down. The *Constitution* and *Cyane* returned in safety to the United States to learn that terms of peace had just been concluded between this country and England.

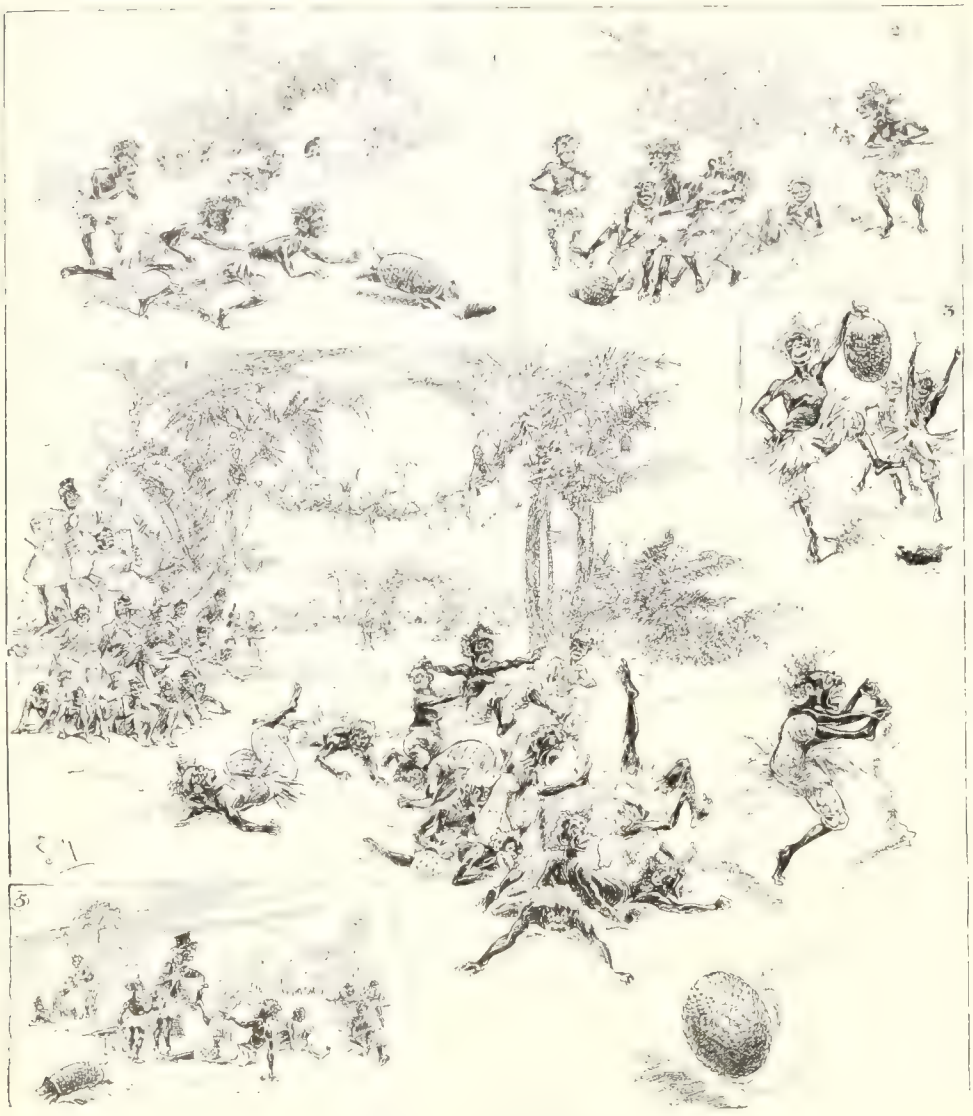
The war exploits of the noble Old Ironsides terminated with the last shot fired by her at the British squadron in the harbor of Porto Praya, and she was dismantled and laid up in the navy-yard from which she had several times gone forth to successfully cope with her haughty foes. In later years, when Congress decided that the *Constitution* had outlived her usefulness, and proposed that she should be broken up, a cry of indignation was echoed by the people from the northern border-line to the tropical waters of the South, and from the rock-bound shores of Maine to waving prairies across the Mississippi. The poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes written at this time voiced the sentiments of all patriotic Americans. It was printed in the newspapers throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and was read from the pulpit and recited from the stage:

Ay! pull her tattered ensign down, long has it waved on high,
And many a heart has danced to see that banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout, and burst the cannon's roar—
The meteor of the ocean air shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck once red with heroes' blood, where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood and waves were white below,
No more shall feel the conqueror's tread, or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck the eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep, and there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag, set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—the lightning and the gale!

The wave of popular feeling rolled up to Washington and overwhelmed the measure that sought to humble the glorious old ship that had been its country's bulwark of defence through many long stormy years. Congress then passed an act to permanently maintain the *Constitution* on the naval list by making such repairs to her from year to year as might be found necessary to hold together the noble frame that had withstood the assaults of all enemies except the foe of time.



FOOTBALL IN ARMADILLOLAND.

### ROB EARNED IT, NO DOUBT.

AUNT JANE. "Rob dear, *won't* you try to be a real good boy to-day?"

ROB. "I will, aunty, for a quarter."

AUNT JANE. "Why, Rob! you wish *pay* for being good?"

ROB. "Well, aunty dear, you wouldn't have me *good for nothing*, would you?"

### DISOBEDIENCE.

"PAPA," said Bert, gravely, "didn't you tell Thomas to start the furnace going?"

"Yes."

"Well, he hasn't. It hasn't moved a bit, and I know, because I've been watching to see it go 'most all day."

### A POSSIBILITY.

LITTLE DINAH. "Oh, Miss Minnie! You ain't gwine to hang up a stockin' wid a hole in it, is you?"

MINNIE. "Yes, I am. And I'm a-doin' it a-purpose, too. I want Santa Claus to see that I don't want any little bits o' things. Anything that 'll stay in my stocking 'll have to have some size to it."

LITTLE DINAH. "Well, ef you gwine to do dat, Miss Minnie, won't you please, ma'am, le'mme hang one o' mine *under yours*, so 's I can ketch de *drippin's*?"

### A WISH.

JOHNNY. "I wish I could sell lemonade in a circus, papa."

PAPA. "Why, Johnny?"

JOHNNY. "Because then I wouldn't have to pay to get in."

### HE WAS JUST THINKING.

ABNER. "Daylight is only twelve hours long, isn't it?"

UNCLE JOE. "About that; why?"

ABNER. "I was just thinking that if both ends could be tied together, there wouldn't be any night."

### SYMPATHY.

RUPERT. "I think I'll pour some cologne in this medicine bottle."

MAMMA. "Why?"

RUPERT. "Why, to take the taste out of its mouth."

### HIS REASON.

WILLIE. "Papa, I think I like history twice as much as I do arithmetic."

PAPA. "Why do you think so?"

WILLIE. "Because I don't have to figure out the answers."

### PREFERENCE.

MAMMA. "Will you have some squash, Ruby?"

RUBY. "I don't like squash that way, mamma."

MAMMA. "How do you like it, then?"

RUBY. "Only when it's made in a pum'kin pie."

### A PROBLEM.

TOMMY. "Oh, papa, Fido is asleep on the morning paper out on the stoop."

PAPA. "That is because paper is very warm, Tommy."

TOMMY. "Then, papa, why doesn't he pull some of it over him?"

### THE DIFFERENCE.

WILTON. "Isn't school funny, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Funny, Wilton; why do you think it funny?"

WILTON. "Why, because it always takes me ten minutes to get there, and only about two minutes to get home."

ARTHUR. "Oh, papa, baby sister was born on Christmas, wasn't she?"

PAPA. "Yes, dear. She is a little Christmas gift."

ARTHUR. "Let's name her Eve, papa."

PAPA. "Why, dear?"

ARTHUR. "'Cause then she'll be a Christmas Eve. And if we have Christmas eve every day, we can hang up our stockings every night; don't you see?"

### WHY, OH, WHY?

DONALD. "The drum is not a string instrument, is it, Aunty Alice?"

AUNTY ALICE. "No, Donald."

DONALD. "Then, Aunty Alice, why does it have strings on it?"

### WHILE STUDYING.

ARTHUR. "Don't you spell 'so forth' with an 's,' Aunt Grace?"

AUNT GRACE. "Certainly, Arthur."

ARTHUR. "Then why is it always printed '&c.'?"

### BECAUSE.

JIMMY. "I think cranberry sauce is awful nicer than cranberry pie."

MAMMA. "Why do you think so, Jimmy?"

JIMMY. "Why, because it's all nothing but cranberries."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE
VACATION

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# CAPTURED BY THE NAVAJOS.

## BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U. S. A.

### CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCES THE BOYS.

IT was late in the fall of the second year of the civil war that I rejoined my company at Santa Fe, New Mexico, from detached service in the Army of the Potomac. The boom of the sunrise gun awoke me on the morning after my arrival, and I hastened to attend roll-call. As I descended from the veranda of the officers' quarters the men of the four companies were forming into line before their barracks. Details from the guard, which



had just fired the gun and hoisted the national colors, were returning to the guard-house, and the officers were hurrying to their places.

At the conclusion of this ceremony I noticed two handsome boys, aged about thirteen and fifteen, dressed in a modification of the army uniform and wearing corporal's chevrons. They stood near the regimental adjutant, and were apparently reporting their presence to him.

At breakfast in the bachelors' mess I inquired of the adjutant regarding the two young soldiers.

"They are Lieutenant Colonel Burton's sons, Frank and Henry," he replied. "They have been appointed honorary corporals, by order; they are attached to headquarters, act as messengers, and perform some clerical duties."

"How do they happen to be here?"

"Their mother died nearly a year ago in New York, and the Colonel brought them here with a tutor."

Later, on the same day, I was making a pedestrian tour of the city, and was walking along a street in the eastern section, chancing to be nearly opposite the San Miguel School at recess. The boys were playing at various games on the highway, and half a dozen of them were throwing the lasso. From a side street suddenly appeared the boy corporals whom I had seen at reveille.

The Mexican boys instantly greeted them with derisive shouts and jeers, calling them little Gringos and other opprobrious names, and one of their number threw his lasso over the head of the smaller corporal and jerked him off his feet. The older boy stooped quickly, seized and cut the rope, and lifting his brother, the two stood shoulder to shoulder in an attitude of defence. The young Mexicans became more demonstrative than before, crowding closely about the brothers, and some of their number appeared about to strike them, when a clear voice shouted from the rear in Spanish: "Muchachos! Are you not ashamed? A hundred against two!" and there sprang from the crowd a handsome lad, who placed himself beside the corporals and faced his young countrymen. Before the scholars could recover from their astonishment at this demonstration of one of their fellows, the bell of San Miguel rang a call to the school-room.

Turning to the Mexican boy, the oldest corporal said, "My name is Frank Burton, and this is my brother Henry," at the same time extending his hand.

The Mexican boy took the hand, saying, "My name is Manuel Perea, of Algodones."

"We are the sons of the commandant at the fort. Can't you come and see us next holiday?"

"Yes, I should like to come. How well you speak Spanish! It will be a great pleasure to visit an American boy whom I can talk with, for I do not know English."

"Next Saturday, then."

"At ten o'clock. Good by."

"Good by."

The following Saturday I saw the two corporals and their newly acquired friend at the post, and at dinner in the mess-room. The friendship continued until the close of school.

One evening, nearly a month later, I received an order to march my company into the Jemez Mountains to cooperate with other detached commands against the Navajo Indians. We started the next morning, and I saw nothing more of the two boys for nearly a year.

In June of the following year the company returned to Santa Fe, and the day after its arrival I was ordered to proceed alone to Los Pinos to act as quartermaster of a column to rendezvous there in preparation for a march to Arizona. The company of which, in the absence of its captain and first lieutenant, I had been the commander, was now placed in charge of the latter officer, and ordered to follow me. On the same day that I left for the south, Colonel Burton left for Denver on special service.

On the evening of my arrival at Algodones, I was approached by a priest, who introduced himself as El Padre Abeytia, and asked if I was the officer going to Arizona.

"Yes, Señor Padre," I answered.

"Much of your route lies through the Navajo country, does it not?" he continued.

"From Fort Wingate to San Francisco Mountain we march over a section in which the tribe herds its cattle and sheep," I replied.

"Will the lieutenant please accompany me to the house of La Señora Perea, on the opposite side of the way?"

Without asking his purpose, I accompanied him to the house indicated—a structure of adobe, one story in height, enclosing a large court, and covering nearly an acre. Set in one corner of the edifice, and incorporated with it, was a chapel of which my companion was the priest. We entered it; and walking up the aisle, turned into a robing-room, where I was left alone for a few moments.

When the priest returned he was accompanied by a lady dressed in deep mourning. Her beautiful face showed evidences of great sorrow. After the introduction, she said: "I have asked you to call upon me that I may make a request. Nearly a year ago my son Manuel, aged fourteen, was sent with a message to our chief herder in the pastures beyond the river, where, unfortunately, he happened to be when the Navajos captured flocks and herds. His body was not found among the slain, and we soon obtained evidence that he was carried away captive by the cruel chief El Carbon. I have repeatedly offered the chief rewards of horses and sheep if he would return me my son, my Manuelito; but he entertains an old grudge against my husband, and replies that nothing will purchase the boy's liberty."

"Was not your son at school in Santa Fe?" I asked.

"Yes; he had barely returned from there when he was captured," replied the lady.

"I saw him several times with the sons of Colonel Burton."

"They are excellent boys. I frequently receive letters from them making inquiries about Manuel."

"What has been heard of your son since his disappearance?" I asked.

"A captain at Fort Wingate says he saw him at a truce conference with El Carbon. Manuel was holding the chief's horse, and wore no clothing—*el pobrecito!* My principal object in asking this interview is to interest you in Manuel, and request you to make inquiries concerning him on your march, and if opportunity offers, do all you can to bring him back to me."

"I will do all I can for you, señora," said I. "Ours is not to be a war party, but an escort to a train. We shall have no authority to leave the travelled road, but we will do everything possible to obtain news of your son. Has he any marks by which he may be identified?"

"Si, señor," answered Padre Abeytia. "In a game at the San Miguel School he was shot through the right hand with an arrow, and his hand now bears a three-cornered scar."

Making a note of this and a few other things, I took my leave.

Next morning I continued my journey to Los Pinos, where I arrived in the evening, and found a train from the general depot at Fort Union parked under the guard of a detachment of California cavalry.

A week later there had assembled an infantry company of fifty men, a detachment of New Mexican cavalry of twenty men, and the thirty-five Californians before mentioned. The New Mexicans were to march to the Colorado Chiquito, where they were to perform special service, and return.

Three days before the one appointed for our start the weekly mail-coach from Santa Fe arrived, and among the passengers were the boy corporals whom I had seen

at Fort Marcy. They delivered to me a letter which read as follows:

"DEAR SIR. This will be handed to you by my sons Frank and Henry. I have just received notice of my promotion to the Colonelcy of a regiment stationed on the Pacific coast, and am ordered to report at San Francisco without delay. I find it impossible to bring my boys to Denver in time to accompany me on the next overland coach. Knowing of the contemplated march of Company F to Arizona, I have asked permission of the commander of this department to allow them to accompany it to Prescott, and for them to go from there to San Francisco by the first convenient and safe opportunity.

"You know, I believe, that the boys have been playing soldier, and consider themselves corporals. It is my desire that this fancy be humored so far as possible. They can be made useful in many ways, I think, and Captain Bayard and yourself can arrange something for them.

"Enclosed is a check, payable to your order, with which to meet all necessary expenses. You may purchase two serviceable ponies, and fit the boys well for the road. They are each supplied already with a revolver, the new breech-loading carbine, a shot-gun, and ammunition.

"Of course I wish the boys kept out of all unnecessary danger; but do not let them forget that they are a soldier's sons, and that in an engagement involving the whole command I shall expect them to act up to their rank as corporals. Respectfully yours,

C. F. BURTON, Colonel."

An endorsement by the General commanding the department directed me to comply with the request of the Colonel.

Having finished reading the letter, I invited the corporals to seats before my tent.

"I suppose you know what the Colonel has written me?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank. "And he gave us permission to destroy the letter addressed to you in case we should prefer returning to the home of an uncle in Vermont, and going to school."

"Then you prefer a trip through a dangerous Indian country to school life?"

"No; not exactly. It is vacation in all schools until September, and we think a trip to the Pacific will be a good way of spending it."

"Plenty of game on the road, isn't there?" asked Henry, a gleam of excitement in his eye.

"Plenty of game, certainly," I replied, "and a fair probability of meeting Indian war parties."

"Do you really think so?"

"It is more than likely. We have an immense supply train and herd, and a small escort in case of an attack. The Navajos will leave no opportunity unimproved to pounce upon us," I answered. "But where is your tutor?"

"He took his discharge," said Frank. "He did not want to get nearer an Apache than the Rio Grande. He is to live with Mrs. Perea at Algodones, and teach her nieces. You know you have met her."

"You called there as you came down?"

"Of course," replied Henry. "She's Manuel's mother. But you didn't know him, did you?"

"Not very intimately," I answered; "but I was near San Miguel School when you made his acquaintance."

"Did you see that performance?" asked Frank. "Well, he's a jolly good fellow, and I never knew a better. He was at the fort after that every Saturday, and sometimes oftener, until he went home. We used to have no end of fun. And couldn't he ride! Isn't it awful that he is a prisoner of El Carbon!"

"It is very unfortunate, and I don't see how he can be rescued."

"But I thought we were to recapture him!" exclaimed Henry. "That is one of the things we came to do, isn't it?"

"We can do nothing unless the chief who holds Manuel prisoner comes near our road. You know we are an escort. We cannot leave our train."

"But cannot we do something? One reason why Frank and I decided to make this trip was that we thought we should help rescue Manuelito."

"I do not know what may turn up; but I have no doubt Captain Bayard will do everything possible to liberate your friend, and give you an opportunity to assist. You would like to be attached to the command for duty, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, if you can find any duty for us," replied the older boy.

"Let me see your warrants and the order appointing you non-commissioned officers."

Frank handed me a copy of the order and two handsome warrants, excellent imitations of the government form. Both documents were signed by Colonel Burton and his adjutant.

"Have you ever exercised command under your warrants?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank. "I had charge of the post garden last summer and the men detailed as gardeners, and Henry had charge of the water ditch and the party that kept it in repair. Our duties were always connected with the adjutant's office and headquarters."

"I think we can give you some agreeable though responsible duty connected with our march."

"You need not take pains to make it pleasant, sir. Henry and I desire to be something better than mere holiday soldiers. We shall always be ready to do our duty, whether it be pleasant or difficult."

"All right, boys," I said, refolding the warrants and order. "I will take these papers to Captain Bayard, and obtain his instructions concerning your duties and other matters, and will inform you of their nature when I return. In the mean time you can look about the post, and hunt up your old comrades in Company F."

On my way to the commanding officer's quarters I called at the quartermaster's for my mail, which had arrived on the coach that brought the young corporals. Among the letters was one postmarked Algodones, and which I presently learned was from Señora Perea.

She described the recent visit of the boys at her house, and dwelt with much feeling upon the sympathy they had shown for her grief over the capture of her son, and their boyish affection for their Mexican playmate. She said:

"Enrique, el niño querido, has declared his intention to rescue Manuel or become a captive with him. Although, amigo mio, these may seem idle words, uttered in a moment of deep sympathy with me, I trust you will pardon me for feeling an anxiety lest his love for Manuel should lead him into danger. Be sure and look carefully after him, and prevent him from doing anything reckless. They are brave boys, and I am proud to know that my son has such friends. Should Manuelito be returned to me, I shall try to have this friendship strengthened and continued.

"Hoping this will find you in good health, and that you and those dear boys may be the means of bringing my own to me, I am your friend,

CARMEL PEREA."

## CHAPTER II.

### CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE.



MY interview with Captain Bayard concluded, I returned to my tent, and found the boys busy in cultivating the acquaintance of my dog Victoriana.

"Is this the dog, sir, that carried the message when you and Sergeant Cunningham were corralled in the mountains by the Indians?" asked Harry, who was on his knees, with Vic's head pressed against his face.

"It's the same doggie," I replied.

"What a beautiful collar the soldiers gave her! I suppose a Mexican platero made it?"

"Yes, it was made in Santa Fe. Five silver dollars were put in it, and ten paid for the work."

"I suppose you would not part with her for anything?"

"She is a very dear friend, certainly. But for her the sergeant and I would not be here. Now about yourselves. You are to tent with me, and take your meals with the officers. Your ponies, when purchased, will be taken care of by one of the soldiers—"

"That will not do, sir," interrupted Harry. "Father always required us to take care of our arms, clothing, and horses, like other soldiers. He said that an officer who rides on the march, particularly an infantry officer, should not require a man who had walked to wait upon him."

"We should prefer to wait upon ourselves, sir, if you do not object," added Frank. "We always did so at Fort Marcy."

"Very well, suit yourselves."

Armed with an order for bedding, stools, and other necessaries, the boys went to the quartermaster's storerooms, and soon returned, to busy themselves until noon in making their side of the tent comfortable and cozy.

After dinner I took them in an ambulance to a stock ranch, ten miles away, in the foot-hills, where, after much hard riding by the boys and considerable bucking and kicking by various ponies, two beautiful and spirited mounts were purchased and brought back to the river.

Frank selected a black, which he named Sancho, and Henry chose a cream-color, to which he gave the name of Chiquita. The pony of the older boy proved to be the fastest in the trials of speed held near the post; but Chiquita came in a close second, and she proved the gentlest and most reliable. Each boy, however, was suited.

The time had now come for us to begin our march to Arizona. The first day we were to spend in crossing the Rio Grande del Norte and making camp four miles beyond the opposite landing. There was a ferry-boat at Los Pinos, operated by the soldiers of the garrison, capable of taking over four wagons at a time.

We rose at an early hour, and by daybreak our train of eighty-nine wagons, drawn by five hundred and thirty-four mules, was on its way to the river. The two boy corporals joined me as I followed the last wagon. Mounted on their handsome ponies, with carbines on their right hips, revolvers in their belts, portmanteaus behind their saddles, and saddle-pouches on each side, they were, indeed, very warlike in appearance.

The two detachments of cavalry and their officers, accompanied by a paymaster and a surgeon, proceeded at once to the river, crossed, and went into camp, leaving the infantry and its officers to perform the labor of transferring wagons and mules, a herd of three hundred beef cattle, and a flock of eight hundred sheep. The boy corporals also remained behind to act as messengers should any be required.

Mules and oxen swam the stream, but the sheep were boated across. On the last trip over our attention was attracted by a sudden shouting up stream, followed by a rapid discharge of fire-arms. In the river, less than a quarter of a mile distant, were several objects making their way to the western shore. When near the bank, and in shoaling water, we saw the objects rise, until three Indians and three ponies stood revealed. As soon as they reached the shore the men sprang into their saddles and rode swiftly away.

A shout from the rear caused us to look around, and we saw the post adjutant on the shore we had just left. He said: "Three Navajos have escaped from the guard. Send word to Captain Bayard to try to recapture them. If the bucks get away, your intended march through their country will be reported to the tribe, and you may have trouble."

I wrote a message, handed it to Corporal Frank, and when the boat touched the landing he dashed off at full speed in the direction of camp.

The afternoon was well advanced when Henry and I, with the infantry, entered the first camp of our march. We found Frank awaiting our arrival, and learned from him that Captain Bayard had sent a detachment of cavalry in pursuit of the Indians, and that it had returned after becoming involved in a marsh and losing the trail.

On our first evening in camp many of the officers and civilians gathered in groups about the fires, some to smoke, some to discuss the route and relate incidents of other marches. Captain Bayard took from his baggage a violin, and retiring a little apart, sawed desperately at a difficult exercise. There I found him at the end of a tour of inspection of train and animals, and obtained his sanction to a plan for the employment of the boy corporals.

The interview ended, I returned to my tent, and the Captain resumed his struggle with his exercise. I found the boys awaiting me, and proceeded to assign them their duties. To Corporal Frank was given a rough schedule of the camping-places between the Rio Grande and Prescott, with the estimated distances between them, and memoranda stating whether wood, water, and grass were to be found at each place. He was told that he must call upon the commanding officer every evening at guard-mounting, learn where our next camp was to be, and then consult his schedule to learn whether wood, water, and grass were there. If no water, he was to pass through the train and direct the cooks and train-men before leaving camp to fill the water-kegs hanging beneath the rear axles of many of the wagons; or if there was a supply of good water on the road, the kegs were to be filled at the place nearest the proposed camp. If there was no wood at the camp, the train was to be halted at some convenient supply and enough put in the wagons for the camp-fires.

He was further instructed that whenever the train stopped on account of accident or attack, or was delayed by a rough road, he was to ride forward and inform Captain Bayard of the fact, in order that too great an interval might not occur between train and escort. These were to be his regular duties; but he was to hold himself in readiness for other service, and habitually ride with me and the guard in the rear.

The odometer with which to measure the distance to Prescott was given in charge to Corporal Henry. On leaving camp he was to strap the instrument to the right hind wheel of the last wagon in the train, taking care that the wagon should start from the same point where

it had turned into camp the previous day. Also, this was to be done at every halt where the wagon diverged from the direct road for any purpose. The circumference of the wheel being known, at the close of each march the corporal was to register the number of revolutions as indicated by the odometer, reduce them to miles, and report the result to the commanding officer at guard-mounting. After reaching Fort Wingate, he would ride with the advance, and act as messenger of communication with the rear; but until then he would ride with his brother and me. The instructions concluded, we went to bed.

The next morning found all ready for a start at three o'clock. The boy soldiers' army experience had hitherto been confined to garrison duty, and they found it a hardship to be wakened out of a sound sleep, to wash and dress by starlight, and to sit down to a breakfast table lighted by dim lanterns. There was little conversation. All stood about the camp-fire in light overcoats or capes; for Western nights are cool.

When the boys and I rode out of camp we were for a few moments on the flank of the infantry company. It was noticeable that the men held little conversation as they marched, and that they moved slowly. Corporal Henry, at the end of a prolonged yawn, asked, "Are we going to start at this hour every morning, sir?"

"Yes, usually," I replied.

"How far do we go to day, Frank?"

"Eighteen miles is the scheduled distance," replied Frank.

"How fast do the men march?"

"Three miles an hour," said I.

"Then we shall be in camp by ten o'clock. I do not see the sense of yanking a fellow out of bed to march in the night."

"Of course, Henry, there's a good reason for everything done in the army," said Frank, with soldierly loyalty.

"Where's the sense of marching in the dark, when the whole distance can be done in six hours, and the sun rises at five and sets at seven? I prefer daylight."

Evidently our little corporal had not had his sleep out, and was out of humor.

"Will you please explain, sir?" asked Frank.

"With pleasure," I answered. "There is an excellent reason. You have noticed, of course, how uncomfortably warm it becomes shortly after sunrise, and how sultry it is at mid-day; how the men strip off their coats and seek the shade of the trees or wagons?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that suggests a good reason for an early start. It is more comfortable to march in the cool hours of the morning. Marches rarely exceed twenty miles a day, except where the distance between watering-places is more than that. Sometimes we are obliged to march forty miles in a day."

"Seems to me the officers are very tender of the men," observed the sleepy Henry. "Fifteen and twenty miles a day, and five and six hours on the road, can't tire them much."

"Why not try a march on foot, Henry?" asked his brother. "It might prove a useful experience."

"Let me suggest something better," said I. "Tie your pony to the back of that wagon, and crawl in on top of the bedding and have your nap out."




MOUNTED ON THEIR PONIES THEY WERE INDEED VERY WARLIKE IN APPEARANCE.

Harry disdained to reply; but with a long and shivering yawn relapsed into silence.

In a little more than three hours we reached the Rio Puerco, and forded its rocky, brackish current to a camp on the other side. Harry, who had recovered his good humor, examined the odometer, and reported the distance travelled to be 18.65 miles. He entered in his note-book that the Spanish name Puerco meant, as a noun, hog, and as an adjective, dirty. He thought the river well named. He also mentioned that on the eastern side of the stream there was an excellent camping-place, but that much pains had been taken to ford it to a very poor one. After pondering this apparently unreasonable movement, he asked, "Why did we not camp on that grassy lawn on the opposite side, sir?"

"I suppose it appears to you there can be no good reason for crossing to this side?" I said, in reply.

"Well, it really does seem like going into the woodshed to rest, when one could as well go into a parlor."

"And certainly," added Frank, "we have gained nothing in distance by crossing. The march will not be long to-morrow."

"Still, boys, there is nearly as good a reason for doing this as for starting early in order to avoid the heat of the day. These Western streams have a trick of rising suddenly. A rainfall fifty or a hundred miles up stream might send down a volume of water that would make it impassable for several hours or several days, according as the fall is large or small. Marching parties have so often been delayed by selecting a camp on the side of a stream first approached that it has become a rule in the army to cross before camping."

"Have you ever been caught by a sudden rise, sir?"

"Yes, twice; once on this very stream, near its mouth. I was in command of a small escort to a train. The wagon-master advised me to cross, but I was tempted by a fine meadow on the lower side, in contrast to a rough place on the opposite side, to take my chances. I was compelled to stay there five days. The other delay was on the Gallina. That was rising when we approached it, and the flood prevented our crossing for two days."

"I heard the paymaster and surgeon grumbling about crossing just now," said Frank.

"Very likely; this is their first march in the West."

"The captain and lieutenants heard them, but did not explain, as you have. Why was that?"

"There are two reasons. One is that in the army, as well as out of it, 'tenderfeet' are left to learn by experience; the other is that our surgeon resents being advised. He looks upon advice in such matters as an implication upon his intelligence. I think as school boys you will recall a sort of pleasure you felt as an 'old boy' over the mistakes of the 'new boy'."

"Oh yes; I see. You enjoy seeing other fellows make your old mistakes."

"I suspect you are right. Now, boys, after dinner you had better take a siesta. By doing so you will find it less difficult to make an early start to-morrow morning."

"Thank you," replied Frank; "Henry and I have been thinking a noonday nap would be a good thing."

"I am sorry, sir," added Henry, "that I was so ill-humored this morning. I will try and do as the soldiers do when they start out—say nothing until the sun rises."

"The early start was a surprise to you. You will be prepared for it hereafter."

A reverberating peal of thunder interrupted our conversation and caused us to glance toward the west. There we saw a mass of dark clouds rolling down upon us. Bolt after bolt zigzagged across the sky, and peal after peal of thunder crashed upon our ears.

## CHAPTER III

### A SWOLLEN STREAM AND A STOLEN PONY



It was our custom at all camps to park the supply train in the form of an oval, with the tongues outward and wheels locked. An entrance the width of a wagon was left open at one end.

When, therefore, it became certain that a tempest was about to break upon us, using the boy corporals as messengers, the chief wagon-master was ordered to drive up the mules and corral them within the circle of wagons, and the commissary stock was hurried under the shelter of a rocky mesa west of the camp. All this was to prevent a stampede, should the coming tempest be accompanied with wind and hail.

Tent-pins were driven deeper, guys tightened, cavalry horses driven up and secured to picket-ropes, loose articles thrown into wagons, and every precaution taken to be in readiness for the storm.

We had not long to wait ere the rain came down in torrents. In an incredibly short time the water was flowing swiftly down the slope to the river. It gathered against our tent; and finding the frail structure must go, we seized everything portable, dashed out into the furious downpour, and climbed to the tops of surrounding bowlders.

Through the sheets of rain we could dimly see the cavalry horses standing at their lines, knee-deep in water, men looking out of covered wagons, into which they had crawled for shelter, or standing, like ourselves, on the bowlders, their bodies covered with ponchos and gum blankets. Wall-tents, the sides of which had been looped up when pitched, stood with the flood pouring through them; cranes, upon which hung lines of kettles in preparation for dinner, standing alone, their fires and fire-wood swept away. The whole country as far as we could see was one broad sheet of rushing water. And the river, which was little more than a rill when we crossed it a few hours before, now rolled and boomed, a torrent several fathoms deep and dirtier than ever.

The storm continued less than an hour, and with the return of sunlight the surface water rapidly disappeared. Demoralized tents were then set up, baggage and bedding examined, and the wet articles exposed to the sun; and before night, except for the booming of the river, little remained to remind us that we had been through a storm.

Just before retreat, Frank, Henry, and I stood on the bank of the river, watching the trunks and branches of trees rush by, and the occasional fall and plunge of a mass of earth undermined by the current.

"Well," said Frank, after silently contemplating the scene, "your statement about the necessity of crossing a stream before camping upon it has been strongly certified to, and without delay."

"Yes; I think even the paymaster and surgeon must be convinced it is a good rule," I replied.

Next morning we resumed our march at the usual hour, and travelled 23.28 miles to a deserted Mexican town and a deserted Indian pueblo.

On the following day we crossed a chain of hills into the valley of the Rio Gallo. As we debouched from a deep ravine, we caught sight of the pueblo of Laguna, illuminated by the sun just rising behind us. The town stands upon a rocky eminence overlooking the river which waters its large and well-cultivated valley.

When within three miles I proposed to the boys that we should hasten forward in advance of the train and visit the town. We galloped on, and were hospitably re-



BEFORE US WAS THE LAST CLUSTER OF WILLOWS, AND BEYOND THEM THE COUNTRY WOULD BE SHELTERLESS.

ceived by the Indian Governor, who did the honors of the community in person. He showed us the interior of the terraced buildings, and conducted us through the subterranean estufa, where for centuries before the introduction of friction matches the Indians kept their sacred fire—fire made sacred through the difficulty of obtaining it or rekindling it when extinguished, and so watched day and night by sleepless sentinels.

When we entered the town we left our horses hitched to a willow on the bank of the irrigating ditch near the wall of the first house, and I ordered the dog Vic to remain with them. Three-quarters of an hour later, as we stood at the foot of the ladder under the domelike roof of the estufa, beneath the aperture which served for skylight, chimney, and entrance—examining the decorations arranged on floor, wall, and ceiling—Vic looked down from above, gave three sharp barks, and dashed away.

We were so deeply interested in the examination of a lot of scalps, quaint pottery, weapons of warfare, etc., that we paid no attention to her. Presently she appeared a second time, repeated her barking, and ran off again. Remarking that Vic seemed to have forgotten her duty and deserted her post, I continued to examine the curiosities. A few moments later the dog again showed herself at the skylight, and thrusting her head downward, continued to bark until I approached the foot of the ladder. As I did so she uttered a sound of anxiety or distress, and disappeared.

"Something must be the matter with our animals, boys," I remarked. "Frank, go and see what has happened, while Harry and I take leave of our host."

Frank climbed the ladder, two steps at a time, while Harry and I remained to thank the Governor for his kindness, and bestow some trifling gifts upon the rabble of children that had followed us closely throughout our visit. We then ascended the ladder, and started out of town.

Hurrying down the narrow street, we met Frank, who was nearly breathless with exertion and excitement. While yet at considerable distance from us he shouted:

"Chiquita's gone! Can't see her anywhere!"

Hastening to the willow, I found that Harry's pony was indeed missing. I thought she had simply broken loose, and would be found somewhere in the neighborhood, so mounted, and made a hasty search. I saw the train several miles away, toiling up a long ascent, but there was no sign of a riderless pony. On my return to the willow Harry said:

"Chiquita did not break away, sir; her halter strap was too strong, and I tied it with a cavalry hitch. She must have been unfastened by some one. Perhaps the Pueblos have stolen her."

"She may have been stolen," I replied, "but not by the Pueblos. We were their guests, and our property was sacred."

The Indians, seeing we were in trouble, gathered about us, and among them I saw the Governor. Making my way to him, I explained what had happened. He turned to his people, and addressed them in his own tongue. A girl approached and said something, at the same time pointing to the southwest. The chief then said to me:

"A Navajo boy took the horse. The girl was hanging clothes to dry on the bushes along the acéquia, and saw him come through the willows, mount, and ride off in that direction," pointing to the southwest.

Looking in the direction indicated, over a long stretch

of broken country, bordered on the west by an irregular range of sandstone mesas, I thought I saw a moving object near the foot of a rugged bluff, several miles distant; but before I could adjust my field-glass the object had turned the bluff and disappeared. One thing, however, I did see—it was Vic sitting on a knoll less than a mile from the pueblo.

"I wonder we have not thought of Vic all this time," I said; "there she is on the trail of the thief, wondering why we do not pursue."

"The good doggie," said Harry. "She did her best to tell us Chiquita was stolen, and she means to do her best to retake her."

Turning to the Governor, I asked, "Are there any Navajos about here?"

"There is a large band in the ciénaga, three leagues from here. The pony will be found there."

With these words the chief returned to his quarters. I advised Henry to run after the train and report what had happened. "Wave your handkerchief," said I, "and some one will come to meet you. If it should be a mounted man, take his animal, overtake Captain Bayard, tell him all you know, and say that Frank and I have gone in pursuit, and that I request him to send a detachment of cavalry to look us up."

Harry started off with a celerity begotten of his anxiety at the loss of his pony, and the fear that his brother might fall into danger, unless a body of troopers followed him closely.

Frank and I then started towards Vic. As soon as the dog saw us approaching she sprang into the air, shook herself in an ecstasy of delight, and made a complete circle about us; then put her nose to the earth, and went steadily on in advance, threading her way through clumps of sage-brush and grease-wood and along the ravines.

The tracks of a shod pony satisfied us that we were on the trail of Chiquita and her Navajo rider. The boy had kept well down in the ravines and depressions in order to screen himself from possible pursuers. We were not obliged to follow his tracks closely, however. Vic did that, and we took the general direction from her, cutting across turnings and windings, and making much better progress than the thief could have done.

An hour's ride brought us to the bluff behind which I had seen an object disappear. Vic turned it, and began to ascend the almost dry bed of a stream, in the bottom of which the tracks of a horse were plainly visible. Soon the stream enlarged to a flowing brook, which broadened and deepened as we followed it up. This reversal of a natural feature of Eastern brooks is not unusual with rivers and brooks in the arid regions of our country, where mountain streams often sink or evaporate as they flow into the parched plains.

That the brook flowed from the ciénaga, or marsh, where the Navajos were rendezvoused was an easy inference. The Indian boy was endeavoring to reach that place with the stolen pony. Directing Frank to keep up the left side of the stream, and to look for tracks indicating that the pony had left the bed, I took the right side, and hurried on.

Willows began to appear along the banks, showing that we had reached a permanent flow of water. Twice we came to masses of bowlders which made it impossible for a horse to travel in the stream, and we found that the tracks of the pony skirted them.

We had now reached a point where a small brook entered the larger one from the right. We dismounted at the confluence to make observations. Vic suddenly began to bark furiously; then a yelp and a continued cry of pain showed that the dog was hurt, and she presently appeared with an arrow through the thick of her neck.

Advancing cautiously, I caught sight of Chiquita in a cleft of the rock at my left, and an Indian boy behind her aiming an arrow over the saddle. A sharp twang, and the missile flew past my right ear. The boy then sprang forward, and raised a knife as if to hamstring the pony. But it was not to be; for a carbine spoke, and the raised arm of the Indian lad fell at his side.

"Well done, Frank!" said I.

We closed up in hopes to capture the young Navajo, but he ran quickly behind a large rock and was seen no more. Returning to the main brook with Chiquita, we tied the horses to the willows and began a search for Vic. I called her by all the pet names to which she was accustomed, but received no response. I searched over a considerable distance, but she could not be found.

With great reluctance we gave up the search and prepared to return. While tightening the girths we heard the sound indicating the approach of horses or cattle. Mounting quickly and hastening to higher ground, we descried a large party of Indians riding in our direction. They saw us, and raising a fearful war-whoop, broke into a furious run.

The reflection that death certainly awaited us if captured prompted us to leave our exposed position as rapidly as our tired animals could go. Leading Chiquita and telling Frank to follow, down the stream we dashed in the direction of the Wingate road.

As we flew along, feeling positive that the Indians would overtake us, I eagerly surveyed the rocky wall on our left, hoping to find a break in which we could shelter ourselves and hold the enemy in check until assistance arrived.

But no opening appeared. Before us was the last cluster of willows, and beyond them the country would be shelterless to the white walls of Laguna.

On we went into the dense bushes, a shower of arrows and bullets about our ears, just as the clear notes of a cavalry trumpet sounded "deploy," and the Californians crashed through the willows and broke into a skirmish line behind us. Only a few shots were fired and the Navajos were gone.

Being an escort, we could not make a prolonged search for them. Our duty was to return at once to the train. A bullet had raised the chevron on Frank's right sleeve, and another had shattered the ivory hilt of his revolver.

The volunteers dismounted for a rest, and I took the opportunity to make a further search for Vic. I could not bear to leave my canine companion to suffer if alive, or to be the food of coyotes if dead. Leaving my horse with Frank, I started towards the place where I had last seen her.

As I descended a shallow ravine to the willow-clad brook, I came upon an unexpected sight, and paused to witness it. On his knees, close to the water, his back towards me, was Corporal Henry. Extended at his left side was Vic, held closely under his left arm, her plumy tail hanging dejectedly in my direction. An occasional dispirited wag showed that she appreciated the kindness being shown her. The boy was busy at something that elicited from the animal faint sounds of pain. I saw him lay a broken arrow on the ground; then he drew a handkerchief from his pocket, dipped it in the brook, and apparently washed a wound.

At times the boy could be heard addressing his patient in soothing tones, while now and then he would lean his face caressingly against her head. "Poor little Vic! Nice, brave doggie! There, there; I will not hurt you more than I can help. They can't shoot you again. We are all here, all your best friends, and you shall ride back to the train on Chiquita. We'll own Chiquita together after this."

I felt a little delicacy about breaking in upon this scene, so withdrew into a clump of bushes, and began calling the dog.

Harry promptly answered, "Here she is, sir! This way! She wants to come, but I think she better not."

"Is she much hurt?" I asked, approaching them.

"I think not dangerously, sir. This arrow passed through the top of her neck. I broke it, so as not to be obliged to draw the barb or plume through the wound. She is weak from loss of blood. The wound could be bound up if her collar was off."

"I will remove it until the sore heals," I answered, and taking a key from my pocket I took off the collar and assisted in dressing the wound.

"How came you to be with the cavalry, Harry?" I asked.

"I ran ahead, as you told me, and the wagon-master came to meet me. He lent me his mule, and I rode on to Captain Bayard and made my report. The Captain sent Lieutenant Baldwin and his men and lent me a spare horse."

"Have you seen Chiquita?"

"At a distance. Is she all right?"

"Yes; but she is a little tired. Let us join the troop, for it is time we were on our way to the train."

Our return ride was at a walk. Harry turned his cavalry horse over to a trooper to be led, and mounted Chiquita, with Vic in his arms. Arrived in camp, he took the dog to the surgeon for treatment, and in a few days she was as lively as ever.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OVER THE DIVIDE—A CORPORAL MISSING.

FORT WINGATE was reached in two more marches—six in all from the Rio Grande. Every day was full of incident and adventure to the boys.

We remained two days at the fort for rest and repairs, and then entered upon the second section of our march — a section upon which at that time no white man had made his home.

Recalling my promise to Señora Perea, I made inquiries of the officers at the fort concerning her son. I learned that a scout had recently reported a Mexican boy to be herding ponies for the Navajos thirty miles north of Zuñi.

The distance to the first camp beyond Wingate where we were sure to find water was twenty-two miles; and it being impossible for us to leave the fort before three o'clock, we determined to make a dry camp, five and a half miles out.

The evening was well advanced when we pitched our tents. Horses and mules were turned out for the first time without water; and although in this mountain region the grass was abundant, they did not cease to whinny and bray their discontent throughout the night.

The sun dropped behind the mountain spurs, and we drew nearer and nearer the fire, adding a thicker garment as the twilight deepened into night. Frank expressed the trend of thought by asking, "We now march into the heart of the Navajo country, do we not, sir?"

"Not precisely through the heart, but along its southern border."

"They'll try to make it lively for us, I suppose?"

"They will certainly watch us closely, and will take advantage of any carelessness on our part; but with proper care and attention to duty, we are not likely to have trouble."

"Do you think there is any chance of our finding Manuel Perea?"

"No; he is too far off our route. We cannot leave the train to look him up."

There was a suspicious choke in the voice of the little corporal when he said: "It's awful to think we are going so near the dear old boy and can do nothing for him. Only think of his poor mother!"

"I was told at the fort that she has offered five thousand dollars to the man who will bring her Manuel," said Frank. "I wish I could bring him in for nothing."

"I believe we are going to find him somehow," Henry said. "You know I promised his mother to rescue him, or become a prisoner with him."

"So she wrote me at Los Pinos," I replied. "Well, something may turn up to enable us to serve his mother. Let us go to bed."

Next morning we were again on the road by starlight. A march of sixteen miles brought us to Agua Fria—cold water. Less than a hundred yards west of the spring was a ridge which did not rise fifty feet above it, and that was the "backbone" of the continent. The water of Agua Fria flowed into the Atlantic; the springs on the other side of the ridge flowed into the Pacific.

After supper Corporal Frank ordered that all the water-kegs should be filled, for the water at El Moro, or



CORPORAL HARRY ASKED CAPTAIN BAYARD TO INQUIRE FOR MANUEL PEREA.

Inscription Rock, our next stopping-place, was poor. The distance is 17.50 miles. This rock of white sandstone, rising perpendicularly to a height varying from two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet, extends from the foothills into the valley a distance of half a mile. Along its base, from the surface of the ground to a height that could be reached from the back of a horse or the top of a wagon, are Spanish and English inscriptions dating from A. D. 1606 to the passing of the last traveller. Many of the inscriptions are beautifully and deeply cut into the sandstone, which is as smooth as the surface of a marble slab.

Our next march was to the junction of the Rio Pescado and Otter Creek, twenty-two miles; then from the Pescado to Arch Spring, nineteen miles. The way took us through the ancient town of Zuñi, an Indian community, with its family of albinos, described as far back as 1559 by Father Marco de Niga, who visited it in that year.

Arch Spring was walled up, and we found it surrounded by an extensive field of corn. We were obliged to purchase a right of way through the field in order to reach the water. The cornstalks that we cut up proved very acceptable food to the mules and horses.

On the following day the distance travelled was thirty-two miles. We arrived late in the evening at a spring called variously by the Indians, Mexicans, and Americans, Wah-nuk-ai-tin-ai-e, Ojo Redondo, and Jacob's Well. It is a funnel-shaped hole in a level plain, six hundred feet in diameter at the top and one hundred and sixty feet deep.

At the bottom of the hole is a pool of green and brackish water, reached by a spiral track around the wall. Our cooks procured a supply of water, and then the animals were driven down in detachments. They waded and swam in the water until it was defiled for human use.

An hour after our arrival four Navajos appeared and were admitted to an interview with Captain Bayard, of whom they asked information concerning the terms offered their bands as an inducement to surrender and go upon a reservation. We questioned them about the water supply on our route, and they told us that we would find plenty at Navajo Springs, seven miles from Jacob's Well, and that there had been a heavy rainfall at the west. As the Indians were preparing to go, Corporal Harry came forward and asked Captain Bayard to inquire for Manuel Perea. The Captain did so, and learned that a Mexican boy answering the description given was assisting in herding the ponies of El Carbon far to the north of us. When asked if El Carbon would give him up for a large ransom, they answered that he had refused large offers heretofore, and would doubtless continue to do so.

"Cannot you scare him by a threat?" asked Harry.

"Thank you for the suggestion, corporal," answered the Captain. "I will try it." Then turning to the Indians, he continued: "Tell the chief, El Carbon, that it is not the part of a brave warrior to war upon women and children. Tell him that the great chief at Santa Fe is bringing this war to a close, and that over half of the Navajos are already on the reservation at Bosque Redondo. Tell him that when he surrenders—which will not be a long time from now—if the boy Manuel is not brought in safe he and his kin will be severely punished."

"Thank you," said Harry.

The Indians left in a northerly direction.

At guard-mounting Captain Bayard announced that, owing to the recent fatiguing marches and the lack of good water, we would go no farther than Navajo Springs next day, and that we would not leave camp before eight o'clock. This announcement was received with pleasure; for since leaving Agua Fria little water had been drunk, it being either muddy, stagnant, or alkaline. The water at Navajo Springs was pure.

Ten o'clock the following morning found us at the springs. They were fifteen in number, clustered in an area of less than an acre. Each was of the dimensions of a barrel set upon end in the ground, with a mere thread of water flowing from it—a thread which the fierce sun evaporated before it had flowed a rod from its source. It soon became plain to every one that we could not long remain there. We must go on or go back. We were ignorant of the state of the water supply before us; but we did know that Jacob's Well was variously flavored, and we had no desire to return. We concluded to go on.

The Indians had said there had been a heavy rainfall at the west. Five and one-twentieth miles over a rough, red, and verdureless country brought us to the Rio Puerco of the West. There was not a drop of water in it. A broad flat bed of disintegrated granite mingled with pulverized red sandstone crunched under the wagon wheels as we crossed. We halted, and with mining shovels dug down to the bed-rock, hoping to find water at a lower depth; but there was an increasing moisture only.

The commanding officer ordered me to take ten cavalrymen, with shovels, and go on to Carizo Creek, and if I found no running water, to sink holes across the bed, as we had done on the Puerco. The boy corporals asked to accompany me, and were allowed to do so.

The distance to the Carizo was seven miles, over a high intervening ridge, and the creek, when we reached it, was in no respect different from the one we had just left. We opened a line of holes, but found very little water.

Sending Henry back with a message to Captain Bayard, we pushed on to Lithodendron Creek, a distance of thirteen miles, and found about an acre of water four inches deep in the bed of the stream, under the shadow of a cliff. It was miserable stuff, but it was better than nothing. I sent a soldier back to the command, and sat down with Frank under the cliff to wait. The march, which had promised to be but seven miles in the morning, had lengthened into thirty-two, over an exceedingly rough country; and it had been continuous, with no noonday rest, and under a broiling sun.

Frank and I sat a little apart from the soldiers, watching the distant horizon for a sign of the approaching wagons. We had expected Henry to rejoin us from his messenger service, but he had not done so. The sun went down, and the crescent moon looked over our shoulders at her image in the red pool before us. The horses of the party had been turned loose, and were wandering about among the thorny cacti, seeking in vain for grass or shrubbery. Depressed and gloomy, we did not talk much. Occasionally, impelled by thirst, we dipped up a cup of water, and sipping the warm liquid, felt between our teeth the gritty matter it held in solution.

Time dragged slowly on until after nine o'clock, when a faint "hee-haw" in the far distance gave us the first hint that the train was over the divide, and that the unfailing scent of the mules had recognized the vicinity of water.

An hour more passed before the first sergeant of the infantry company and half a dozen privates marched down to the roily water and stooped for a drink. The rest of the men were straggling the length of the train. The wagons arrived in groups, heralded by the vigorous braying of the mules.

No one felt inclined to pitch a tent; partly on account of fatigue, but principally because the ground was rough, and cacti in endless variety strewed the surface, branching and clustering about the petrified trunks of trees, which gave the creek its name.

There was no grass in the vicinity, and no grain on the train. The animals, when turned loose, went to the pool and drank, and then wandered about the wagons, calling for forage. There was no fuel for fires. Hard bread and bacon made our supper.

After a time I began to wonder why Vic had not come to greet me. She had accompanied Henry when he went back to Carizo Creek, and I knew that if he had returned she would have looked me up immediately. I was about to look for her, when Frank appeared, and asked, "Have you seen my brother?"

"No," I replied, "nor have I seen Vic. They must be with the rear-guard."

"No, sir, they are not there. I have just seen the sergeant of the guard."

"Is not Corporal Henry here?" asked Captain Bayard.

"No, sir," I answered. "I sent him with a message to you at Carizo, and have not seen him since."

"He reported to me," the Captain replied, "and I sent him back with orders for you to go on to Lithodendron, as you have done."

"He did not reach me. I came on because it seemed necessary."

"Henry not here!" and the Captain and all of us rose to our feet. "Cause an immediate search made through the train. He may have got into a wagon and fallen asleep."

It is needless to say, perhaps, that the search was participated in by nearly every individual in the command. Henry was known to all, and had in many gentlemanly and kindly ways acquired the respect and affection of soldiers and employés.

Every wagon was examined, although from the first there was a general presentiment that it would be useless. In the wagon assigned to the use of the boy corporals and myself Henry's carbine and revolver were found; but Frank said his brother had not worn them during the day.

The herd was examined for the cream-colored pony, but that also was missing. Then the thought suggested itself that the lad might be wandering on the road we had just traversed; but an examination of the sergeant of the guard showed that to be impossible.

But one conclusion could be arrived at, and that was that Harry had been picked up by the Navajos when returning from the command to my detachment on the Carizo. Every man in the escort had seen him leave at a gallop, and we of the fatigue party knew he did not join us. There were no forks nor cross-roads that could have led him astray, the road being plain and well defined. Besides, there was Vic, who would have proved an unfailing guide had he gone out of his way and desired to return to it.

At the conclusion of the search the officers assembled near their wagons for consultation. Frank remained apart, silent and miserable. He had at first insisted that an expedition should start at once to look for his brother, and had with difficulty been persuaded to have patience until we could consider ways and means.

Captain Bayard said: "It is impossible for us to make an immediate pursuit with horses in such a condition as ours. They have had very little grass since we left the Rio Pescado, and no grain since we left Wingate; they will get nothing at this place. To attempt a pursuit over the barren region about us would be to invite failure and disaster. If we had Mexican stock like the boys' ponies, we might start at once. The boy is in all probability a prisoner, and a delay of one or two days can make little difference to him."

"But can we go with any better prospect to-morrow or next day?" I asked.

"Yes; a march of sixteen miles and a half will bring us to the Colorado Chiquito—a stream flowing at all times with pure water; there also we shall find abundance of grass, and a recently established cavalry camp. I received a letter from the department commander before I left Wingate, stating that Lieutenant Hubbell and forty of the New Mexican cavalry had been ordered there three weeks ago."

"Can we make the necessary delay on the river?" asked Baldwin.

"Yes, as long as I wish to. Now, gentlemen, let us get what rest we can, and start at an early hour in the morning."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RESCUING PARTY.

AT the close of the consultation I rejoined Corporal Frank, and we went back to our old seat under the cliff. The boy was exceedingly depressed, and I did my best to persuade him that all would end well, and his brother be rescued.

"But he may be dead," he answered to my arguments.

"No; that is improbable. Had he been killed, the Indians would have taken particular pains to mutilate and place his body where the passing column would have seen it. That in itself is good evidence that he is living. The worst that is likely to happen is that he may be held for ransom or exchange."

"But how can I wait?" exclaimed Frank. "I feel as if I ought to start now."

"That would do no good," I replied. "You cannot find your brother's trail, nor could you follow it in the night."

"I cannot help thinking, sir, that Henry will send Vicky with a message, and I fear she cannot follow us so far. I feel as if I ought to go and meet her."

"You may be right about the message. As Vic was without her collar, she may not have been killed. Otherwise they would have killed her in order to obtain that trinket."

The hours crept slowly on. The uneasy animals never ceased to walk backward and forward between the water and the wagons, uttering their discontent. Towards midnight, overcome by the fatigues of the day, I fell into a doze, and did not wake until called at three.

A breakfast of the same food served for supper, and we were ready for the road. The mules were harnessed while vigorously braying their protests against such ill usage, and, once under way, slowly drew the wagons to the summit of the divide between the Lithodendron and the Little Colorado, a distance of six miles.

From this point the road, smooth and hard, descended to the river, ten miles away. At nine o'clock the head of the column had reached the banks, and a few moments later men and horses had partaken of the clear cool water.

As the infantry and cavalry moved away from the shore, the wagons came down the decline, the mules braying with excitement at the sight of the water gleaming through the green foliage of the cottonwoods and the verdant acres of rich grass that stretched along the riverside. Brakes were put on and wheels double locked, until the harness could be stripped off and the half-frantic animals set free to take a turn in the river.

Sheep and oxen plunged down the banks, and stood leg-deep in the current while they drank the grateful water. A few moments later all the refreshed animals were cropping the generous grass. I stood watching the scene with great interest, when it suddenly occurred to me that I had not seen Sancho and his rider at the river. I made immediate inquiries, and found no one had seen them since we left the Lithodendron.

Here was fresh trouble—trouble that all shared, but which rested heaviest upon Captain Bayard and myself. We were answerable to Colonel Burton for the manner in which we executed his trust. If these boys were lost, we feared it would be difficult to clear ourselves from blame, although we felt that the boys had been no more

exposed to danger than they would have been had their father marched with us.

"Ride down the valley," said the Captain, addressing me, "and look for Lieutenant Hubbell's camp. It cannot be far from here. Ask him to send me three days' grain for forty animals. Ask him to send it up in a wagon. While you are away I will select a camp farther down stream, and within easy communication with him, park the train, and establish order. We will remain here until we know what has become of the boys."

I found Hubbell's camp three miles below, and obtained the desired forage. When I returned, camp was established, fires burning, and cooking well under way.

Captain Bayard informed me that the New Mexican cavalry which had accompanied us thus far would leave at this point and not rejoin us. "I have ordered Baldwin to grain his horses, and be ready to start in search of our boys at daybreak," continued the Captain. "You will accompany him. We shall be in no danger, with Hubbell so near."

"How many days can we stay out?"

"You are to take five days' rations. If the boys are not found in that time I fear they will never be found."

I went to bed early, and soon fell into a fitful slumber, which lasted until an hour before midnight. I arose, dressed, and sat down by the smouldering camp-fire. My thoughts ran over the incidents of my acquaintance with the boy corporals, accompanied with the painful reflection that it was probable I should never see them again.

Suddenly the sound of a cantering horse approaching from the north falls upon my ears. What can it mean? I listen intently. Now the horse is walking. He is coming into camp. "Halt!—Who comes there?" challenges the sentinel at post number one.

"A friend—Corporal Frank Burton," is the reply.

Springing from my seat, I walked toward the guard, and there by the light of the moon I saw Frank mounted upon Sancho, with Vic in his arms. I reached up to take the dog; but the boy exclaimed:

"Be careful! be careful, sir! She is badly hurt. Here's the letter she brought. Harry's alive!"

To attempt to relate all that now occurred would be impossible. In some mysterious manner the news of the unexpected arrival crept through camp, and half-dressed figures of officers and soldiers gathered about the camp-fire, curious to listen to an account of the boy's adventures. I took Vic in my lap, as I sat on the ground, and by the light of a blazing pine knot proceeded to examine her condition. I found the mouth and feet of the poor animal full of the spines of the cholla cactus, a growth which is simply a mass of fine thorns. This cactus grows in patches, and when the dead clusters fall to the ground they stick to anything touching them. The dog had stepped into a bed of these bunched needles and filled her feet, and in trying to remove them with her teeth, had thrust them through cheeks, lips, and tongue, literally closing her jaws. Her paws bristled with them like pin-cushions.

As to Frank's adventure, it was about like this: After we left him on the Lithodendron, and while we were getting into the road, the boy had slipped away to the east side of the pool, where he fed Sancho with a few pounds of hard bread and filled his canteen with water. He retraced the route to Carizo Creek and to the Puerco without seeing any sign of his brother. Returning to the west, he dismounted, and leading his pony, made a more careful examination of the road. He felt sure that if Harry had been captured by the Indians, he must have been taken in a ravine or in the dry bed of the Carizo.

A long search resulted in the discovery of tracks made by several ponies running along the eastern side of the Carizo to the north. One of the set showed the print of iron shoes. Frank mounted again and followed this trail up stream and towards the north for some hours. He was thinking about returning, when he saw a white object moving on a hill-side far in advance. It seemed to tumble, rise, and go in a circle; then tumble, rise, and circle again. Frank's curiosity was aroused, and he rode on to examine the object. A few hundred yards more revealed the fact that he had come upon Vic, and that something was seriously the matter with her. At first Frank thought she was mad or in a fit, but as he came nearer, she sat up and made demonstrations of joy at his approach. He dismounted, and found her in the condition already described. On the ground was a chip, neatly cut and shaven, which she was in vain attempting to take between her sealed jaws. Frank understood the matter at once. Whenever Vic was sent with a message she was given a stick to deliver. It was plain that some one had sent her with a chip to either Frank or me. Of course, it could have been no one but Henry. She had come thus far, and had stepped into a bed of the cholla. In trying to remove the needles from her feet she had absolutely sealed her mouth. In the attempt to recover the chip, she had made the movements that had attracted the boy's attention.

Nothing was written on the stick. Around the dog's neck was tied a cravat of dirty buckskin. Untying and opening it, Frank found the inner surface covered with writing, evidently traced in berry juice with a quill or a stick. It read as follows:

"Captured by the Navajos. Am herding ponies north of twin butte, at head of Carizo. Come to butte with cavalry, and wave handkerchief from right peak about noon. If I do not come, look for me in the plain north of the butte. Don't worry; I'm all right.

HARRY."

I remained at the fire long after every one had left for the night, and continued to extract cholla spines from Vic's mouth and paws. These needles pass into the flesh easily, but the moisture of the tissues swells them and raises a barbed fibre, which makes the withdrawal difficult and painful. They resisted tenaciously; and each one as it left the flesh, was followed by a threadlike spurt of blood. The dog understood that a benefit was being done her, and bore the pain with suppressed squeals until the operation ended. She then received a drink of water and a square meal, and went to bed with Frank.

We left camp at daybreak, retraced our route to the Carizo, where Frank set us upon the trail of the Indians. The country was rough, and the path constantly ascended to the buttes. By ten o'clock we reached their foot, and found that our trail had joined a well-defined sheep path which wound up the left side of the twin peaks. We climbed to the highest point reached by the path, and saw it descend on the opposite side to a brook deep in an open valley. Here we halted, took our horses a short distance down the slope we had just ascended, and picketed them in a grassy nook. Frank and I started to ascend the right peak.

We scrambled through a scattering growth of piñon and junipers for several yards, and at last came to a perpendicular shaft of sandstone twenty feet high, with a flat top. The diameter of the shaft was about fifty feet.

"Henry could not have come up here, or he never would have set us to attempt an impossibility," said Frank, as his eyes ran up and down the rock.

"Perhaps it is not so impossible as it appears," I replied. "Let us walk round the tower."

We passed to the right, and having found a practicable place for attempting the ascent, accomplished the feat in a few moments.



UNTYING AND OPENING IT, FRANK FOUND THE INNER SURFACE COVERED WITH WRITING.

On the flat summit we found the remains of former fires that had undoubtedly been lighted as signals. The view was grand and extensive. We could trace the line of our recent march from Agua Fria to the Little Colorado, and our future march to the extinct volcano, triple-peaked San Francisco.

To the northwest the barren country was seamed by the gigantic cañons of the Colorado. Directly to the north lay many verdant valleys—grazing-grounds of the nomadic Navajos. One of these valleys lay at the foot of the mountain upon which we stood, with a bright stream of water crossing its hither border. Well out in the valley were several flocks of sheep, and close to the opposite side of the brook was a herd of ponies.

After Frank had looked long and anxiously toward the flocks and herd, he said: "Those specks near the ponies must be men, I suppose. I wonder if Harry is among them? Shall I make the signal?"

"Not yet. Let us lie down among these rocks, so as not to be conspicuous, and we will use the field-glass."

"Tell me what you see, sir, if you please."

"There are five large flocks of sheep in charge of a lot of women, some mounted and some on foot. The pony herd is in charge of three naked Indians—boys, I think. There are no other persons in sight. Take a look yourself."

Frank accepted the glass and surveyed the valley. "I can see nothing that looks like Henry," he said. "He certainly cannot be there. Why are those boys so white?"

"They are covered with yeso to protect them from sunburn."

"Oh yes; whitewash."

"Gypsum. The Mexicans use it for whitewash and to preserve the complexion."

"Well, those boys have plastered it on thick; they look like animated marble statuary. Not a rag on them except 'breech-clouts.' Hello! there comes a cavalcade around that mound to the right. Must be a hundred men."

Taking the glass, I looked again. Coming into sight from the opposite side of an elevation on the farther side of the valley was a party of one hundred and thirty Navajo warriors. They rode to each flock of sheep successively, stopped near the women a few moments, and then came down to the pony herd. They approached the boys, and one large Indian, who appeared to be the chief, lifted the smaller boy out of his saddle, and, swinging him to his shoulder, dashed around the herd at full speed, and then set him back in his own saddle, and patted him approvingly upon the back.

The party next proceeded to exchange the ponies they were riding for fresh ones from the herd. The exchange completed, the warriors disappeared behind the trees which bordered the brook at the west. All this I observed, and then handed the glass to Frank.

"The pony that small boy is on looks some like Chiquita," he remarked; "but the saddle and bridle are different. Did Señora Perea tell you that Manuel herded ponies for the Navajos, and that he was naked?"

"She said something of the kind. Harry said nothing in his letter of another boy. But let us make the signal, and watch the result."

Standing up, I waved my handkerchief from side to side, keeping my eyes fixed upon the three boys. They formed in line, facing us, looked long in our direction, and then, as if started by a spring, they flew down the plain, leaped the brook, and galloped up the long ascent in the direction of the concealed soldiers.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CORPORALS ARE PROMOTED.

THE three Indian boys were doing their utmost to excite their ponies to their greatest speed. Their right arms waved constantly in the air as they whipped the flanks of their flying beasts with the ends of their lariats. As they sped on they repeatedly glanced behind, as if fearing pursuit. Higher and higher they came up the steep until we could not doubt it was their intention to reach the command.

"What does it mean — what does it mean?" exclaimed Frank. "Ah! three of those Navajo boys are running their horses this way as fast as they can come!"

"Never mind, Frank. Let us go down to the men as soon as we can. The Indian women are already riding after the war party."

At considerable risk to life and limb we slid down the angle, tearing our clothing and scratching palms and shins, and hurried to where Baldwin and the soldiers were waiting, and they at once got their horses ready for a mount.

We had barely reached the crest from which we could see the valley, when the three whitewashed boys appeared, the little one on the buckskin pony in the lead.

"What in the world is this?" exclaimed Baldwin. "Three whitewashed young redskins! What can they want?"

"Here we are!" shouted a familiar voice, in excellent English. "Here we are — Manuel, Sapoya, and I."

Before we could sufficiently recover from our surprise to be able to speak, the boys were among us, and Henry had sprung from his horse and embraced his brother, leaving a generous coating of yeso upon the army blue. Tears of joy had ploughed two streaks through the whiting on his face, and lent a comical effect to the boyish countenance. A general hand-shake ensued, and Corporal Frank asked, "Where are your clothes, Henry?"

"Confiscated by the chief El Carbon."

"Not to wear?"

"Well, no; I think they might prove baggy on his diminutive person."

"Then why did he take them?"

"He has a numerous progeny, and the young Carboncitos have an article apiece. My saddle and bridle went to Mrs. El Carbon. She rides astride, you know."

"When did the chief take your clothes?"

"Just as soon as we arrived in the valley my horse and I were stripped of— But hold on, Frank; what am I thinking of?" and Henry ran to one of the other boys, a graceful youngster whose perfect limbs and handsome face the yeso could not mask, and who sat his horse as if he were a part of the animal. Saying something to him in an undertone, the boy dismounted and approached me with Henry, who said, in Spanish: "This is the boy whose mother asked you to look him up, Manuel Augustine Perea y Romero, of Algodones. It is he who planned the escape when I told him there were soldiers near, and that Vic would carry a message. He had learned that El Carbon and a band of his warriors were to leave on an expedition, and that the way would be open for escape if we had friends near."

I grasped the Mexican boy's hand—which, by-the-way, bore the triangular scar above referred to—and assured him of the great happiness his escape afforded me, and the greater happiness it would afford his mother and relatives.

Frank approached, took Manuel's hand, and then dropped it to give him a hearty and brotherly embrace.

"Ah, dear Manuel, I dreamed many dreams of rescuing you as we marched through this country, but I never really believed they would be realized," he said.

"But the little Enrique acted, and I am here," laughed Manuel.

"Frank acted too," said I, "as you shall soon hear; and you will find that it took two boys to rescue you."

"Pardon me, sir," replied Manuel, "but it is not safe to remain here long. El Carbon, whom you saw leaving the valley with his warriors, is intending to move down the Lithodendron to attack your train somewhere on the Colorado Chiquito. By this time the women have told him of our escape, and he will try to cut us off. He can leave the valley by a route parallel to this farther west. It will be best to get out of the hills, and meet the party in the open field."

At the close of his remarks Manuel turned away, as if to mount his horse, and then, as if correcting an oversight, he said, "Wait one moment, sir." Going up to the third boy, he spoke a few words to him in an unknown tongue. The boy sprang to the ground and came forward. "This is Sapoya," continued Manuel, "a Pai Ute boy whom I found a captive when I joined El Carbon's band. He is my brother, and will go with me and share my home."

Sapoya extended his hand and clasped mine. He was a handsome Indian boy, about the same age and height of his friend. He addressed me in Navajo, which Manuel interpreted: "I am glad to meet one who has helped to open the broad land again to my brother and me. But our horses stand still, while those of our enemy fly."

Evidently the Mexican and Indian boys had no desire to fall again into the hands of the Navajo chief. We made no further delay, but mounted and forced our horses down the defiles as rapidly as possible. As soon as the route would permit, Henry and Manuel rode on each side of Frank, and I heard the former ask about Vic. Frank answered in Spanish, so that the Mexican boy might understand. Such expressions as, "La perra brava!" "La fina perrita Vic!" from the listeners showed they were hearing an account of Vic's adventures.

Finding that Frank was not doing himself justice in his narration, I drew alongside the boys, and related what I knew. At the conclusion Manuel changed his position from the flank to one between the Burton boys, and taking a hand of Frank in his right and one of Henry's in his left, rode on for a few moments in silence. Then he said: "God has given me, among many friends, two that are something more. But for your brave acts I should still be a captive. Thank you for myself, my dear mother, and for Sapoya."

Having reached the wagon road at the crossing of the Carizo, we turned at a canter in the direction of camp. When ascending the high ground between the creek and the Lithodendron, our attention was called to two Indians scurrying off to the high lands.

"Ah, look!" exclaimed Manuel; "they expected to stop three naked, unarmed boys, and they are surprised to meet a troop of cavalry. Viva los Estados Unidos! Run, you sheep-stealers; we are safely out of your hands!"

Upon reaching the top of the divide the whole war party stood revealed, far to the right, out of rifle-shot. Evidently our presence was a great surprise to them. They thought that the boys were attempting an unaided escape to the train on the Colorado Chiquito, and expected to recapture them without difficulty. Although they greatly outnumbered us, the country was too open for their system of warfare, and they were poorly armed. They stood sullenly aloof, and allowed us to canter past unmolested.

Just as our rear was passing them we noticed a solitary warrior advance and show a white rag.

"That is El Carbon," said Manuel. "He wants to speak with you."

Accompanied by the Mexican boy to act as interpreter, I advanced to the chief. He took my hand with dignity, and said he accepted the loss of his pale-faced captives as the fortune of war, but he demanded the return of Sapoya. He said that in a fight between his people and the Pai-Utes, ten years ago, Sapoya's parents had been killed, and the child left upon the field. He had borne him home in his arms, and had adopted him as his son. He wanted Sapoya returned to him.

The Indian lad was called up, told what the chief had said, and told to answer for himself.

"Sapoya says to the bravest warrior of the Navajos," replied the boy, "that he is grateful for all the favors he has received, and that he thinks he has returned by hard service ample payment for all. He has shared his blank-

et and food with his brother Manuel for these many moons, undergoing fatigue and exposure with him, until his heart beats as one with his mate's, and he desires to go with him to his home and become one of his people."

The chief said nothing in reply, but advancing, gave his hand in amity to both boys, and rode back to his people.

"He is a good chief and a brave one," said Manuel, as we rejoined the command, "but I should treasure kindlier memories of him if he had given us some clothing and an extra blanket."

Later, as we were riding slowly out of the bed of the Lithodendron, Frank said, "I do not see how the Indians came to spare Vic."

"One of the men did attempt to kill her," replied Henry, "but I threw my arms about her, and the chief patted her head, and gave orders that she should not be hurt. If her collar had not been taken off at Laguna she would have been killed. Even El Carbon would have thought her life worthless compared with the possession of such a beautiful trinket."

"The chief seems to have taken quite a liking to Henry," I observed.

"Not enough to allow him to retain his clothing," said Manuel, "but he would not permit him to be deprived of his pony. Perhaps you saw him, when you were on the butte, dash around the herd with Henry on his shoulder?"

"We saw it," I answered.

"He said, when he placed Henry back upon Chiquito, 'He will make a brave chief.'"

Camp was reached a little before supper, and the boys were received with a perfect ovation by the infantry. After a bath in the river, they were supplied with clothing, Harry drawing from his reserve, and the other two from the quartermaster's stores.

Had not Victoriana been a modest doggie, the amount of praise and attention she received from the four boys that evening would have turned her head.

Word was sent to Lieutenant Hubbell that Manuel Perea had been rescued, and the following morning all men not on guard rode into camp to congratulate the boy upon his escape. Spanish cheers and Spanish felicitations filled the air for an hour.

When the New Mexicans had gone and quiet was restored the corporals and I wrote a letter to Señora Perea, to be delivered by her son. In my portion I related the circumstances attending his recovery, detailing the part taken by the boy corporals, the dog, and the troop. I said no one felt like claiming the reward, since no one in particular had rescued Manuel. Many things had combined to enable him to escape. If the lady insisted upon paying the reward, we all desired that it should be devoted to the education of Sapoya.

Frank added a few lines, and Henry closed the letter. The younger corporal said:

"I've laughed with the rest over my two days' captivity among the Navajos, and made light of it. I don't mind telling you that after shivering through two nights without clothes, and without enough blankets, and being bitten with flies and mosquitoes, and scorched by the sun in the daytime, I begin to think Manuel is a great hero.

"You know when I saw you I told you I was going to bring back Manuel or be a prisoner with him. I suppose that was foolish talk, and that I could have done nothing to rescue him alone. It seems as if God directed us all through. Frank, Vic, the soldiers, officers, and myself, even the dry time from Jacob's Well to the Little Colorado, all had something to do with finding Manuel.

"About the reward the Lieutenant speaks of, we think none of us deserve it. We've talked it over, and we think if you would give Sapoya a chance at school, and if you



"GOD HAS GIVEN ME, AMONG MANY FRIENDS, TWO THAT ARE SOMETHING MORE."

can't make a white boy of him, make him an educated man, that would be the best reward. He's very intelligent, and if he can have a good chance will learn fast.

"Frank and I have a scheme. The Lieutenant has secured a detail from the War Department to a boys' military school in the States, as instructor in tactics, and will go in October. We are going to ask papa to let us join that school after the Christmas holidays. We want you to send Manuel and Sapoya. Won't you, please? Be sure and say yes. Think what a chance it will be for Sapoya. The Lieutenant will be interested in him as no other teacher can, and will give him private instruction, and we boys will help too. We'll do everything to give him a good square chance.

"Summer vacation we can come to New Mexico, I think. You know this is something more than a friendship. I suppose we boys feel toward each other as soldiers do who have stood shoulder to shoulder in a fierce battle. There is a tie uniting us that is firmer than mere friendship. We feel more like brothers.

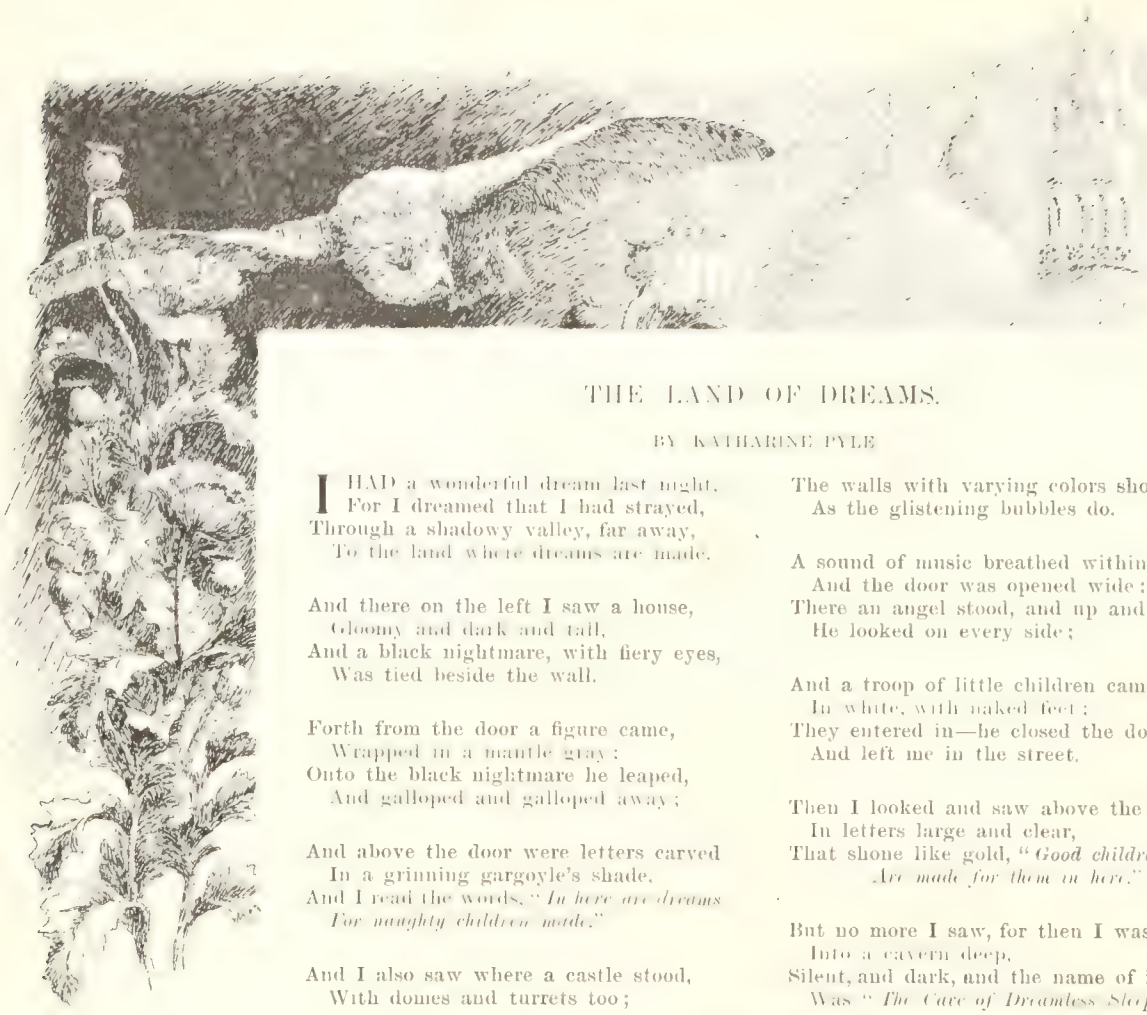
"We will write often. We have told Manuel how to address us. Good-by for a time.

HENRY BURTON."

The letter was despatched to Lieutenant Hubbell's camp, where Captain Bayard directed that the rescued boys should await the New Mexican cavalry which had accompanied us from Los Pinos, and which was shortly to return there, and travel in its charge to the Rio Grande.

The hopes expressed in Corporal Henry's letter were realized. At the beginning of the new year the four boys met at one of the best schools in the East, where, it is needless to say, they made excellent progress, and in time became cadet officers. Sapoya, who had been formally adopted by Señora Perea, now added the family name to his own, and made wonderful progress, promising to rival in scholarship those who had begun with greater advantages.

At our first dress parade after reaching our destination in Arizona an order was read advancing the young corporals to the grade of sergeant, "for soldierly attention to duty on the march, and gallant conduct at Laguna and Carizo Creek, subject to the approval of Colonel Burton."



## THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE PYLE

I HAD a wonderful dream last night,
For I dreamed that I had strayed,
Through a shadowy valley, far away,
To the land where dreams are made.

And there on the left I saw a house,
Gloomy and dark and tall,
And a black nightmare, with fiery eyes,
Was tied beside the wall.

Forth from the door a figure came,
Wrapped in a mantle gray;
Onto the black nightmare he leaped,
And galloped and galloped away;

And above the door were letters carved
In a grinning gargoyle's shade,
And I read the words, "*In here are dreams
For naughty children made.*"

And I also saw where a castle stood,
With domes and turrets too;
The walls with varying colors shone
As the glistening bubbles do.

A sound of music breathed within,
And the door was opened wide;
There an angel stood, and up and down
He looked on every side;

And a troop of little children came
In white, with naked feet;
They entered in—he closed the door,
And left me in the street.

Then I looked and saw above the door,
In letters large and clear,
That shone like gold, "*Good children's dreams
Are made for them in here.*"

But no more I saw, for then I was drawn
Into a cavern deep,
Silent, and dark, and the name of it
Was "*The Cave of Dreamless Sleep.*"

## REGIMENTAL ARMY DOGS.

AMONG the many useful qualities of our good friend the dog the Germans have discovered his value in connection with the army. We learn, from an entertaining article on this subject by an English writer, that it is now about ten years since the Germans began to train dogs for outpost service in time of war, the first experiments being made in Lübben, in Prussia, and in Alsace. The dogs are of the same breed—a breed not thought very highly of amongst us. They are Pomeranians or Spitzes, mostly white in color, but occasionally gray; the gray ones being chosen, when possible, owing to their not being so conspicuous.

Ordinary Spitz-dogs are always faithful as long as they are left at liberty, but once they are chained little dependence is to be placed upon them, and the same peculiarity distinguishes the breed in its native country.

Each dog wears a light iron collar and pouch for letters, but he is never tied up or led by a string. His education is very carefully attended to. He is taught to smell out a Frenchman or a Russian anywhere, and to know the difference between foreign uniforms and that of his own land.

By certain sounds and gestures he is taught to give his master notice of his discoveries, and he has to run from post to post with letters in his pouch, besides looking up the wounded and straggling from the regiment to which he belongs.

Every company has two or three dogs, so that "the regimental dogs" number a couple of score at least. And these dogs always go out with the advance-guard. A strange sight it is to see a German regiment on the march with the dogs behind the band, each looking as important as if he carried the proverbial field-marshal's baton in his pouch. The dogs are always stationed with the outer ring of sentries.

As soon as a stranger is noticed off goes the dog to investigate. A good long sniff gives him the characteristic odor, and back he comes to report. Should anything suspicious be noted, away goes the dog, skirting the hedges and woods in search of an ambush. When the information is complete the report is written on a slip and placed in the pouch, and the dog hurries off to the rear officer in command.

## STUBBORN OR PATRIOTIC?

HERE'S a bit of fun showing how intensely unyielding some foreigners are when it comes to making an admission that there can be found outside of their own country something which is superior to that which is found within the boundaries of their native land. This story is of an old Englishman who has been many years in America, but who will never give in to an American that America has anything of any kind in it to compare at all with the old country. He got into a very hot dispute with two Americans, and having fought them as to every other production, they came to beef.

"Well," said one of the Americans, "you will admit that our beef is good?"

"Yes, the beef is all right here."

"We send it over to England, and your people buy it?"

"Yes, that's true."

Finding the old man weakening, the American discussed "backwards," and got him rather entangled. At last, after a long talk, they rose to say good-night, and the Englishman, as they went, seemed to reflect that he had been giving in too much. So he said: "You nearly fixed me over the beef, but I don't give in altogether. The beef is good—all right! You send it to England—all right! The people buy it—all right! But they don't eat it, boys—they don't eat it. They make it into sole-leather trunks, and send it back to you at a tremendous profit!"

The strange thing about all this is that we who are Americans call this bigotry on the Englishman's part. If the tables were turned, however, and it was the Americans who stuck up for the superior virtues of all things American, we should call it patriotism.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE WITCH DEER.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"TCHU! 'sta-te!" cried Josefa, straightening up from her work and looking severely at a small brown rogue who had climbed up to the little shelf over the corner fireplace. The adobe floor was spattered with big drops of water, to lay the dust; and Josefa, bent half double to reach it with the short wisp of broom-corn which serves in New Mexican homes, was sweeping toward the door the fine gray powder that works up daily from the compact clay.

"Give me that little stone, *nana*," begged the boy. "The one *tata* carries in his pouch when he goes to hunt."

"Get away, quick, for that is the charm of the Magic Deer! Much care! For if ever thou touch that, thy grandfather will see to thee!"

Anastacio clambered down reluctantly from the old chair, and went outside to play with the burro. But the stone weighed on his mind. It was a very ordinary - looking pebble, gray, light, porous, and without any particular shape—looking, in fact, like one of the pieces of pumice which were so common in the mountains. But somehow it had a fascination for Anastacio. And that evening, when we all sat by the crackling fire, he climbed on his grandfather's knee and said,

"Go, *tata*, tell me what is this stone of the Magic Deer, that I may not play with it?"

"To play with *that?*" exclaimed Don José, in a tone of horror. "Child! That little stone is very precious. For no other hunter in New Mexico has the like; and if it were lost or broken, we should be ruined, since only with it is it possible to kill the deer which are enchanted, as are many. And to get that stone I passed a sad time."



"AT THE THROAT TO BREAK HIS NECK," LUIS WHISPERED.

"How? Where? When? With the Enchanted Deer? Tell me, *tatita!*"

"Yes, with the Venado Encantado, and in many ways." And Don José, the luckiest hunter in Rio Arriba, a gray-headed but sharp-eyed Mexican—whom I count a stanch friend and a brave man, even if he does believe some things I do not—nodded to me, as if for permission to tell the story. I had often heard of the Witch Deer, and knew that a very large proportion of the natives of New Mexico believe firmly in this and in many other forms of witchcraft. I knew, too, that Don José was a scrupulously truthful man. The years of our acquaintance had proved that beyond doubt. Whatever in his story might be supernatural would have to be charged to his faith, and not to any intention of deceiving.

"You must know Don Carlos," said he, "that while there are many witches here, there is one kind that delights most to vex hunters. Without doubt you also will have seen the Enchanted Deer, as much as you hunt?"

"No," I answered, "I have never seen one, but I have heard of them all over New Mexico these five years."

"Sure! For there are many; and many have lost their lives thereby, for the Witch Deer is more dangerous than bear or mountain-lion. Only when one has the stone which they wear in the first fork of their horns is it possible to conquer them, for that makes one not to be seen."

"But I can see you, Don José," I interrupted, smiling, as he held up the magic stone.

"But, my friend, that is different! For it is only in its use. Now I *want* you to see me; but when I carry this, no deer in the sierra has eyes for me, and I could walk even up to them, taking care only that they scented me not."

It is worse than useless to argue against these beliefs. Don José would never be convinced, and the incredulity of a friend could only hurt his feelings, and, besides being rather ill-mannered, further cavilling would lose me a story. So I said, simply,

"All right, old fellow, tell us all about it."

"Well, then, thus it was, and you shall see I am right. It makes many years now, for it was long before I married me with Josefa, in the year of '67. Her father was Alcade of Abiquin; and there lived my parents also. When I was a young man, already grown, strong—as you may yet see—and well taught in the ways of hunting, I came often to these mountains for game; and our house was never without dried meat in plenty. There was one that hunted with me, and they always called him *Cabezudo*, because of his strong head; but in truth he was Luis Delgado, a cousin of me. In heart we were as brothers, and either would give his life for the other. Often the old men of Abiquin told us of the Witch Deer, which could never be killed unless by a hunter unseen; and Luis answered always: 'Aha! When there is a deer too strong for this rifle, let him eat me.' For, you see, he believed not in witches. This was the only thing we ever quarrelled about—that he was without faith.

"It came that in October of the year '60 we were together camped in the Valles, and with much care, since the Navajos were bad. We had a house of logs, very strong, and in it already was a wonder of dried meat of deer and bear. We went forth always together, for fear of the Indians, but by good luck they molested us not. As for game, I think there was never such a year.

"One day, when the first snow was three hours old, we came to a round place that stood on the plateau, and near the foot of it were tracks of a deer. But alas! I knew then that it was no true deer, for its footprints were great as those of a horse. 'It will be the Venado Encantado,' said I to Luis. 'Let us go the other way!' But he said: '*What* Enchanted Deer, nor yet what mouse-traps? Get out! I thought thee a man! Thou that only yesterday didst kill, with dagger alone, the great she-bear, and now wouldst run from a deer track!' And it was true; for since the bear, well wounded, was upon us before there was room to reload, I had the luck to compose her with my hunting-knife.

"Wrong of me it was, but I had shame at the words of Luis, and followed him. 'Truly this is grandfather of all the deer!' he cried. 'For never have I seen such tracks. And his horns we will take to Abiquin, though they shall weigh like a tree. Come on!'

"With that we pursued the tracks, wondering always at their greatness. They went a little around the foot of the mesa, and then up a steep way to its top. When we came to the top, where was a cleft in the rocks, so that one could get up, we found a large level place, round, and with a rim of cliffs below, so that nowhere else was it possible to reach the summit. The trail went away among the junipers, and we followed it cautiously, knowing that the deer must be here, since no tracks led down. And of a sudden, crawling around a clump of trees, we stood before him. Ay, señor! How great he was! Great as a tall horse, and upon his head the keys horns were as the branches of a blasted cedar. There he stood, a thing of fifty yards away, looking at us with his head high, as if mocking. My heart forgot its count; for truly he was no thing of this earth—that beast with a look so cunning and so terrible.

"'What a beast!' Luis whispered. 'At the throat, to break his neck. But save thou thy fire, for in case' and putting his rifle firm as a rock, he fired. But as the smoke blew by there stood the deer, wagging himself the head scornfully, for the bullet had rebounded from him. So it is with these beasts that are witches, for when they see you, no ball will enter their hide. And then, putting down his head till that the horns lacked but a foot from the ground, he came like a large rock leaping down the mountain.

"Now I knew well that he was no mortal thing, and that I had no right to shoot. But for sake of Luis, who was pouring new powder in his rifle, I cared not even if I should be accursed; and when the beast was very close I sprang to one side and gave him the ball, of an ounce weight, squarely upon the side. But it could not enter him. Luis jumped too, and the brute passed between us like a strong wind. In a moment he turned and charged us again, and I am sure I saw smoke come from his nose. As for his eyes, they were pure fire. 'Run for yourself!' cried Luis, and he made for the tree, while I took the other way. Turning a juniper, I ran for the edge of the cliff; but just as I came there there was a scream, and looking across my shoulder, I saw the deer making with his horns as one does with his spade upon hard ground.

"After that I could go no more to our camp, but came straightway to Abiquin. When they heard what had been, all the town mourned—for Luis was well beloved. But none were surprised, for they said: 'Always we told him of the Venado Encantado, but he would not believe. And now it has come true. Poor headstrong Luis!

"As for me, I sickened, and was much time in bed. And always I saw the deer leaping upon Luis and tearing him, until it was not to be borne. When at last I was cured, I could think only to kill the Witch Deer, and avenge my poor *compañero*. I asked of all the old men if there was how to do it; but all said, 'Beware, lest he trample thee also!' And Josefa prayed me to think no more of it, for she would never marry one who put himself against the witches. I know not how, Don Carlos, for I too feared, but Luis would not let me rest.

"Twice I went alone to the mesa, for no one would companion me. *There* was always the deer; but I kept under the rocks, where he could not reach me, and waited my turn. Once, when my aim was true upon his heart, the rifle only snapped; and when I went to prime with double care, the flint was all in cracks, so that it would not strike a spark. And again, when I shot him between the very eyes, from near, it did him nothing. So I saw it was useless.

"From then all went ill. Even the wild turkeys had no fear of me, for I could shoot nothing. And in Abiquin I was mocked, for the young men had been jealous that formerly I had killed more game than any, and now they taunted me for 'the starved hunter.'

"At the last I thought me of one who lived in the cañon of Juan Tafoya—a witch, they say, very wise in such things—and to him I went. When he had heard my story, he said: 'But, man alive! knowest thou not



"NOW THEY TAUNTED ME FOR THE STARVED HUNTER."

that this is the Venado Encantado? How dost thou think to kill him? For he has in his horns a stone of great power, having the which he cannot be harmed. There is only one way in which it could be done, and that is to shoot him when he sees thee not. But that even the best hunter cannot do, for the animal is very wise and of sharp sight. Only having an invisible stone could one do it.'

"'And have other deer this stone?' I asked; and he replied: 'There are some, for this is not the only Witch Deer. But none of them canst thou kill if they see thee.'

"After that they saw me little in Abiquin, for I was always hunting. For many months I pursued the trail of every buck deer, killing many. And at last, shooting from ambush one that passed me unsuspecting, I found in the first fork of its horns a stone like this, but not the half of it in size. This I proved in many ways, and clear it was that now my luck had changed.

"Being satisfied of this, then, I loaded my rifle with great pains, and went one evening in search of the Venado Encantado. Coming to the mesa by night, I camped among the rocks, without a fire, and in the morning, before the sun, climbed up without a little noise. In my pouch was the stone, and my rifle was well ready. When I came through the cleft at the top, there stood the deer, looking straight at me, not twenty yards distant, and I threw my rifle to my shoulder, giving myself up for lost. But he moved not, and watching him, I perceived that he did not see me at all—the which is proof that the stone makes one to be invisible. At this I took heart, and with a true aim on his throat, fired. He leaped *thus* high in the air and fell dead; and coming to him, I found that the ball had broken his neck.

"His meat I did not touch, for besides being accursed, he had killed my Luis, whose bones I brought away to Christian ground in Abiquin. But in the first fork of the horns, which were taller than my head, I found this stone which you see. Since I have that, I kill whatsoever deer with ease, because they cannot see me. What think you, then?"

We sat for a few moments silent, watching the flames that licked and twisted about the cedar sticks in the fireplace. Anastacio was voiceless, with an awe too strong even for his boyish excitement; and as for me, the story of Luis's death had brought back some vivid and uncanny memories. But Don José, who really cared enough for me to wish to lead me out of the darkness of error, followed the matter up.

"Do you not see, Don Carlos, that there *are* Witch Deer? For look at his fierceness, and that he could not be hurt until I had a charm-stone like his own. And you know that I tell you truth."

"Yes, old fellow, I know you tell me the truth as you see it. But it is nothing strange for a buck to be *bravo* in the fall—that I have suffered by myself. And I fancy you *could* have killed him before if you had not felt so sure that you couldn't." Then I was rather ashamed to have said even so much, and as gently as it could be said, for I do not admire the always-superior person. But the old man understood, and was not offended; only he shook his head with real sadness, and said:

"Ah, that way was Luis. God keep you from being taught as he was!"

## LIONS, TIGERS, AND OTHERS TAME.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

"NOW, George," said Beatrice, as she settled herself comfortably in her chair and began mending the hole in her doll's dress, "you've seen Hagenbeck's trained animals in New York, and I haven't, and the least you can do is to tell me all about them."

"All right," replied George. And this is what he told her:

"There's a ring, but it isn't like a circus ring. For it's all caged in so that the animals perform in a large circular cage. It wouldn't be pleasant, you know, to have a lion leap into one of the private boxes, or the tiger take a bite or two out of one of the lookers-on. Even before the show began it was nice to feel that they couldn't get at us; for every now and then we heard a growl or roar from the lower regions where the animals are kept.

"The real wild animals didn't appear in the first act. The show began with a funny exhibition of some great tall storks. They came in, two of them, and walked around in a comical way, jumping over hurdles, walking tight-ropes, and spreading their wings to keep their balance. One of them stood on the clown's head. Then some geese came in, and they marched around just as the clown told them to, and then there was an awfully funny show with a stork, a monkey, and a little French poodle. The stork went into a corner, and tucked his long neck into a hole near the door, and then the clown fired off a pistol. Down went Mr. Stork just as if he had been really shot, and there he lay to all appearance dead. In a moment the door opened, and in came the little poodle, all dressed in black, drawing a little doll's hearse with a black monkey sitting upon the box. They went around the cage once or twice, and then the clown picked up Mr. Stork, shut him in the hearse, and the monkey drove off with him.

"Another pretty thing was a little tableau where all the storks came in and stood around a cradle with a little baby in it. It looked exactly like the pictures in our book, you know.

"The next thing we saw coming up the track from below was the dearest little elephant. Topsy's her name, and they say she's the smallest elephant in the world. The original Topsy 'just growed.' I suppose this Topsy



MR. MEHRMAN AND ONE OF HIS TIGERS.
From a Photograph by Sarony.

just didn't grow. But she was enormous beside the two Shetland ponies that came up after her. Two fine boar-hounds, and the tamer, Miss Berg, completed the 'cast' for this act, as they say in the theatre. Miss Berg was badly bitten by a tiger in Chicago last summer, but she intends putting that same tiger through his tricks later in the season. These five animals marched around the ring, 'right about face,' 'left about face,' as she commanded. Topsy stood with her hind feet on one stool and her front feet on another, forming an elephant arch, and the ponies and hounds wound in and out around the stools and under Topsy. This was very pretty and graceful. After that the animals played at seesaw. Topsy stood in the middle, a pony and a hound at each end, and Topsy worked the seesaw by throwing her weight first toward one end, and then toward the other.

"When Miss Berg and her animals had gone, a lioness, and a savage, tricky-looking one she was too, dashed into the ring and leapt upon a pedestal, crouching there and growling savagely. Then a pretty mottled pony, Kalmuck, circled around. He was closely followed by a boar-hound, who acted like a policeman, ready to arrest the lioness if she should attack the pony. The pony's neck and haunches were protected by spiked armor. Kalmuck needed this, for when he cantered past the pedestal, Helena, that was the lioness's name (much too nice a name, it seemed to me, for such a wild brute), sprang with a growl right on to his back, and rode around the ring until she leapt on to a high platform, under which Kalmuck passed. There she crouched and glared at Mr. Penje, the trainer, as though she would like to spring upon him and kill him with one blow of her great paw. When Kalmuck came around again she jumped down on to the pony's back, and leapt through a hoop which the hound held between his teeth.

"Then Beketow, a Russian clown, did some funny things with three wild bears. After this, a fine lion, Black Prince, rode on Lula the horse, who was guarded by a large boar-hound named Nora. Like the lioness, Black Prince sprang upon the platform; but when his trainer, William Pallad[illegible], gave the signal for him to leap on to Lula's back, he just showed his teeth and growled, as much as to say, "I won't!" The keeper strikes him, but Black Prince only pawed savagely at him and growled more fiercely. At last, just as Lula was passing under the platform, the trainer lashed Black Prince, and at the same time shot off a pistol. That was too much even for a lion, and Black Prince sprang down from his high perch on to Lula's back. Later on the lion shot off a pistol. 'A string was tied to the trigger and a piece of meat to the string, and when the lion grabbed the meat, 'bang' went the pistol.

"One of the prettiest things in the whole show was the exhibition of the three seals. The men brought them in in three big boxes, and they waddled out on the floor all wet and shiny. I guess they had been taken right out of the tank they lived in. First the trainer gave them each a tambourine, and they played away with a funny little grin on their faces. After they had finished, the keeper turned away a minute, and one of them hit the tambourine, and then lay as still as a mouse. And when the keeper turned around he couldn't tell who did it. The minute he turned away again the sly little seal hit the tambourine again, and then looked as innocent as ever. It was awfully funny, and they were the brightest animals at the show, I think.

"Did you ever see the picture of Adam and Eve sitting under a tree in Paradise with wild beasts strolling or lounging about them? Well, Mr. Mehrman takes things about as coolly, though he is in the cage with seventeen animals—two tigers, four lions, two leopards, two black bears, one polar-bear, and six boar-hounds. It's wonder-



TWO OF MR. DALLING'S LIONS WAITING THEIR TURN.
From a Photograph by Sarony.



BLACK PRINCE, LULA, AND THE HOUND NORA READY TO BEGIN. FROM A PHOTO BY SALONY.

ful how they mind him! Seventeen stools are placed around the ring for the animals, and they sit there on their haunches like so many school-children, never rising until called on to recite or to perform. One tiger, a splendid fellow, who didn't obey at once, he quietly took by the ear and led to a grooved board. On this board was a globe on which the tiger walked. Still more wonderful was the way one of the black bears walked on this rolling globe, for while the tiger did so on all-fours, the bear walked on his hind legs only, even turning when the globe reached the end of the board and rolling it back again. This bear was so funny looking that every one laughed when Mr. Mehrman led him into the ring. He is a great comedian without knowing it. His fur is trimmed so that he appears to wear one of those long cut-away coats, the white fur about his neck looks like a collar, he walks with a slow swaying gait that's too funny for anything, and if he had a chrysanthemum in his button-hole he'd be a regular dude. Mr. Mehrman made the animals seesaw, form a staircase and a pyramid; and the boar-hounds leapt over living hurdles of lions and tigers. The tigers, who looked as much like kings as the lions, for they were great strong fierce brutes, were harnessed up to a chariot. A lion entered the chariot, stood with his fore paws resting on its front, and when he had had a crown placed on his head and been clad in royal purple, the tigers drew him around the ring, two boar-hounds acting as footmen.

"After that the trainer let the animals romp as they pleased. Some flung themselves pell-mell on the ground or rolled about, and Mr. Mehrman went among them, giving lumps of sugar to lions, tigers, and leopards, as if they were as tame as horses.

"The crowning act was performed by Mr. Darling and five great handsome lions. They stood on stools while two hounds leapt gracefully over them. Afterwards the lions held ropes in their jaws for the dogs to leap over. One lion that refused to come down from his stool the trainer calmly took piggy-back, carried him to his corner, and flung him down. At the end the lions lay down in a heap in the centre of the ring, and Mr. Darling flung himself on this living lion rug, lay on it, and rolled over it. Yet one blow of a paw or one snap of a pair of jaws, and it would have been all over with him."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Beatrice. "See," she continued, holding up the doll's dress, "I've finished!"

"So have I," said George.

## THE LUCK OF THE LAUNCH "END RUSH."

BY JAMES BARNES.

### Part II.

"OH, I say, let's cut and run for it!" said Joe Billings to Jack, as they stood surrounded by the crowd that had gathered on the pier, for the people hung about looking at the boys as if they were some new kind of animal. "I can't stand this dime-museum racket any longer," he concluded, nervously.

"Yes, let's get out and get something to eat," put in Frank Eddy, whose red eyes still showed the effects of the struggle in the smoking hay. "Do you know, Jack," he went on, "Tom Lewis is the greatest cook you ever saw. What do you suppose he did—eh? Scrambled the eggs with their shells on; and to-day he 'struck,' and threw the oil stove overboard."

"Oh, go 'way!" laughed Tom, who had just finished making the *End Rush* fast to the pier. "I dropped the shells in by mistake; and this morning I had the stove on deck to clean it, and the launch rolled, and overboard went the stove—kerplunk! Stars! but I'm hungry!"

"Which reminds me that I am too," said Jack, remembering his sensations of an hour or so ago. "We'll all go up to the hotel and feed. What do you say?"

It was evident that unanimous assent was meant by the glances the boys shot at one another. With some difficulty they broke away from the crowd and made their way to the hotel, leaving the launch still the centre

of attraction; for two boatmen had taken possession of the dynamiter, and were sailing her back to her anchorage.

"Who is your young friend, Jack?" inquired one of the boys as they climbed the hill.

Adams looked around, and saw the "freckle-face" tagging behind him, walking backwards half the time in order to feast his eyes on the heroes.

"I don't know his name," said Jack, "but he is a new pal of mine."

"My name is Jason Pillsbury Seabox," answered the curious one, speaking for himself. "But 'most everybody calls me 'Pillbox' for short." Mr. Pillbox had evidently never been taught that it was rude to stare. But he went no further than the gate, and there they left him hanging to the pickets.

The boys, having put on dry clothes before leaving the launch, felt the comfortable glow of anticipation that all hungry people have as they stalked into the dining-room of the hotel.

A colored waiter with a shaved head displayed a remarkable memory in classifying the order; and the proprietor came up rubbing his hands, quite overcome, as proprietors sometimes are, at the appearance of distinguished visitors.

The crew of the *End Rush* were not self-conscious boys, and they did not notice the interest they had excited in the other guests; neither did they notice that their fame must have spread to the kitchen, for the shiny-headed colored man absolutely waltzed through the swinging-doors in his elation at being chosen to wait upon them.

They were all busy trying to tell Jack the whole story of the cruise up to date, from the time they had left City Island to the unfortunate losing of the oil stove.

At last Jack had an opportunity to ask Joe Billings a question very quietly.

"Didn't you know that was dynamite on board the sloop, Joe?" he inquired.

"Well," said Joe, slowly, "not until we had the fire nearly out. But, Jack" (and Billings's strong young face took on a curious expression), "when I saw what was in those cases I thought my ribs would fall right away from me. Ugh! don't let's talk about it!"

The boys sat there at the table after all the rest of the dining-room was empty, and the waiter brought them the very freshest nuts and the very largest raisins. Suddenly, while they were talking, they heard the sound of music.

"Hello! Circus in town!" said Dave Scott, the chief engineer of the *End Rush*—a rather silent boy, who had spent two of his vacations in a railway machine shop.

"No! Just look out the window, lads!" shouted Merry Davis, whom they called "The Navigator," because he was going to enter Annapolis in the fall. "Look out the window," he repeated.

There they came up the gravel-walk, the Westport Silver Cornet Band, in all the glory of a new uniform, a drum-major, and a shining motto on the bass-drum.

Up the walk they swung—"Ta, ra, tara, rara"—the horns bleating and the big bassoons booming away for dear life.

"Jinks!" exclaimed Lewis, "isn't that fine—eh?"

And all six of the boys left the table and ran out on the piazza.

"'High-school Cadets' March!'" shouted Jack, in Frank Eddy's ear. "Great, isn't it?"

The crash of the music of forty pieces was deafening as it vibrated under the piazza roof. But, oh, how exhilarating it was! There's nothing that flutters the average boy's heart the way a big bass-drum does, especially if he is right close against it. And there were the magnificent creatures in red and white and gold marking time at the foot of the wooden steps. The lawn was covered with the mob of people that had accompanied them up the street.

Suddenly the tall man in the bear-skin busby raised his gilded staff, and the music stopped with an extra-triumphant snort and a closing and most emphatic bang on the big drum.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said Jack, hastily: "this is all for you fellows."

"Eh?" said Joe, weakly. "I hope not."

He had evidently had enough notoriety for one day. But he had a still harder ordeal in store for him.

The boys had not noticed that the people were all looking in their direction, and that the trombone-players had seemed to be getting ready to hurl their slides at the little group in blue and white flannel; for the band had never taken its eyes off the "End-Rushers." The boys' delight had encouraged the "silver cornets" to do their very level best.

As soon as the band stopped a middle-aged man with an iron-gray beard walked up to where the crew were standing. Placing his hands on the shoulders of Joe and Tom Lewis, as if he were arresting them, the Mayor of Westport marched them, like two culprits, to the head of the steps.

The people broke out into a wild huzza, the drummer rumbling the head of his drum to help them out, and the sun broke through the clouds, seeming to disperse the dampness in an instant.

"Citizens of Westport," began the Mayor, tapping with his fingers on the boys' shoulders—"citizens and *friends* of Westport." Here the Mayor included the hotel guests with a nod of his head. "In the olden times—when any knight or valiant sailor performed a signal deed of service for a town or a community—the citizens would march to meet him and his brave companions with drums beating—er—er—fanfare of trumpets"—here the Mayor indicated the band, and one of its members grunted a bass horn—"and—and" the grunt had evidently disturbed his Honor, for he ended up, "and such. Now our brave young friends"—the Mayor was glaring at the bass horn—"and their little—er—coracle, have to-day saved Westport from a frightful calamity. They have shown themselves worthy of our deepest, and I may say our heartfelt gratitude." Here the Mayor enlarged on the incident, and the boys looked at him appealingly. Almost breathless, he finished at last with, "Thus I, as Mayor of this flourishing city, which has so lately taken a new lease of life, and which we believe will soon absorb the county-seat from the *town* of Bellport" triumphantly—"as representative of you all, I present these young men with the freedom of the city."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the crowd. Then somebody started up the cry of "Speech!" and they all took it up—"Speech! speech!"

Before he really knew where he was, Joe Billings found himself standing there in front, pushed forward by the Mayor's strong hand.

"I don't know what to say," began Joe, desperately twisting his fingers behind his back, "except that if *we* had blown up in that old sloop, our only excuse would have been that we 'did not know it was loaded'; and we're very much obliged to you for your kindness and music—and" Joe looked at the resplendent figure in the busby, and concluded, "You've got a corking good band."

At that there was a flourish of the gilt baton, and the silver cornets exploded into musical fireworks, which proved to be, "Hail, the Conquering," etc., with variations written in by the leader. It was rendered with great feeling and enthusiasm.

After this there was a pause, and then the boys were invited by a red-headed man to attend a "grand complimentary chowder given on the next day by the Red-

jacket Engine Company, the crack fire organization of eastern Connecticut, winners of the Twiddle Shield, and holders of the long-distance record," said the speaker, using these words as if he dared any one to contradict him. The boys, after a consultation, agreed to accept the invitation. As it proved, something out of the ordinary happened at the chowder.

"I hope that we won't be sorry that we promised that we would go to-morrow," one of the boys said, as they sat together at the end of the piazza that night. They were about to start for the pier to "turn in" on the cushions beneath the awning of the *End Rush*.

"Oh, we may have a smooth line of amusements," was Merry's somewhat slangy comment. "They are going to give us games, clams, and cake, you know."

Just then a young man who was stopping at the hotel, and who had been talking to them earlier in the evening, came up and joined the group.

"I am glad that you chaps are going to stay over for the chowder," said the young man, whose name was Grant; "and if you won't think me presuming, I have a scheme that I think will result in real good fun."

The boys had noticed the skull-and-bones pin on Mr. Grant's waistcoat, and a question from Lewis elicited the information that Mr. Grant had played baseball on the "Yale Consolidated."

"I was never a crack player myself," said Mr. Grant. "But my brother played on the 'varsity, you know, and he comes here to-night. Now I was thinking if you fellows play ball, we could get up a team and play the Red Jackets. There's a chap stopping here we could use in the field. That makes nine men, you see."

"Great scheme!" cried the crew of the *End Rush* in unison. Odd as it may seem, five of them had played in the in-field of the school nine, and the sixth, Dave Scott, had been a substitute.

"We'll probably get beaten all to smithereens," said Eddy, sitting up in his blankets late that night.

"Yes, and you'd keep us awake for a week trying to place the blame on the umpire," laughed Joe, putting out the lantern. "Go to sleep now, all of you, and if Jack snores we'll duck him."

The morning dawned bright and clear, and the boys were up early, and met in front of the hotel for practice. By the time, however, that they were ready to start for the chowder it had begun to cloud up a little and they were afraid of rain.

"It's all because they got out those placards announcing the game," grumbled Eddy, as the boys crowded into the hotel bus. "And they'll beat us, sure."

"Don't be a clam, my son," said Merry, assuming a patronizing air. "I prognosticate that something will happen."

It was a beautiful spot where the Red Jackets held their chowders—an expanse of smooth green meadow on the shore of a little inlet a mile or so above the town. Some large trees shaded one end, and a rough stand of "bleachers" had been built behind the back-stop.

Already quite a number of people had gathered, attracted by the prospect of the sport, wagons and carriages had driven in, and some women and children had taken possession of the bleachers.

"Oh, there's Pillbox!" said Joe, pointing out their barefooted friend as he scampered into the grass looking for a hard-hit ball. "Say, fellows, let's get him for a mascot. What do you say?"

"Call him over," said Eddy; and Pillbox, after being decorated with Eddy's showy blazer, was put in charge of the bats the boys had purchased in the town. He sat there, proud as a praised spaniel and panting with excitement.

The foreman of the engine company (who was also captain of the nine) came up and gave to each of the boys what he called "a triflin' sooviner." It was a very beautiful badge indeed, with a hopelessly entangled monogram and an inch of gilt fringe. Then he introduced the rival nine (who were all grown men) and several other members of his company by name. This took some time and a great deal of hand shaking, and it was quite half an hour before the game was called.

In the mean time, despite the threatening weather, the place had begun to present quite a lively appearance. A lot of girls had strolled down from the town and had seated themselves along the base-lines with their escorts—young men who brushed off the dust from their shoes with their handkerchiefs, and had large gilt watch-chains sprawled across their waistcoats. The sail of a large cat-boat suddenly appeared through the trees, and the *Allie B.* came up the inlet before the easterly wind. No picnic or chowder could be successful without Uncle Daniel being present. To-day Uncle Daniel had on his sou'wester, and glanced aloft dubiously. As soon as he landed his passengers the game was called and the Red Jackets took the field.

Joe was first at the bat, and off the second ball—an out-shoot—proved part of Merry's prognostication to be true, for he caught it just right, and reached third, coming in on an overthrow to the plate.

"Waal, he kin play ball, I tell ye," said Captain Bule. "All hemlock, but that was a powerful blow!"

"One large one," said Merry, who was keeping score. "Mr. Grant's brother, you're next; let's see you spoil a curve."

The two Grant brothers and the unknown had driven down in a dog-cart. The "unknown" had proved to be a rather fat boy of seventeen, who had a way of jingling his fingers after he had caught or muffed a ball, as the case might be, but who tried for everything with a sort of elephantine determination.

He stuttered a little, and as he handed the bat to the old 'varsity player he said, "N-n-now m-make a-a Ya-yale h-h hit."

"Swat." The mascot rolled over in astonishment, and the Red Jacket pitcher lay down in his box and made believe fan himself. Nobody moved; the ball had gone over the trees and plash into the inlet. The young man with the Y on his gray shirt walked around the bases and home.

But the next three went out in order. Jack Adams flew out to short on a pop fly: Eddy struck out, and glared murder at the umpire; while Dave Scott knocked a ball right into the first-baseman's hands.

The Red Jackets could not solve Joe Billings's curves, and retired "one, two, three."

When Merry Davis came up in the second inning Pillbox dusted off the plate with his hat and said, "Ef yer wait long 'nuff you'll git yer base on balls; that pitcher ain't no good."

"How do you know so much about him?" said Merry.

"He's my brother," whispered Master Pillbox, who would allow no such a trifling thing as family ties to interfere with his proficiency as a mascot.

So Merry waited, and was rewarded with first base. Lewis made a two-bagger, and Mr. Grant was caught out by the third-baseman, who nearly made a double.

The unknown struck wildly, and grunted loudly at three very distant balls, and Joe Billings came to the bat again.

"One ball," called the umpire, when suddenly there was a scream from the bleaching-boards. Everybody turned and saw the whole top row pointing out towards left field. One woman stood up and shrieked a man's name out loud in a voice hoarse with terror.

There was a low fence outside of a tall hedge a short distance in the rear of the left-fielder. It half concealed



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY," BEGAN JOE, DESPERATELY.

a long brown house that had a most dismal and forbidding mien, at least as much as could be seen through the ragged gaps in the shrubbery.

A man dressed in blue overalls, barefooted, and with a scanty red undershirt hanging loose about his shoulders, had cautiously lowered himself over the low fence, and was creeping on all-fours like a wild animal down upon the unsuspecting left-fielder. In his right hand the crouching man carried a long shining knife.

"It's Mad Johnnie!" shouted the mascot, in a shrill, piercing voice. "He's escaped from the crazy house."

Just then the left-fielder, a big man, turned, and looking behind him, saw the hideous thing in red. With a shout of terror he took to his heels, and came tearing in towards the bleachers, the wild man in hot pursuit, flourishing his weapon.

Instantly there was a rush. The players scattered in all directions; some of the women ran towards the trees, but most of them climbed higher up on the bleachers, screaming.

But those who were watching the dreadful chase saw a thing happen that they will never forget to their dying days.

Tom Lewis had not fled with the others, nor had Merry Davis. Lewis was leaning forward as if he were toeing the scratch mark in a running race, only his fingers were stretched out wide, and he faced towards the maniac, who was gaining on his victim. Suddenly the half-back took two or three hasty steps forward, and dived past the left-fielder straight for his pursuer's knees.

Mad Johnnie pitched into the air with a howl, and was then thrown heavily backward, "right towards his own goal," as Merry described it afterwards. The knife rattled out of his hand, and Davis himself running up kicked it further off and plunged to Lewis's assistance.

"Well tackled, by jingo!" shouted the Yale player, as he ran up, with several others, to the spot where the two boys were trying to hold the struggling madman.

"It's a panther—it's a wild beast!" screamed the latter, trying to free himself. But it was no use. Two strong thick-set men jumped the fence, and presently Mad Johnnie, who was once a wealthy shipper, but who now thought he was an Apache chieftain, was "done up brown," as Pillbox expressed it, and handed over the fence like a log. It was never explained how he procured the knife.

Somehow a certain amount of interest seemed lacking when the game was resumed. The left-fielder took a bat out with him, and stood with his back to the pitcher's box, trying to be funny when he ought to be thankful; and, worse luck, it soon began to rain in torrents. The game was called, and the boys drove back to town.

"Great town, great town!" said Merry, condescendingly, with a wave of his hand, as the launch plunged into the swell of the Sound, that rose and fell outside the long stone jetty.

"We will come back and finish that game later on. What do you say, lads?" cried Tom Lewis, who was putting some salve on his bruised knees.

"Sure, Michael," said Merry; "if we did not have to get to the boat race, we'd have staid a week. Great town, Brother Freedmen."

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"WHO whipped? How did it end?" asked a swarm of old cadets of Mr. Ross on breaking ranks after supper.

"It didn't end," was the gloomy answer. "Allen jumped the fight and nabbed the plebe. He recognized me, too, I reckon, though the rest of us got away."

And so while the Fourth Class men made a rush to find their champion, the elders clustered about the referee for particulars. Geordie was found at his tent, looking very solemn, but quite cool and collected. He had changed back to plebe dress again, and had bathed the bumps and bruises on his brown face, Connell busily aiding him. His hand was swollen and sore from a sprain, but otherwise he was as sound as ever.

"We had Woods licked," said Connell, emphatically. "Graham had him down when the rush came. Everybody seemed to know which way to go except ourselves. We ran slap into Lieutenant Allen, and he had to stop and take my name instead of gobbling the others. Yes, we've got to go to the guard-tent, they say. There's no helping that."

This was hard news indeed. Fights are so seldom interrupted, and the system is looked upon so eminently as a matter of course, that nothing but the most outrageous luck could have led to this catastrophe; and then to think of Graham's being the victim—Graham and his second—while the real aggressors had escaped scot-free.

"Not scot-free, either," said one lucky plebe, who had seen the battle and yet escaped capture. "Not scot-free by a long chalk. Mr. Woods got one Scotch lick he won't forget in a week." Whereat some of the group took heart and laughed; and then who should appear but the Adjutant, Mr. Glenn.

"How is it, plebe—any damages?"

Geordie looked up through a fast-closing eye as he buttoned his jacket. "Hit pretty often, I guess, but I didn't notice it much at the time. What troubles me is that it's got Mr. Connell into the guard-house."

"Well, that's just what I've come to see you about," said Glenn. "Don't worry a particle. No one's more sorry you were caught than Mr. Allen himself, I'll bet. You've got to go to the guard-tent, but that's only for a few days. There's no dodging regulations, of course, but there you'll be let alone, and there'll be nobody to bother you. You've won the sympathy of the whole corps, and you did well, plebe." And here the Adjutant put his hand on Geordie's shoulder. "That throw was tip-top."

And then the assembled plebes would have been only too glad to give three cheers for the Adjutant, but so big a gathering of the "animals" attracted the instant attention of their natural enemies, the yearlings, who swooped down to disperse the crowd, and the patrol came from the guard-tent, and with much show of severity the corporal directed Pops and Connell to fetch their blankets and come along.

And so, solemnly, the two culprits were marched away amid the subdued remarks of sympathy on every hand—even the group of elders about Ross—and in much better frame of mind than that magnate, for the orderly came at the moment to summon Mr. Glenn to the commandant's tent. That meant the Colonel wanted his



"MR. ROSS, YOU ARE HEREBY PLACED IN CLOSE ARREST. CHARGE—PROMOTING A FIGHT."

Adjutant; and that probably meant that those cadets whom Allen had seen and recognized as participants in the forbidden fight were now to be placed in arrest.

Captures on the spot he had made but two—Geordie, breathless, bewildered, and half blind, and his second, Connell, who stood by his friend through thick and thin. All the others had scattered the instant the warning cry of the scouts was heard; First Class men and yearlings, veterans of such occasions, darting over the parapet and across the road and down the rocky, thickly wooded steep towards the chain battery walk, better known as "Flirtation," while Mr. Allen, too dignified to run in pursuit, stumbled, as ill-luck would have it, on the men he least desired to come upon, if, indeed, he desired to capture any.

But he recognized both Ross and Jennings as they darted away, and saw them prominent in the ring. This meant jeopardy for two pairs of chevrons. Ross, slipping back to camp at the first opportunity, eagerly questioned Pops and Connell, who had been escorted thither by the officer. Had Mr. Allen asked them to name the others interested? He had, but, as became cadets, they declined to give their names. Glenn and Otis, the other two First Class men on the ground, had quietly retired among the trees in rear of them on hearing the alarm, and then made their way out of the gate as the Lieutenant took his helpless prisoners down the wooden stairway at the south-east angle. They had not been seen.

As for Allen's coming, it was accidental. Strolling with a friend from the hotel around the road that skirts the edge of the heights, he heard sounds from across the grassy parapet no graduate could mistake. A fight, of course! and having heard it, it was his duty to interfere. The next minute he was through the north gate and bearing down on the battle, when the outermost yearlings caught sight of his coming and gave the alarm.

Ross and Jennings did not attend the hop that night. Before they had had time to array themselves in fresh white trousers and their best uniform coats, Mr. Glenn, the Adjutant, had returned from the commandant's tent and gone straight to his own. Presently he emerged, girt with sash and sword-belt, and that meant business. No use for any one to run and hide; that merely deferred matters.

"Mr. Ross, you are hereby placed in close arrest, and confined to your tent. Charge—promoting a fight. By order of Lieutenant-Colonel Hazzard," was the pithy address he delivered to his classmate, with precisely the same amount of emotion which he might have displayed had he informed him he was detailed for guard duty on the morrow. And yet seconders or promoters of cadet fights were by regulations regarded as challengers, and, as such, subject to court martial and dismissal. Then he went in search of Jennings, and though that worthy did for a moment contemplate the possibility of hiding somewhere, he was too slow about it. Those who heard Mr. Glenn this time declare he threw a little more emphasis into the curt order.

And so, when tattoo sounded that night, Cadet Lieutenant Ross and Cadet Corporal Jennings were grumbling at their fate in close arrest at their respective tents, for, being chevron-wearers, they were exempt from confinement with the common herd at the guard-tents, where by this time were Pops and Connell, by long odds the two most popular and important members of the plebe class.

And there for one mortal week the boys remained, having a very comfortable time of it, barring the nuisance of being turned out with the guard every time it was inspected at night. They were exempt from all the annoyance of their comrades down in the body of camp. They attended all drills, and lost neither instruction nor exercise. They had the unspeakable delight of being allowed, every warm evening, to raise their tent walls after taps, and sit and watch classmate after classmate taking his first lessons in sentry duty out on the posts of Two and Six.

Especially Benny, when at last it came his turn; and that self-sufficient young soldier, in just about one hour's active deviling, had perhaps the liveliest experience of a lifetime. The officers in charge for some reason that has never yet been explained—seemed particularly deaf that night. The commandant and others were not disturbed by the racket, and Benny's instruction, coaching, and testing—above all, the testing—were left entirely to the cadet officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard, and, at odd times, to certain volunteers from the tents of Companies C and D, whose costume was so confusing that their own comrades couldn't know them; much less could Benny.

And so the crack Captain of the Beanton Battalion was kept hurrying from one end to the other of his post, challenging an array of mock generals and colonels, armed parties, patrols, grand rounds, reliefs, friends with the countersign or enemies without it, that would have been simply incredible anywhere but on a plebe's post at West Point. In less than twenty minutes poor confident Benny, who had guard duty at his tongue's end and wasn't going to be fooled with, had made every blunder a sentry could possibly make, had lost every item of arms and equipments, nerve and temper, and had been bawling for the corporal of the guard, Post Number Six, in accordance with the methods of the Beanton camp, and in defiance of the laws and customs of the regular service, all to the mischievous delight of the entire corps, until finally he could bawl no longer. He had sneered at Pops for being ducked in the ditch and overwhelmed in the darkness, yet he, occupying an open post, had been so utterly bewildered, so completely overcome, that the poor fellow would have been thankful for a ditch wherein to hide his diminished head.

They had been sent for, both Pops and Connell, and questioned at the Colonel's tent as to the other participants in the interrupted fight, but respectfully declined to say anything on that score; and finally, just as it was noised about camp that the plebes were to be put in the battalion, and they were fearing their punishment might keep them back, they heard with beating hearts the order of the superintendent read in Glenn's clear and ringing tones at dress parade. Even to them, in the ranks of the guard, with a crowd of hundreds of gayly dressed spectators interposing between them and the silent battalion, every word seemed distinct:

For "inciting, promoting, or otherwise participating in a fight, Cadet Lieutenant Ross and Cadet Corporal Jennings were hereby reduced to the ranks and confined to the body of camp east of the color-line until the 15th of August." New cadets Connell and Graham, for taking part in the same, were ordered confined to camp for the same period. All were released from arrest, and restored to duty; and Pops and Connell, shouldering their bedding, went back to their tent in Company B, and reporting to Cadet Lieutenant Merrick, in charge of the plebes, were welcomed with acclamations by their classmates.

That night, for the last time, the new-comers marched to the mess-hall as a body. That night at tattoo, for the first time, they answered to their names with their companies. Geordie and Connell, rejoicing in having got off so easily (for their punishment practically amounted to nothing but forfeiture of the privilege of roaming over public lands on a Saturday afternoon or the mornings they marched off guard), and comforted by friendly words let drop by occasional First Class men, set themselves busily to work to put their rifles and equipments in order again. During his week in the guard-tent Pops had caused his new box and scabbard to be put in his

locker, well covered by clothing. The weather had been hot and dry, so that the handsome new rifle had not suffered materially.

Two days later both Graham and Connell were on the detail again; the First Class privates had been relieved from guard duty as such, and their names placed on a roster to serve as junior officer of the guard. The twenty-one sentries were therefore taken from the Third and Fourth classes, and on this particular occasion there marched on eight yearlings and thirteen plebes. As before, Geordie had done his best to have his uniform and equipments perfect. As before, Mr. Glenn seemed dissatisfied with the condition in which he found two of the aspirants for colors among the Third Class men. Going back to the front rank, he indicated two young gentlemen with a gesture of his white-gloved hand, saying, briefly, "First colors, Murray; second colors, Wren," passed deliberately by four other yearlings, Cadet Private Jennings among them, stopped squarely in front of Pops in the centre of the rear rank, and said, "Third colors, Graham."

And our frontier boy felt the blood surging and tingling up to the tips of his ears. How his heart danced in response to the sweet melodies of Strauss, as in waltz-time the band beat off down the line. How proud and happy he was in response to the ringing order: "Pass in review. Forward, guide right." The natty little column marched blithely away, wheeling at the angles, passing the statuesque officer of the day with perfect alignment and easy swinging step. Prompt and silent he stepped from the ranks at the order, "Colors, fall out," knowing that every eye would be on him as he passed in front of the guard. Then came the order, "Rest"; and then, instantly, in Jennings's angry voice, "By thunder! that's the first time I ever heard of colors being given to a plebe when there were old cadets in line." And every yearling in the detail probably sympathized with him.

But it was not the Adjutant with whom Mr. Jennings purposed squaring accounts for the alleged indignity, but the plebe whose sole offence was that he had obeyed orders too well.

"Keep clear of that brute Jennings all you can to-day," whispered Connell to his tentmate. "He means mischief."

And Geordie nodded. Instinctively he felt that that burly yearling was his determined enemy, and that more trouble was coming. From Woods he had had not a word beyond the intimation sent by Mr. Curtis, a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, that as soon as the excitement had blown over he should expect Mr. Graham to meet him again and finish the fight. Referring this to their First Class mentor, Mr. Otis, they were told that it was customary, though not necessary. So Pops simply replied, "All right."

But Mr. Jennings behaved with rare diplomacy. All day long he held aloof from Graham, never so much as looking at him after the first angry outbreak. That evening, when relieved from guard and told he might return to his tent, Geordie really didn't know what to do with himself. He would much rather have been subject to sentry duty all night. However, he carefully placed his prized rifle in the gun-rack; and that evening a lot of plebes were singing and sparring for the amusement of their elders over in D Company, so Geordie went thither to look on and laugh. When the drums came beating tattoo across the plain he returned to his tent, which was dark and deserted. Not until after roll-call did Foster strike a light. Then Graham noticed that four or five Third Class men were standing and watching him rather closely, though keeping across the street. He stepped inside, intending to make down his bed for the night; and then, there stood Foster, candle in hand, looking blankly at the three muskets.

"Why, Graham," said he, slowly, "what's happened to your gun?"

Turning instantly, Geordie saw by the light of the candle, in place of the flawless, glistening weapon he had left there an hour earlier, a rifle coated red with rust and dirt. Amazed, he seized and drew it forth, mechanically forcing open the breech lock and glancing in. There could be no mistake; from butt plate to front sight, barrel, bands, hammer, lock and guard, breech block and all, it was one mass of rust. Dazed and dismayed, he looked for the number, and then all doubt was gone. It was his own old rifle, the one that had been taken away his first night on post. His beautiful new gun was gone.

One moment he stood irresolute, then sprang forth into the company street.

"Mr. Bend," he cried, in wrath and excitement, "look, sir, they've taken away my new rifle, and left this, my old one, in its place."

"Who has done it?" snapped Bend, flaring up with indignation, as he saw the abominable plight of the restored weapon. "Have you any idea? Any suspicion?"

"No, sir, I can't accuse any one. It's too mean a trick."

A dozen yearlings were gathered by this time, saying very little, however, and some of them exchanging significant glances, but Bend turned impatiently away, ordering Pops to follow.

"Oh, Leonard, look at this," he cried, as they reached the Captain's tent, and a long whistle of amazement and indignation was all the First Class man would at first venture in reply.

"That gun has been lying in damp grass ever since the night you lost it," said he, finally. "The man who took your new one knew where to find this, and was one of the party that downed you. Have you still no suspicion?"

"No, sir," said Geordie, with a gulp. "I suppose they did it out of revenge for my taking colors this morning."

"Glenn! oh, Glenn!" called Mr. Leonard from his tent door.

"Hello!" came the answer back through the darkness.

"Come here, will you? *lively*—I want you."

The drums and fifes by this time were halted on the color-line, and the last part of tattoo was sounding. Bend turned away to superintend the formation of his company, but the Captain directed Graham to remain. Presently the soldierly form of the Adjutant appeared.

"Look at that!" said Leonard, handing him Graham's rifle.

"Hello! where did you find it, plebe?"

"In my gun-rack, sir, just now, in place of the new one you saw at guard-mounting this morning."

"Do you mean that's gone?"

"Yes, sir."

"That 'll do, then. Join your company. Leonard," said he, as Geordie turned away, "the man that did this dirty trick shall be kicked out of the corps inside of six months, if I have to drop everything else to find him."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## STREET ARABS OF THE WORLD.

BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

WE are all more or less familiar with that queer specimen of humanity, the New York newsboy. To the inhabitants of the great American metropolis he is as common a sight as the blue-coated policeman, his particular aversion. His shrill and oft-repeated "extraw!" jars on our ears with persistent regularity as the requirements of his vocation start him daily on his rounds. This part of the day's programme occupies about three hours of his time. The rest of the twenty-four hours is



"EXTRA?"

passed in sleep, skirmishing for food, playing "craps," and indulging in every form of mischief that his ingenuity suggests, while keeping a weather eye, as the mariners say, on the officer of the law. His devices and expedients for increasing his revenue are not limited to the palming off of bogus extras on unwary customers, nor to pouring tales of woe of sickness at home and a starving family into their ears at late hours of the night. In the summer-time he will dive for pennies into the City Hall fountain, amidst the cheers of an admiring crowd, or he will find old iron for the junk-man, carry parcels for strangers, or black boots on ferry-boats. In short, the New York newsboy is an active little fellow, whether engaged in commerce or mischief, and may be considered an essential outgrowth of the feverish stir and bustle of America's largest city.

If New York can point to the newsboy as a type of street arab peculiarly her own, London can show another in the person of the little crossing-sweeper, while Berlin has her *Schusterjunge*, and Madrid her *chico de las cerillas*. Let me begin by introducing our little London friend as he stands there, broom in hand, without shoes or stockings, his bare legs besmeared with the mud of the broad thoroughfare. His eye roams around on all sides in eager expectancy, and suddenly falls on the approaching figure of a middle-aged lady. The broom, until then listless by his side, is now set in full motion, and for a moment you would think his life depended on the job in hand. Now the lady is hard by, and the little imp suddenly draws himself up, doffs his ragged cap, and in soft appealing accents exclaims: "'Ave you a penny to spare, mum? I 'a n't ate nothink to-day, mum!"

In about four cases out of ten this particular form of request finds a response. A student of human nature, the London crossing-sweeper gauges his possible patrons with great accuracy. Towards certain people his air is that of familiarity; towards others he is humility itself. He is, moreover, an adept at assuming the most woe-begone of expressions, and can even squeeze out a tear when the occasion calls for it. But let some other arab attempt to steal his crossing from him, and we immediately see another side to his character. He will "up with his dukes" and prepare to assert his rights in time-honored English fashion. I shall never forget a fight I once witnessed between rival crossing-sweepers in Cockspur Street near Trafalgar Square. The two policemen who attempted to interfere were thrown back by the crowd, while the fighters pummelled each other in a way to arouse the envy of professional pugilists. Although both were worked up to a pitch of fury, they observed the rules of the ring as if in an arena. In New York such a scrimmage would certainly have developed into a rough and tumble fight, "tooth and nail."

The London crossing-sweeper's struggle for existence is of the hardest. But there are exceptions to the rule. Certain crossings in the heart of the city of London, where England's millionaires and venturesome stock speculators abound, are said to be worth no little money to the lucky holders. At the beginning of the sixties there died of consumption, in a miserable Whitechapel hovel, a comparatively young man who for twenty years had swept a crossing adjacent to the Stock Exchange, and when his belongings were searched the sum of four thousand pounds was found secreted among them. The greater part of this amount had been received in various sums from lucky speculators in moments of elation over their winnings at the Exchange. Fontleroy, the last man hanged in England for forgery, was this miser's first benefactor to the extent of a five-pound note, which he handed him one day after a particularly fortunate operation. Another crossing-sweeper, at the commencement of the century, so the legend goes, was fortunate enough to attract the attention of an Anglo-Indian nabob, who took the lad back to Hindostan with him, and eventually adopted him. The youth inherited his benefactor's fortune. At the time of the great mutiny in 1859 this man, Henry Crofts, owned a large estate in the neighborhood



"'AVE YOU A PENNY TO SPARE, MUM?"



A BAREHEADED YOUNGSTER WITH A PAIR OF BOOTS ON HIS ARM.

of Delhi, which temporarily fell into the hands of the rebels. He himself escaped, however, and had the satisfaction of returning with Havelock's army, to which, in consequence of his knowledge of the topography of the country, he rendered valuable service.

Far more interesting than the London crossing-sweeper, however, is the Berlin *Schusterjunge*, or shoemaker's apprentice, if we are to believe half of the witticisms, drollness, and pranks ascribed to him by the German comic papers or Henschel's clever album of popular sketches. The *Fliegende Blätter*, Germany's leading humorous weekly, seldom appears without some pictorial comic illustrating some phase of his fun. He is always represented as a bareheaded youngster with unkempt hair, a dirty apron, and a pair of high boots slung over his arm. In his love of mischief he closely resembles the American newsboy, but in his fondness for tarrying on an errand brings to mind that other outgrowth of Western civilization, the District Messenger. That eternal pair of top-boots has certainly not reached its destination yet, for we always find its bearer playing marbles, throwing snowballs, frightening old ladies, mocking stately ladies with monocles, or tying tin kettles to dogs' tails. The *Schusterjunge*, however, is slowly disappearing from actual life, if not from the comic papers. It must be understood that his vocation is that of assistant to a shoemaker who works to order only, and this class of craftsmen has been nearly crowded out of late years by large retail houses similar to those found in American cities. Before very long the *Schusterjunge*, with his impishness, his repartee, his practical jokes, will have become a thing of the past.

Madrid's typical street urchin is the match-vender. I can best illustrate some of his qualities by the following little anecdote from real life. After Queen Isabella had been expelled from Spain, in the latter part of the sixties, the throne of that country was offered to Amadeus, the second son of the King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, and accepted by him. At the head of the Liberal party stood Marshal Prim, the conqueror of Morocco, and as he had practically headed the revolution against the Queen, a number of adherents of the latter decided to remove him. One day Prim was driving in a crowded Madrid street, when two men in a close carriage came up alongside of him, and emptied their pistols into his body. Then in the ensuing confusion they drove off unnoticed by the crowd. One person had witnessed the whole performance, a match-vender by the name of Ramon Guispert. With the agility of a monkey he jumped up on the crossbar at the rear of the vehicle, and was carried away to the hiding-place of the assassins. When he had assured himself of its location he jumped off and betook himself with the information to the chief of police. However, as was afterwards proved at a special inquiry, a police clerk in the pay of the conspirators warned the latter of their impending arrest, and when a force of constables reached their lair the fugitives had flown. Guispert nevertheless was rewarded with a position in the police department, and distinguished himself by the capture of many dangerous criminals. He died five years ago, after exposing the methods of the terrible Black Hand Society in Andalusia.

As a rule, Madrid's little match-vender is ragged, dirty, ubiquitous—a perfect little black-eyed imp who will not accept a refusal, and whose appealing glances and insinuating whine only the hardest can withstand. In Madrid every grown-up person smokes cigars or cigarettes eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; hence the demand for matches is constant, and the *chico de las cerillas* is bound to make a living if he remains alert. His favorite resort is the Puerta del Sol, the centre of the capital's whirl, where above the noise of vehicles and the hum of the passing throng is heard his shrill cry of "Cerillas, señor, cerillas!" He carries his wares in a little square box suspended in front of his chest by a strap passed back of his neck. His stock consists of various kinds of matches, including those of wax in gayly ornamented paper boxes, and the large odoriferous Vesuvians of English importation. His most costly brand he retails for about three cents, the cheapest for one penny. These match-boys are a troublesome set at times, as they are fond of forming into cliques with fierce rivalries, leading often to personal encounters. On such occasions the Spanish boy is unfortunately not satisfied to depend on the weapons nature has given him, but will seize a knife or stone to attack his adversary. His redeeming trait, however, is his intense love for his parents, to whose necessities he will devote his last penny. And let me also add that while savage in his hatreds, little of the treachery lurks in his nature that is found among the youths of sunny Italy.



"CERILLAS, SEÑOR, CERILLAS!"

## THE COWBOY IN PARIS.

"HAROLD," called his sister, as she heard the sound of school-books being flung pell-mell on the hall table, "here's a letter for you."

"Where from, sis?" called the boy, coming into the room and pulling off his mittens.

"From Tom," May answered, "and it has an address a yard long. Tom's handwriting has improved."

"I hope he hasn't tried to write it in French," said Master Hare; "our French teacher could hardly read the other one, and he laughed until he cried all over it."

Harold took the letter from his sister and curled himself up in the big chair before the fire. "Oh, this is jolly!" he remarked, after he had perused the closely written pages for a minute in silence. "Do you want to hear it?"

"Yes," said May, coming up and leaning over his shoulder.

"We can skip the first part," said Harold, opening the crinkled paper on his knees. "He just says he likes Paris first rate, and has bought a poodle. Here's the interesting part," and he began to read:

"'The French are funny people. When they like things they go crazy over them. They like Americans next to the Russians just now, and they turn out *en masse* to see anything new. I had a fine time this week, and a lot of excitement. The way it happened was this: I saw an advertisement in the papers telling of a race that was going to take place between an American cowboy on horseback and a man on a bicycle, so I persuaded father to take me to see it. It was great. The cowboy's name was Cody, and he is a crack pistol and rifle shot. It is not "Buffalo Bill," but another fellow, and he could ride like a centure.'

"What's a centure?" inquired Harold, interrupting himself.

"A centaur is a mythological being, part man and part horse," answered his sister. "Go on with the letter."

"'When we got to the course,'" continued Harold, reading, "'there were two tracks, one inside the other. The race was about to start, and the poor bicycle man, whose name was Meyer, did not seem to have a friend in the crowd; they were all shouting for "*ce brave cowboy.*" As I said, Frenchmen are awful funny: they just dote on looks, and the gentleman from Kansas City was gotten up like a picture from Mayne Reid's books. He had long hair all tied up in a colored handkerchief, and a buckskin coat and fringes. After he bowed to the people, and they hollered, off they went lickety-split. At first the horse went right away, but then the bicycler began to crawl up, and Mr. Cody changed horses. You see, he was allowed to change as often as he pleased. I suspect Mr. Meyer could have changed bicycles if he'd wanted to, but he kept right ahead, working away for dear life. You should have seen that cowboy get off his horse and get on his new one; he never stopped; he jumped off on the run, and jumped into the saddle after the horse was started full gallop. Then he'd catch up to the bicycler, and they would lean over and watch each other. The people howled.

"'We found out that the race was to be twelve hours, and last three days, four hours a day. Cody changed horses four times the first race, and was eight miles ahead when they stopped. The horses looked more tired than the bicycler. I talked father into coming the next morning, and the last day I went alone and took that American flag you gave me. The second race was more even, and Meyer caught up a bit. The only thing that seemed to tire Mr. Cody was thumping his horse, but I think he did it mostly for show. On the third day there was a big crowd.



"HORN SPOONS! HOW THAT COWBOY RODE!"

"'Horn spoons! how that cowboy rode; he just pounded the earth. Once he nearly fell, but pulled the horse on to his feet in time. I shouted, "Go it, Kansas City!" and he looked back at me and waved his hand. Nobody cheered for poor Mr. Meyer. Father said afterward it was because he had a German name. Well, when the last four hours were up America had won by eleven miles. The cowboy covered 217 miles in twelve hours. I waved the stars and stripes, and Mr. Cody gave me a salute. Then just to show how easy it was for him, the hero of the occasion rode around the course once more on two horses at once. I wish you were here. By-the-way, if a cowboy is out of a job, this is the place for him. I send you a picture of the race.'"

"I don't believe there are any cowboys left out West, anyhow," remarked May. "I think they've all gone into the circus profession."

"I wonder what those Frenchmen would say to a football game?" said Harold. "They'd go crazy for certain; wouldn't they, sis?"

"Well, they couldn't behave funnier than we do," laughed May, with a vivid recollection of the way her own staid father had "taken on" at the Thanksgiving game.

## A SCOTCH JOKE.

COLLEGE boys are incorrigible practical jokers. A story comes to us from Scotland of an examiner at Edinburgh University who had made himself obnoxious by warning the students against putting their hats on his desk. The university in the Scottish capital is remarkable for a scarcity of cloak-rooms, and in the excitement of examinations hats are, or used to be, flung down anywhere. This examiner announced one day that if he found another hat on his desk he would rip it up. The next day no hats were laid there when the students assembled. Presently, however, the examiner was called out of the room. Then some wicked undergraduate slipped from his seat, got the examiner's own hat, and placed it on his desk. When the examiner re-entered the hall, every eye was fixed on him. He observed the hat, and a gleam of triumph shot across his face. "Gentlemen," he said, "I told you what would happen if this occurred again." Then he took his penknife from his pocket, opened it, and blandly cut the hat in pieces, amidst prolonged applause.

What he said when he discovered that it was his own hat we are not told, but it is safe to say his remarks were interesting.

## A BERKSHIRE SANTA CLAUS.

BY WALTER CLARK NICHOLS.

WHEN the tiny candle-lights glimmer in the branches of the tinsel-covered Christmas tree, and the house is gayly decorated with green wreathing and soft ferns, how many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE ever think at this time of joy and mirth where their trees and yule-tide decorations come from, ever wonder who helps St. Nicholas in his feast of jollity, and acts in a certain way like an assistant Santa Claus? While the men in the Adirondacks, the Alleghanies, and Carolina, contribute their share of fragrant evergreen to the Christmas market, there is a man up in the charming Berkshire Hills who cuts, ships, and sells such vast quantities of Christmas trees, green wreathing, and ferns, that his extensive aid to the holiday celebrations almost entitle him to be called a Berkshire Santa Claus.

His name is Mr. L. B. Brague, of Hinsdale, Massachusetts. Every year, between December 1st and 25th, he has shipped 25,000 Christmas trees to dealers all over the country, not to mention 50,000 yards of bouquet green wreathing. Fully 10,000 of these trees come to the children of New York and Brooklyn. The rest are scattered throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois. Almost all of them are the sweet-smelling balsam, and they range in size from the tiny three-foot branch which little Emily will decorate for her family of dolls, to the great tree, thirty feet in height, around whose glittering branches hundreds of children will dance at the Sunday-school festival.

When the farmer boys up in Dalton and Hinsdale, on the western slope of the Hoosac Mountains, and down beyond old Stockbridge Bowl, from Greylock to Great Barrington, have safely housed their father's apples for the fall, and have cut a month's supply of kindling wood for their mothers, then they begin to think of earning a little spending-money by cutting trees for the holiday celebration. Scarcely is their Thanksgiving dinner eaten when off they start up the steep slopes of the Berkshire Hills after balsams, that most fragrant variety of evergreen. From Thanksgiving day till December 15th both the boys and their fathers work hard all day long, cutting and trimming tree after tree, and carrying load after load to Hinsdale. For every tree that they bring they receive a cent a foot for the smaller ones, and two cents a foot for the larger. There have been days when some ambitious lad has earned as much as $10, a small fortune to a country lad.

At Hinsdale our Berkshire St. Nicholas sorts all the balsams according to their size, carefully trims them, and ties trees together in bundles of from five to ten, ready for shipment to the big cities, where the dealers sell them at all prices, ranging from twenty-five cents for a four-foot tree to $15 or $20 for one thirty feet high.

But Christmas trees are not the only holiday decorations which come from this charming spot in the Berkshire Hills. The greater part of our more delicately shaped "lace" ferns grow in the mountains there. The peculiar half-rocky formation of the slopes of the Hoosac Mountains is specially adapted for their growth. Every October a crowd of boys and girls in the country round about gather no less than seven million "dagger" and "lace" ferns for Mr. Brague. These are preserved by a secret process on live moss, in a number of long houses specially built for them, and so effective is this process of fern-embalming that these "fairy fans," as some poet calls the ferns, are just as fresh at Christmas as when plucked in October, and are not a whit less withered at Easter than in the fall before. Flower dealers all over the country are supplied with ferns from this unique depot at Hinsdale, and it is certainly odd to think that our delicate ferns in the church decorations at Easter-time were picked in October.

We are all more or less closely connected in this world at the merry Christmas season. So remember, Jack and Tom, when you are dancing around the blazing cone of lights and gilt, hugging your new pair of skates or a new stamp-album, that the tree which makes you so happy was probably cut by a little Berkshire fellow who earned thereby some money for a small gift to his mother. And you, Emily and little Mildred, when you pause to admire the pretty ferns in the wreath over mamma's chair or the fireplace, picture to yourself the country girls and boys who walked over the rocks in October picking it for you. And as you think of these things, wish the Berkshire Santa Claus and his helpers a Merry Christmas.

## A JEWEL-CASE.

EVERY girl, and indeed every woman, has a store of lace-pins and scarf-pins that are all too apt to go astray. The convenient roll shown in the illustration below will keep them all safely in place, and will prevent their becoming tarnished as well, so that it is an excellent thing to make and an excellent thing to own.

Select any handsome plush that you may prefer, and cut both it and pure white eider-down flannel each into a strip fifteen inches long by six wide. Across one end of the plush, about one and one-half inches from the edge, embroider the two




words "lace pins" either with cross stitch done over canvas, or in the familiar over and over known as French work. Turn in the edges on all four sides of both the plush and the flannel, and baste the two neatly together. Then, with a single thread of filo-floss, tree-stitch round each entire edge, taking great care all the time that the stitches on the plush shall catch only through to the turned-under portion of the flannel, and that those on the flannel shall not penetrate the intercovering of plush. When all that part of the work is done, make a bag of soft India silk four inches wide by three and a half deep, run through its casing a double drawing-string of ribbon, and catch it firmly to the end of the strip upon which no lettering appears. Sew fast to the flannel, close to the opposite side, three small dress hooks. Then lay the bag, which is designed for the safe-keeping of rings, studs, and the like, back upon the flannel, and neatly roll up the strip, when you can mark the exact points at which the hooks touch. Make three tiny silk loops, one for each hook, at these three points, and again make three more on the line one and one-half inches beyond.



"Pray what's the fee—" the Turkey said
To Freddy on the way.

A HINT

HERBERT. "You only gave me one little lump of sugar after my medicine, mamma."

MAMMA. "But wasn't it a nice little lump, Herbert?"

HERBERT. "Yes, mamma; but it must have been too little, for it has only taken the taste out of one side of my mouth."

FATE

ROLLIE. "I wish I didn't like candy, mamma."

MAMMA. "Why, Rollie?"

ROLLIE. "Why, because then I suppose people would give me lots of it."

A LOVELY TIME.

WHEN Tommy saw a caged squirrel for the first time, he said to his mother: "What a lovely time the squirrel has—he just eats chestnuts till he can't eat any more, and then he goes out and takes a lively spin on his wheel."

THE EXCEPTION

THAT I am crying all the time
Is what my nurses say;
But I am sure I never cry
When I can have my way.

MAMMA. "Lloyd, have you given any fresh water to your goldfish this morning?"

LLOYD. "No, mamma; they haven't drunk up what they have in the globe already."

NOTHING NEW TO HIM.

JOHNNY (*proudly*). "My father is building a new house for us to live in."

BERT (*whose father is a builder*). "Pooh! that's nothing; my father is building new houses every day for *other* people to live in."

HIS FIRST PAIR.

WILLIE'S father bought him his first pair of laced shoes the other night, and Willie was so happy that he danced. After he had put them on they were found to be almost an inch too long.

"I will take them back and change them to-morrow," said Willie's father.

"Oh no, don't do that," said Willie, while an expression of despair settled on his face; "I am growing very fast now, and I'll soon catch up to them."

PAPA (*to son who had been out to tea*). "How did you enjoy yourself last evening, Harry?"

HARRY. "Fine, papa; and we had some honey with real chewing gum in it for tea."

WHO SHE WAS

BEN. "Mamma, who was Eve?"

MAMMA. "She was created as a companion for Adam."

BEN. "Yes, I know, mamma, but wasn't she the first *bone-a-part*?"

HIS VIEW.

HENRY. "I think I know why that nasty medicine made all the sickness go out of me, Aunty Mary."

AUNTY MARY. "Why, Henry?"

HENRY. "Why, because it had such a taste that the sickness could not stand it."

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

PAPA. "Which part of the turkey do you like best, Mabel?"

MABEL. "The cranberry sauce."

A CONFESSION

I DO not care for postage-stamps:
But I have just begun
Collecting them, because I think
That "swapping" 's lots of fun.




"By my new watch, I judge," said Fred,
"It's half past Christmas Day."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.




IN A TRICE HE WAS UPON ME. THE FAT FISH WAS IN HIS GRASP.

See "Fishing for Bonitos from the Jib-boom," Page 162.

# FISHING FOR BONITOS FROM THE JIB BOOM.

BY A. F. HOLLAND.

EVER so many years ago I was a light-hearted boy on the East Indiaman *Malabar*. She was a splendid clipper-ship, built like a frigate, and owned by one of the biggest [illegible] in the world. The vessel hailed from the port of London, and it was in the old East India Docks that she loaded up with a general cargo of merchandise for Madras. There were cotton goods from Manchester, consisting chiefly of huge bales of handkerchiefs of brilliant hues and gorgeous coloring, calculated to captivate the susceptible Hindoo. There were immense cases of trinkets and gewgaws from Birmingham, bangles of gilded brass to go round the wrists and ankles of the dusky native girls, ingenious contrivances of brass and bogus jewelry to wear in the nostrils, which are pierced for the occasion and which might be characterized as nosewear. There were also several cases of silver toe-rings.

There were many pianos neatly boxed up, enough hardware to stock a huge warehouse; and down in the gloomy lower hold were stowed one hundred pipes of old Madeira—a wine that never attains perfection until it has taken a long deep-water voyage.

Laden with this varied and valuable cargo, one fine afternoon in April we hauled out of the dock to the rousing refrain of that good old "shanty," "Hurrah, my boys, we're outward bound!"

On the pier-head had gathered a motley picturesque throng of the friends of Jack Tar, from his weeping wife and wondering children to the land-sharks that preyed upon him while he was ashore, and whose greed and rapacity are far more intense than those of his ravenous brother of the deep. Here were boarding-house runners bringing down a belated tar with three sheets in the wind, who had lingered too long over a parting glass of grog, and who was hurried over the side in double-quick time. There was a sorrowful mother sobbing her heart out over a little apprentice, all gold lace and brass buttons, who was about to embark on his first voyage. The poor woman seemed loath to part with the boy, but the stern hail of the chief mate summoned him aboard, and he tore himself away from the tearful embrace of his mother, and clambered up the ship's steep black side into the bustle, the confusion, and the clamor of the great main-deck.

The tug had got hold of the tow-line, the hawsers that made fast the ship to the pier-head were cast off, and with three cheers from the crew, and an answering shout from the dock, together with the hysterical waving of women's kerchiefs, the stately vessel moved slowly down the river.

Her destination was Gravesend, where she was to anchor for the night, and next morning she was to proceed on her long voyage. Down the tawny Thames, with the strong ebb-tide bearing her swiftly along, and a big side-wheel tug pulling bravely at the tow-rope, the *Malabar* reached Gravesend before nightfall, and let go her anchor.

The crew was composed of thirty-five men of many nationalities, with the Scandinavian element predominating. There was singing that night in the forecastle, and dancing too to the music of a creaking concertina that had seen better days. The African cook came out of his galley and did the sailors' hornpipe, showing a set of glistening white teeth that seemed to stretch from ear to ear. It was a merry scene.

As the clang of the big bell on the top-gallant forecastle rang out four strokes in response to the tones of its musical little brother on the break of the poop, the boatswain, a great shaggy fellow, with long red hair and a beard of the same color that nearly covered his face, came forward, and with a voice like a fog-horn, bellowed out:

"Now, boys, stop that skylarking, and turn in. You [illegible] early in the morning. Heave into your bunks every man jack of you, like rats into their [illegible] o'clock."

Most of the men obeyed in sullen silence. Others muttered low growls and threats after the manner of sailors since the days of the Ark. But they all sought their bunks, and soon the forecastle re-echoed with their snores, which were resonant like the snortings of a [illegible].

I was an apprentice on the *Malabar* (when we were ashore we had the vanity to call ourselves midshipmen). It was my first deep-water voyage; but I was a bit of a sailor, having lived beside the sea on the breezy coast of Sussex since I was a baby, and I had knocked about in oyster smacks and coal brigs in summer and winter. I was stowed away in a corner of the forecastle under the lee of a sailor's chest, surreptitiously enjoying the songs and the dances.

We boys were berthed aft in a house on deck, within eye and ear shot of the skipper, who used to keep a sharp lookout after the behavior of the "middies," as some of us found out to our sorrow before we crossed the line. None of us were allowed in the forecastle, and as I passed out of it the boatswain seized me by the starboard ear.

"Lay aft, you young imp," he bawled, "as quick as Davy Jones will allow you! If ever I catch you coming out of that fo'c's'le again, I'll bring you up with a round turn."

So aft I scurried to our house, and turned into my bunk. My messmates—there were six of us all told—were asleep already, and I soon followed their excellent example.

At four o'clock next morning the boatswain's rough bellow aroused all hands.

"Tumble out there, you sleepers, and man the windlass! Don't wait to curl your hair, the tug's alongside! There's just time for a pannikin of coffee if you shake a leg."

All jumped into their clothes with the speed attained by long practice, and with tin pannikins in hand besieged Jupiter the cook in his stronghold, the galley. He was black as pitch, and was the best-tempered fellow I ever sailed with.

Out of an immense caldron he ladled the coffee, sweetened with molasses, into each man's pannikin, and there was scarcely time to gulp it down before Mr. Gulliver, the chief mate, ordered the sailors to man the windlass.

"Now, then, lads, bear a hand, and break that anchor out of the Thames mud. Strike up a song, one of you; give it mouth, my hearties."

It was a lovely morning, though the breeze had a frosty bite in it. The upper limb of the sun was tinging the eastern horizon with a flush of crimson. There was no sign of life in any of the vessels at anchor near us. A few Thames barges were beating up stream. It was just as quiet ashore. Gravesend was still asleep, save for the blue smoke that curled aloft from a few chimneys.

The rattling chorus of the "shanty" awoke the lookout on a little brig close by. He had been taking a snooze under the lee of the long-boat, and after shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog, lit his pipe, and leaning over the rail, watched our operations with complacent curiosity.

"Hove short, sir!" said the mate to the pilot, a rotund personage with a face tanned like a piece of old mahogany by sun and wind and frost. Like all his kind, he wore a stove-pipe hat.

The pilot hailed the tug, which took our hawser. Then the windlass was manned once more. The anchor was broken out and catted and fished, and the ship was towed seaward. Out past the Nore Lightship, down the Prince's Channel, until the chalky cliffs of the North Foreland were abeam. There it was that we set every stitch of

canvas to the brisk northeast breeze, and were soon scurrying through the Downs, with our nose pointing for the chops of the Channel.

We put the pilot into a Shoreham lugger, tall hat and all, the skipper giving him his usual perquisite of a pound of tobacco and a bottle of rum for taking the letters ashore. We had to heave to so that he could board the lugger's dingy, for the *Malabar* was moving at a good ten-knot rate and the sea was rather lumpy. As soon as the pilot was safe in his boat we manned the port main-braces and filled on her, and with quite a heel on, and staggering under the press of canvas, she romped down Channel like the clipper that she was.

"Get the starboard foretopmast-stunsail boom aloft, Mr. Gulliver!" cried Captain Sedgwick. "Pile the muslin on her, and let's make the most of this breeze while it lasts."

And luckily it did last, and it freshened so that the stun-sail had to be taken in as well as the royals.

In a few days we had reached the region of the northeast trade-winds which blew with commendable briskness. It was there that I saw my first flying-fish. Of course I had read about them, but I no more believed in their existence than I did in that of the phœnix, the roc, or the unicorn. It was early one morning when, bucket in hand, I was walking aft to help wash down the poop deck. Suddenly there was a swish, and a fish as big as a herring struck me on the cheek. To say that I was surprised only faintly expresses my feelings.

"Don't stand star-gazing there like a stuck pig, you boy jack, but take that fish to the galley and order the cook to grill it for my breakfast. Tell him if it isn't done to a turn, I'll stop his grog for a month."

The captain was what the French call a *gourmet*, and knowing a dainty morsel when he saw it, was quite fond of fresh flying-fish.

At eight bells I told Hertslet of the incident. It was my forenoon watch below, and he devised a few hours' capital sport for me. Laying out with me on the bowsprit he showed me a school of large fishes playing about the ship's sharp cut-water, darting ahead and performing any amount of rude gambols.

"Those are bonitos," he said. "Whenever you see a flying-fish, you may be sure there are bonitos too. If you try hard, you might catch half a dozen before noon. But if you have any luck at all, don't let the skipper catch a glimpse of them, for he's a regular whale on bonitos. I know him like a book. I have sailed with him before. Come aft and I will lend you my line."

He gave me a stout fishing-line with a strong hook attached to which was made fast a piece of white rag. He instructed me to go out to the jib-boom end, and trail the bait, or rather lure, in the water, and when I got a bite to strike hard.

"Mind and hang on tight if only by your eyelids. The skipper wouldn't waste the ship's time in picking you up. Younger sons are too plentiful in old England for such sentimental rubbish as that."

This was, by-the-bye, only one of Hertslet's little jokes.

So out on the jib-boom I went straddling the end, clinging to the flying-jib-stay with my left hand, and manœuvring my fishing-line with my right.

The ship was running dead before the wind, with stunsails set on both sides. All the head sails were hauled down. There was a nice breeze, and deep blue waves, whose crests were flecked with snowy foam, pursued the gallant vessel. It was a delightful experience to sit out there and watch the white sails on the towering masts bellying out to the fair and steady wind.

But my sporting instincts prompted me to fish, and I was soon hard at work trying to hook one of the fine and fat bonitos disporting themselves under the bows. No sooner had my lure touched the water than a big fellow made a rush at it. Just as I thought he was going to gorge the hook he sheered off to my great disgust. There seemed to be at least fifty of these game fishes playing about my lure, snapping at it in the most tantalizing manner, but never taking it inside their gills. They were evidently having fun with me.

After an hour's ineffectual effort I gave up the task in despair. I hauled in my line and coiled it up, and was going aft to turn in when "Portugee Joe," one of our able seamen, stopped me and said he would give me a lure that no hungry bonito could resist. All he wanted in return for it was a pound of plug tobacco, which I was to buy for him from the steward. I struck the bargain immediately, and Joe went into the forecastle, returning with an almost perfect imitation of a flying-fish, with a sharp fish-hook projecting from the tail. The ingenious fellow had made it out of a sardine can, and an admirable piece of work it was. He cut off the hook from Hertslet's line, and bent on the tin flying-fish, and advised me to try my luck again.

Out I went to my old post at the end of the jib-boom, casting out my line with alacrity in the hope of a bite. But not a fish could be seen. The whole school had vanished, probably in pursuit of their prey; the flying-fish, which could be seen every few minutes leaping out of the azure water, with their silvery sides glistening in the sunlight as they tried to escape from their pursuers.

I was anxious to test the killing qualities of my new lure, and developed the patience of Job—an attribute inseparable from your true angler. Four bells struck, and the wheel was relieved. Five bells struck, and I was just about to relinquish the sport in a spirit of angry dissatisfaction when I felt a strong and vicious tug at my line that almost made me lose my balance and tumble overboard.

I tell you what, shipmates, my heart beat high with pride and joy. The fish was firmly hooked, but from the game way he fought and the strength he displayed I almost fancied it was a shark that was at the other end of the line, and not merely a ten-pound bonito. With what triumph I hauled him up out of the ocean, and with what care I carried him inboard on to the forecastle head it is needless to describe.

There I unhooked him, and after giving him a couple of merciful raps on the head to put him out of his misery, I was gloating over him with a certain amount of perhaps pardonable exultation when, to my horror, I saw the skipper's pith helmet (which he always wore in the tropics) appearing at the top of the ladder leading from the main-deck. In a trice he was upon me. The fat fish was in his grasp. You could almost see his mouth water as he estimated its weight.

"Boy jack," he said, "you have done well. There is nothing I enjoy more than a bonito just out of the sea. I will do you the honor of dining on it, and will take it to the cook myself, and tell him just how I want it prepared. Remember, boy, I am an ichthyophagist."

He swooped away with his booty like a veritable highwayman, and spent several minutes in friendly converse with the cook.

What could I do? It is useless for a little apprentice boy to declare war against a ship-captain. So, with conflicting passions of sorrow and anger battling in my breast, I went aft to my berth. Hertslet came down from the poop soon afterwards, and to him I related my woful story. He was mad right through.

"Hertslet," said I, "what is an ichthyophagist? The skipper says he's one."

"I'm not quite sure, Johnnie, my child, but I think it's Greek for glutton."

As he went out of the berth to the deck I heard him mutter, "Confound that captain, I'll get to windward of him yet."

## THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

THE [illegible] pains taken by this great government of [illegible] to [illegible] the most trifling interests of its sixty millions of people is most forcibly illustrated in the workings of the Dead-letter Office. The scrawl of the illiterate receives as close attention as the polished chirography of the university graduate, a modest penny as much care in the handling as a pretentious one-hundred-dollar bill. Six million pieces of undelivered mail matter are annually received at the Dead-letter Office, and not one, however insignificant, is overlooked or slighted.

An amusing incident occurs to me just here. A postmaster in the far West sent an official communication to the office stating that he had found loose in the mail a small bag valued at $20, which valuation was stamped on the bag when found. He had not ventured to open it, but was carefully detaining it until instructed by the Post-office Department how to dispose of it. Forthwith he was instructed to forward said bag to the Dead-letter Office without delay.

In the course of another week the precious bag arrived. A record was made of its receipt, and it was given to a special clerk to be duly examined and properly treated. Before this had been done, a party of distinguished visitors were being shown through the office by the chief clerk. While they were expressing wonder at what they saw, the officer remarked, "Wait a moment and I'll show you something curious that has just arrived," and hurried away. Returning in a moment, he held in his hand the mysterious bag. It was a tiny affair of chamois-skin, tied with a narrow dark blue ribbon, and marked plainly in red figures, $20. "It has not been untied yet, but we think it probably contains gold-dust," and he proceeded to give its history in detail. A lady clerk sitting near, and almost choking with laughter, said, as plainly as she could under the circumstances, "Why, Mr. P——, that is an emery-bag." A general laugh followed, and the chief clerk hastened to divert the attention of the party to a new subject. Nevertheless the emery-bag was as carefully preserved and treated as though it had contained gold-dust in very truth. But it had lost its value as a show-piece.



THE MUSEUM.

In the great cheerless room, with its surrounding curtained gallery, devoted to the Dead-letter Office, are crowded a much larger number of clerks than it is capable of comfortably accommodating. The work is necessarily very dirty, as the great quantities of matter collect hoards of dust in transit, and this is turned out in the already close, foul atmosphere, to fill the lungs and soil the hands and clothes of those who handle it.

Early each morning the great government wagons marked United States Mail may be seen lumbering through the stone archway leading into the court of the Post-office Department Building. Here they are speedily unloaded, and the great leather pouches quickly disappear, being borne by the negro messengers to the elevator, and then to the Dead-letter Office. Each one of the 20,000 dead letters received daily passes through the hands of at least three clerks, and should it chance to contain anything of money value, through at least three more.

A "dead" letter, strictly speaking, is one that bears a correct address, is fully prepaid, and has been duly delivered at the office of destination. Remaining there unclaimed for one week, such letters are advertised for the period prescribed by law, and then sent to the Dead-letter Office.

Here, first of all, each day's "dead" mail must be accurately counted, and a correct record made of the number of letters and packages. There are usually four clerks employed on this work. Should any ignorant or careless postmaster send in with his "deads" a letter bearing a written or printed card or request, a letter with no address, one without a stamp, or one bearing a foreign stamp, the counting clerk must winnow them out, and rectify, as far as he can, these errors. Being counted, they are tied in bundles of usually a hundred each by the messengers. They are now ready for the second set of clerks, whose duty it is to "violate the sanctity of the seal," with the long keen knives with which they are provided. It is curious to watch these men. With one quick stroke the envelope is split lengthwise, and in the next instant the contents are deftly extracted and examined, and if of no money value quickly laid aside, and another taken up. Each opener averages about 2500 letters per day. In the office of the superintendent may be seen a large card on which is fastened a number of knives disabled in this work. The blade is, when new, about an inch wide, but in a few months the continuous cutting of the envelopes wears them away to a mere thread of steel.

Should the letter chance to contain money, even a single cent, a stamp, a postal note, a money-order, greenbacks, notes, drafts, checks, or any legal tender, he immediately seizes a pencil, notes the kind and value of the find on the envelope, and beneath it places his own initials. Besides this he has a small blank-book in which he makes a duplicate entry, and in addition adds the name and address found on the letter. This work he usually does at the close of the day, and then both letters and book are given in charge to the chief of the division. Following the fate of these letters, we find the chief verifying the report of each clerk, making a careful record, and then delivering them to the chief of another division of the work, known in office parlance as the Money-Branch. This officer again verifies the record, and finally gives a receipt for the letters. This branch of the force is separated from the remainder of the office by a high iron railing, and only the clerks employed there have free access to it. The large iron safes and big ledgers impart quite a counting-room aspect to the place. Each clerk gives his receipt for the amount intrusted to him, and is thus made personally responsible for every penny placed

in his hands. Whenever it is possible the letter with its contents is returned to the sender in care of the postmaster, who is responsible for its safe delivery, and who must return a receipt for it to the department. Every possible protection is thus thrown around it. Where the money cannot be thus returned, on account of the failure of the writer to sign his name or give his post-office address, then it is held in the office for a year in the hope that it may be applied for. Failing in this, the money is turned into Uncle Sam's already corpulent money-bags. The carelessness of people in sending money is almost incredible. A son sends his aged mother ten dollars of his hard-earned savings; the letter never reaches her, because, perhaps, in the long interval between communications she has moved or perchance died, and so the epistle comes to the charnel-house of letters. He has omitted to mention anywhere in the letter his post-office address. Perhaps it may be obtained from the cancelling-stamp on the envelope. Yes, there it is; but he has not signed his name to the letter, only, "Your loving son John." Letters have been received containing large sums of money and not a scrap of writing to indicate whence they came or whither they should go.



THE GREAT CHEERLESS ROOM WITH ITS SURROUNDING GALLERY.

About 1500 letters that bear no address whatever are received each month, and, curiously enough, they very often contain money or its equivalent. I recall one that came under my own observation that revealed when opened drafts to the amount of $2500.

Accurate records are kept of all valuable letters and their final disposition. In round numbers about $30,000 are received in cash annually, and $1,400,000 in drafts, notes, etc. The remaining dead letters, that have only their literary merit to commend them, or want of it to condemn them, are given one last chance before being consigned to the waste-paper dealer. They are placed in the hands of clerks who do their utmost to return them to their writers—a thankless task at best. Each clerk is expected to average at least 250 per day, and the supply is never exhausted.

In addition to the "deads," there is another class termed "unmailable," that includes such as are held for postage, sent from hotels, fictitious, and misdirected. The ones held for postage are those that bear either no postage or an insufficient amount, and so could not lawfully be forwarded from the office where they were mailed. Hotel letters are those that have lain unclaimed at large hotels, having arrived too late to catch their owners. Fictitious letters are those addressed in some fanciful manner. All these are treated just as the dead letters are.

The oddest class of unmailable letters are the misdirected. These form a curious study, and are accorded careful special treatment. They number about two thousand daily. They are forwarded daily from the mailing offices, not being detained or advertised as dead letters are. Postmasters are unable to deliver them on account of some error or deficiency in the address, or because the writing is illegible. The clerks on this work have from long experience become very expert in handling these letters, and deliver many thousands yearly. Very many errors occur from haste and carelessness, and are at once apparent to the corrector. For instance, a letter may be addressed "40 Milk Street, Boston, N. H." Of course it must mean Boston, Massachusetts, because that is the only Boston we have with named and numbered streets. Often the State is omitted entirely; sometimes the State is given and no office; sometimes only a county, and so on. Very frequently the name of the office is spelled from the sound as pronounced by some ignorant person. "Senoch, Dickalp Co., Ill.," occurred on such a letter, instead of Somonauk, De Kalb County, Illinois. "Hay Sugar, Miss.," was intended for Hashuqua, and "Tannchebo, La.," for Tangipahoa. When a letter bears an address of special oddity, the clerk is permitted to attach to it a little printed slip bearing the following request:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, DEAD-LETTER OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C. . . . . 18—

POSTMASTER,—Upon the delivery of this letter, please obtain the envelope, if agreeable to the party addressed, and return it to the Dead-letter Office. If the letter cannot be delivered you will, at the expiration of *seven* days, stamp the letter with your post marking-stamp, and return it and this circular to the *Dead-letter Office*, with your next *return of unmailable letters, duly numbered and entered on the list*, Form No. 1522.

D. P. LEHRHARDT,
Superintendent.

When the empty envelope returns she has proof positive of the correctness of her work. An envelope thus recalled was addressed "Mr. Brown, Oil Corn, Miss." There is no such post-office in Mississippi or elsewhere, but the clerk knew that there was an Alcorn University, a negro college, located at Jackson, Mississippi. So she wrote the new address in full on a slip, and sent the letter forward. The return of the empty envelope within a few days proved her surmise correct. Sometimes when the title of the office is a descriptive one, some curious

changes of phraseology take place. A letter addressed to "Silver Mountain, Colo." was meant for Silver Peak; another written "Green Mound, Ill." was intended for Blue Mound. Again, "Black Cock, Colo." was written for Black Hawk. "Copperhill, Va." did duty for Copperas Hill!

For instance, a letter written in Rhode Island was addressed "Miss Barbles, Citizen Home, corner of Herkimer St." — nothing more. There are a number of Herkimer streets and of church homes, so the address *might* have been more definite. The clerk sent the letter to the Church Charity Foundation in Brooklyn, New York, and delivered it. Another odd class are those that have only initials to guide the clerk. One came thus: "U P S Ohio." It was correctly interpreted Upper Sandusky, Ohio. Still another ran thus: "I S N S." It belonged to the Iowa State Normal School, at Cedar Falls, Iowa. Another read "No. 607 3rd St. C. N.," and was safely delivered at Camden, New Jersey. A letter mailed at Cedar Hill, Ohio, was addressed to "Mr. J. R. Dodge, Statistician" — no more. Mr. Dodge was known to the clerk as the statistician of the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., so she was able to forward the letter.

Occasionally an attempted witticism like this is perpetrated:

"Sylvester Brown, a red-faced scrub,
To whom the letter wants to go,
Is chopping cord-wood, for his grub,
In Silver City, Idaho."

Besides the daily invoice of letters, thousands of newspapers and packages arrive. The newspapers are mainly transient ones in separate wrappers. These are dumped into great waste-baskets and rapidly opened by the messengers, if perchance any contraband articles are being smuggled through in their folds. A variety of small articles are found so concealed—handkerchiefs, gloves, stationery, cigarettes, and occasionally money.

Such papers are preserved and treated as packages; the remainder are destroyed. There is a charity feature connected with the Dead-letter Office. A large box with a slit in the top has been provided, and into this are dropped copies of magazines, periodicals, and illustrated papers, designed to be sent at intervals to the various hospitals and asylums of the District of Columbia. Holiday cards are disposed of in a similar manner.

The opening of packages, while not very clean work, affords a good deal of diversion and amusement, and often disgust or horror. Everything imaginable is intrusted to this patient burden-bearer, the United States mail. The daintiest fancy-work and most costly jewelry, soiled under-garments, worn-out tooth-brushes, and recently, the most hideous discovery of all, a human hand and arm.

There is a room connected with the Dead-letter Office styled the Museum, and from the collection its cases contain the visitor may form a very good idea of the odd conglomeration committed to the mails. Great snakes that were received alive, preserved now in jars of alcohol; human skulls; a lock of Charles Guiteau's hair, which had failed to reach the fair lady, of whom he asked only $1000 in return; a big fruit cake, pistols, knives, a wash-board, a patent hitching-post, and almost everything else imaginable.

During the first eleven years of the Dead-letter Office one small volume was quite sufficient to record the list of articles received. The book with its few hundred entries, many of them in the writing of Benjamin Franklin, is preserved as a treasured relic, and may be seen any day in the Museum.

The work of this bureau steadily multiplies, and soon the present quarters will be entirely inadequate for its needs.

## GIRLS AND THINGS.

BY SALLY THORNEDIKE

Part I.

"YOU never heerd the beat on 't, Hannah!" John Barry exclaimed, as he shuffled into the house. "Ben Ed'ards's colt kicked him this arternoon and killed him dead!"

Hannah gave a scream and sank into an arm-chair, while her husband continued: "'Tain't six weeks yet since his wife died, an' thar's them five young uns, from sixteen down to the baby, an' the old grandmother left with a lot o' buds, an' nothin' to pay on with, an' a farm that's mortgaged clean to the handle, all to get the models an' patents fur that new fangled reapin' machine he's been tryin' to invent. He calkerated on mowin' up a whackin' fortune from that reaper, an' bein' a bloated 'ristocrat. Sarves him right fur not stickin' to his lines an' bein' satisfied with farmin', but it's pesky hard on the rest on 'em."

"So 'tis," said Hannah, gathering herself together to look the matter practically in the face, quite as though it devolved entirely upon her to settle it. "Joseph was a likely boy till they sp'iled him with schoolin'. I told 'em so at the time on 't. An' Susan, they says, took oncommon handy to keepin' the house to rights since her mother died. Like enough them two can earn their board an' clothes, but the old woman and the three youngest will have to be town's poor, no mistake."

That was the general impression everywhere.

Maple Farm was one of the best in the county. That accounted for the large mortgage; for Silas Billings, who held the mortgage and owned the adjoining farm, had tried in vain to purchase it for several years, and had cheerfully accepted this roundabout way of securing possession.

Mr. Edwards and his wife were better educated than most of their neighbors, which had not been at all to their advantage in the community. They had given their children the full benefit of it at home, however, and had begun with Joe and Sue, as they hoped to continue with the rest, sending them away to school to complete their educations.

Their only living relative was an uncle who for years had been at enmity with their father, and who had done more than they expected in offering Joe a position in his extensive paper-mills.

"They say old Billings will grab the farm the minute the interest on the mortgage falls due," Joe muttered.

"They say lots of things that are none of their business!" Sue exclaimed, a little spitefully.

"That may be, but it's a fact, just the same," Jack replied. "You are only a girl, Sue, and girls don't know anything about real things. It's a thousand times more serious than you think. Just look at it. When we lose the farm, what are you and the rest to do?"

"I guess I can do my share, Joe!" Sue exclaimed; "and I guess grandma and the children are not going to the poorhouse, either, even if folks do say so."

"Now don't you young people give one thought to me except as I can lend a hand to help you," grandma put in, earnestly. "I'm upwards of eighty years old now, you know; 'and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away,' so don't you give one thought to me."

"Well, I guess!" Sue cried, jumping up and going round to the other side of the stove, where she sat down on the arm of grandma's chair, and with her arm about the dear old neck, added: "While my name's Sue Edwards, you don't leave this house for the poorhouse! Not much! Now, I tell you!"

"What's the use of talking that way, Sue?" Joe asked,

almost angrily. "If you were a boy you would see things as they are, and you wouldn't be so sure. What can I do, with the law on Billings's side, against me? I don't want grandma and the children to go to the poorhouse any more than you do; but you are a girl, and you don't know anything about things, I tell you. When old Billings doesn't get his 1st of July interest, and forecloses that mortgage and turns us out, you'll begin to see things as they are."

"We just mustn't let that time come, Joe!" Sue exclaimed with good emphasis. "Grandma can sew, and I can do the rest of the work, and I'm going to!"

"So am I," Joe muttered. "I'm going to swallow my pride and work for Uncle Jim for all I'm worth, and I'm going to send home every penny. But it won't be a drop in the bucket. When the 1st of July comes, you'll see."

Sue did not answer for a moment. She was patting grandma's wrinkled cheek and trying to keep back the tears. At last, in a low voice, she simply said: "Maybe when the 1st of July comes it 'll be you who will see, Joe. I'm going to try to do something anyway."

Joe pushed his chair back impatiently and walked to the window without a word. He loved his sister quite as much as other boys love their sisters. He thought her perfection itself when it came to sewing on buttons; and he was not so very far away from many other boys, and men too, for that matter, when he held that beyond that she was only a girl, and not intended by nature to have any conception of the real things of life.

Before leaving for his new work Joe sold all of the stock but one cow and one horse, applying the money to the old debts, and still there were some debts left unpaid; for the worthy neighbors, very wise in their day and generation, saw that it was a case where the stock must be sold, and they bid very low for it, as the natural duty of every one to take advantage of circumstances. Then they boasted of their great bargains.

Sue rebelled against selling that last cow. "Papa always called her mine from the very day the little calf was born," she said. "And as long as the feed in the barn lasts I think I ought to keep her. The children must have milk, and I can make butter. And as for twenty-five dollars for that horse, Joe, I'm sure it's just too mean cheap for anything, and I wouldn't sell him."

"Of cou_se it's too cheap!" Joe ejaculated. "But what is a fellow to do? He's worth a hundred and twenty-five at least, but he's got to be sold, and folks know it, and that's all they'll give. Mr. Shaw has got father's note, you know, and if we don't let him have the horse for whatever he's a mind to give, he'll send the sheriff 'round and take him and everything else with him. Then there's the carriage, the wagon, and the harness to sell, if any one offers anything for them, and perhaps that 'll settle most of the bills; but I don't believe we'll ever get over the 1st of July, Sue, no matter how we try."

So Joe went away to work in his uncle's mill, and Sue cried herself to sleep night after night. Daylight, however, always found her, too busy for tears, fighting her battle with misfortune. Charlie and Mamie kept right on at school, in spite of all the doleful forebodings of the neighbors, and they were just as clean and well dressed as ever they had been. Baby Jack played all day long, just as happy as though the whole world was one great jumping-jack for his sole amusement.

The very day after Joe left, Mr. Shaw came round to say that he had decided to take the horse and the harness for twenty-five dollars.

Sue Edwards was a very pretty girl, and when she lifted her eyebrows and opened her blue eyes wide and said, "Why, Mr. Shaw, the horse alone is worth a hundred dollars more than that!" he could not possibly be angry.

He was determined to have the horse, however, and to have it just as cheap as he could get it. He shrugged his shoulders as farmers do, and replied: "That's all that I can pay, Susan. He's a-eatin' his head off where he is, an' you can't keep him, nohow."

"Why, Mr. Shaw!" Sue said, looking right into the farmer's eyes. "It seems to me that that would not be square at all. I mean to pay you in money all that papa owed you, and the interest, too. If I can pay you five dollars every month till it's all paid, won't you be kind enough not to send the sheriff 'round to take our things away?"

Mr. Shaw was not a demon in disguise. He was simply a thrifty, economical farmer. He wanted the horse, and thought it his duty to obtain it as reasonably as possible.

"Bless my soul, Susan!" he exclaimed. "I ain't agoin' to send no sheriff 'round. You can try it your way for a month or two, but I calkerlate it 'll be the wisest in the end for you to let me take the critters off your hands."

No. Mr. Shaw was not a bad man by any means. His son had what they called "the milk route," which was an early morning and evening trip to all the farmers who sold milk, collecting it in great cans and carrying it two miles to the village, to be shipped on the milk train. Farmer Shaw knew that he was working against his own interests, but when his son gave up the milk route, he arranged with Sue to let Charlie have it. Charlie took hold of the work with such good courage and energy that when the spring vacation began it was decided that he should not return to school that summer, but should study with Sue in the evening and help her on the farm through the day. Charlie almost idolized his sister Sue, which made matters so much the better.

Joe worked earnestly and faithfully at his uncle's mill, and by doing his best at saving was soon able to send home nearly five dollars every week. Each time he also sent a letter of instructions to Sue to use only what was absolutely necessary, saving every penny she could for Mr. Billings on the 1st of July.

Sue smiled over these letters, for she had not told Joe anything of what she was doing. She was determined that this time she would not tell him until it was done, for she did not much like the way that he talked about girls. She smiled all to herself, though, as she flew about her work, and thought of a stocking hidden away under a loose board in the floor of grandma's bedroom, with a burden that was steadily growing, in spite of five dollars a month that came out of it for several creditors; for many a pair of mittens from grandma's needles and many a pound of butter and basket of eggs went with Charlie to the village, to add to what he earned on the milk route. And every dollar which Joe sent home was carefully kept by itself. No wonder she smiled.

When the sap began to run, Joe sent a long letter of instructions concerning the maple orchard. It was one of the best in the State, and gave the name to the farm.

"If you can find any one who will give anything for the right to work it, why, turn it over to them at once," he said.

The very same mail brought a letter from the dealer to whom the sugar had always been shipped, offering to renew the contract of the year before.

Sue thought it over all the afternoon and evening, and in the morning she drove to the village with Charlie. It was such a bold thing to do that it almost took her breath away, but she did it. She found the man and boy who had helped her father through the sugar season the year before, and hired them again, and another man who understood the work.

Sue and Charlie worked early and late themselves, while grandma and Mamie took care of the house and baby Jack. The treasure in the stocking went down,



SHE COUNTED OUT ENOUGH TO PAY THE INTEREST ON THE MORTGAGE

down, down; for there were many expenses connected with sugar-making. When the returns came in, however, Sue's trembling heart almost burst for joy. She put back all that she had taken from the stocking. She paid all the old debts in full. She counted out enough more to pay the interest on the mortgage on the 1st of July, and still there was more. She could hardly believe her own eyes. She counted it all over again. Yes, there was enough left to pay the man all summer, and she resolved to hire him to help her run the farm.

Grandma had said, "Let out the farm on shares." Joe wrote home: "Don't do a thing on the farm, for every hour you work will be thrown away. Billings will grab it all the quicker if it has anything growing." But Joe did not know what he was talking about, and grandma gave in when Sue tossed her pretty head and said: "I guess I can tell when things are done right. I was always 'round with papa, and he always did everything right. I'll have the man do just as papa did, and then in the fall we will have the whole instead of half."

Sue and Charlie worked so eagerly that the man could not help doing his best. Charlie's brain caught the inspiration, too, as well as his body. He was constantly on the lookout for ways and means to fill the stocking. Many a quarter he earned bringing baggage from the railway station, at the village, for summer visitors at the various farms, and when there was nothing more pressing he went down to the two principal trains with the large family carriage, and almost always secured some passengers, as well as baggage, to bring back.

One day he frightened grandma almost out of her wits, and Sue only a little less, by drawing up to the door with a gentleman, two ladies, and three children crowded into the carriage, and calling out: "Sue! I say, Sue! These people were to board over to the Martin's, but you know they've just got measles there, and I told 'em p'r'aps they could come here and see if they liked it."

There was something of the real lady born in little Sue, and in spite of her very brown hands and face, and her old work dress, and her thick farm shoes, she was as pretty as pretty could be. When she looked up with a bright smile, and said, "Why, I don't know anything about taking boarders, but there's room enough, anyway, and if grandma's willing to try, I'm sure I am," they could not help loving her and hoping that grandma would be willing. So a large family of profitable boarders was installed for the entire summer.

Joe intended to come home the 1st of July to do the pleading with Mr. Billings, but his uncle would not let him off, so he sent a letter of instructions to Sue, telling her just what to say and what to do if they were turned out. Sue laughed all to herself as she read. Then she went up stairs and got the money, and with her little head just as high as she could hold it without standing on tiptoe, she walked over to Mr. Billings's and laid the amount, in full, before his astonished eyes, quietly asking for a receipt. Then she came home and wrote to Joe: "Don't worry any more about the mortgage. Mr. Billings is perfectly satisfied, and has no idea of turning us out."

She did not tell him any more. She was determined to save the surprise till she could watch the effect; and Joe, in his ignorance, read the letter, turned up his nose—if anybody ever did—and muttered: "I think I see old Billings satisfied with anything short of cash. He's made her some sort of a promise, and being a girl she don't know any better than to rely on it. He's got some trap ready to spring on us. That's what it is. I never saw anything like it. Girls never seem to know anything about things."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

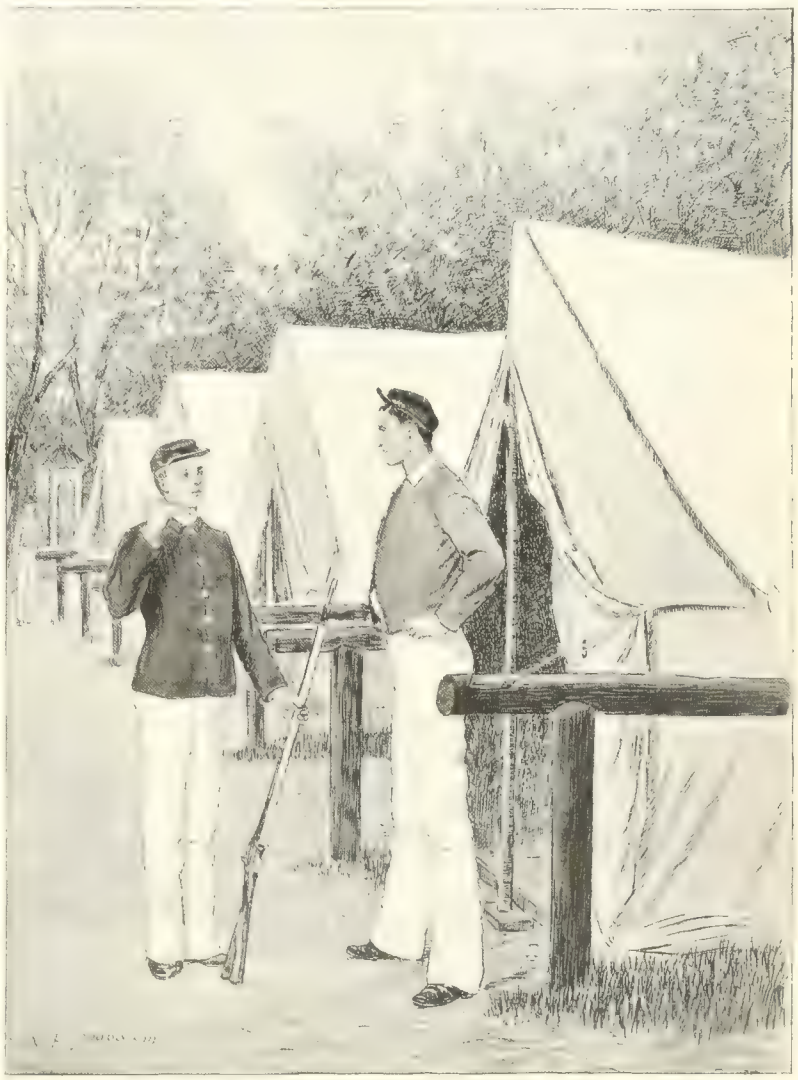
BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

## CHAPTER IX.

EVENTS crowded thick and fast into plebe life during the next few days. In the first place both the Adjutant and Cadet Captain Leonard came to Geordie's tent a little after taps the night of the discovery of the exchange of rifles. Pops and Foster were still awake, chatting in whispers about the matter. Benny, who had been full of excitement and interest at first, seemed to be overcome by drowsiness and dropped off to sleep. The boys were advised by the First Class men to say as little as possible on the subject. Leonard would report it to the commandant, as in duty bound, but ask that no official investigation be made. He had strong suspicions, he said, and if the perpetrators were not put upon their guard something might be effected. Then, next morning, when Mr. Jennings marched off guard he surprised his classmates by denouncing the whole business as a low-lived trick. Of course the plebe ought to be "taken down," but not by any such means as that. He came over to B Company street as his class was dismissed after battery drill and talked at Bend, who paid no attention to him. He went so far as to say that he believed no Third Class man had anything to do with the business; it was the work of plebes who were jealous of the partiality shown Graham by the Adjutant. *There* was the man who should be given to understand by the whole class what they thought of him and his conduct! Other yearlings chimed in with one view or another, but Bend, working away over some company papers in his tent, held his peace. Jennings, who had already an unsettled score with Bend, was galled by this cool, almost contemptuous manner, and the next thing anybody knew hot words were exchanged—hot at least on the part of Jennings, for Bend kept control of his tongue and temper—and that evening occurred one of the most famous fights Fort Clinton ever saw, and Bend, game to the last, though outmatched from the start, was finally whipped. For three days B Company was deprived of the services of their plucky senior corporal, and little Hastings had to act as first sergeant while his senior staid in hospital until his many bruises were reduced. Bend was not the only cadet whose name appeared on the morning sick report, submitted to the commandant, with "contusions" given as the reason of his disability, and everybody in authority knew perfectly well that "contusions" meant another fight, but so long as no one was caught in the act, no punishment followed. The difference between the cadet duels and those of the French fencers or German students appears to be that, though only nature's weapons are allowed, somebody has to be hurt.

But though declared victor, as anybody could have predicted he would be, Jennings was anything but a happy man. He had lost his chevrons. He had lost much of the popularity that had attended him since the plebe camp of the previous year, when his classmates hailed him as one of their champions. He saw that now the better men looked upon him as verging close upon bullyhood, holding that he had forced the fight between Woods and Graham and then forced another between himself and Bend, a man whom he clearly outclassed. This in itself was enough to hurt him seriously, but there were graver matters afoot. Glenn had never yet dropped the "Mister" in speaking to him, and, by the unwritten laws of the corps of cadets, that meant "keep your distance." The invariable custom of the old cadets, First Class officers and all, was to "Mister" everybody in the Fourth Class from the date of their entrance until the coming of the following June — nearly twelve long months—but then to drop the formal title, and welcome the new yearling to the comradeship of the corps. Then every yearling in good standing expected to be hailed by his surname or the jovial nickname, and in return to be accorded the proud privilege of addressing even the first Captain and Adjutant as friends and comrades — as "Rand" and "Glenn," as the case might be. West Point recognizes no secret societies, no oath-bound fraternities. There is one general brotherhood, initiation to which occupies fully ten weeks, probation nearly ten months,



THE RIFLE WAS BROUGHT IN BY A DRUM-BOY ORDERLY.

but membership is for life or good behavior. Now Glenn plainly said by his manner that he neither liked nor trusted Jennings, and Mr Read the Juniors' Captain, who was at first so friendly to him, now began to hold aloof. It was anything but as a conquering hero he returned from the battle with Bond. He had expected no such despair of contemptuous determined courage against such odds. He was sore without and within though he had received, of course, no such heavy punishment as had sent Bond to the hospital. He sat with his second in his tent, applying wet sponges to his bruises and noting how few were the congratulations, how indifferent the inquiries as to his own condition. Later he was lying on his blankets revolving matters in his mind, wondering what he could do to restore his waning popularity, when he heard some plebes chatting eagerly in the B Company tent just back of his own. "Graham's got his gun again all right," was what they were saying, and before he could arrive at further particulars who should appear at the tent door but the Adjutant and Cadet Captain Leonard. They bade him lie still, but they had a question or two to ask.

"You were on post on Number Three last evening, Mr. Jennings," said Glenn, "and for full an hour before tattoo, when Mr. Graham's new rifle was exchanged for an old rusty one. The new rifle was found in the weeds near the dump hollow close to your post. Did no one cross your post?"

"Not a soul that I saw," promptly answered Jennings, "and unless it was found in the south ditch of Fort Clinton, it must have been hidden nearer Number Two's day post than mine."

"We have questioned Number Two," said Glenn, briefly. "He denies all knowledge of it. He says, what's more, that nobody could have got away without his seeing them. It was Mr. Douglas, of the Fourth Class, as you know, and this was his third tour."

"Oh, I can't pretend to say no one got across my post. No one can be at all parts of that long beat at the same time. It was cloudy, too, and pitch dark. Anybody could have crossed up there at the west end while I was down by your tent. If the gun was found there, it is more than likely some one did cross. It would have gone hard with him if I'd caught him."

"Then you're sure you saw no one, had no conversation with anybody?"

"I saw no one cross. I held conversation with half a dozen—classmates and plebes both—when I happened to be down by the tank. There were Cresswell and Drake, and Curry early in the evening; they were condoling with me about being 'broke.' Then there were plebes coming down there frequently; I had more or less chaff with them, and Major-General Frazier among them. I heard him spouting about his exploits. Where was the rifle found?" continued Jennings.

"Oh, out near the east end of the old dump hollow, hidden among the weeds and rubbish," said Leonard. "But never mind that just now. It was brought to my tent, and you are reported to have said you thought it was the work of some plebe. Why?"

"Well, lots of 'em are jealous of Mr. Graham for getting colors so easily for one thing. They think the commandant shows him partiality. They say it's because Graham's father is an army officer. That's why I think they might have put up the job among themselves."

"Yes? And how did they know where the old gun was hidden—the one that was taken from him the night he was dumped into the ditch off Number Three? You think plebes did that?"

But that was something Jennings could not answer. He stopped short, and was evidently confused.

There was indeed something queer about the case. Very little the worse for its night in the weeds, thanks to there having been no dew, for the night skies were overcast by heavy clouds, the rifle was brought in by a drum boy, Emery, who said he stumbled upon it accidentally. Glenn had cross-questioned sharply, but the boy persisted in his story. It was the same youngster whom Benny had employed to buy him cigarettes at the Falls. Pops was overjoyed to get his beautiful rifle again, and, personally, well content to drop any effort to find the perpetrator. Indeed, it seemed for a time as though nothing was being done. Bond came back to duty with discolored face, cool and steady as ever, and Jennings kept away from the B Company street, where he now had few friends. Geordie began to wonder when the yearlings would decide to summon him to Fort Clinton to settle the score still hung up between Woods and himself. It was awkward sitting at table with a man to whom he couldn't speak.

Meantime every day and hour made him more at home in his duties and in the new life. Of course it wasn't pleasant to be everywhere hailed as "Corporal" Graham, and to be compelled, whether in ranks or out, wherever he moved, to stalk along with his shoulders braced back, his little fingers on the seams of his trousers and the palms of his hands turned square to the front, his elbows in consequence being spitted to his side like the wings of a trussed chicken; but this was the method resorted to with one and all the new-comers, whether naturally erect or not, to square the shoulders, flatten the back, and counteract the ridiculous carriage of so many—at least of the Eastern city boys. Anglomania in exaggerated form was epidemic on the Atlantic seaboard just then, and to insure recognition in polite society it seemed to be necessary to cultivate a bow-legged, knee-sprung style of walk, with shoulders hunched forward, chest flat, elbows bent at right angles, and carried straight out from the side, these, with a vacuous expression of countenance being considered good form, and strenuous measures were resorted to at the Point to knock it out of such college-bred youngsters as sought to set the fashion in the corps.

But what appetites they had! How dreamless were their hours of sleep! How vigorous and healthful the days of martial exercise! Drills were all finished now. Fully uniformed and equipped, the whole plebe class was in the battalion. A "live" superintendent was watching every detail of their doings. The system of responsibility among the officers, both graduates and cadets, was such that no disturbance of any account occurred by night, no hazing of a harmful nature by day. The roar of the morning gun and the rattle and bang of the drums brought Pops from his blanket with a bound. He was always one of the first to appear in front of his tent, sousing head and chest and arms in cool water, then rubbing the hard skin red before dressing for roll-call. Benny, on the other hand, self-indulgent and procrastinating, copying after the old cadets, thought it more professional to lie abed three minutes longer, and then come flying out at the last minute, frequently to be reported late at reveille, and demerited accordingly. So, too, in many another matter. Howsoever excellent he may have appeared on parade in command of the High-school cadets, Benny was no model on drill as a high private. His wits, too, had a way of going wool-gathering, and while young men like Geordie and Connell paid strict attention to business and rarely received reports of any kind, the "Major General" was in perpetual hot water, and ever ready to lay the blame on somebody else. One thing he could do to perfection that was make explanations. He wrote a beautiful hand. He was plausible, pleading, and successful. He was as full of excuse as an Irish laundress.

"He got more reports on the delinquency books than any one in the class," said Pops, reproachfully.

"Yes," said Connell, whimsically, "and more of 'em off."

And thereby hangs a tale.

No cadet can expect to get along without ever receiving reports. Any boy who so desires can readily obtain reports aggregating one hundred demerits in a single day; yet if he receive that many in six months, out he goes into the world again, discharged for failure in discipline. The breaches of regulation in the power of a boy to commit are simply myriad. Only by determination to conform to rules in the first place and eternal vigilance in the second can he live without demerit. Even then the faintest slip—a loose button, shoe string, drawer string, a speck of dust, a tarnished belt plate, an instant's mooning on drill or parade—renders him liable. To utterly avoid report one has to be all eyes, ears, and attention.

Now, while it is hardly possible to get along without ever receiving a report, it is equally impossible to be perpetually receiving them without being more or less to blame. Here was Benny's weakness. He blamed everybody but himself, and, so believing, sought to convince the commandant. Before camp was over it was said of him that he got off many a report he richly deserved—a most unfortunate reputation at West Point—for there the first lesson taught and the last insisted on was "the truth in everything, and nothing but the truth."

As read out by the Adjutant each day after parade, and posted at the tent of the sergeant-major, the delinquency list of the corps was a long one. Every cadet reported for an offence from "absence from reveille" to "dusty shoes" had forty-eight hours within which to render a written explanation, something after this form:

Camp Reynolds, West Point
New York, *August* 1, 18—.

*Offence.*—Absent from reveille.

*Explanation.*—It was raining. The tent walls were battened down. I did not hear the drums until some one called me. I was in my tent all the time.

Respectfully submitted,
A. B. Smith,
Cadet Private, Fourth Class, Company B.

A cadet reported absent from any duty had to explain and say that he was on limits at the time or else be court-martialled. Except for absences he need offer no explanation unless he so desired. If satisfactory explanation were tendered, the commandant crossed off the report; if unsatisfactory, he so endorsed the paper and sent it forward to the superintendent four days later. The cadet had still the right to appeal to the superintendent, but if no appeal were made it was posted in the big record books at headquarters and stands there yet in black and white. It is odd to read what little blunders our biggest Generals made in their cadet days. Now Geordie got few reports, and wrote fewer explanations. Benny spent half his time submitting excuses.

One evening there was a crowd of visitors at parade. The band had just begun its march down the front of the motionless gray and white line. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Webster, in lonely dignity, stood with folded arms facing the colors out in front of the centre, the most conspicuous figure on the field. Twenty paces behind him was the long deep rank of visitors seated on camp-chairs, chatting and laughing in subdued tones, and watching the gray battalion on the color-line. Suddenly a little mite of a boy, who had broken away from some gossiping nurse, came toddling gravely forth upon the sacred ground, and, with all the innocence and curiosity of childhood, moved slowly yet confidently on until close to the blue and red and gold statue, and there halted with much wonderment in the baby face, and began a careful study of the strange fascinating object before him. The spectators shook with merriment. The laughter could not be controlled, and in a moment the epidemic had reached the battalion. "The front rank shook and snickered," as Geordie afterwards wrote home. Lieutenant Webster's face grew redder than his trailing plume, and he bit savagely at his lip in his effort to control his sense of the ludicrous. But when a French *bonne* burst through the line of visitors and charged jabbering down on the little innocent, only to drive him full tilt in between the battalion and its now convulsed commander, to capture him midway, and to be pounded, pummelled, and stormed at in baby vernacular as she bore him away, "Why, I just bust my chin-strap trying to keep from laughing," said Connell, "and almost every plebe in the line was 'skinned' for highly unmilitary conduct, laughing in ranks at parade." Plebes always catch it on such occasions. Geordie had controlled himself to the extent of suppressing any sound, but Benny had gurgled and chuckled and exclaimed aloud.

And yet when the reports were read out the next evening, and the plebes were holding an impromptu indignation meeting, big Harry Winn stopped and asked Graham what explanation he was going to write.

"None at all," said Pops. "I suppose I did laugh; I couldn't help it."

But Benny Frazier, who had not only laughed aloud, but uttered some expression of boyish delight, said, "Well, you bet I don't mean to swallow any two or three demerits if an explanation will get it off." And Geordie looked at him without saying a word.

Two days later the Colonel sent for Pops.

"Mr. Graham," he said, "you have offered no explanation for laughing in ranks at parade; most of those reported have done so; why didn't you?"

Geordie colored, as he always did when embarrassed. Finally he said: "The report was true, sir. I couldn't help it exactly, but—I had no excuse."

"Well, in a case like this where something comical really appeared I do not care to see a cadet punished, provided he comes forward and explains the matter. Your tent-mate, for instance, explains it very well, and says he couldn't help smiling a little, so I took his report off as a matter of course. It seems to me you have allowed several reports to stand against you that were removed in his case. I shall remove this one. That is all, sir." And Geordie saluted, and walked thoughtfully away.

How could Frazier truthfully say he had only smiled; or worse, how could he imply that he did nothing else, without so saying, when Graham and others well knew he both laughed and muttered audibly. Geordie began to understand why it was that Frazier seldom showed his explanations.

Yet when Benny eagerly asked him what the Colonel said, Pops knew not how to tell him what was uppermost in his mind. And he had promised to be Frazier's roommate.

That evening Mr. Glenn, the Adjutant, called him aside.

"Mr. Graham, your confinement in camp will expire next week, and I understand Mr. Jennings is saying that as soon as you are released you will have to meet either Mr. Woods or himself. I have seen Mr. Woods, and told him that you have done all that is necessary—that he was wrong in the first place. Now should Mr. Jennings make any demands, I wish you to refuse and refer him to me."

Two days later Benny Frazier, with a white scared look in his face, said: "Pops, do you know anything about it? Jennings has just been put in arrest—conduct unbecoming a cadet and a gentleman—and they say it's about your rifle."

[to be continued.]

## KIDNAPPED SAILORS.

BY PAUL HULL.

THE principal cause of the war of 1812, when for a second time the little navy of the United States defeated some of the proudest ships that England could send against us, was known as the Impressment Act the most tyrannical custom ever adopted by a civilized nation. Owing to the great number of war ships that England kept afloat in those days, it was found impossible to enlist enough sailors to man them, so an act was passed making legal the kidnapping of men both on shore and at sea. In broad daylight in Liverpool and other maritime cities squads of naval men, called *press gangs*, traversed the streets, capturing merchant sailors, as well as making prisoners of able-bodied country youth whom they thought likely to be easily broken to the drill and discipline of a man-of-war. It availed nothing to protest or to plead; the captured ones were at once sent off on board ship, to be held for a term of years, and to be whipped into submission if they refused to perform the duties required of them.

Not only on shore was this high-handed law enforced, but on the sea as well. English merchantmen were overhauled by men-of-war belonging to their own nation, and the best men in the forecastle ordered to pack their clothes and get into the cutter alongside, to be conveyed to their floating prison—for a prison it was in every sense of the word. Had the English confined their kidnapping practices to their own countrymen it is not probable that a second war between England and the United States would have taken place when it did, but, shameful to relate, it was not only the seamen of Great Britain who were stolen from peaceful merchant-ships, but the unarmed vessels of all nations were overhauled and plundered, the excuse being that one of the laws of England, known as the Right of Search, permitted her naval officers to seize upon the persons of Englishmen found serving under any foreign flag. At the breaking out of the war of 1812 the number of men in the English navy who had been impressed from vessels flying the stars and stripes may be roughly estimated when it is understood that more than *two thousand* sailors claimed American citizenship, and refused to fight against this country.

In the year 1810 the brig *Pilgrim*, belonging to Boston, was overhauled while on a voyage to Rio de Janeiro by an English man-of-war. The boarding officer ordered the crew to be mustered for inspection, and although they all claimed to be native Americans, and personally produced what in those days was known as a *protection paper*, two of the best seamen were told that they looked like Englishmen, and ordered into the boat at the gangway. One of the sailors, believing resistance useless, resigned himself to his fate, but the other drew his sheath knife, and, before he could be prevented, slashed it across his palm, then grasping the fingers, bent them back with such force that the hand was crippled for life. This sacrifice saved him from serving under the Cross of St. George.

Another American vessel, belonging to New York, was in the harbor of Demerara, loading sugar. Among her crew was a stalwart youth named Paul Cummings, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who was not only an excellent seaman, but noted for his great strength. An English lieutenant boarded the Yankee brig, and being impressed with the looks of Cummings, directed him to get his clothes and go on board the British cruiser. The young man refused to obey the order, and when the king's officer attempted to use force, he struck him senseless to the deck. Numbers overpowered him, however, and he was carried away. Upon arriving on board the man-of-war that lay at anchor a short way off, the lieutenant made known to his captain the treatment received by him at the hands of the captive seaman. Cummings was at once stripped to the waist, and tied to the rigging in plain view of all the shipping in the port. The boatswain was then ordered to give the offender twenty blows on the bare back with the cat-o'-nine-tails. The young sailor protested as an American citizen against such an indignity, stating that if he was publicly whipped he would never be able to live under the disgrace, and would end his own life. He was then told that if he would ask pardon for his offence the threatened punishment would not be inflicted; but this he positively refused to do, arguing that he had simply attempted to defend himself against an assault, that he had not been the aggressor in any way, and that, however wide apart their stations, an apology was due him, as well as an immediate return to his own vessel, from which he had been unlawfully abducted. Without condescending to parley further with the young American, whose bold, independent nature could not be subdued even under such depressing influences, the captain ordered him under the lash.

The instant his wrists were released, Cummings, smarting more in spirit than in body under the humiliating treatment received, made a sudden leap at the English captain, and before the startled officers could interfere the seaman imprisoned the commander in his powerful arms and leaped with him into the sea. Boats were lowered and pulled around the ship in every direction, but the haughty naval officer and the fearless sailor were never again seen.

## "FLINT" EDSON'S NEW-YEAR'S BOX.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

I.

"FLINT" EDSON did not get the New-Year's box; he sent it. His real name was not "Flint" either; it was Obadiah; but his neighbors called him "Flint," because he was so hard—not only hard-featured, but it was currently reported that his heart was made of stone. Nobody ever caught *him* giving anything away (he gloried in the fact), and now he was sixty years of age, and was considered past redemption by his neighbors.

"Obadiah," said his wife, "won't you let me have that big box in the cellar? I'd like to take it to the church." She added this last nervously. Mr. Edson did not approve of her piety or of her charitable tendencies.

"What fur?" growled the old man, looking up from the pages of the Burr Oak *Leader* in his lap.

"Missionaries," faltered Mrs. Edson.

"Not much," he answered, crabbedly. "I may find it useful fur myself."

"I'm sure—" began the poor woman.

"You never was shore in your life," interrupted Obadiah, "an' I'm sick o' missunaries. Now there was Frank." (Mrs. Edson's eyes filled with tears.) "He was a likely boy, an' I paid fur his eddication, an' sends him ter college. What does he do? He turns city missunary, an' stays down in New York, an' marries a schoolmarm agin my wishes, an' doesn't come home."

"Perhaps he thought it would be no use tryin' to convert *you*," snapped Mrs. Edson, unexpectedly; for it is an old adage that "the worm will turn."

"Waal, I'll be shingled!" said the old man to himself as his wife put on her shawl and bonnet and hustled out of the house. "Thet was onusual of S'manthy."

He remained silent, looking out of the window at the snow floating past the bare branches of the elms that lined the village street. Then he raised his heavy fist and struck the table by his side a ponderous blow. A big book with a clasp fell off the table, and lay at his feet with the pages wide open. He bent to pick it up, when some words caught his eye, and he read on, leaning well over, and following the sentences with his finger. Then

he raised the book carefully and held it in his arms, still reading, and, as he read, stumbling and spelling the big words with his lips. Flint Edson's deep-lined face softened, and he looked like quite a fine old man. At last he closed his eyes, and then he wiped them with the back of his hand.

"I never thought—in fact, I never knowed, I guess," he said to himself, and he arose and put the big book carefully on the table.

The truth was Flint Edson never cared to listen.

A few minutes later the keeper of the little combination store at the corner was astonished beyond all manner of expression by the sudden entrance of the "closest man in town." But imagine his consternation when Obadiah Edson inquired the price of his three most expensive dolls, paid for them without a murmur, and departed with two glass jars of barber-pole candy besides his original purchase.

When Mr. Edson returned home he descended to the cellar, and reappeared with a huge box half filled with straw and shavings; this he carried across the wood-yard into the great red barn. Presently he came back to the house, and with the stealthy tread of a burglar he tiptoed through the kitchen and opened the door of Mrs. Edson's "preserve closet." He helped himself to an armful of quince marmalade (in neat paper-topped glasses) and a half-dozen of raspberry jam. To this he added a great glowing pumpkin from the buttery and a bushel of red-cheeked apples (selected carefully from the barrel in the corner). Then he plunged through the snow-drifts about the sheds, and before long the sound of lusty hammering broke in on the still winter air.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Edson the next morning. "What has become of my quince marmalade? Gracious! it's 'most gone!"

"I dun'no'," replied her husband, "'cep'n' somebody must hev took it."



ON THE CUP WAS THE LEGEND, "FOR A GOOD BOY."

II.

In a room that looked out on a cross-town street, and so close to the elevated that the chandelier always jingled when the trains rushed by, sat a young man of twenty-eight and a bright-faced young woman. A little boy in very outgrown kilts and a small elfish girl a year or so older than he were playing on the floor.

"Just think how the children would enjoy this weather in the country!" said the young man.

"Oh, wouldn't they, Frank!" said the young woman.

"But every cloud has a silver lining," mused the happy father as he smiled at the prattle of the two youngsters, who were playing most delightedly with two empty spools and a bone napkin-ring. Nice healthy children they were, but they had the cooped-up appearance that city children often have. How they would have enjoyed a sleigh-ride or a coast down the miller's hill at Burr Oak thought the father, and he sighed.

Just then a heavy step sounded on the landing, and a knock on the door followed. They could hear several other doors open, for when a big box comes to a tenement-house, even if it is a nice tenement-house, every one wants to find out who it is for.

"The Rev. Franklyn Edson?" inquired the expressman.

Oh, what a big box it was! and it just came on New-Year's day! How the children fluttered to and fro while the father pried the top off with the kitchen poker. And how they squealed when they saw the dolls, and quivered with anticipation when they saw the striped candy and rosy apples.

"It's from mother, God bless her!" said the young clergyman, and he took out the things one by one.

The little girl hugged the biggest doll to her breast, and the small brother dug his teeth deep into a fragrant pippin.

But suddenly the young father paused in his unpacking; he had come across something that invited his attention.

It was a cheap cup and saucer. On the cup, in sky-blue letters, was the legend, "For a good boy."

How well he remembered that very step and how often he had drawn out of it, sitting by his mother's side at the little table in the dear old country kitchen!

But what was that? Tied to the handle was a bit of paper with some writing on it in a close cramped hand. It read:

"FRANKLYN EDSON, MISSHICKY

"Come Home and convert yure old Dad. bring Wife and Children FATHER."

## DRESS-MAKING FOR GIRLS.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

II.—APPLYING MEASURES TO A PATTERN.

THE following Saturday morning found the three young people and their teacher busily at work. On the table in front of each girl Miss Cutting had laid a white muslin waist pattern. Their books showing the measures taken the previous week were open alongside of their patterns.

"You will see," said Miss Cutting, "that a waist pattern consists of four pieces—a front and a back piece, a front side-piece, and a back side-piece (Fig. 1.).

"It is important that you should learn the names of these waist pieces, and how they are joined together. The

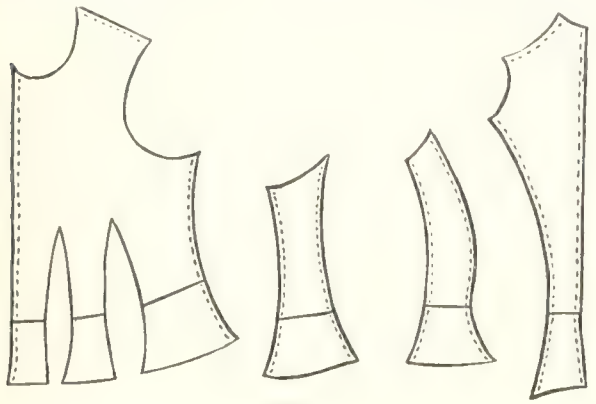


FIG. 1.

two larger pieces for front and back are easy to become familiar with, but the side-pieces to an inexperienced eye are very similar. You will notice that the front side-piece is quite straight, while the back side-piece is more curved. These patterns," said Miss Cutting, "I buy at a reliable pattern store. I get them in sizes from 28 to 46 (breast measure). These patterns are always made of paper, but I cut new ones of muslin, as being easier to handle and more durable. I have given each of you a pattern as near your breast measure as possible, and you will have to mark a pattern to fit yourselves."

"Won't this be very hard?" asked Fanny.

"Not if you follow me closely," said Miss Cutting. "A little familiarity will make it extremely simple work. Now," she continued, pinning the waist together by the seams, and laying it out flat on the table, "the first thing is to measure the length of back and mark a waist-line. This is Helen's pattern; her back measured fifteen inches in length, so I measure fifteen inches on the back piece from the neck down. When I get to the fifteenth inch I mark a line straight across the back piece at this point (Fig. 2.). Then I take the back side-piece, and laying it alongside the back piece so that it is even at the armhole, I draw a waist-line across it where it will join the one on the back piece. I follow this rule with each piece in turn, until there is a waist-line on all four pieces."

"What can this waist-line be for?" asked Helen.

"It has so many uses," said Miss Cutting, "and is so important, that you cannot give it too much attention; but it will be better as we progress for you to find these uses for yourselves, one by one. I now pass my tape-measure across the pattern from the opening that forms

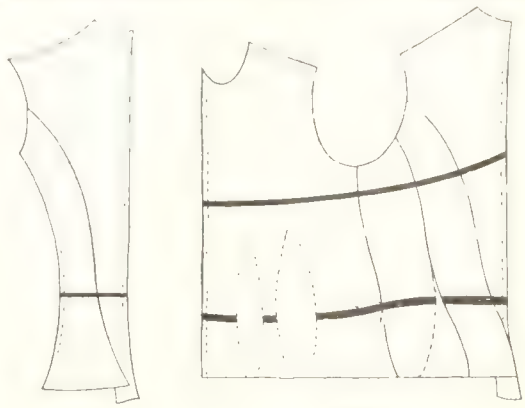


FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

the line for buttoning in front to the middle seam at the back, letting it be about an inch below the armhole (Fig. 3.). This measures sixteen inches, which, multiplied by two, would make thirty-two inches. Of course you understand that this is only half a pattern, and that in cutting a waist you would double the material and lining, so as to have eight pieces, four for each side. I will measure the waist-line the same way," said Miss Cutting. She did so, and found it was twenty-five inches.

"This pattern," said Miss Cutting, "is for Helen. Her breast measure is thirty-one and a half inches, and her waist measure twenty-three inches. So this pattern is half an inch too large at the bust, and two inches too large at the waist, and must be made the right size."

The three girls watched Miss Cutting closely, while she proceeded to measure the pattern a quarter of an inch smaller on the seams under the arm, and one inch smaller at the four side seams of the waist-line (Fig. 4.).

"You will remember," said Miss Cutting, "that as this is only half a waist pattern, I had to divide the amount by two, and instead of measuring half an inch smaller at the bust and two inches smaller at the waist, I made it a quarter of an inch for the bust and one inch for the waist. This," she proceeded, "is called grading a pattern. I must now draw a line between these two pencil marks, to show where the seams are to be basted; and in cutting out your own waists it is these new seams, and not the old ones, that you will follow."

"Won't we get puzzled between old and new marks?" asked Helen.

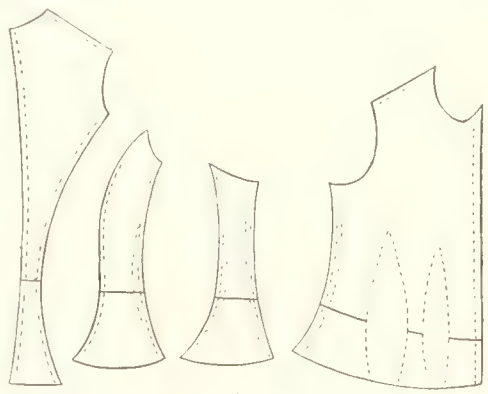


FIG. 4.

"Not if you mark them in different colors," said Miss Cutting. "In preparing these patterns for use, I mark all the seams, as you see, with a red lead-pencil, and when you mark new seams you can use a black or blue pencil;

this will keep old and new lines distinct from each other. I measure the width of the chest across the front of the waist," she went on, "at a point three inches below the neck. Helen's chest measure is thirteen inches from shoulder to shoulder, and consequently I measure six and a half inches from the middle of the front to the armhole (this being just half the required size), and then allow half an inch for a seam, making seven inches. I mark with a pencil, and cut out the armhole, so that the waist will be the desired width across the chest (Fig. 5.).

"The last measure to take on the waist," said Miss Cutting, "is the length of point (Fig. 6.). This is to get a waist a correct fit in front, so it will not be too long or too short waisted, just as you measure the length of back so that your waist will not be too long or too short behind. I pin the front and back pieces together at the shoulder seams, and lay them out flat on the table; then I measure from the back of the neck, over the shoulder, and down to the waist-line in front. Helen's length of point is eighteen and a half inches, and this pattern measures nineteen inches, so I must make it half an inch shorter. Can you guess," she said, "how it should be done?"

"Yes," said Mary. "Move the waist-line half an inch lower down."

"No, my dear," said Miss Cutting; "that is exactly what you must *not* do; the waist-line should not be altered. What you have to do, if your pattern is too long or short waisted, is to make it longer or shorter on the shoulder-seams. I will measure this pattern half an inch shorter on the shoulder-seam, and it will then be the correct length."

"This is not so hard as I expected," said Helen, "and I think I understand the idea perfectly. By applying all these measures to the different parts of a pattern, one after another, I can alter its *size* and its *shape* to fit the person whose measure I have taken."

"Yes," answered Miss Cutting, "that is it exactly; and now I will conclude with the sleeve measure, and then when Mary and Fanny have measured and cut out their waists, you will all be ready to baste and sew." Saying which, Miss Cutting took up a sleeve pattern and laid it on the table (Fig. 7$^{A}$.). She then measured the length of the under part of the sleeve from the armhole to the wrist, measuring on the inside seam. The length came to nineteen inches and a half.

"Helen's arm measures eighteen inches," said Miss Cutting, "and allowing a quarter of an inch at top and bottom for seams, that comes to eighteen and a half inches. Consequently I must cut this sleeve pattern one inch shorter. I next measure from the armhole to the elbow (inside), which for Helen is seven inches, and mark a dot with a pencil, then from the wrist to the elbow *outside;* and between these two points, inside and outside, I draw a diagonal line. This is called the 'elbow point (Fig. 7$^{B}$.)."

"What is that for?" said Mary.

"As sleeves are made now," answered Miss Cutting,

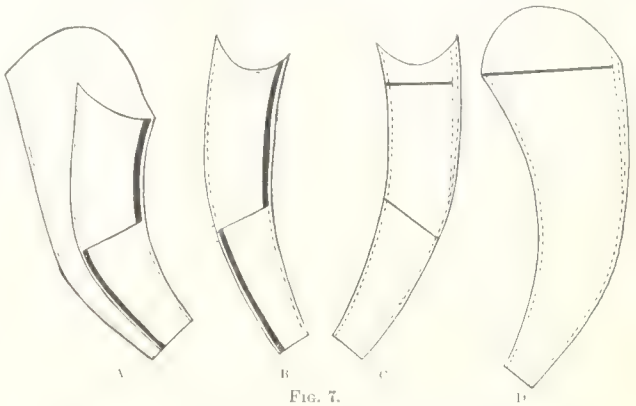


Fig. 7.

"they nearly always have a few gathers at the elbow; these gathers, which are on the upper or wide part of the sleeve, are joined to the under part one inch above, and one and a quarter inches below the elbow point. In conclusion," she added, "we now have to find the width of the sleeve. I will pin both seams of the sleeve together, and lay it down with the *outside* seam lying flat on the table. I measure across the bottom the size of Helen's hand, seven inches. And across the top the size of her arm, twelve inches. At the bottom I allow one inch more and at the top two inches more to let the sleeve fit easily. I draw a new line from the top to the bottom of the sleeve, between the points I have marked; and let me add here that a sleeve should always be made wider or narrower on the outside seams (Fig. 7$^{C\,D}$.). This," said Miss Cutting, "completes our work on Helen's pattern."

"But, Miss Cutting," said Helen, "this pattern you have altered for me was too large; suppose it had been too small, what would you have done?"

"I should have made it larger," said Miss Cutting, "by measuring on the *outside* instead of on the inside of the seams."

"To be sure," said Fanny. "I wonder we did not think of that."

"I have lots to think of until next week," said Helen, as the girls began to fold up their work and clear the table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

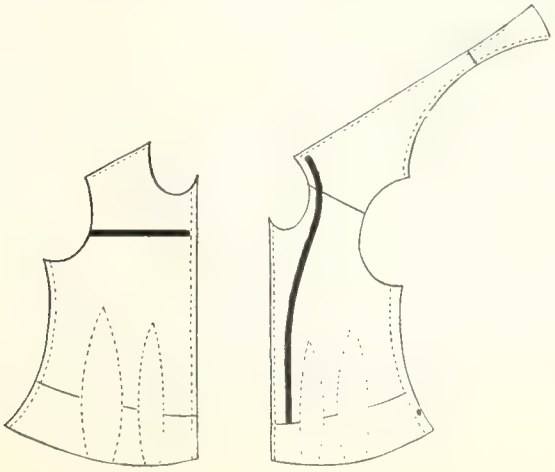


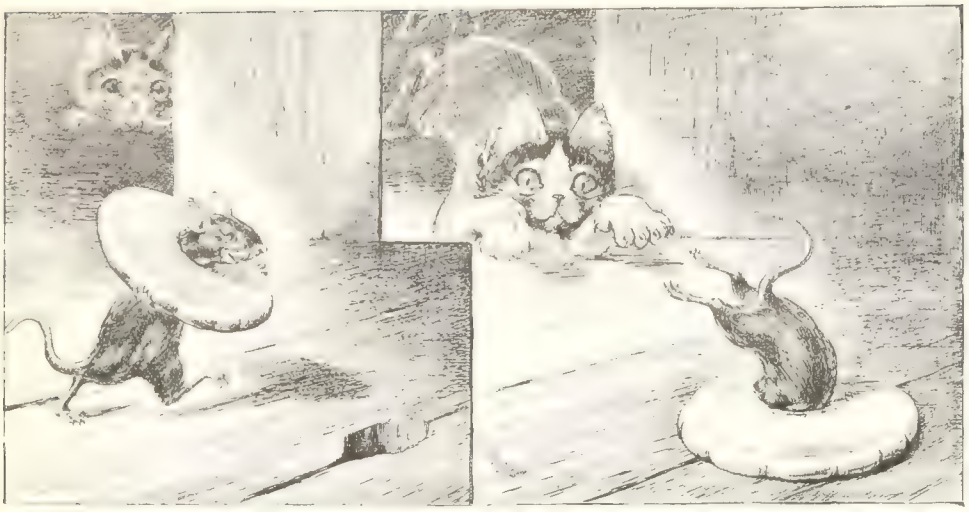
Fig. 5. Fig. 6.

## ANECDOTE OF VERDI.

HOWEVER much some of us may enjoy listening to the dulcet strains of hand-organs, we cannot but realize that to some people their music must be exquisitely painful. Think, for instance, what the feelings of a composer of music must be when, sitting at his breakfast table in the morning, a barrel-organ man takes up his stand in front of the house, and begins grinding out, as from a coffee-grinder, the melodies over which the composer has spent so many weary hours of thought!

He must feel very much as the great Verdi felt, if the following story of him narrated by a correspondent of an Italian newspaper is true:

"Some years ago," says this writer, "I called upon Verdi at the little watering-place of Moncalieri, and found the maestro in a small apartment which served him as a sleeping, eating, and sitting room. Noticing my surprise at finding him established in quarters so limited, Verdi said, 'Oh, I have two other large rooms, but they contain a number of articles I have taken on hire.' So saying, the great composer got up, opened a door, and showed me ninety-five barrel-organs. He then added, with well-feigned rage, 'When I came here all these organs played *Rigoletto, Il Trovatore,* and similar rubbish from morning until night. I was in despair, until I had an idea, which was to hire these engines of woe from the owners. I paid about fifteen hundred lire for them—an expensive bit of protection; but then I can now enjoy my summer's outing in peace.'"



PREPARING FOR THE HOLIDAYS

"I LIKE THESE CAKES WITH HOLES IN THEM, THEY ARE SO HANDY TO CARRY."

BUT IN CASE OF AN EMERGENCY THEY MIGHT PROVE QUITE AWKWARD.

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

MAMMA. "What makes you so lively after your big dinner, Ollie?"

OLLIE. "I think I must be working on the two lovely drumsticks I just had."

FRANKNESS.

MAMMA. "Aren't you home from school earlier than usual to-day?"

BOBBY. "Yes, mamma, I wasn't kept in to-day."

JOHNNIE (*in bed for being naughty*). "Mamma, I wish I was twins, then when one of me was punished, the other one could go out and play."

"MAMMA," said little May, as she looked for the first time at her new baby sister, "I'm very much ob'ged to you for offerin' her to me for a sister, but I've got all the sisters I want, so I'll take her for a cousin."

JOHNNIE. "Popsy, did you know that tight boots made your feet grow?"

FATHER. "No, my son. How do you make that out?"

JOHNNIE. "Well, your foot is about nine inches long, and when your boot pinches it, it becomes an acre [*acher*]. See?"

A WISH.

THE Christmas tree is standing yet,
A memory of rosy joys;
Oh, how I wish that I could get
A second crop of toys!

TODDLES. "Mamma, when I get into a temper, I remind myself of a cake of soap."

MAMMA. "Why, my boy?"

TODDLES. "Because when a cake of soap gets fussy and makes a lot of bubbles and suds, it seems to feel very grand, but when its temper is all over, it is *littler than it was before*, and that's just the way I feel."

MAMMA. "Yes, dear; and the atmosphere about you is clouded and murky just like soapy water, too."

CHARLIE (*who fell down and cut his right eyelid*). "Papa, I am not going to sleep to-night."

PAPA. "Why, Charlie, what is the matter?"

CHARLIE. "When I close my right eye it hurts."

PAPA. "You will surely go to sleep before the night is over."

CHARLIE. "If I do, I am going to keep my right eye open."

A SMALL BOY'S REFLECTION.

SOME solemn little girls I know
Should go to school each day,
And 'stead of learning how to sew,
They'd ought to learn to play.

FORGIVENESS.

WILBUR. "Will you make some peanut taffy, mamma?"

MAMMA. "I'm very sorry, Wilbur, but there are no peanuts in the house."

WILBUR. "Well, mamma dear, I'll forgive you if you'll just make some without peanuts."



CHLOE'S PRESENTS.

"I's lef dat stockin' up ten days
Fo' Santy Claus to see,
I's gib him eberry chance to lead
A Christus gif to me.

"An' dis is all dat comes ob hit.
He's me met 'n tabby-cats!
A-scratchin' me such gifts as dem—
What I gwine do wid cats?"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# TRUE TO HIS NAME.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

LEONARD PALMER had six sisters, and according to his own way of thinking, there were five too many. They were all with their mother in the sitting-room of a little house in Philadelphia, when the door opened, and Leonard walked in. Even Mabel, the married one, was there, having stopped on her way home for a little chat with her family. It was growing dark, and the lamps were lighted.

Leonard tossed his cap across the room and himself into a chair. He was a tall boy of fifteen, with dark eyes and hair, and a bright intelligent face. At present, however, he looked moody and unhappy.

"Leonard, what horrid manners you have!" cried Grace.

"What is the matter now? I suppose you are in some scrape again," said Fanny.

"And your hair looks as if it had not been brushed for a week!" exclaimed Mabel.

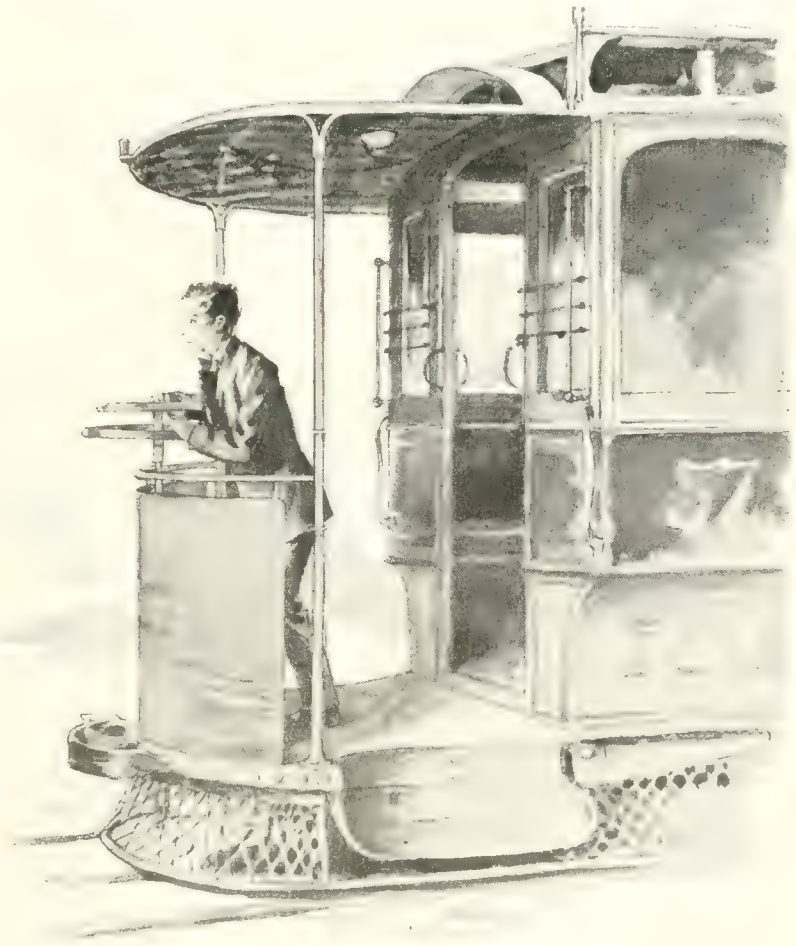
"Bother my hair!" growled Leonard. "Who cares about hair?"

"Certainly not you," said Mabel.

"Well, there's something the matter. What is it?" asked Madge.

Hatty said nothing, but stole around behind Leonard and leaned over the back of his chair. She was his special friend and champion, two years younger than he, and accustomed to adore him with all her faithful heart.

Leonard was silent, his eyes studying the floor while he twitched the lace-trimmed tidy that adorned the chair.



"IF WE RUN INTO ANYTHING IT'S ALL UP WITH US."

"Do spare that tidy! I made it for mother for Christmas, and now you are ruining it," said Fanny.

"Bother your old tidy!" growled Leonard again.

"Come, my boy, tell us what the trouble is," said his mother, smiling at him.

"Croft & Danby have turned me off."

"Oh, Leonard!" came in a chorus from his five sisters.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed his mother, with a shocked look.

Hatty said nothing, but leaned over and gave her brother a hug, which he shook off impatiently.

"Leonard, it must be your own fault. This is the third situation you've had within a year, and now you're out of it again," said Fanny.

"Yes, Leonard, I think so too," said Grace. "Tom Page went into Croft & Danby's when you first began to work, and he's there yet. And you couldn't stay there a month."

"Mother, why don't you tell Leonard it's a shame? You don't say a word to him."

"I think you are all saying quite enough," said Mrs. Palmer, quietly. "I should now like to hear Leonard's own story."

"There! Good for you, mother!" cried Hatty. "I think it's a mean shame the way those girls are always pitching into Len. He can't help it if things go wrong and he gets turned off. It's not his fault." And Hatty stamped her foot and glared at her five elder sisters.

"Now, Leonard," said his mother, "tell us how it happened."

"If those girls had given me a chance I'd have told you long ago," answered Leonard. "It was this way. A fellow came into the music store last night just before closing, and he stood there leaning on the counter down by the door, and looking as if he owned the earth. Old Danby told me to go and ask him what he wanted, so I went down behind the counter, and I says, 'Are you waited on?' and he says, 'No.' And I says, 'What do you want?' and he says, 'I guess that ain't any o' your business.' And I says, 'I guess it is!' and by that time I was getting pretty mad. And just then old Croft came along, and the fellow began asking him who was the best violin teacher. I was up on the ladder afterwards hunting for a song somebody wanted when I heard the fellow say, 'That young sprig of a clerk of yours is pretty fresh.' And then he went out.

"Well, when I went out half an hour later to come home, there he was standing by the window, and he looked so dudish I just went up to him, and I says, 'Look a-here, young fellow, I guess I'm not the only fresh one 'round here!' And with that he tried to take me by the collar, and I gave him a punch, and he punched back, and we had a lively time for a minute, and then I left him sprawling and came home."

"Good for you, Len!" exclaimed Hatty, as he paused for breath.

"And was that the end?" asked Grace.

"No, it wasn't the end, for when I got there this morning old Croft said, 'Leonard, just you go to the cashier's desk, and I'll come there.' And after a bit he came, and he says, 'Leonard, I guess we don't want any fighting characters 'round here, and here's your week's pay, and I hope you'll find another place soon.' And I marched out."

"And what have you been doing ever since?"

"Oh, knocking 'round town trying to find something," said Leonard, rather drearily.

"I shouldn't wonder if I could get you into Wanamaker's, but you couldn't do any fighting there," said Madge, who had a position there herself.

"As cash-boy, I suppose," returned Leonard. "No, I thank you!"

"There it is!" exclaimed Mabel, rising to go. "You are not willing to take a low place."

"And I shouldn't think he would be!" cried Hatty, warmly. "Len is brighter than all you girls put together, and the idea of his being a cash-boy! He ought to go into a lawyer's office."

"And no doubt in time become Judge of the Supreme Court," said Mabel, as she fastened her fur cape. "Well, George will be at home before me if I don't hurry. Good-by all!"

"Mabel feels too grand to live since she was married, and has to hurry home to George," remarked Hatty, as the door closed behind her sister.

"It is supper-time," said Grace, who was beginning to set the table; "you had better go brush your hair, Len."

"And your necktie is all askew," said Madge.

"And I was ashamed of your hands when Lily Jones was here last night," added Fanny.

"I say, girls, you just shut up, will you? I'm sick and tired of your nagging, and if you don't let up on it, I vow I'll run away to sea."

"We've heard that before," remarked Grace, as she placed the forks.

"Well, you'll hear it once too often," said Leonard, as he flung himself out of the room and stamped up stairs.

"What a boy he is!" sighed Madge. "Mother, I don't believe you'll ever do anything with him."

"You are too hard on him, girls," said Mrs. Palmer; "if your father had lived, I suppose he would have understood better how to manage him. Leonard is a very bright boy, and if he is treated right he'll be a fine man. He is very quick-tempered, and is always getting into trouble. I wish, indeed, he hadn't lost this place. We need the money badly enough. But I can tell you that Lennie is just as quick at good actions as he is at bad ones; and he is a brave boy, too."

"Yes, he is so," said Hatty; "just like his name. In the back of the big dictionary at school it says Leonard means 'brave as a lion,' and that is just what Len is. And he is awfully good to animals, too; and my teacher said the other day that no one who is good to animals could be altogether bad."

"Hark to the champion!" said Grace, sarcastically; "altogether our young brother is quite a saint."

Hatty's face became crimson, and she was about to speak, but turned and ran out of the room instead.

"It is no use talking and arguing with those nasty girls about Len," she sobbed on the floor of the hall closet, whither she had fled for solitude; "but never mind," she continued, drying her eyes, and addressing the brooms, dust-pans, and overshoes which were the other occupants of the place, "they'll find out some day what Len is made of, and then they'll be sorry!"

The next day, and the next, and, in fact, for many weeks, Leonard was unsuccessful in finding a situation. It was the middle of winter and a bad time for securing a position. Many a time he regretted his hasty conduct at Croft & Danby's, though he did not acknowledge it to any one but his mother.

"It must be a lesson to you, Lennie," she would say; "and you must try to conquer your quick temper, or it will give you trouble all your life. Now is the time to overcome it, while you are a boy."

But it seemed to Len that it was just because he was a boy that it was hard to withstand the desire to "answer back." It would be easier when he was a man, he thought. People would not be so aggravating to a grown man as they were to a boy.

One morning his mother, who always closely scanned the advertising columns of the papers, read the following aloud:

"'Wanted, a bright boy of about fifteen to do office work. Must write a good hand and be willing to make himself useful. Apply in person. J. G. Adams, Conveyancer and Real-Estate Agent, No. — North Sixth Street.'"

Leonard was stretched on the sofa reading *Dorymates*. He sprang to his feet.

"I'm going," he said.

"It seems to be the very thing," said Mrs. Palmer. "It is a long distance from here, but the cable-cars run up Ninth Street, and would get you there quickly."

"I'm not going to spend the money on cars," said Leonard; "my legs will get me there quick enough, I guess. Hat, step round lively now and find my best hat while I go brush my hair."

Hatty "stepped" and found the hat, his mother re-tied his necktie, and between them they soon got him ready. His other sisters had positions in various stores and places of business, and were not at home in the daytime.

Leonard ran out of the door, forgetting in his excitement to shut it behind him, and was soon out of sight,

his mother and sister watching him as long as they were able.

"He is a dear boy," sighed Mrs. Palmer, "and the very image of your poor dear father. I hope he'll be successful."

"I guess he will this time," said Hatty, hopefully. "No one could help liking Len's face; and when you know him he's just perfect."

"He is good-looking, but 'handsome is what handsome does,'" said her mother, sighing again.

In the mean time Leonard was hastening as fast as his feet could carry him to the goal of his desires. As he lived in the extreme southern part of the city and the conveyancer's address was as far north, the distance to be traversed was great; but at last he arrived, and opening the door of the office, walked in. Several boys were already there, sitting in a row, twirling their hats. A man, elderly and rather grim-looking, sat at a desk. He did not look up as Leonard entered, but continued to write. He used a quill pen, and as it scratched rapidly back and forth over the paper, Leonard wondered if he would be expected to write as swiftly. At last the pen was thrown down, and then the writer looked up.



LEONARD WAS SILENT, HIS EYES STUDYING THE FLOOR WHILE HE TWITCHED THE LACE-TRIMMED TIDY.

"Humph!" he said, "quite a number here. Humph!"

Nothing more was said for a minute, and the boys shuffled uneasily. Leonard thought he could not stand it much longer. He wanted the thing settled. He boldly got up and walked over to Mr. Adams.

"Do you want a boy?" he asked.

Mr. Adams stared at him through his spectacles. His eyes were so keen and his gaze so steady that it seemed to Leonard he must be capable of reading every thought in his mind. Leonard looked him straight in the face and waited.

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Adams again.

Then he turned towards the others. There were about half a dozen waiting. He called each in turn and bade him write his name and address on a sheet of paper. He watched each boy narrowly as he did so. Leonard he called last.

Then he scanned the writings. "The only one that need wait," he said, "is Leonard Palmer."

The others, much crestfallen, shuffled out, leaving Leonard and Mr. Adams in sole possession. The result of it was that Leonard was engaged to do office work, to begin the next day, and he left Mr. Adams feeling happier than he had done for some weeks.

"He is a pretty tough old customer, though, that Mr. Adams," he said to himself, "and I guess I'll have to stand round, but I don't mind that much. Now that I've been out of work so long I'm glad enough to get anything. I think I'll indulge in a cable-car and get home quickly to tell mother. Poor old mother, I'm afraid she's had me on her mind."

A cable-car came along just then and Leonard was soon on board. They had gone but a few squares when it seemed to him that something was wrong. Passengers signalled to the conductor that they wanted to get out, but the car did not stop. People stood on the corners of the streets waiting to get in, but no attention was paid to them. The gripman became excited. He swung the brake, and rang the gong violently to warn approaching vehicles on the cross streets that the car was coming. The grip was out of order. He could not release it from the cable, and the brake was of no use. The car was beyond control, and they were rushing headlong to destruction. After a hurried consultation the conductor and the gripman, each seizing a bar of iron, jumped off, and attempted to break the grip. They failed, of course, and the car kept on, leaving them far behind. The passengers were now beside themselves with terror. How long would it be before they ran into the car ahead of them, or into the teams that might be using the track? Could nothing save them?

Leonard Palmer sprang to the cab that had been vacated by the gripman. He knew that unless the gong were sounded a collision was inevitable. Clang! clang! went the gong, and the car bounded on. It was frightful. A good many thoughts went through Leonard's mind as he stood at his post. Clang! clang!

"It is too bad, just as I got the situation." Clang!

clang! "We just grazed that cart." Clang! "If we don't run into anything it's all up with me. Ah!"

They had reached a curve. Around the corner they flew, and went into a large dray heavily loaded with stone which stood partly across the track. A crash, and the wild journey of the cable car was over. The horrified spectators of the collision ran to the rescue and lifted the passengers out of the ruins of the car. Strange to say, no one was killed, though many were very badly wounded.

"But the boy," said some one, "the boy who rang the bell?"

At last they found him, wedged in the cab so tightly that it was almost impossible to get him out. Axes were brought, and after some time he was lifted out. They thought he was dead, and they tenderly carried him to a neighboring drug store, and laid him down.

But he had only fainted. After a while he became conscious, and then they found that his arm and two fingers were broken, and he was badly bruised. Later in the day he was taken home. Hatty was at the window wondering why her brother did not come, when a peculiar-looking vehicle drove slowly up to the door and stopped.

"Why, mother," cried Hatty, in excitement, "there's an ambulance stopping at our door, and, oh, it looks like Len in it! Mother, mother, he is hurt!"

And then they brought Leonard in, and carried him to his room.

"Madam, your son is a hero," said the doctor who came with him, as he was leaving; "but for his courage and presence of mind many lives would have been lost. You may be proud of him."

"It's too bad," sighed Leonard to his mother, when the doctor had gone. "I'll lose the situation again. You'll have to write Mr. Adams I can't come."

That night the sisters were sitting together. Mrs. Palmer was upstairs with Leonard, and the girls were talking about the accident. Mabel and her husband had been there, and had told them about it—how it was posted on the bulletin-boards of the newspaper offices down-town that "Leonard Palmer's presence of mind had saved many lives."

"Think of Leonard being such a hero," said Grace.

"I should think you'd be sorry enough now that you'd abused him so much," said Hatty, who had left her brother only long enough to get a book to read to him.

At this moment the door-bell rang sharply. Hatty opened the door.

"Does Leonard Palmer live here?" asked a gruff voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I want to see his mother." The owner of the voice walked into the room and looked about. "Humph!" he said. "Are either of you his mother?"

"We are his sisters," said Fanny.

"Humph! Plenty of 'em. Where's his mother?"

"I am his mother," said Mrs. Palmer, who had come down-stairs.

"Madam, I'm pleased to meet you. I've read in the evening papers an account of your son's doings to-day. I am J. G. Adams, Conveyancer and Real Estate Agent, at your service. I engaged your son this morning."

"I was just about writing to you, Mr. Adams, to tell you of the accident, and that my son would not be able to keep his engagement with you. It will be some weeks before he is well."

"Humph!" said Mr. Adams. "Madam, I would wait months to get a boy like that. The place is open to him whenever he is well enough to take it. That boy is made of good stuff, madam—good stuff. Good evening!" and he bowed himself out.

"There!" cried Hatty triumphantly to her sisters. "I told you you'd find out some day what Len was made of, and now you know it."

## SAVED BY THE WATER TRICYCLE.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

"WHAT did you ever do with that crazy old water velocipede your uncle gave you last summer?" asked Tom Manning, as he and Fred Asten were hurrying toward the big lake in Central Park, where hundreds of men and boys and a few girls were speeding to and fro on runners.

"I wish you wouldn't call it a crazy old velocipede," replied Fred with some warmth. "If Uncle Theodore hadn't given me his model—it isn't a velocipede at all, but a water tricycle—if he hadn't given it to me I would have been robbed and badly beaten by three tramps who met me on the road when nobody was near enough to hear me if I had shouted all day for help. And then there were two of them too; and Johnny Sprague and I used to go all over the country on them."

Tom Manning was all attention now. Fred's uncle he remembered as a dreamy man who sometimes began to think so hard at the breakfast table that he forgot all about eating. He had a little room in Fred's father's house, near Preston, in which he kept the queerest lot of models. Tom had seen it only once. It was a treasure-house of wheels and cogs and cranky things with springs. He remembered, too, that after three weeks of the hardest kind of calculating and hammering and filing, Uncle Theodore had trundled out a tricycle with paddles on the big wheels, and a pair of canoe-shaped baskets that were fastened on parallel to the wheels.

"You could put enough food and clothes in the baskets for a three weeks' trip, couldn't you, Uncle Dody?" Tom had asked.

"They're not baskets, sonny. They're boats," Uncle Theodore had replied with much dignity. "This machine travels equally well on land or water. It was invented by a man out in Chicago, and I'm trying to make one that will go. I've got two made now."

Then the boys had experimented with the tricycles for one whole joyful week. Johnny Sprague was fat. He had no staying power, either physical or mental. He soon gave up trying to steer the awkward thing. The little wheel of the tricycle always would scrape against the boat part of the machine whenever he tried to turn corners. So he lazily gave up all efforts to learn how to run it. Fred discovered that it was twice as thrilling to drive the tricycle along the surface of the water. There was a broad quiet reach of the Shetucket River near his summer home, where he found great delight in navigating his clumsy wheel. Lazy Johnny dared not try this branch of the sport. Although he was fat enough to float across the Hudson River, he could not swim, and he was afraid to venture upon the water on wheels.

Fred was lean, but muscular. He was good at any game, from marbles to football. He was a cool fellow, who never lost his self-possession, or, at least, hardly ever. His chief fault was that he thought too much of his clothes. He always looked as if he had been moulded into them. He was fond of the glitter of jewelry, too. He had not grown old enough to know how vulgar it is to display an array of gold chain and flashing scarf-pin. That was why the tramps got after him.

"You remember the good road from East Windham to Preston, don't you?" Fred asked.

"Yes," replied Tom.

"And you know the bridge near the bleachery that was washed away in the flood last spring and was never rebuilt?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had been paddling around there for nearly an hour on the day after you left our house. I managed to find a way to steer the tricycle in the water. All you have to do is to turn the little wheel in front very hard.

You know I never tried that before. I managed to steer the thing up and down and across the stream.

"After experimenting with the wheel on the water I ran up on the road and started toward East Windham. The tricycle worked beautifully. Uncle Theodore had overhauled it that morning, and oiled the bearings, and tightened up the driving-chain. I never knew it to sail along so smoothly.

"I was pedaling along nicely from East Windham on my way home, and wondering whether uncle could invent a tricycle to jump fences like a horse. About half a mile this side of the Shetucket I met three tramps walking toward Voluntown. I wasn't going at all fast.

"'Give us an egg out o' yer basket,' one of them cried.

"'Hush, Bill!' said the man at his elbow.

"'Wot time is it?' he asked me. I took out my watch and told him 'twenty minutes past five.' By this time I had met and passed them. Somehow my feet began to push harder on the pedals.



"JOHNNY SPRAGUE AND I USED TO GO ALL OVER THE COUNTRY ON THEM."

"'I think I could find some good use for that yellow watch,' I heard the big tramp say.

"''Sh! Take it easy,' cried the little tramp. 'Hey, sonny! just wait a minute, will you? My friend wants to borrow your knife.'

"But I had heard enough. I must have got a lead of a hundred yards before the tramps started after me. The road was smooth and well-rolled, and I began to pedal as hard as I could, when I heard the three tramps yell and start after me. When I came to a little hill I lost my speed, and a big stone came past my head.

"The tramps were beer guzzlers, and they were not in good condition. I felt as if the old tricycle had sprouted wings. Only one thing bothered me—how was I to get around the sharp turn in the road just before it reaches the bleachery bridge? You know how cranky the two boats make the tricycle in steering. But I took a big curve and got around the turn all right, although the outside wheel did tilt up awfully, and I came near spilling. When the tramps came in sight of the river they laughed.

"'Now we've got him, Bill!' shouted the sly little man. 'He can't get across the bridge, 'cause there ain't no bridge to get across.'

"But I kept right ahead, straight toward the edge of the river.

"'Hold on, young feller; we don't want to drown yer!' the third tramp yelled. He was too late. I ran down the bank at a pace of about twenty miles an hour. I was afraid that the abrupt plunge might perhaps capsize and sink the machine, so I leaned as far back as I could. The tricycle glided into the water like a swan. It kicked up a tremendous wave, but by leaning back I managed to keep the bows of the little boats high enough to prevent the water from flowing in. As soon as she settled down a little I began to pedal."

"But didn't the tramps follow you?" asked Tom.

"No. They sat on the edge of the river and threw stones at me until they could find no more to throw. They were tired, and couldn't come within ten yards of me."

"Did you say anything to them?" asked Tom.

"Yes," answered Fred. "I told them honesty was the best policy."

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

## CHAPTER X.

YEARLING faces in camp were looking very solemn one hot August morning. Cadet Jennings, in arrest, had sought permission to speak to the commandant; had been granted an interview, and had come back with very little of his old confident, even swaggering manner. He had been in close arrest six days, the object of much sympathy among certain of his classmates, because it was given out that he was to be made an example of, all on account of suspected participation in the trick that had deprived a plebe, temporarily at least, of his new rifle, which, according to yearling views he had no business with anyhow. Several things happened, however, which wiser heads in the corps could not account for at all. First, Jennings had sent for and held some confidential talk with Frazier. Frazier was seen that night in conversation with a drummer-boy in rear of the orderly's tent: "Asking him to get me some cigarettes," explained Benny. Two days later the Honorable Mr. Frazier arrived at the Point, and spent a long afternoon with his son; and saw him again in the visitors' tent that evening. This time Mr. Frazier senior did not favor the officers with accounts of Benny's prowess at the High-school, he even avoided them, especially the superintendent and commandant, both of whom he referred to subsequently

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 732.

as men with very narrow views of life. He spent a day at the Falls below, and took a West Shore train and hurried away.

The last week of August came. The Cross were lost, the night-sounds that for a month or more had come from the posting of the first relief after taps. In the diminished quartet of occupants of plebe hotel No. 2 of Company B three at least had been marvellously benefited by their experience in camp. Corporal Graham, Connell, and Foster. Their clear eyes and brown skin told of the perfection of health and condition, but Major-General Frazier looked far from well. He was evidently troubled in mind and body, and utterly out of sorts.

Camp was to be broken on the 29th, and the tents struck, in accordance with the old fashion, at the tap of the drum. The furlough-men would return at noon on the 28th. Once more the ranks would be full, and the halls and barracks echoing to the shouts of glad young voices; but meantime a solemn function was going on — a court martial for the trial of certain members of the corps. Messrs. Ferguson and Folliott of the Third Class had been "hived" absent at inspection after taps. Lieutenant Cross, commander of Company D, who was making a bull's-eye count about 11.30 one moonlit August evening, found these two lambs of his flock astray, and directed Cadet Lieutenant Fish, officer of the day, to inspect for them every half-hour. It was 2 A. M. before they turned up — young idiots — in civil garb and false mustaches. Each had already an overwhelming array of demerits. Each had barely escaped deficiency at the June examination. Each felt confident his cadet days were numbered, and so, courting a little cheap notoriety, they determined to make a name for what used to be termed "recklessness," and "ran it" down to Cranston's Hotel in disguise. Their fate was assured — dismissal, and their trial occupied no time at all. No one recognized them while away from the Point. It was sufficient that they were absent from their tents more than half an hour.

And then Cadet Jennings was called, and, as was the custom in those days, Cadet Jennings had asked a First Class man to act as his counsel, and Cadet Ross was introduced as *amicus curiæ*. The court sat in a big vacant room in the old Academic that summer, an object of much interest to swarms of visitors impressed by the sight of a dozen officers solemnly assembled at a long table, clad in the full uniform of their rank. It was also a matter of no little wonderment to certain civil lawyers enjoying a vacation, who looked upon the slow, cumbrous proceedings with sentiments of mingled mirth and derision.

Our good Uncle Sam, when first starting his army a century ago, copied the pompous methods of the soldiers of King George as set forth in the Mutiny Act, and there had been hardly any change in all these years. Lieutenant Breeze, a lively young officer, was Judge Advocate of the court, and appeared to be the only man who had a word to say in the premises. Counsel, unlike those in civil courts, rarely opened their mouths. Questions they desired to ask were reduced to writing and propounded by the Judge Advocate. Answers were similarly taken down. The court had been in session only an hour over the yearlings' cases when they sent for Mr. Jennings. Presently Graham and others, returning to camp from dancing lesson, were hailed by the officer of the guard.

"You are wanted at once at the court room; so is that Major-General tentmate of yours. Get ready as quick as you can, Mr. Graham. Full-dress, with side arms."

Hastening to his tent, Graham found Benny already there, and in ten minutes they were on their way. Benny was very white and scared, Geordie silent. Lieutenant Breeze must have been waiting for them. Graham was summoned in at once. Many a time he had seen courts martial out on the frontier, and so went promptly to the witness seat and pulled off his right hand glove. Breeze wasted no time in preliminaries. He knew his man.

"You swear the evidence you shall give in the case now in hearing shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God," he said; and Geordie, standing erect and looking him in the eye, his own hand uplifted, answered,

"I do."

"He'd tell it, anyhow," whispered a New York lawyer to a friend. "That boy couldn't lie if he tried."

While the Judge Advocate was pencilling a few loose slips of paper, Geordie glanced around him. The sides of the room were well filled with spectators, ladies and gentlemen visiting the neighborhood, and curious to see a military court in session. Major Rawlins, of the Engineers, was President, while two Captains and eight Lieutenants made up the court. To the left of the Judge Advocate, at a little table, sat Mr. Jennings with his counsel. Geordie took the chair to Breeze's right, pulled on his glove again, adjusted his bayonet scabbard, and sat erect. The first two questions were as to his name, and whether he knew the accused. Then he was told to give, in his own words, the facts connected with the disappearance of his rifle. Few boys could have told the story more tersely.

"What was the number of the new rifle?" asked the Judge Advocate, and Geordie gave it. Had he recognized, by voice or in any way, any of his assailants? Not one. Had he been able to ascertain how the rifle was taken, or by whom? He had not. Was there no one of his tentmates left at the tent the evening the exchange was made? None that he knew of. Where was Cadet Frazier that evening? Geordie didn't know; he did not see him until bedtime. Mr. Jennings was asked if he desired to question the witness, but wisely refrained.

Certain members of the court looked as though they might elicit something; but when the Judge Advocate said, in response to a whispered query, "I have all that from another witness; this one knows nothing about it," the court subsided and concluded to wait.

Even as Geordie was wondering if Mr. Breeze meant Frazier, and what Frazier could possibly know, the brief evidence he had given was read over to him, and he was told he could return to camp. The Judge Advocate accompanied him to the door, and Geordie heard him say to the orderly:

"I want that drummer Doyle at once. Why is he not here?"

"We can't find him, sir, anywhere," was the answer.

"Well, go again, and tell the Drum-Major to have him hunted up. He had no business to let him away from barracks."

As Geordie started out into the open air, he caught sight of Benny's woe-begone face. What could have happened to him?

"Detained as a witness before the court martial," said the officer of the day to whom Frazier was reported at dinner roll-call, but Pops found him lying on his bedding when they got back to camp. He didn't want to talk, he said, his head was aching. He was all upset about something, that was evident. No, he didn't want any dinner. Jennings and his counsel had joined the battalion at the mess-hall with unimpaired appetites and confident mien. The plebe it was who seemed all gone to pieces. By parade-time a strange story had come into the camp by way of the visitors' tent. Court had adjourned until the witness Doyle could be found, and Mr. Frazier, whose testimony it was supposed would materially harm the accused, had not harmed his case at all. In brief, Frazier, acting under instructions evidently, tremblingly admitted that he was aware of some joke being played on his tentmate that night, but refused to answer questions on the ground that answers might

criminate himself. The sensation among the plebes was tremendous. Everybody jumped to one conclusion Frazier must have taken part in the "robbery," as they now began to call it.

But Mr. Ross came to the rescue. "Wait until you hear the whole story," he said. "It can't be told now, but will be when the excitement has died away and it is safe to tell it."

And so the youngsters had to wait. Connell and Foster seemed to shrink from their classmate instinctively. It was Graham who simply would not believe that ill of him.

"I can't tell as yet. I've given my word to Ross and Jennings," said Benny, with a wail in his voice. "Don't go back on me, Graham, and you'll never regret it." And, taking the side of "the under dog in the fight," Geordie held out his hand.

The 28th came, and still no tidings of the missing witness. Doyle, the drummer, had vanished, and no one knew whither. The furlough-men came back at midday, looking probably for the same tumultuous greeting that had been accorded their predecessors for years back—a charge of the First and Third Classes from camp, and a smashing of Derby hats—but they were marshalled direct to barracks instead, and, completely uniformed and equipped, marched over to join the battalion in style most matter of fact. The plebes spent the last evening in camp listening to the distant music of the hop, and singing, reciting, and dancing for the benefit of the returned Second Class men. Certain celebrities of their number were, with appropriate ceremonies, presented to such Second Class men as preferred "devilment" to dancing, among them "Corporal Pops, the coyote-killer of the Colorado, famous as bear-hunter, scalp-taker, and sign-talker," and for the last time Geordie was on duty entertaining old cadets until the tattoo drums, but no one turned out Benny Frazier. A yearling will not even have fun at the expense of a plebe whose conduct is considered shady, and the belief in the Third Class was general that Frazier, through motives of jealousy, had connived at the "hiving" of his tentmate's rifle.

And yet when Connell said to Graham, "I was going to room with Foster, but I'd far rather live with you. Do you think we can fix it now? Foster is willing to live with Clawson," he could hardly believe it when Geordie answered:

"I've promised to live with Frazier, and though I'd rather live with you than any man I know, I won't go back on my promise."

Geordie did not tell what he might have told, that on the evening of the 27th, after a long talk with his father, who came at noon and left before parade, Frazier had almost pleadingly said to him, "They're all down on me now, Graham, and if you turn from me, I won't have a friend left in the class. If you and I room together, they'll know you don't believe me mean enough to take your gun. Appearances are all against me simply because I can't tell without involving some poor fellows whom dismissal would ruin for life just because they'd taken part in what they meant to be only a joke." And Graham answered that he meant to stand by Frazier until the thing was all cleared up.

There were plebes who came to Geordie and told him he was making a mistake. So did Mr. Otis, but the latter went away all the more convinced that Corporal Pops was too pig-headed even for a Scot. It was almost pitiful to see the way Frazier clung to his companion now. It looked to everybody as though the boy were jealously afraid of seeing his friend and protector, so-called, talking with anybody else. Time and again he reminded Pops of the agreement, until at last, annoyed, Geordie turned suddenly upon him, and said,

"Look here, Frazier, does anybody keep promises where you come from?"

Then Benny concluded it was time to hold his peace.

In the presence of a thousand spectators on a glorious August day, every tent in camp went down at the tap of the drum, and what an instant before had been a white-roofed city turned into a bustling hive of gray coats, folding, rolling, and cording up the snowy canvas. All baggage had been moved to barracks earlier in the day, and now in full ranks, all four classes present, the companies fell in, and the corporals, who had served all summer long as sergeants, stepped back into the ranks, and the plebes gazed in silent awe upon the grave, dignified young soldier in the white cross-belts and crimson sash who so keenly looked them over before reporting, "All present, sir," to Mr. Leonard. The returned furlough-men took their places, as became members of the Second Class, in the front rank. Certain yearlings, much to their disgust, had to fall back to the rear, and as far as faces could be seen at all any one could distinguish which was which. The boys who had spent the summer in camp were brown as autumn berries; they who had spent their furlough at home were pallid by contrast.

For the last time in camp Adjutant's call sounded on the color-line, and the band had to take station beyond the sentry on No. 2 in order to leave room for the re-enforced battalion.

"Guides posts!" rang out the Adjutant's command.

"Keep your eyes to the front, plebe," ordered the red-sashed first sergeant, returning to his station through the gap on the right, when he found two Fourth Class men gazing obliquely at him in mingled awe and admiration.

Clash! went the rifles into the gloved left hands as the battalion presented arms to Colonel Hazzard.

"Take your post, sir," was that eminent soldier's response to Glenn's superb salute. Back to his station on the right fluttered the Adjutant's plumes as the companies wheeled into column, tossed the light rifles to the shoulder, and then, to the merriest, blithest of music, strode buoyantly away in the wake of the band, the Drum-Major boring with his tasselled baton a hole through the heart of the crowd.

Geordie's pulses beat high with every stride. Welcome hard work, hard study, even the long gloomy wintry weeks and months, for plebe camp and palms of the hands to the front were now things of the past.

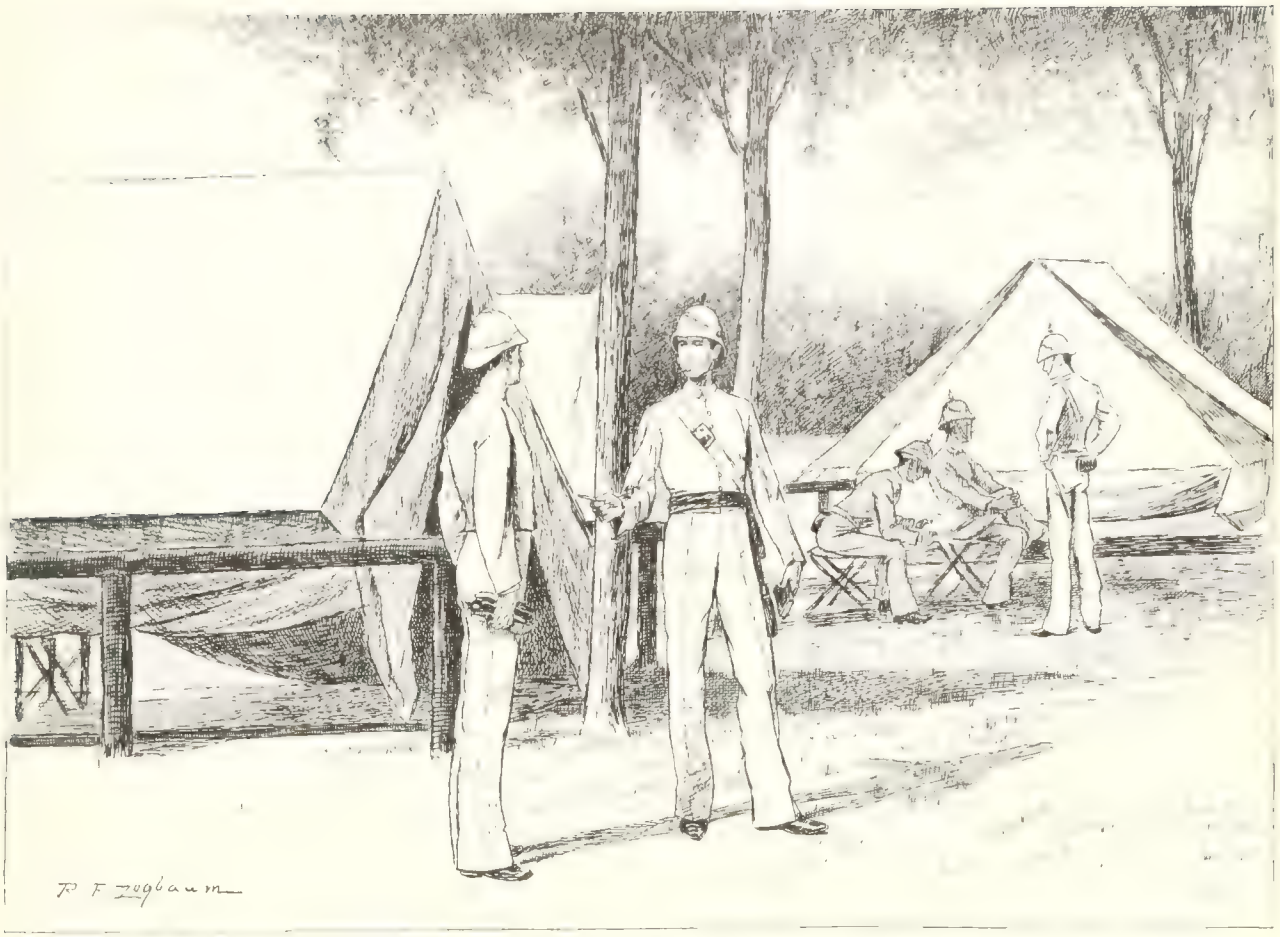
That night Glenn read the list of sections to which the classes were assigned. Great was the importance of certain Fourth Class men designated in orders as section-marchers, and by no means inconsiderable was the jealousy among their classmates inspired by this purely accidental and temporary gift of authority. The Fourth Class for instruction in mathematics was divided in alphabetical order into eight sections, Cadet Abbott being detailed as marcher of the first, Dillon of the second, Griggs of the third, Kenney of the fourth, and so on down the list. Frazier, who had been very meek for several days, asked Graham if he didn't think it extraordinary that they should be ordered around by a fellow like Dillon?

"Why, I don't believe I've ever heard him speak ten words. What makes them put such galoots in command of sections when there's others, like you, for instance, that know how to handle 'em?"

Pops grinned. He understood what Benny was thinking of.

"It's all part and parcel of the system of teaching fellows like me, as you put it, that obedience is the first thing we have to learn," said he, good-naturedly, and then went busily on with the work of getting the room in the prescribed order.

As plebes they had enjoyed only what is termed "Hobson's choice." They could have either the top or bottom floor on the north front of barracks—the cold, sunless front—and so they found themselves in the third division, or,




"YOU ARE WANTED AT ONCE AT THE COURT-ROOM, MR. GRAHAM."

as it was technically termed, the "Third Div. Cockloft"; that meant on the top floor of the third division from the east. It took little time to arrange their household affairs. Each cadet had his own alcove or bedroom, separated one from the other by a wooden partition. On the side nearest the wall was a light iron bedstead; on this a single mattress, folded back during the day, and made down only after tattoo. Piled in order on the mattress, folded edges to the front, and vertical, were first the sheets, then pillows, then blankets and "comfortable." On iron hooks in the partition, each in his own alcove, and in the following order from front to rear, the boys hung their overcoats, rubber coats (once called "plebeskins"), the uniform coats, gray jackets, gray trousers, "such underclothing as may be allowed," and at the rearmost end the clothes-bag for soiled clothing. Against the front post of the partition was the little wooden washstand, a bucket of water, with cocoanut dipper, on the bottom shelf the white wash-bowl, inverted, with soap-dish, etc., on top; a slop-bucket on the side opposite the hall; a little mirror in the middle of the mantel-shelf; rifles in the rack near window; dress hats on the shelf thereof; accoutrements and forage-caps hung on the pegs to the right and left of the rack; candle-box in the fireplace (which was neatly whitewashed); nothing on the steam coil or heater; all other clothing in the open-faced set of shelves termed the clothes-press; brushes, combs, shaving materials, collars, cuffs, handkerchiefs, belts, and gloves, each folded or stacked in separate piles on the upper shelf; shirts, etc., on the next below; white trousers, underclothing, etc., on the lowermost, and nothing under it; text-books on the top of the press against the wall, upright, and backs to the front; broom behind the door; chairs, when not in use, against the table; table against the wall opposite the fireplace; shoes aligned at the foot of the bed, toes to the front, and always to be kept neatly dusted; "clocks, pictures, statuettes, etc., not allowed."

Everything was kept in spick-span order, and the orderly-board, giving the name of the cadet responsible for the general appearance of things during the week, hung on the pillar of the alcove partition. Each cadet posted his own name in plain block letters over the alcove, over his half of the clothes-press, over his equipments, etc.; and on the back of the door his "hours of recitations," to account for his absence from the room at any inspection. For half an hour after breakfast, dinner, or supper, and on Saturday afternoons, cadets could visit in barracks, or go from room to room. At any other time and during call to quarters, day or night, visiting, even to the extent of opening and looking in one's next-door neighbor's door, was punishable by demerit and confinement.

When little Dillon came around to give out the first lesson in algebra, as received from their section instructor, Lieutenant Barnes, Pops was all attention, and carefully noted it in his new algebra. Benny wanted to chaff Mr. Dillon by asking him if he supposed he could march a squad as far as the Academic, and was suddenly reminded of his uncertain status by being curtly told to mind his own business. In ten minutes Pops was deep in his work, but Frazier, giving a sniff of contempt on glancing over the pages, tossed his text-book on the table, went to the window, and strumming on the glass, gazed long and wearily out upon the starlit sky. This being a West Point cadet wasn't what it was represented to be by a good deal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# GIRLS AND THINGS.

BY SALLY THORNDIKE

Part II

THE summer flew swiftly at Maple Farm. It dragged very slowly for poor Joe, working away with all his might in his uncle's paper-mill.

Still more help had to be hired upon the farm for harvesting, for Sue with her boarders, and Charlie with his milk route and depot carriage, had less and less time to help. Their energy, however, was inspiring. The season had never been better, and larger crops had never been taken from the ground. The burden of the wonderful stocking grew heavier and heavier, though all of Joe's money was scrupulously kept by itself. The barn was as full as it could be packed. Every bin in the cellar was full. Charlie had taken a great deal to market, and a great deal they had been obliged to sell "in the field" for want of a place to put it or any means of getting it away. All that Joe knew was that to every letter of instructions which he sent home he received the same reply: "Don't worry about that, Joe. I'll look out for it and see that it is all right."

"All right," Joe would mutter. "Why, a girl don't know what all right is, in the first place. If she did, she'd not talk so foolish."

Sue said to herself: "He looked right at me when he said those horrid things about girls not knowing anything, and he has got to be looking right at me when I tell him what we've done. It's no more than fair."

So she kept her secret and waited; but she grew very anxious for Joe to come home, for she loved him, and longed to set his heart at rest, as well as to convince him that girls could do *some* things if they only tried.

It was a very long wait. Sue began to think that she could not possibly hold in much longer. The boarders were gone. The help was all paid and discharged. Everything was ready for the winter. Then the longed-for letter came just as Sue was ready to give up. The obdurate uncle had at last consented to give Joe a few days at New Year's, though he told him that one who was working to support a family should be ashamed to be idle for an hour.

In truth, Joe had made himself so useful that his uncle did not like to lose him for an hour; but he would not admit it lest Joe should demand a higher salary.

It was a great day at Maple Farm when Joe was to arrive. He would come just before dark; just in time to see things as they drove up, and everything was made as fine as possible by the combined efforts of the whole family. Charlie washed the carriage twice to be sure that it was clean, and rubbed the horse till he shone "like a livery-stable," as he announced to Sue. Sue oiled the harness, and grandma and Mamie prepared the feast.

It was still early for the train when Sue and Charlie drove to the village, but they could wait no longer. Fortunately the train was on time. Even the horse would hardly have been patient if the express had been late.

Joe looked surprised and a little troubled when he saw how they had come for him, and his greeting was not quite so warm as Sue expected; but she bit her lip and resolved to wait a little longer.

"The horse looks better than he did when we had him," Joe remarked, as he rather reluctantly stepped into the carriage. "I'll bet Shaw wouldn't sell him for any twenty-five dollars. But I could have walked over just as well. It wasn't hardly the thing to go borrow a horse to carry me, as if I was something swell."

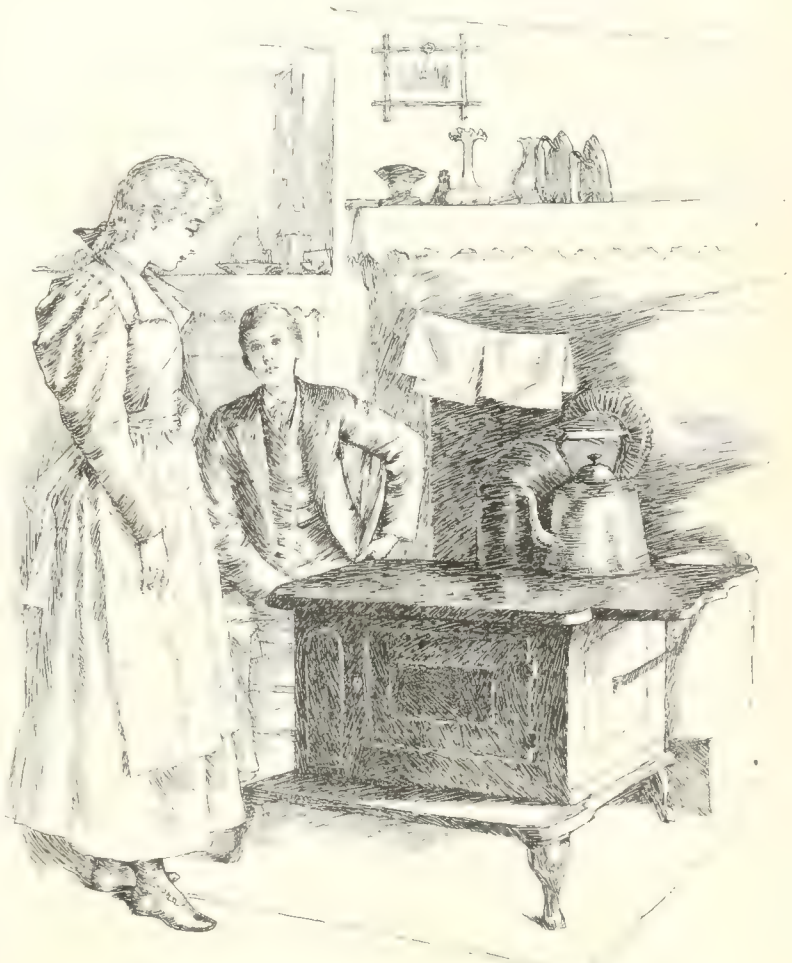
"Well, I guess you're sweller than anybody in this place," Sue said, with an invisible laugh bubbling away down in her heart. "And we didn't have to borrow a horse, anyway, or a carriage either. I knew that twenty-five dollars wasn't near enough for him, so I just wouldn't sell him, and we've kept him all the time."

Then Joe really frowned as he replied: "Well, that's worse than selling him for twenty-five dollars. Maybe you have had free pasture for him through the summer, but you can't sell him at any price now. You can't even give him away, and before spring he'll eat more than you can sell him for then."

"He can't, Joe," Sue said. "The barn is so full that we could keep him and three or four more, and as many cows, all winter without costing us a cent."

Joe looked up angrily and muttered: "If that's what you've been doing you've been playing nicely into the sheriff's hands. I don't wonder the folks let you alone if they saw you fool enough to go spend your money getting in a barnful of stuff for them to take at their leisure in the winter. I'd better have kept what I earned in my own pocket. I never dreamed of your spending it that way, Sue. I thought I wrote you plain enough what to do, so that even a girl could understand."

Sue's face was very red, and her lips quivered as she



"WELL, IT'S GIVEN ME A CHANCE TO LEARN A LESSON."

replied. "The sheriff hasn't anything to do with us, Joe, or the folks either. Every solitary debt was paid before the first day of July. We don't owe one single cent to anybody, but just the mortgage and what interest is due on it."

Joe sullenly settled himself down into the seat, and muttered: "If one half of that is true, Sue Billings must have been laughing well up his sleeve to see my money settling up all the other claims that would have been in his way, and getting in the harvest. What a scoop he'd make! I knew well enough he had some game, and told you so. If I'd had any idea what a fool he was making of you I should have seen through the whole of it. I'd have thought you might have seen that yourself."

Big burning tears were rolling down Sue's brown cheeks, but Joe did not see them. He only heard her say: "I don't believe that Mr. Billings would hurt us if he could, Joe. He's been ever so good to me. And I know that he couldn't hurt us if he would, for I paid every cent of the July interest four or five days before it was due, and if he wants the January interest to-morrow, he can have it just as early as he will get up."

Joe's face was little less than the proverbial thundercloud as he turned sharply upon Sue, exclaiming:

"Sue Edwards, you're making fun of an awfully serious matter. New Year's will be sad enough anyway, with the poorhouse ready to grab the children, and goodness knows where the rest of us will drift. We might at least be thankful that we have hung on by the eyelids so far, and not go twitting on facts that way. I know you're a girl, and girls shouldn't be expected to know too much," he added, a little more gently, for he could not help seeing how Sue was sobbing now. "But when a fellow has been working and scrimping as I have been, trying to keep a big family from starving, it does seem as though even a girl ought to realize something about it, and not begin joking him, as though it was all tomfoolery."

This was too much for Charlie, who sat in front, driving. He had solemnly promised Sue that he would not say a word, but let her break the news to Joe in her own way. But if there was any one in all the world who was loved through and through, almost worshipped, it was Sue Edwards by her brother Charlie. What Joe said was bad enough, but he caught the sound of a sob too. Sue was crying. He wheeled about in his seat, and looking right into his big brother's face, exclaimed:

"Look a-here, Joe! I guess you don't know Sue so well as some of the rest of us. I can tell you that this horse is ours, and always has been; and the cow too. And what's more, there's a jolly heifer in the barn, and Sue says it's mine. And there are two pigs there fat enough to kill this minute. And there are more'n a hundred chickens. And the barn's almost bust, it's so full. And Mr. Shaw told me a week ago that if Sue wanted to sell the horse this fall he'd give me a hundred dollars for him, and I said, 'No, thank you, sir, he's earned more than two dollars a day all summer, and he'll earn more'n a dollar a day on the milk route alone through the winter.' And Mr. Billings is a nice man. He's just as polite to me as anything, and he told me, no longer ago than yesterday, that if there was a boy in the county as smart as my sister Susan, he'd be willing to bet all he was worth that he'd be President of the United States before he got through. And I haven't been to school all summer, and I needn't go all winter, 'cause I'm 'way ahead of my class, I learn so much faster studying with Sue nights. And when I don't go to school I help Sue lots. Don't I, Sue? Git up there, Bill! What are you doin'!" And without waiting for Sue to indorse him, the little fellow, having said his say for his champion, and said it so fast and so vehemently that no one could stop him or fail to understand him, wheeled back again and devoted his entire attention to the horse.

"You have done more work than a great many big men, Charlie," Sue exclaimed, enthusiastically. "And indeed, Joe, I was not joking. It is all true what I told you. And I rather think we all know how hard you have worked and how you have saved. And I guess you'll find that I appreciate it, too, even if I am only a girl. I didn't have to use any of the money you sent home at all, Joe. I kept it all by itself, the very bills you sent, for I thought that maybe on the 1st of January you'd like to take your turn going to Mr. Billings; it was lots of fun; and that if you did, you'd like to feel sure that you were paying him the very money you had worked for. There's more than enough of it for that now, and I've got enough more for next July; so we're sure we are all right there, and if you're willing I'd like to put in some more cows and pigs for the winter. Charlie and I can take care of them, and I know better how to manage now, and I shouldn't wonder if we might be able to pay quite a lot on the mortgage itself, if we try, next summer."

Joe had not spoken a word. He could not speak. Something seemed to be choking him. And now they were driving up to the house and he did not need to speak. He was glad of it. He was sure, though, that he had never seen the place look better in his life. And there were Mamie, cheering lustily as she caught sight of him, and baby Jack, and grandma, all in new dresses, and a supper smoking on the table, which he thought was the finest he had ever tasted.

From that time he had little occasion to speak, for every tongue was busy telling him all that had happened, while he sat and listened and wondered. He tried to say something. He knew that there was something very important for him to say, and indeed he wanted very much to say it; but however he put it to himself, and however hard he tried to arrange it, the words did not seem to mean all that he wanted them to mean. So he waited and wondered and tried to think how he could express what was in his heart; but the only expression of it came whenever he glanced across the table at Sue. He had to look away again quickly to hide the tears that would leap into his eyes. If he could only have put those tears into words they would have said precisely what he was trying to say. He was growing desperate, when wheels sounded outside.

"It's the opposition depot carriage, I swum," Charlie exclaimed, looking out of the window. "He's got a passenger, too. That's 'cause I wasn't watchin' out for 'em to-night. Geewhittaker! He's coming in here. Guess he's after me for something."

Charlie hurried to the front door, but soon returned to say that it was a stranger who wanted to see "Mr. Joseph Edwards."

When Joe had gone into the front room, Charlie remarked: "The man said he had come from 'way out West, to see father, and did not know he was dead till he reached here this afternoon. He said it was important business, and he wanted to see his eldest son. The depot master told him Joe had just come home, and he would find him here. I wonder what's up?"

They all wondered, and they wondered still more a moment later when Joe, having heard the man's errand, moved by an instinct that was new to him, to his own surprise as well as the surprise of the rest, came to the door and called Sue to come in and help him transact some very important business.

The stranger represented one of the largest manufacturers of farm implements in the world. The concern had recently perfected a reaper, which they thought would prove the greatest success of the age. When the patents were applied for, however, it was found that many of the best points, and some that were indispensable, were already covered by patents taken out a year before by

Benjamin Edwards. He had come on with authority to offer fifty thousand dollars for those patents, and before he left that night the arrangement was made so far as it could be before the formalities of a legal transfer.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" each one repeated, again and again, that New-Year's day, and no wonder. It was absolutely real and true, too, which was the best of it. To Mr. Billings's regret, perhaps, the mortgage was paid. To the uncle's regret and chagrin, Joe gave up his position in the mill and remained at home to help Sue manage the farm, and eventually to start a paper-mill of his own, which to-day is one of the largest in New England. To Charlie's regret, it was decided that he should give up his milk route and go back to school. To grandma's regret, her dear old fingers were not quite so much a working necessity as they had been.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" That was about all that any of them could say, so far, in struggling to realize their good fortune. Joe thought less of it, at first, than any of them. That something which he had to say was so much more important that it put the other almost out of his mind; and still he had not said it when they gathered round the kitchen stove after their supper. It seemed to Joe that Sue must know how thoroughly it was her due, and be waiting for it. It would have surprised him to know that she had never once thought of such a thing. He sat in silence for some time, and at last he said:

"Sue, if all this good fortune was not to come to us till after father and mother died, I'm very glad that it did not come till now."

"Why?" Sue asked in surprise.

"Well, it has given Charlie a chance to see how much faster he can learn with you than at school, and it has given me a chance to learn a lesson that I should never have learned without it, and that will last me all my life."

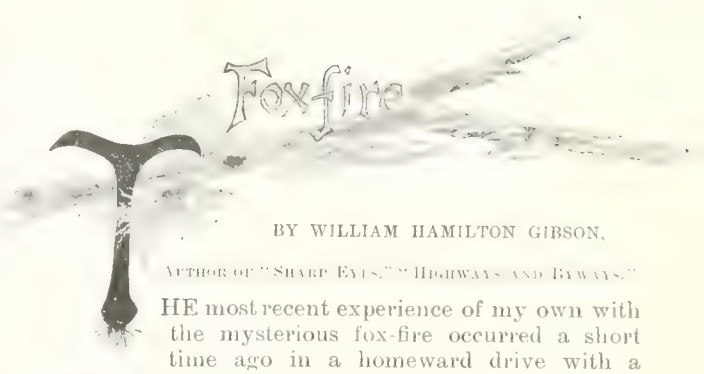
"About what?" Sue asked.

Joe thought that he had been coming at it at last, so that he could say just what he wanted to say, but when he tried he was just as far away as ever. Only his face was red with honest blushes and his eyes were bright with tears as he looked lovingly at his brave and pretty sister, and replied, simply, "About girls and things."

## SAVED BY A PARROT.

IT is very seldom that that rare old bird the parrot gets credit for rendering the world, or mankind individually, a service. It is generally looked upon as a sort of amusing nuisance. But at times the parrot can rise to an occasion and perform an act of inestimable service, as the following pretty little story handed down through the ages will show.

It appears that the Greek Emperor Basilius had condemned his son Leo to death on the false accusation of a couple of trusted courtiers that he had formed a plot against the life of his father. The Empress, in her sorrow and anguish, tried her utmost to melt her husband's heart, but in vain. On the day before the execution she sat surrounded by her ladies, bemoaning her son's dreadful fate. A favorite parrot which occupied a cage in the Empress's apartment was removed by her orders to a lonely spot in the grounds of the palace, because she could not endure its chattering and screeching in her grief and despair. Not long afterwards the Emperor entered the park and seated himself on a bench. He had not been sitting long, when he heard a plaintive voice uttering the words, "Oh! Leo, my son, my son!" The Emperor started up and listened, and again the voice was heard to say, "Oh! Leo, my son, my son!" followed by a heart-rending cry. It was the parrot, which had heard its unhappy mistress repeat nothing but these words during the last few weeks. Deeply affected, the Emperor hastened back to the palace, and immediately ordered his son to be set at liberty. Not long afterwards the matter was cleared, and Leo's innocence established. It is to be hoped that the fortunate Leo was grateful enough to his feathered benefactor to see that Polly had all the crackers she could possibly want, as well as a patient listener to her every word.




BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

THE most recent experience of my own with the mysterious fox-fire occurred a short time ago in a homeward drive with a companion from a botanizing expedition about twelve miles distant. It was near ten o'clock. The sky was overcast, only a stray star of the first magnitude now and then peeping out from between the rifts of hazy floating clouds. The new moon, "wi' th' auld moon i' her arm," had sunk below the western hills, and so dark had it become that the road ahead, at best but a faint suggestion, was occasionally lost for minutes together in the deepened gloom of the overhanging trees, only the keener nocturnal vision of the trusted horse affording the slightest hope of keeping in the wheel tracks.

In one of these dark passages we were suddenly surprised by a gleam of light a few rods ahead to the left, and in a moment more we were directly abreast of it. On many previous night journeys I had been on the lookout for some such surprise as this, as yet only rewarded by the tiny sparkle of the glowworm in the grass. But here, at last, it came in a shape that I could not have anticipated, an upright column of phosphorescence, brilliant at the upper extremity, and more broken below for a space of several feet. The brilliancy of the light may be inferred from the following query and its answer:

"What is that light yonder?" I asked my companion.

"A lantern reflected in water," was his reply.

The mass of light shone verily like a lantern, and the present interpretation was somewhat reminiscent of a previous flickering lantern which we had seen, with its accompaniment of great magnified moving shadows on barn and hay-stack, as it assisted in the tardy chores of a whistling farmer lad.

But this light was of a greenish ghostly hue, and perfectly motionless, and had withal a certain weird uncanny glare, which belongs alone to fox-fire. It was impossible to locate its distance from us. It might as easily be one rod as five. I concluded to investigate its source, and groping my way through the dewy bushes, soon confronted it. It seemed to glow with added brilliancy as I approached it, and as I stood face to face within a few inches of it no vestige of material surface appeared to sustain it; it seemed hanging motionless in mid-air. I reached out my hand, which momentarily intervened like a black silhouette against the glow, with which it soon came in contact. Upon further investigation, this proved to be the contact of a mere prosaic fence-post, which, for some mysterious reason, had been singled out for glorification among the ten thousand others of its neighbors and transformed into a pillar of fire. The post was about six inches in diameter, its summit an unbroken mass of light, which extended in more or less broken patches below for a distance of six feet, thus suggesting the effect of the rippling elongated reflection of a lantern in water noticed by my companion, and which would doubtless have been so accepted by the average passing observer without further thought.

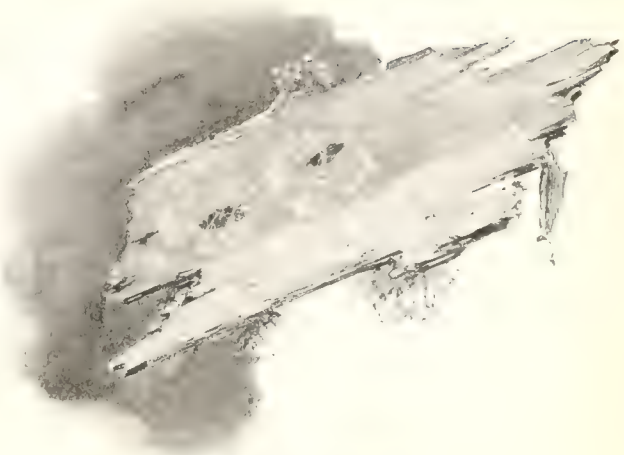
The most luminous upper portions were free from bark, the exposed patches of wood below being equally brilliant. Clutching at the more available part of the post, I was

enabled to sink my fingers deep into its decayed fibre, and succeeded in tearing off a long fragment. The outer surface of this particular piece had been covered with bark and not especially foul rot, but the cavity of yawning moist fibre thus exposed, as well as the inner surface of the dislodged piece, poured forth a perfect flood of greenish light, indicating that the damp uncanny fire extended to the very core of the post, which was saturated with the phosphorescent essence. I laid this and other fragments in the back of the carriage, where its glare met our eyes whenever we turned to look upon it.

Taking it beneath the lamp-light upon our return home, it resolved itself into a very ordinary piece of yellowish rotten wood. In a more shaded corner of the room it appeared as though whitewashed, and upon taking it into a closet or out into the night again its flame gradually rekindled, as though feeding upon the darkness, until it appeared precisely as when we found it.

By enclosing the specimen in a tin box with moist moss I was enabled to prolong the effulgence until the next evening, but it had entirely disappeared by the following night, at which time its original haunt, the post, was also doubtless lost in the darkness. A week later I again passed its neighborhood in the late hours without the slightest hint of its presence.

This is the mysterious "fox-fire" or "ghost fire" which has so imposed upon the imaginations of credulous country folk the world over, doubtless a conspicuous factor in many a harrowing tale in the legendary or traditional lore of spooks and goblins.



THE LUMINOUS FRAGMENT.

I remember the breathless interest with which as a boy I listened to the weird story, whose scene was located not far from my native town, of a ghostly light that flickered about the eaves of a certain old ruin of a house in the neighborhood, and also above the well close by in the weedy waste of the former door-yard.

The light was seen by many for several consecutive nights. It fairly glowed in a halo up from the wooden curb which surmounted the well, where it was viewed at a safe distance with bated breath by a curious crowd of villagers, not one of whom would have dared to steal up and surprise the innocent spook in its haunt—doubtless a mass of fox-fire which had found its brief congenial home in the decaying boards within the tottering well curb. Of course the house was "haunted" for evermore, and rustic tradition for a whole generation was rich in fabulous tales of the "haunted well," and there was serious talk of unearthing the nameless mystery which lay at the bottom of it.

A certain saw-mill was also tenanted by a similar luminous ghost one night after a heavy rain, but the shape of the spook in this case was so peculiar, and so exactly corresponded with the parallel cross-boxes of the old broken water-wheel, that it was considered harmless.

But it is scarcely to be wondered at that a phenomenon so startling and inexplicable to the rustic mind should be associated with the supernatural. One's first experience with fox-fire, especially if he chances upon a specimen of some size, is apt to be a memorable incident.

My own first encounter dates back to the age of about eight years. While walking through a wood at night I chanced upon what I supposed to be a large glowworm in my path. I picked it up, only to find in my hand a hard piece of dead twig.

A later experience, which, while quite startling for a moment, was robbed of its full terrors by the reminiscence of the first. As in the former case, I was returning home at night through a dark damp wood. I was skirting the border of a small runnel, when I was suddenly brought to a breathless standstill, apparently confronted by the glaring eyes of a panther, or perhaps a tiger; cer-



A FOX-FIRE BOGABOO.

tainly no cat or fox or owl was possessed of eyes of such dimensions or wide interspace as those which glared at me from the dark shadow of yonder copse. But in a moment my quickened pulse had subsided, and I calmly returned the greenish phosphorescent gaze, observing that a singular accident had re-enforced the first illusion by a wonderful semblance to ears and outline of body, in keeping with the formidable eyes

In a moment I was attacking the foe, my hands stroking his rough barky forehead, and my fingers penetrating his eyes, which proved to be two holes in the bark of a fallen log, the further side of which disclosed a brilliant luminous patch which, as I invaded it with my hand, proved to be bare exposed wood. Taking hold of the loose bark, a vigorous pull dislodged a great piece some three feet long, at the same time liberating a glare of greenish light from the exposed surface of the log, which was responded to in sympathy by the inner surface of the slab of bark in my hands, in all representing about six square feet of brilliant phosphorescence.

I carried a fragment home, and upon inspecting it by lamp-light, found it white with thready mould, resembling the so-called "dry-rot" of mouldy timber—doubtless the mother of some well-known fungus, or "toadstool," which might have been discerned upon the log the following day had I chanced thither.

Hawthorne in one of his books records a remarkable personal encounter with this weird fox-fire, and one which cost him dearly. He was on a journey by canal-boat, which had stopped *en route* for a brief period at midnight. During the interval he had stepped ashore, and was decoyed into a neighboring wood by the bright



THREE SPECIMENS BY DAY.

glow, which proved to be a fallen tree ablaze with phosphorescence.

In his surprise and interest he lost all account of time, and thus missed his boat, and was obliged to "foot it" for miles on the midnight tow-path, which he was enabled to do by the aid of a big brand of the tree which he used as a flambeau.

Almost any damp woods, especially after a rain, is likely to disclose its fox-fire, but it occasionally appears under circumstances where we little expect it. A few weeks since, having occasion to go to my refrigerator after dark, I noticed a brilliant glowing object upon the floor beneath it, which I found upon inspection to be



THE BUGABOO BY DAYLIGHT.

merely a piece of damp bread. Can it be that the yeast fungus too may give off effulgence with its carbonic acid at its whim? or was the light traceable to the perceptible odor of lobster with which it had evidently been previously in contact?

Dead fish are frequently thus luminous, and brilliant phosphorescence is often an accompaniment of decomposition of both animal and vegetable matter. A few decaying potatoes will often light up a corner of a cellar which is dim by daylight, and an instance is on record of a certain cellar full of these vegetables giving off such a flood of light as to lead observers to suppose that the premises were on fire.

Many animals, and especially fishes and insects, possess luminous properties. The familiar examples of the



THREE SPECIMENS BY NIGHT.

glowworm and fire-fly hardly need be mentioned. Then there are the lanthorn flies, with their luminous heads, and the click-beetles of the South, with their two glowing head-lights, so effectively employed as ornaments for the hair and other use in the toilet of the Cuban belle. But the sea is the home of luminous life. From the gelatinous bunches of the *noctiluca*, which sets the sea aflame, to the numerous larger finny tribes, the ocean is peopled with animal life, which, though dwelling in depths scarce reached by the faintest gleam from the sun, swim about enveloped in their self-illumined halo.

While all these phenomena come under the general term of phosphorescence, the inference of the presence of phosphorus is incorrect: many substances without a trace of phosphorus in their constitution emit light with equal brilliancy.

The well known commercial article called "luminous paint" is an apt example, which, while containing no trace of phosphorus, glows like fox fire at night, especially after having been exposed to the sun's rays during the day, giving forth in the dark hours the light which it has thus absorbed, and being thus of utility in its application to clock faces and match-boxes.

Calcined lime and burnt oyster-shells in combination with certain acids become luminous at night by the similar power of absorption and transmission of light vibration, which is supposed to be the secret of much of the so-called phosphorescence.

But fox-fire is believed to be of a different nature, more chemical in its character, and usually emanates from a fungus, either visible in the form of mould or toadstool, or existing as an almost invisible essence which saturates the decaying wood, a species known as *Thelephora cerulea* being credited with most of the luminous manifestations.

Fox-fire is occasionally put to a cruel utility by hunters in association with the "salt-lick" for deer. Salt is scattered in a selected spot, and a piece of fox-fire adjusted beyond it in direct line of the aim of the rifle, which is securely fixed in place. The sudden obscuration of the light is a sufficient signal for the still-hunter, who has only to pull the trigger to secure the game, even though the latter be entirely hid in the darkness.

The more common examples of fox-fire are small bits of decayed wood, but most astonishing specimens have been observed. In addition to the fine example mentioned by Hawthorne, there is an authentic record of a single log twenty-four feet in length and a foot in diameter which was one mass of brilliant phosphorescence.

## DOWN INTO THE BEAR'S DEN.

BY DAVID KER.

"IS this the pit where they keep the 'state bear,' father?"

"This is it, sure enough; and they keep him in state, too, as you'll see presently."

Fred Moseley and his father were standing upon the ancient ramparts of the quaint old Swiss town of Berne; and the American boy—who was on his first visit to Europe, and had not read Sir Walter Scott and Fenimore Cooper for nothing—was eager to learn all he could about the picturesque little capital of Switzerland, of which he had already heard so much.

"This place where we are standing," continued Mr. Moseley, "is rather a famous spot, though in a very unlucky way. In 1654 (as you may see by that tablet in the wall, if you've got far enough on with your German to be able to read it) Theodore Weinzäpfli, a Swiss clergyman of these parts, was riding along the ramparts one evening, when his horse suddenly took fright and jumped right over the parapet with him, down into the lower town, a fall of one hundred and eight feet! And, more wonderful still, he was not killed, after all!"

"Not killed!" echoed the boy, opening his eyes wide as well he might.

"No, not he. The horse was killed, poor beast, but the man got off with a broken leg and arm, and lived to be quite an old man.

Hardly had the last words been spoken, when a wild cry of terror from the throng of sight-seers around the bear-pit told that a new accident of some kind had just been added to the list of those related by Mr. Moseley to his son.

Fred and his father pressed hastily forward up to the iron railing that guarded the mouth of the deep stone-paved basin in which Mr. Bruin was kept; and there they beheld an unlooked-for and terrible sight.

That day there had been an unusual number of people to stare at the captive "bear of Berne," for there was a fair going on in the town, and the number of cakes and buns administered to the shaggy coated gentleman by his interviewers would have ruined any digestion but that of an Alpine bear; and it was probably owing to his heavy lunch, quite as much as to the unwonted heat of the day, that Bruin had at last fallen sound asleep, and was now lying rolled up beside the low stone parapet of the small tank that served him as a bath, displaying to the eager eyes of his admirers above nothing more than a shapeless blackish brown mass, which looked very much like a heap of worn-out door-mats.

Among the most eager of the gazers was a stout, ruddy market-woman, with a tiny girl in her arms. Wishing to amuse her baby with a better view of the sleeping monster, the thoughtless mother was holding it out right over the railing, when the poor little creature gave a sudden spring, slipped from the hands that held it, and fell headlong down into the bear-pit!

The lookers-on uttered a cry of dismay, for such a fall was more than enough to kill a child of that age on the spot. But in another moment they saw, to their utter amazement, that the infant had, to all appearance, escaped quite unhurt. Instead of alighting on the hard stone pavement, it had fallen upon a huge heap of straw, which served the bear as a bed; and there it was now lying, clapping its tiny hands and crowing with glee, as if the whole thing had been only a bit of capital sport.

But it seemed as if the poor baby had escaped one form of death only to perish by another far more horrible. The bear, indeed, was still asleep, in spite of the clamor raised by the crowd; but as soon as he awoke he would be certain to make at once for the child, which would be a mere mouthful to *him*.

"Ein Leiter! Ein Leiter!" ("A ladder! A ladder!") shouted a score of voices at once; and half a dozen men darted off in various directions in quest of the only means by which the child could be saved.

Unhappily there was no ladder to be found within a considerable distance; but such was the zeal and vigor of these brave volunteers that they would probably have come in time after all had not an unforeseen mishap disconcerted their hopes and made all their energy vain.

On seeing her darling fall, the unhappy mother had sunk back half fainting into the arms of those behind her; but in a few moments she had recovered strength enough to do the very worst thing that she could have done, viz., to send forth a succession of piteous shrieks, which did just the fatal mischief that the more familiar clamors of the crowd had failed to effect.

The strained eyes of the anxious watchers around the pit suddenly saw, to their inconceivable horror, the slumbering bear begin to stir. A quiver ran through the shaggy mass; the small, narrow, cruel eyes slowly opened; the short, strong, massive limbs stretched themselves drowsily; and then the huge beast began to shamble lazily on to its feet.

Quick as lightning a tall active lad of fourteen, who stood in the front rank of the crowd, whisked himself up on to the top of the iron railing, dropped nimbly from it upon the stone coping within, and then leaped boldly down into the fearful pit, alighting on the heap of straw upon which the infant lay.

No shout from the throng hailed that daring feat; but a quick indrawn breath, sounding like a hiss amid the grim silence, marked the excitement and terror of the spectators.

Seizing the baby with his left hand, the brave boy flew like a hunted deer to the young pine-tree which stood planted like a flag-staff in the centre of the pit, and formed, with the stumps of its lopped boughs, a kind of rude ladder, upon which the bear was wont to scramble up and down by the hour together, to the great delight of the lookers on.

But it was to witness a very different kind of scramble now.

Burdened as he was, and with only one hand to help him, the young athlete clambered with amazing speed to the top of the pine trunk. But alas! he had hardly reached it, when the bear (which had quickly caught sight of this tempting prey) came up to the foot of the stem, and looking upward with an ominous growl, reared itself on its huge hind legs against the tree, and began to ascend!

"A gun! a gun!" roared a dozen voices at once; but there was no gun to be had, and the men who had run off to fetch a ladder did not return.

Steadying himself upon the spokes of wood on which he had planted his feet, and gripping the top of the stem firmly between his knees, the devoted boy took the child in both hands, and putting forth all his strength, threw it right across the deadly space into the strong hands outstretched to receive it. *It* was saved: but *he*—

The monster crawled slowly upward. Its gaping jaws showed a grim range of huge yellow fangs, and the cruel gleam in its small cunning eye showed how fully its savage nature was roused by the sight of this helpless victim almost within its grasp.

But just as all seemed over, Mr. Moseley's face was seen to light up suddenly, and his deep voice was heard to call out, "Die Stange! die Stange!" (the pole, the pole).

The ready-witted American's keen eyes, roving on all sides in quest of any means of saving the doomed boy, had espied a stout pole, which, used the day before to hoist a flag on the ramparts, had been left lying half-hidden behind an angle of the parapet, where it had remained unnoticed ever since.

As he darted upon it, half a dozen stout fellows in the crowd, guessing what he meant to do, were instantly at his heels; and their sturdy arms lifted the heavy pole like a feather, and bore it with a rush up to the edge of the pit.

But with all their haste they seemed likely to come too late. The bear was already half-way up the tree, when the sharp Yankee boy (who had been holding in his hand a fresh-baked and highly sugared cake of spiced bread, in doubt whether to bestow it on himself or the bear) suddenly snatched a long stake from a bundle of bean-poles held by a man beside him, spiked the cake on its sharp point, and thrust it through the rails right in front of Mr. Bruin's nose.

The greedy bear paused for an instant to snap at this new dainty, and that one instant turned the scale of life and death. At that moment the pole was pushed over the railing within the doomed lad's reach—in a moment more he had grasped it—and just as the fierce beast clutched at its prey, the boy was swung far away from it, and landed in safety amid the hurrahing crowd.

Mr. Moseley lost no time in "sending round the hat" for the young hero, and collected more money than the latter had ever seen, much less possessed.

## FOUR CENTS.

"I HEARD the queerest kind of a story to-day," began Jack.

Jill always likes to hear queer stories. At Jack's suggestive speech she came toward him, and inquired, "Well?"

"Well?" echoed Jack, who did not propose to give up his story without having it properly appreciated.

"What is your good story?"

"A queer one, I said."

"Well, your queer one, then!"

"Well, it was a story about a man who owed another man four cents."

"Owed another man four cents!"

"Yes."

"Well, what is there queer about that?"

"Why, the queer part of the story was that although the man who owed the money began to pay off his debt immediately, and paid half of it the very first time, and kept paying off the balance according to agreement, yet he never got it paid off so long as he lived!"

Jill thought for a long time over this singular state of affairs. At last she observed, cautiously,

"I don't exactly see how that can be."

"Perhaps not," graciously from Jack, "but I'll explain it to you so you *will* see, my dear. As to understanding, I can't provide that!"

"Do tell me! I am immensely curious!" begged Jill.

"Well, you see, Jill, there were two men. And one man owed the other man four cents."

"Yes, yes! You said that before!"

"Now, when the money was borrowed of one man from the other, the agreement was that the borrower should repay the sum by instalments."

"'Pears to me that's a terrible amount of fuss about four cents!"

"Well, the truth is, the sum of money is immaterial," replied Jack, grandly. "You may call it four dollars, or forty dollars, or four hundred dollars, or any sum you please!"

"Now see here, Jack," interrupted Jill, "I thought it was a story!"

"So it is."

"And that you knew what the story was, and were going to tell it to me?"

"So I do—so I am."

"You don't seem to know the first thing about it! You told me the story was about the amount of money one man owed another, and you don't even know what the amount was!"

"Ahem. Perhaps it would be better to tell the story as I heard it. He owed the man four cents, Jill—four cents. This man owed the other man four cents; and he was going to pay it off in instalments. His plan was this: The first day he was to pay half his debt; the second day he was to pay half the remainder of his debt; the next day half of what still remained, and so on, until the debt was paid, each day paying half of what he still owed. So as he paid the first day two cents, the second day he was to pay one cent, and the next day half a cent, and so on."

"He'd pay it all off quick enough that way," commented Jill.

"Not at all," declared Jack, triumphantly; "he'd never get it all paid!"

"Never get it paid!" echoed Jill. "What do you mean?"

"I mean if he was to live to all eternity, and kept on paying his debt at the same rate, he never would get to the end of the payment of it! There would always remain half of what he had paid before."

For a few moments Jill seemed stunned with this conclusion. Then she thought about it awhile. Then she laughed. "But it's absurd, Jack!"

"Why?" smiled Jack.

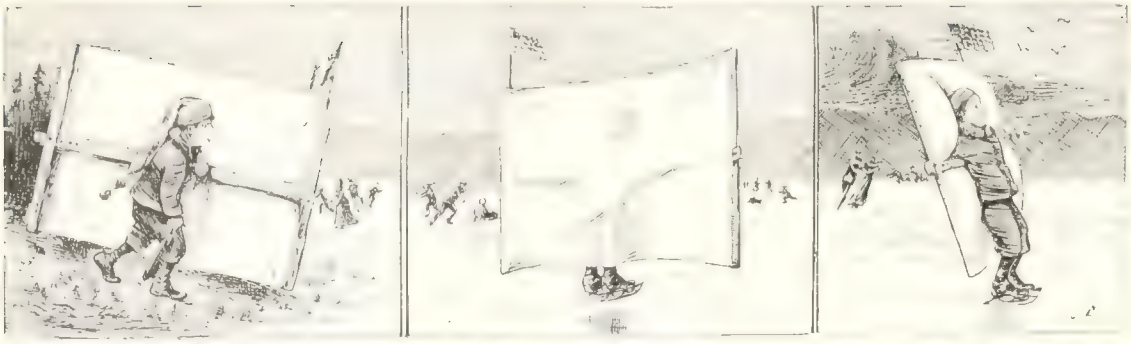
"Because—he never could get money small enough to pay it with!"

"That may be," returned Jack, knowingly "but that is not the point. The point is that, small as the sum was the man had to pay, he never could pay it, no matter how long he tried, if he kept on paying at the same rate."

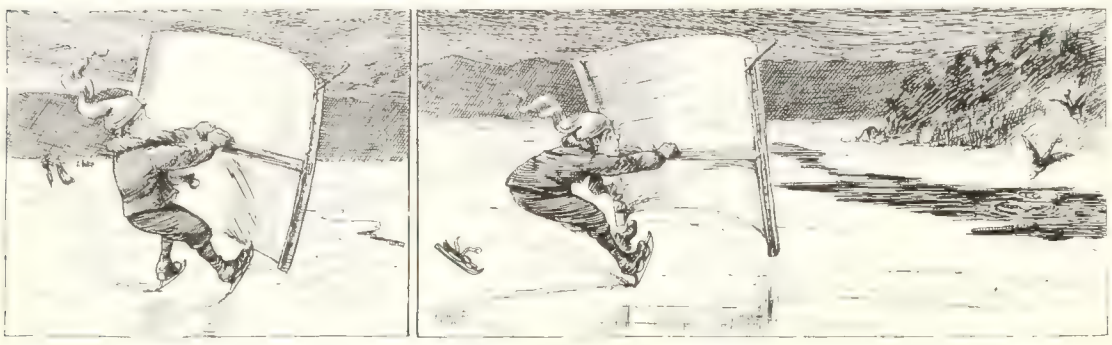
Jill thought a little more. Then she laughed again. "Is that your story? That's a queer kind of a story!"

"That's what I told you in the beginning, my dear. I said I would tell you a queer kind of a story, and so I have. It's queer enough, and the more you think about it the queerer it seems."

EVA LOVETT.



THE START. FINDS A NICE BREEZE ABAFT, WHICH INCREASES TO A GOOD SPANKING GALE OF WIND. DELIGHTFUL, UNTIL



IT TURNS INTO A GALE. THE CANVAS BECOMES UNMANAGEABLE, AND IN SPITE OF ALL HE CAN DO, BEARS DOWN UPON OPEN WATER, WHEN



A SQUALL STRIKES THEM, AND BREAKS THE SAIL FROM HIS GRASP IN THE NICK OF TIME.

PHILANDER BRIGGS'S ADVENTURE WITH A SKATING-SAIL.

### A POSSIBILITY.

"THE little mermaids and merboys never have any show under the ocean, do they, mamma?" said Jacky.

"No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowball fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Jacky.

TOMMIE (*looking thoughtfully into his aquarium*). "Mamma, I think the worst thing about being a little fish would be having a mamma without any lap."

### WHAT SHALL WE CALL HIM?

PROFESSOR MUYBRIDGE, the artist who first succeeded in photographing an animal on the run or on the jump, writes his first name *Eadweard*. This is odd; but there is a man in West Virginia who writes his name, *Llewellyn Phthalogngrch*. His given name is not hard to read, but the other is a puzzler until you take it to pieces and determine the sounds of the letters and combinations by the following words: *Phth*, in *phthisic*; *ogn*, in *cologne*; *grch*, in *myrrh*.

### A SEA STORY

YOUNG SHIPMATE. "Why does that boy blubber so, boatswain?"

BOS'N BOWLINE. "Because, lad, he's just been a-gettin of a whaling from the mate."

### A RED MOON.

THE moon is rising very red,
The earth with soft light freighting;
Which is a certain sign to me
The ball is up for skating.

### THE USE OF IT

BERT. "I don't see any use in this geography lesson."

MATTIE. "Why, you goosey, it's of the greatest use. It tells you where to go when you can't get there, and describes the country and all that. If we had no geography, we'd get lost all over the world."

### A DIFFERENCE IN TIME

UNCLE PETER. "It's 9.10, and John was to meet us at a quarter past. I don't like to stand here so long."

HARRY. "But it's only five minutes to wait, uncle."

UNCLE PETER. "Five minutes to eight? Gracious! Then he won't be here for an hour and twenty minutes. Too bad!"

### THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

I WENT fishing one day
With my Uncle Jim,
There ain't no one nowhere
That's as fine as him.

He caught SIXTY trout-fish—
Lots of luck he had;
I caught sixteen skeeters,
And a lily-pad.

### A DISCOVERY.

"I KNOW now what rain is," sang Mollie, gleefully. "'Tain't nothing but a leak in heaven."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE PROFESSOR'S SCORPION.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

FAR along one of the rivers of Upper Guinea, Africa, glided a barge having a swivel in the bow and with a small canoe in tow. It was from the United States ship *Ranger*, then cruising off the coast, and had been sent on an exploring trip in charge of the first Lieutenant. The hardy fellows tugging at the heavy oars, the officer in command, the bright-looking boy midshipman who accompanied him, and Mr. Needel—an elderly professor of natural history—gazed about them with deep interest as the boat kept on. Between the dense masses of water canes, acacias, rattans, and tall curious trees which, with interlacing branches and wild vines, darkened the swampy forest through which the river coursed, the barge held its way. Monkeys screamed and chattered overhead, and frightened flocks of beautiful paroquets rose from the shrubbery. The pintado, or guinea-hen, thrust its tufted head from the slender canes. Far up among the vines the green ape—or *calitriche*, as the Professor termed it—swung by a tendril to and fro, like a weird little harlequin. Suddenly, as the boat was passing a stream that branched off from the river, the naturalist, pointing that way, cried out:

"A scorpion! a scorpion! I must have it!"

Adrift, on a piece of floating bark, twenty yards off,



could be seen the scorpion, which was of a dusty iron color, and [illegible] as the insect here [illegible] an enormous size was fully seven inches long. The stream, not far from its mouth was too narrow to admit the barge, so the Professor was [illegible] and the midshipman was ordered to accompany him.

"Ay, ay, sir," promptly answered the boy, as he nimbly sprang to his feet and arranged his belt, in which was a good revolver, besides the usual dagger.

He was about seventeen, much sunburned, and of a sprightly, pleasant appearance. He was Mr James Gray, the Captain's son, liked by all his shipmates, and especially by Needel, the naturalist, for he never joked about the "old Professor and his bugs," as some of his gun-room associates did. Needel, on this occasion, wore a slouch-hat, a large pair of green glasses, immense rubber boots, and carried a rifle. A waterproof glass-topped box, for the reception of any curious reptile or insect he might capture, was slung to his back. He and his young companion were soon paddling the canoe, and the barge was kept slowly on its way up the river. The naturalist was finally enabled to capture the scorpion, which he transferred to his glass-topped box. Through the glass, the creature, which was shaped like a lobster, could be seen wriggling about in a rage, its little eyes, in the ugly head that seemed jointed to its breast, gleaming like a couple of green sparks. The Professor pointed out to Gray the claws in its two hind legs, and in the last of the six bristly joints that composed its tail he showed him the hard, pointed, crooked sting, through a hollow of which it ejects a poison liquid. So engrossed was the captor with his prize that some minutes elapsed ere he was ready to set out to rejoin the barge. When the canoe was close to the mouth of the stream both occupants noticed, half hidden by swamp-grass projecting from the shore, an object resembling a large dark log. But while they gazed at it, the seeming log lifted a square ugly head, and went crashing through some reeds, where the water was shallow enough to disclose nearly the whole of its proportions, which were those of a huge hippopotamus.

The brute was about eleven feet long, and with streaks of green slime, caught in the marshes, depending from its thick neck, from its massive head and jaws, and patches of swamp mud adhering to its short ponderous legs, it presented a hideous appearance.

"Make no noise, Professor, and we may pass it without being seen," whispered Gray.

"In any event, I must save my precious scorpion," said Needel, as he slung the box containing the insect to his back.

His letting go his paddle made a noise, which was heard by the beast. It turned, and seeing the light vessel, plunged towards it with open jaws, snorting and bellowing furiously. The Professor seized his rifle and fired. But, unused to this sort of weapon in a rocking craft, his bullet went almost straight down into the stream.

As the brute drew nearer, Gray aimed directly at its throat with his revolver; but scarce was the trigger pulled when the monster's head dropped under water, and the next instant the canoe was in its jaws. Crash! went the wood between its sharp fangs; then with a powerful heave it turned the light craft over, bottom up. Both the occupants were hurled headlong into the stream, with the loss of their firearms. As the boy rose, to find himself neck-deep in water, he almost touched something huge and dark that went plunging past him. It was the hippopotamus, which, with a roar, had thrown its massive form straight toward the naturalist, who stood a few feet to the left of the midshipman. The Professor dived, and the form of the great brute fell crashing upon the surface near where he had vanished. He came up close to Gray, on the right of the beast, which, turning and bellowing with rage, dashed toward the twain. The latter then waded shoreward, where a tree with low branches promised, if climbed, a refuge from their pursuer. Encumbered by his long boots, the Professor lagged behind Gray, who therefore retraced his steps and caught his companion's hand to help him on. Stumbling along with his glass-topped box rattling upon his back, the naturalist, still impeded by his boots, made such slow progress that the fierce pursuer gained fast on the fugitives.

"Here," cried Needel at last, while they were still up to their waists in water, "please take good care of my box and scorpion."

Letting go the boy's hand, he unslung the box from his back, and hastily threw the strap about Gray's neck, so that the casket hung over his breast

"What does this mean, sir?" inquired the youth, in surprise.

"It means, my young friend, that you must leave me to shift for myself, and must save your own life," was the reply. "I am only a hinderance to you. I will now go my own way, and if I succeed in escaping the savage brute I will rejoin you, and reclaim my precious scorpion."

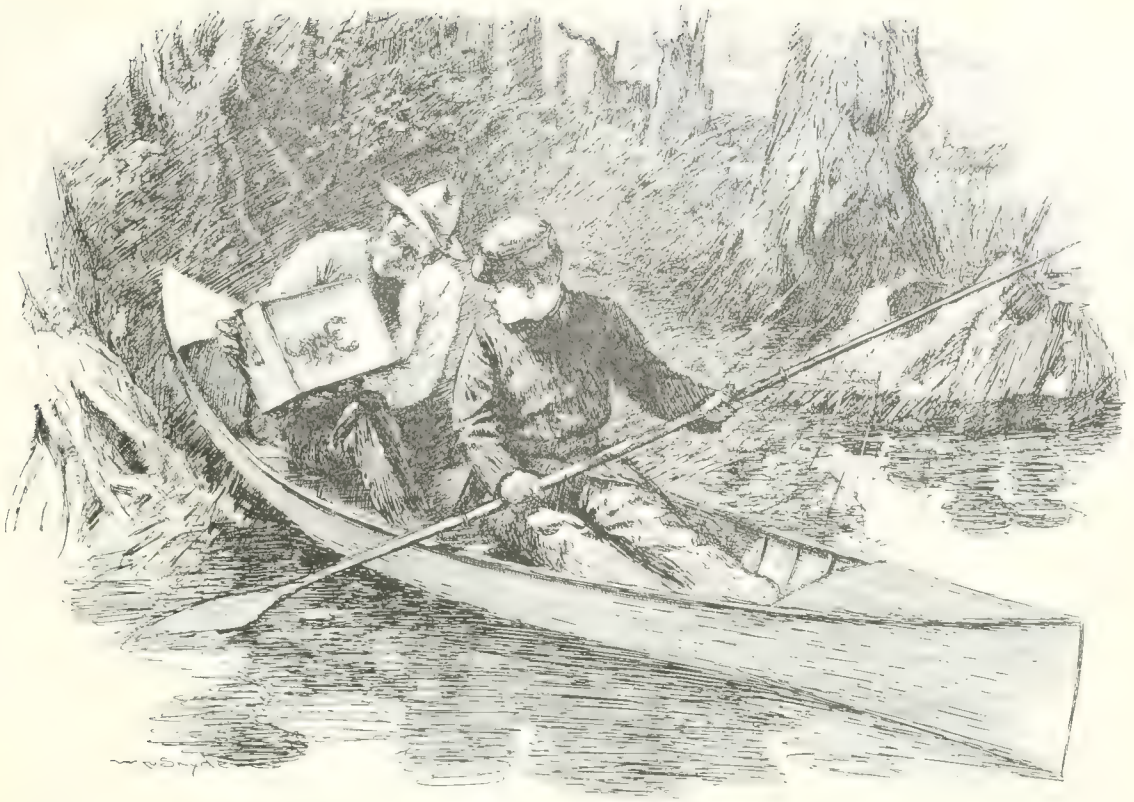
The roar of the hippopotamus was now close to his ear, and giving Gray no chance to object the Professor went stumbling off to the right. Attracted by the great splashing he made, the huge beast, seeming inclined to choose him for pursuit, turned off in chase. Determined to make an effort to save his friend, Gray, drawing his dagger, darted swiftly forward, and aimed a blow at one of the animal's eyes, hoping thus to disable and divert the creature. But the latter, turning upon its assailant as he struck at it, caught the point of the weapon on its hard bony head, and the blade snapped asunder. One quick swing of that ponderous head against the front of the boy's shoulder knocked him down upon his back, under water. Needel, who, a few yards off, had just paused and turned, uttered a cry of dismay on seeing the big toothed jaws plunged beneath the surface to seize the fallen youth. Then he heard a terrible crunching, blended with a brief gurgling, bubbling sort of human gasp. To the grief-stricken old Professor these noises told the story of the brave boy's dreadful fate. He wrung his hands at the thought of that bright young form crushed by the monster's fangs. The midshipman was a general favorite. His awful doom would overwhelm his father, the Captain, with indescribable anguish, would strike all his shipmates with unmitigated horror and regret.

But now Needel saw the hippopotamus quickly lift its head from under the surface. With a loud roar it went plunging off into deep water. How strange were its actions! From side to side it rolled, twisting its massive neck, and biting at the air with snapping teeth. Once it dived, but rose instantly with a leap that brought half of its bulky form to view; then it fell back, and swam about with wild "yaws," splashing the water and bellowing hoarsely. Looking at it, the naturalist was not aware of what took place at the spot where it had pounced upon its victim. Presently, however, turning his gaze there, he was astonished to see the midshipman standing erect in the shallow, just recovering breath enough to speak.

"Why, halloa! What does this mean?" cried the overjoyed Professor, wading toward the youth.

"You can see, sir," answered Gray, as he held up the strap from which Needel's glass-topped box had hung over his breast.

"Ah," cried the Professor, "I see my box is gone; that I have lost the prize I captured—that valuable scorpion. But I don't care for that, I am so glad to find you alive and unhurt. Had you perished I should always have reproached myself with having been, though unintentionally, the cause of your death, as it would have been brought about by my coming to this stream for the in



THE CREATURE WAS SHAPED LIKE A LOBSTER, AND COULD BE SEEN WRIGGLING ABOUT IN THE BOX

sect and by your trying to defend me from the savage beast that pursued me."

"Your box was chewed to fragments—splintered by that monster's teeth," said Gray. "I am sure it was the means of saving my life. The animal's jaws, as they were thrust toward me, met the box and closed over it. But I am puzzled about the brute's so quickly making off after destroying the casket without a further attempt to molest me."

The naturalist also thought this was very strange.

"Thank fortune, however, you are safe," he added. "When I heard that crunching, not knowing it was caused by those fangs going through the box, I felt sure you were being crushed."

The two looked at the infuriated beast, which, though two minutes must have elapsed since it quitted the boy, was still thrashing about, with awful roars, as of blended wrath and pain. But as the open jaw was turned their way, the spectators discovered why the animal had so quickly left Gray, after chewing the box. Fast to the tongue, far in toward the very root, clinging there with its claws, was the Professor's jointed, iron-colored, lobster-shaped scorpion, inflicting sting after sting upon this tender part of the brute with a malignant fury and a persistency that drove the victim to the verge of madness.

And now the barge, whose occupants had been attracted by the reports of the rifle and revolver, as well as by the loud bellowing, arrived at the mouth of the stream. A shot from the swivel sent through the thick hide of the monster, and another fired betweeen its jaws, soon ended its life. The midshipman and his companion were then taken into the boat, and in the telling of their story, the Professor remarked that though he had lost his precious scorpion, he was overjoyed instead of grieved on that account, as by escaping the teeth of the hippopotamus, when it crushed the box, and by fastening to and stinging the creature's tongue, the venomous insect had been the means of rescuing the Captain's son.

Before the ship left the coast the naturalist was fortunate enough to capture another scorpion, larger even than the one he had lost. He kept it a long time, and for this addition to his collection of curious insects he could not help feeling a sort of tender regard, as it never failed to remind him of how his young friend, the midshipman, had been saved from an awful fate.

## A GOOD CORRESPONDENCE PLAN.

HERE is a good suggestion for the girls. It relates to an ingenious scheme devised by a class of young ladies at school together a few years ago. One of them, an English girl, thus explains it:

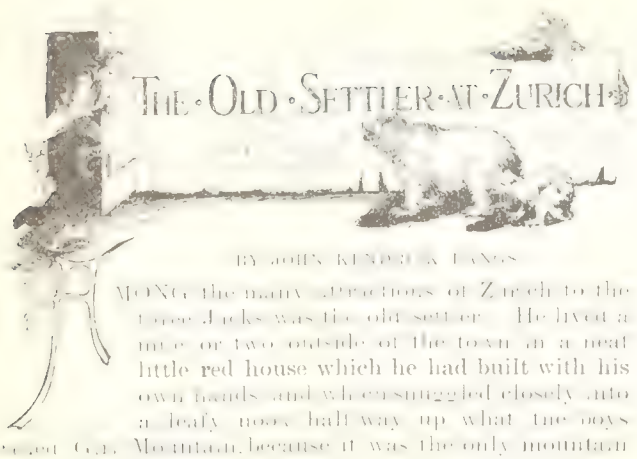
"There were nine of us in the class, and we were all promising to write to each other continually, but in our hearts we knew that such a correspondence could never be kept up. Finally one of the girls suggested a circulating letter, and the idea pleased us all.

"At the expiration of one month from the time we parted the first girl wrote a letter telling what she had been doing and everything about herself which would be likely to interest the others. This letter was sent to the second girl, who, after reading it, wrote her own letter, and sent the two to the third.

"The third, fourth, fifth, and all the others in turn added their letters, until the ninth on the list sent them all to the first. Then the circuit was complete, and we had the circulating letters fairly under way.

"Now, of course, the envelope always contains nine letters, and each girl, when it comes to her, takes out her own letter, writes a new one telling what she has been doing in the mean time, and starts it on its travels again.

"You can have no idea how interesting it is to receive the letters, and how anxiously we all await their arrival when our turn comes. We have kept it up for nearly four years, and each time the letters come round the pleasure of reading what all the girls have to say seems to increase."



# THE OLD SETTLER AT ZURICH

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AMONG the many attractions of Zurich to the three Jacks was the old settler. He lived a mile or two outside of the town in a neat little red house which he had built with his own hands and which snuggled closely into a leafy nook half way up what the boys called Girl Mountain, because it was the only mountain which their girl friends seemed able or willing to climb. The name of this old settler was Beardsley. Silas B. Beardsley, he said, though for what the middle initial B stood he claimed to have forgotten.

"It may have stood for Boston, where I was born, or for Berlin, where I wasn't born, for all I know," he had said to Jack, when, at the instigation of Ditto and Likewise, the boy had spoken to him about it. "'Tennyrate," he had added, "it's there, and there it 'll stay; and, seein' as how I likes to be agreeable, you boys can have it stand for anythin' you please—Boston, Berlin, Bears, or Butternuts."

"Or Beeswax?" asked Ditto.

"Yes, or Beeswax," returned the old man, with a chuckle; and as the name of Beeswax seemed to please him, Beeswax he became to the three youngsters.

The chief charm about Beeswax was the wonderful fund of recollections he seemed able to call up at a moment's notice.

"D' I ever tell you how I kilt two bears right here in this house oncet?" he asked them one day.

"Here?" cried Jack, his eyes growing wide with astonishment. "Are there bears here on Girl Mountain?"

"Car loads of 'em in winter time," returned Beeswax. "Thicker 'n mosquiters at the hotel. I counted sixteen in as many minutes here one night in January, 1865—big fellers too. Big enough to hug a flour kag."

By this Beeswax doubtless meant that the creatures of which he spoke were so large that, reaching their huge arms about an ordinary-sized flour-barrel was an easy task, which, if Beeswax did not exaggerate, must indeed have been monstrously large bears for the upper regions of New York State.

"'F I'd a-tried to kill 'em with guns I'd never have got 'em, and most likely I'd have blowed off my own head into the bargain, which wouldn't have been pleasant. The way I got the first two bears was by usin' my house here for a trap an' myself for bait. In the bear season, instid of goin' out into the snow an' trampin' all day trackin' 'em, I just open my door, light a blazin' big fire, an' let the bears go the huntin'. They get mighty hungry some o' these winter days, an' when bears get hungry, if there's anythin' they can eat within ten miles o' their lair you can count on their findin' it. I learnt that by the way they used to come prowlin' around my house night after night in hopes o' gettin' a snack o' me for supper. I'm hard-lookin' an' rough, but to a bear I'd be sweet-potatoes an' raisins, I would. I never thought o' that till one got chasin' me oncet, an' it was a close call for me. I just managed to get into the house and bang the door to when up he came helter-skelter, roarin' with hunger, and mad as a hatter because the bite he'd intended for me wasted its strength an' two o' his favorite teeth on my door-knob. He swallowed that, an' that was all he got for his pains. But soon as I got my breath, of course I rasped up sharp an' made faces at him out o' the second-story window, though I felt kind o' sorry for the poor brute he looked so sweet an' wistful an' disappointed. I'm a tender-hearted man, but I stop at feelin' sorry for wild animals like that bear. It would be goin' too far to go down an' give myself up just to please him, don't you think so?"

The boys readily agreed with Beeswax in this proposition, which seemed to please the old man, and he went on with his narrative.

"But it was that little affair which gave me the idee o' letting bears hunt me rather 'n me myself go a-huntin' them. They 'll come quick enough if you give 'em the chance, an' a middlin'-sized mind like mine, loaded with tricks, 'll do the rest better 'n a whole armory chocked up with cannon an' other jepperdizin' weepons loaded with jepperdizin' stuff that's like as not to do more injury to you than to the bear you're shootin' at. So, when I got the notion that it would be easier to let the bear do the huntin', an' settled that point in my mind, I began revolvin' that mind for tricks suitable for the climax in a bear hunt. A climax is a wind-up, if you 'ain't never heard o' one. Some boys think climaxes are sort o' like wild-cats, and girls think they're sort o' like creepin' vines over fences, but they ain't neither. They're wind ups, an' in connection with bears wind-ups is fatal.

"On this p'ticular occasion I'd noticed two bears a-prowlin' round th' house every night about dark, an' I sort o' set my heart on ketchin' 'em. They was mighty big fellers, an' it seemed to me to be a pity to let so much good bear meat go to waste; so I thought an' thought for a whole week how to get 'em, an' finally I made up my mind I'd set near the open door till I heard one comin', an' then, soon's he poked his head in that door I'd slip out o' the other door, slam it to, run round the house, slam the first, an' there he'd be a prisoner. Afterwards I was goin' to kill him some way; I didn't know how. The first thing was to ketch him, you see.

"The scheme seemed to work first rate at first. I hadn't more'n got my fire goin' an' opened the two doors when I heard a growl outside o' the east door there. That was my signal to skip, an' I got up to skip, but my heart jumped into my mouth as I got to the west door to hear another growl from there. Both bears had come to oncet. That was a pickle an' a half, an' for a minute I sort o' thought a jepperdizin' gun would be better'n all the tricks in the world. However, one trick not havin' worked, fortunately another took its place. That's the fine thing about a tricky mind. Get it workin', an' one trick follers another like boys playin' stunts. Ever play stunts?"

"Yes indeed," replied the three boys at once.

"I can do lots of things they can't," said Likewise.

"So can we," said Jack and Ditto.

"How boys can do things they can't do beats me," he thought, and then he went on:

"Quick as a wink as bear Number Two came in the west door I jumped to one side, grabbed my old felt hat off the table, and clappin' it on his head, pulled it down over the great beast's eyes so that he couldn't see; then I rushed out the door, slammed it to as I had intended, made fast time around the house, and got to the other door just as bear Number One walked in. I closed the door after him, an' then, without their knowin' it, got a ladder and climbed up into the second-story window, an' watched 'em from the top o' the stairs just for the fun o' seein' what they would do.

"The only light in the house was from the fire, an' that was pretty dim, but it was enough to let me see one of the finest fights I ever saw. Bear Number Two with the hat over his eyes couldn't see at all; bear Number One recognizin' the hat, thought bear Number Two was me. It was great, an' all due to tricks. 'F I hadn't put that hat

on bear Number Two, Number One never would have been fooled; they'd have held a council o' war, and most likely they'd have got away. As it was, they got into a row at once. Number One gave Number Two a punch that sent him head over heels into the corner, but the hat staid on, as I intended it to. Then Number Two gave a terrible roar and jumped on Number One, givin' him back his punch with sixty per cent. interest. This sort o' dazed Number One. He didn't think I was that sort of a man, and he was dead right; I ain't. While he was thinkin' this way, Number Two hit him again, an' in a minute the two were grapplin' on the floor, roarin' an' kickin'.

"They fought away there for ten minutes. First Number One was on top, then Number Two 'd come to the front. In less'n two minutes every chair an' table in the room was upset. Now they wrestled in this corner, now in that, growlin' like eight thunder-storms all the time, which was a mighty good thing for me, because the idee o' the whole business struck me as bein' so funny that I couldn't help roarin' with laughter myself, an' if they'd heard me laughin' they'd have seen how things was. At the end of ten minutes Number Two ended the fight. He gave Number One a kick square in the chest an' sent him senseless right over the table into my bed, an' then Number Two fainted dead away on the floor. That was my chance, an' I took it. I rushed down stairs, lit the lamp, an' seizin' a club, I despatched 'em over the head with it. Consequence was I had bears' meat enough to last me all winter, an' two fine bear-skins as ever you see."

"Let's see 'em, Beeswax, will you?" asked Jack.

"I'd be very glad to, my boy, if I had 'em," returned Beeswax, lighting his pipe, "but I haven't got 'em any more. There was a man in here one day two years ago as had heard of the affair, an' he was so took up with it that nothin' would do but he must have those two skins. He offered me ten dollars apiece for 'em, an' as dollars is scarcer than bears around these parts, I let him have 'em. 'F I ever want any more, all I've got to do is to leave my door open some winter's night an' let 'em walk in. Bear-killin' 's a science with me now, but gettin' ten-dollar bills isn't."

Then the boys bade the old man good-by for a time and started to go home. As they passed down through the trees Ditto turned back to wave his hand at Beeswax, and in so doing gave a glance at the little red house. Then they walked on in silence for a few minutes. As they reached the borders of the village Jack said,

"That was a pretty good tale of Beeswax's."

"Yes," said Ditto, thoughtfully, "but there is one thing about it I don't understand."

"What was that?" queried Likewise.

"How he managed to go up into the second story," said Ditto.

"Hoh!" said Likewise, scornfully. "That's plain enough. He went up on a ladder. He said so."

"I know that," said Ditto. "But—ah—did you ever notice there isn't any second story to his house?"

Which, Jack and Likewise were compelled to admit, made Beeswax Beardsley's story seem even more wonderful than it had at first appeared to be.

## ON THE FASTEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD.

BY ALBERT FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

WHEN you climb into the cab of locomotive No. 872 that draws the Exposition Flyer of the New York Central system, preparatory to a race against time to Albany that is more like a flash than anything else, the first impression you get is of the immense strength and simplicity of the engine. When you get down from the cab at Albany, 143 miles away, 165 minutes later, you are probably more interested in the two men who make the machine go than you are with the machine itself. Your interest turns, however, at once to the locomotive when you learn that although the engineer and fireman have a rest of one whole day between trips, the engine has no such rest, and late the same night will pull a heavy express train back to New York, and exactly at 3 o'clock the next afternoon will start off again on its magnificent feat of flying through space, now in straight lines and now around curves, at the rate of more than a mile a minute. If it were a splendid horse that did such work he would probably get a longer rest than his driver, and considerable petting and rubbing down, and perhaps a lump or two of sugar. But such is the marvellous and, one might say, the merciless perfection of machinery in these days, that all such an iron steed gets is the thorough rubbing down before being led out to do the same performance day after day. You are inclined to think that it isn't exactly fair to the engine, but on reflection you change your mind, and are glad that machinery has reached such perfection, but that men are not yet en-



THE WHISTLING WIND FLATTENS THE FLAME AGAINST HIS LIPS.

the fit the machine and people are in condition for testing times.

After [illegible] and [illegible] been started [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

pocket. You are wondering if he is Irishman enough to light it in a gale. The matter is soon solved, for he seizes his torch, throws open the furnace door, lights it, and brings it up to the bowl of the pipe. The whistling wind flattens the flame and spreads it up against his lips, so that I am sure if he had a mustache or whiskers they would be burned off. But he gets his light, and then holding his torch in his left hand, he opens his other hand wide, and with a swish brings it down on the torch and smothers the flame. As you get ready to offer to help him bind up his blistered hand he seizes the shovel once more, the coal rattles into the fire, and you learn that he hasn't burned his hand at all. So, you see, a skilled locomotive fireman has many other accomplishments than those of throwing coal on the fire and keeping up steam.

But we are not through with Tompkins and his work. When you approach Montrose, near Peekskill, the engine begins to slow down. If you look ahead you will see a narrow trough between the rails filled with water. The engine is going to take on water at a flying leap. Tompkins stands at the side of the tender with his hand on a lever. Engineer Foyle suddenly startles you with a shrill whistle between his teeth that would put to shame the warning signal a New York newsboy gives to his gambling mates when a policeman comes in sight. Instantly the lever flies back, and as you look at the wheels of the tender you see surging up among the trucks a torrent of water.

It splashes and roars, and as you wonder if you won't be carried away, two whistles from Foyle, sharper and shriller than the first, warn Tompkins to pull up the scoop, and that the end of the water-trough is near. Then Tompkins goes back to his coal, his pumps, his pipe, his water-gauge, his bell, his watch for signals, and you wonder what new work he will do next. Before you are aware of it he touches you upon the knee, and motions for you to raise your feet, while he turns on a hose and wets the floor of the cab to keep down the dust, after which he sweeps up with a stubby broom. Next he is shaking down the grates with a big steel lever that looks like the tiller of a large sailboat. You now begin to take in what it means to be a fireman. Toward the end of the trip you tap his shoulder, and shout to him,

"This seems to keep you pretty busy."

"I tell you there is no funny business about this work," is his response.

Then it is that you understand why it will be difficult to get some piece of humor for which you have been looking to "lighten up" what you have been planning to write. Tompkins is right; there is nothing humorous, funny, or even jolly in working on a locomotive. It's serious business all the time.

But Foyle is a study also. His motions are few, perhaps, but his eyes are working like an eagle's. In fact, although Foyle is physically in the cab, actually he is a mile ahead of it most of the time. There are exactly 101 signal-towers between Mott Haven and Albany. Of these 73 have three signals, and the others two. From 2000 to 2500 feet in advance of each tower there is a preliminary signal to tell that all is right or wrong. Foyle's eye is ever on the lookout for these. If it were in the night he would have to watch for no less than 900 lamps along the road. His hand is always on the throttle, except when he seizes the bell-rope to help out Tompkins.

Occasionally he comes back from a mile up the track and takes a hasty glance at the gauges and at the pumps. His head is soon over the edge of the window of the cab, and the whistling wind cuts across his forehead, and keeps the top of his loose cap in a violent flutter. On one of his flights back into the cab he turns and says, "Don't get frightened," and you feel the locomotive make a leap as he opens the throttle a little wider, and five miles an hour more goes into the speed. Suddenly Foyle seizes the lever of the air-brake, a preliminary signal is set against him. Instantly the thundering train is in the grasp of a giant, and rod by rod the speed slackens perceptibly. When the signal-tower is reached, nearly half a mile away, the operator runs down, motions for the train to go ahead, and passes up to Tompkins a piece of paper saying that the new electric signals have not yet been thoroughly adjusted, and therefore they were set against the engineer when there was really nothing the matter. Foyle scowled a little. That slow-down has cost him nearly five minutes. Secretly you are glad of it, because it gives you practical testimony of the care used by these vigilant locomotive engineers in running trains. Then it is that you realize most fully the responsibility resting upon the engineer, and the magnificent and modest way in which he meets it. There is no fuss about him, but he knows the full import of his duty.

You now understand why he is a mile ahead of his locomotive all the time, and why he only comes back occasionally to blow the whistle, ring the bell, test the gauges, put on the brake, superintend the water-supply pumping, and half a dozen other details, and then in spirit dart away up the track again. The fireman's work is almost exclusively in the cab; the engineer's is almost entirely out of the cab. Havoc and terror wait on any mistake the engineer may make, and as they fly along beside him, eager with shriek and crash to take advantage of any such improbability, luxury and comfort take possession of the coaches, and, rightfully, little heed the possibility of misfortune, or even the responsibility of the engineer.

Turn now from the interior to the exterior of the cab. As you swing to the tracks along the Hudson and come into sharp speed, your first impulse is to dodge, and you don't get over it until the run is through. I suppose that every one while riding in trains has experienced the optical illusion of seeing things out of the window apparently in motion while the cars seemed to be standing still. In the locomotive of a fast train this illusion is much intensified. After a while you get used to railroad stations flying past you, and you cease to draw away from the window; but when a whole village suddenly rises up and seems to take wings and fly right at you, your natural impulse is to get down in the cab and hope that the torture won't be long, and that you won't suffer much. You get somewhat accustomed even to this, when, behold, a mountain rises directly in your path! It is Anthony's Nose, perhaps, and you see there is no escape. There is no way around it, and the only thing you can think of is the big word, cataclysm. On, on it comes. You shut your eyes. There is a big roar, and as you now peep through your half-closed eyes you see that it is dark.

Suddenly you dash into a glare of light, and now discover that by means of a tunnel you have darted through the nostrils of Anthony's Nose, and are safe again. You venture to look across the river now, and see cities, hills, and highlands all in motion. As you pass Newburg you notice that the sun has spread a glorious golden fan in the western sky among the clouds, and that he is preparing to sink for the day. Soon lights appear beside the track, and there is a shimmer along the rails in front, and you realize that your head-light is burning, and that it was lighted when you left New York. A black line appears across the horizon, and as you wonder what it can be you dart under the Poughkeepsie Bridge.

The noble Catskills come into view. They are far away across the river, and you don't have to dodge them. The sun is below the horizon. A fringe of stringy clouds



SOON LIGHTS BEGIN TO APPEAR, AND THERE IS A SHIMMER ALONG THE RAILS.

hangs along the summit of the mountains as far as the eye can reach. As you look at them suddenly the familiar optical illusion seizes them, and you are amazed to see them take motion and go streaking southward with the speed of a thunderbolt. Talk about removing mountains by faith! Here they are actually in motion, splendid ones, reaching for miles and miles, and you feel like asking the engineer to stop until you can send a telegram to the city editor of your favorite New York newspaper, telling him that the Catskill Mountains have broken loose and are prancing off to the Atlantic Ocean, and will probably pass New York in about three-quarters of an hour. Before you decide just how to word your message the mountains have all passed, and your excited mind turns to something else.

There seems to be a spirit of magic abroad. That long creeping spider with quick-working legs up the track is only a hand-car, with workmen going home. Those green eyes that look like a sea-serpent's a mile away are the lamps on the caboose of a freight train, really going the same way as you, but as you pass by they seem to be going in the other direction. The darkness increases. The tracks gleam like silver. Rubies, emeralds, and diamonds spring up along the way-side. You are nearing your destination, and you notice that Tompkins is now throwing five shovelfuls of coal on the fire instead of three. Thrusting your arm out of the window the rushing air strikes it as with a club. The speed is seventy miles an hour.

Approaching you is the head-light of an engine, and as its fireman throws open its furnace door and the light strikes the under side of the trailing smoke, you wonder if some comet has not strayed from its orbit and is bearing down upon you. Suddenly, far away to the north, you see acre upon acre of glistening diamonds. Perhaps they are stars dropped from the heavens. The emeralds and rubies thicken. You look about you for the fairies to appear, and are not recalled to earth until, as you slow up, your eye catches the sign "John Jones, saloon," or something like that. Then you know that you are in the good old city of Albany, not so good, perhaps, as it is old, but yet quite good, for many thousands of very nice people live there.

If you like figures, it may interest you to know that the driving-wheels of your engine have made exactly 33,540 revolutions between New York and Albany; that 5544 gallons of water have been made into steam, at the rate of 38.8 gallons per mile; that the weight of the cars on the train is 515,600 pounds, and that of the engine and tender 204,000 pounds; that at the rate of seventy miles an hour you were going 102.66 feet per second. It may interest you to know something of the record of this train, which is the fastest long-distance train in the world—meaning by that a distance of more than five hundred miles from start to ultimate destination. In June last the train was on time twenty-two days; ahead of time, five days; and from one to five minutes late three days. In July it was late only once, fourteen minutes; and in August late once, twenty-four minutes; and so the record goes, a fine testimony to the skill of the engineer and the safety of American railroading.

If now you should ask me to calculate the number of cubic feet of air displaced on this trip, it could easily be done. It would run into so many figures that it would, perhaps, make your head ache to read them; and if, further, I should calculate the weight of the air displaced at the well-known pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch, you would probably be so confused and jumbled that you would regret ever having begun to read this article and that I took that fascinating ride to Albany, and so I won't bother any one, including myself, with them.

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

CHAPTER XI.

MID-SEPTEMBER came, and with it certain changes. The court martial which had been in session during the latter part of camp stood adjourned awaiting the call of its president. It was understood that, owing to the unaccountable disappearance of a material witness, the case of Cadet Jennings could not be pressed. Musician Doyle had totally vanished, no man could tell whither. He had left his "kit" and his few belongings at the barracks down in Camptown, and had taken with him only the clothes he had on, said the drum-major. Some people thought he was drowned, but most believed that he had deserted. He was last seen at the Falls the night before the convening of the court. In the mean time Mr. Jennings remained in arrest with extended limits, which meant that he had the privilege of exercising in the gymnasium and walking the area, but could enter no division in barracks other than his own. The two yearlings tried at the same time with him were quietly summoned to the office of the commandant one day and told to pack their trunks. They were out of uniform and off the Point before the order of the War Department was read that evening at parade dismissing them from the service. Benny Frazier was recovering his self-confident manner, and rapidly losing the meekness of spirit displayed during his troublous days the last week in camp, and Pops was losing something of his splendid brown color, and not a few hours of sleep.

In very truth Geordie's hard times were at hand. He was not a natural mathematician, and the lessons in algebra so carelessly conned and tossed aside by his gifted roommate were proving long and hard to our young trooper. Barrack life differed very materially from that of camp. Reveille came at the same hour, the gun and the drums letting drive together at the first stroke of 5; the drummers came marching in across the plain and through the resounding sally-port, then rattled and banged a moment, one in each hallway, then reunited in the area, and by 5.10 the whole corps would be jumped into ranks at the brisk assembly, about one-fourth of their number rushing out only at the last instant. Then came the rapid roll-call, the few moments of sweeping and dusting before police inspection, the brief soldier toilet, the march to breakfast, etc. There was time for study before the first recitation for all those studiously disposed, and then at 7.55 the bugle summoned one-half the entire battalion to recitation—the First Class to engineering, the Second to mechanics, the Third to analytical geometry, and the Fourth to algebra; the highest sections in each reciting, as a rule, first hour, and the first hour at West Point meant just half an hour longer than it does anywhere else. The sections began recitation by 8.5, and were recalled by the bugle at 9.30, at which time the other half of the battalion was formed and marched, each section by its own marcher, to the rooms vacated by the upper half of the class.

One word now about West Point recitations. The section rooms were severely itself in their furniture, which consisted only of blackboards or slates on three sides of each room, two long benches, one on each side, a wooden desk and chair on a little wooden dais between the windows for the instructor. There used to be a stove in the centre, in case of mishap to the steam supply, and that was all, unless chalk, pointers, and erasers were counted. In soldierly silence the section marched to the door, hung their caps on pegs outside, went to their places, stood attention, facing inwards, while the marcher reported, "All are present, sir," then took their seats. On the slate back of the instructor were written the page and paragraph to which next day's lesson extended, and it was each cadet's business to note it. No time was lost. The instructor, a Lieutenant especially distinguished for scholarship while a cadet, called up his pupils one after another, giving to



"I WANT YOU TO COME AND WALK WITH ME," CONNELL SAID.

Lights," or, "I am required to deduce a rule for such and such a purpose," or, generally, whatsoever his task might be. Then he proceeded in his own words to do it.

work. No communication of any kind was allowed. As

At the time the instructor sat quietly listening and mentally criticising. The whole idea of the West Point system is that the reciting cadet becomes for the time being the instructor endeavoring to explain the subject to somebody who knows nothing at all of the matter. Then comes the instructor's turn. If the recitation has been full, every point fairly, squarely met and covered, not a jot or tittle requiring further elucidation, the instructor generally says, "Very well, sir, that will do," and the young gentleman goes to his seat sure of a "max," or "3" on the weekly list. If the instructor has to ask a question or two in order to establish the pupil's thorough knowledge, 2.9 or 2.8 may result; 2.5 is really a good mark; 2 is fair; 1.5 what would be called "fair to middling" on 'Change; 1 is only tolerable, and zero a flat and utter failure or its equivalent, a statement that the cadet doesn't "know enough about it to attempt a recitation." Many a cadet has taken zero and a report for neglect of studies rather than make a bungling performance, but the instructors are ordinarily men of such mould that they soon learn to gauge their pupils thoroughly, and instead of letting a young fellow doom himself to failure, they patiently question, "draw him out," and there demonstrate that he knows not a little of the subject, and mark him accordingly. Recitations go on every morning in the week, Sundays alone excepted.

The West-Pointer has only half-holiday, and that Saturday afternoon, and then only those whose conduct has been up to the mark can enjoy it—confinement to quarters, or "walking-punishment tour," being the fate of many a boy regularly as the day comes round. And so by Saturday the cadet has recited five, or possibly six, times in the morning recitations, and on Monday the class reports are published, showing the exact standing in every study of every man in the corps. It is comical sometimes at the start to see how the plebes attempt to work off the time-honored excuses of the school-boy. They are worthless at the Point. Even if he were really so ill he could not study, the cadet cannot be excused by the instructor. The young gentleman has to go to his first sergeant at reveille, ask to have his name put on the sick-book; then when sick-call sounds he is marched down to the hospital and states his case to the doctor, who can order him into hospital if the matter be at all serious, or prescribe some remedy, and mark him excused from first recitation, from drill, or whatever may be necessary. Now anywhere else that would mean "excused from *attending* recitation," but not at West Point. Unless actually in hospital and under medical care the cadet must go to the recitation-room with his class, there report to the instructor, "I am excused from reciting, sir." The fact is noted on the record for the day, and, taking his seat, the cadet follows his comrades' work as best he may.

While one half the corps is at recitation, the other half,

no visiting is allowed. At 11 the heavier recitations

At 12.55 the first drum beats for dinner. All

to rooms, and by 1.5, in solid ranks, the battalion is marching down to Grant Hall. From the time they get back to barracks, about 1.35, until the bugle again sounds at 2, is release from quarters. At 2, recitations begin again. Law, languages, drawing, drill regulations or something of that character, take up the afternoon until 4, then all are marched (and it is march, march all the time) to barracks, where they have five minutes in which to get ready for afternoon drill. In September the school of the battalion is the prescribed exercise, followed by parade at sunset, these giving way in October as the days became shorter, to artillery drills at the various batteries. Supper comes after parade, and evening "call to quarters"; study hours, thirty minutes after the return of the battalion from supper. Study goes on until tattoo, which, when Pops was at the Point, was sounded at 9.30, followed by taps at 10. Each cadet was expected to make down his bedding for the night at tattoo, and to be in bed, undressed, and with his light extinguished when the drum sounded at 10 o'clock. Officers of the First Class and cadet staff and first sergeants of the Second Class were the exceptions. These were permitted lights until 11, the cadet officers being assigned to duty all over barracks as inspectors, of subdivision, each one having two floors, or eight rooms, under his control, and these he was to inspect at morning police-call and at taps.

What with turning out at 5 A.M. and studying, reciting, exercising in the gymnasium or on drill, the plebes, at least, were ready to go to bed at 9.30; some found it impossible to keep awake until then.

Such being the general programme, let us see how it applied to Geordie and Frazier. The former was fidelity itself in his desire to observe regulations and perform his duty. Benny, eager and enthusiastic at first, was rapidly developing traits that proved him to be just the reverse. Week and week about each became responsible for the condition of the room, his name being posted as orderly. They were in the sub-division of Cadet Lieutenant Webb, the first officer to inspect their room each day. Later came the inspections made by the cadet officer of the day, and, almost invariably, morning and evening, a visit from Lieutenant Allen, the commandant of Company B, (or "the B Company tack," as termed in the corps). If at any one of these inspections anything was found amiss, chairs or broom, caps or accoutrements, washbowl or buckets or books out of place, dust on mantel or dirt on floor, the inspector never stopped to ask who was at fault; he simply glanced at the orderly-board to see who was responsible, and down went that gentleman on the delinquency book, and that meant—unless the report were removed—so many demerits and so much light punishment.

Pops found no trouble in keeping himself and his room in order, but he couldn't keep Benny. Before the 25th of September, "Graham, orderly," had been reported four times for things he really could not help, and all due to Benny's careless habits. Once it was washbowl not inverted, another time broom out of place, and twice chairs out of place. Benny, the last one to use these items during his roommate's absence, had left them as found by the inspector. Pops remonstrated, gently at first, but afterwards sternly, and Frazier either sulked or else swore he left everything all right; "somebody must have come in and upset them."

This was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Before the end of the month, every Saturday evening at parade, the Adjutant was busily reading "transfer orders," prin-

cipally in the Fourth Class. Fluent in recitation, Benny Frazier had made a brilliant start. This part of mathematics he had been over [illegible] and he was transferred to the first section at the first order. At the second order, along about [illegible], poor Geordie came with heavy heart his own name read out for transfer, not up, but down. "Cadet Graham to the fourth section." He had worked hard, very hard. He studied faithfully every possible moment, [illegible] unflinchingly yawning, dozing, or scribbling. A few minutes' conning over the familiar pages put him at his ease as to the lesson of the morrow, while Graham [illegible] with reddening eyelids. Sometimes the latter would appeal to Frazier to explain points that were perplexing to him, and Benny at first seemed rather pleased to do so, but he was no patient instructor, and not especially gifted in the method of proving why this or that was thus and so. He thought Geordie ought to see it all at a glance.

What with going up to the first section at a bound and believing himself on the high-road to the head of the class, coupled with the fact that now there was so very little time given to anything but recitation and study, Benny began to look upon himself as out of the shadow and into the sunshine of prosperity once more. Then came an order releasing Mr. Jennings from arrest. No case had been established. The court simply had to acquit him. The rifle affair was being forgotten in the press of other matters. "Nothing succeeds like success." Classmates could not but admire Frazier's fluency in recitation, and Graham, silent, reserved, studying day and night, was not the prominent figure in his classmates' eyes he had been in camp. Presently Benny's manner, from having been meek and appealing, began to be patronizing and superior. Then as pride and confidence reasserted themselves he began to chafe at any authority over him. The third week in barracks Frazier got four reports as room orderly, the fourth week Pops's name was hoisted to the top of the orderly board, and he gravely told Benny he hoped he'd be careful.

That very evening after supper Connell took Geordie's arm and led him out on the plain.

"I want you to come and walk with me, old man," he said. "You were going to your room to 'bone,' and I know it. Pops, don't do that. What time we have to spend in the open air you need to take for no other purpose. You'll go to your work with a clearer head."

Geordie protested, but he knew Connell was right. Moreover, letters had come that very day from McCrea and the doctor, both bidding him feel no discouragement because he was making only an average of less than 2.5. "Even if you do go down two or three sections," wrote the Lieutenant; "and I was scared badly because they sent me from the fifth down to the sixth, but I came out all right." The doctor, too, urged that his boy take heart, and bade him neglect no regular out-door exercise. A great believer in fresh air and sunshine was the doctor. Still, Pops was blue. Connell, a Western lad, with only the drilling of the public schools, had managed to cling to his place in the first section, and with every day was becoming more and more at home in the methods of the section-room.

"Doesn't Frazier help you?" he asked.

"Not much. He's generally busy reading, writing, or dozing, and he's impatient of my stupidity, I suppose. Everything seems so easy to him," answered Pops.

"Yes, I never heard such trashed recitations. 'Old Scad' just sits there and nods approval, and seldom asks a question." ("Old Scad" was the irreverent title given to a gray-headed Lieutenant of artillery by a previous class, and plebes rarely fail to adopt such nicknames.) "Benny's 'maxing' right along just now," continued Connell.

"Do you think he'll be head of the class?" asked Pops.

Connell pondered a moment before replying. "He [illegible] because he's just as fluent in French; but I'll bet my hopes of graduation against the corporal chevrons you're bound to wear next June that if he's head in January he'll never get there again."

"Why, Con? What do you mean?"

"Simply this: Frazier is a sort of fire-works fellow. He's going up with a flash and a roar, but he'll burn out by the time we get into analytical. He isn't a stayer. Mr. Otis was telling me last night that there were cases where fellows who stood head in the plebe January dropped out of sight by the end of the third year. As for Frazier, he'll get found on demerits if he isn't careful. He's smoking cigarettes again. Don't let him light one in the room."

"Oh, he doesn't so long as I am there. Of course if I get reported as orderly for tobacco smoke in quarters he'll be man enough to take it off my shoulders."

Connell was silent a moment, then he spoke, "I don't want to wrong Frazier, but I'm inclined to think that the less you build on his doing the manly thing at his own expense the safer you'll be."

And that evening, as Geordie returned to his room, all in a glow from the brisk walk, he found a party of plebes just breaking up and scattering to their quarters. Benny had been "entertaining," and the air was full of cigarette smoke. Vigorous fanning with the door and with towels swept much of the smoke out through the open window, but the aroma of the heavy, drug-scented cloud hovered over the occupants' heads.

"You knew what would happen. How could you be so reckless of other fellows' rights?" said Graham, angrily.

Benny flared up at once. He wasn't going to forbid gentlemen smoking when they came to see him! There was no danger, anyhow! They'd fan out the room before Allen could come, and by hard work they did. Mr. Allen looked queer, but said nothing. "Didn't I tell you," cried Benny.

"All the same," answered Pops, "there must be no more of it when I'm orderly."

"I'd like to know how you'll stop it," said Frazier, defiantly. "You won't be so mean as to 'skin' a roommate and get 'cut' by the whole class for doing it, will you?"

Alas for Geordie! Frazier's penitence had been too short-lived, his escape from the toils in the rifle case too easy, his triumph in French and mathematics too much for his selfish and shallow nature. On his own account, Graham had not received a report for three weeks; on Frazier's, he had received five, and these necessitated his writing explanations and wasting time, even though the reports were removed. But one evening, coming in just before call to quarters, he found half a dozen of his classmates sitting with Frazier and sharing his cigarettes and applauding his stories. Even after the bugle blew, they loitered about going. Under the strict construction of the regulations of the academy it was his duty to order the smoking stopped at once, and to report every cadet engaged in it, but only the cadet officer of the day is "on honor" to report every breach of regulations coming under his notice. That night, in the midst of his frantic efforts to fan out the smoke, in came Lieutenant Allen. The next evening the report was read out, "Graham, orderly, tobacco smoke in quarters 7, 7.30 P.M." "I've simply got to take the punishment," said Geordie, "because I did not stop it the instant I got in." And when Connell and others took it upon themselves to tell Frazier he ought to go to the commandant and assume the responsibility, that young gentleman replied, "You must be sick! I was only one of the lot; 'tisn't as though I did it all alone."

But Foster was one of the party, and Duncan another

These two boys marched up to Co'onel Hazzard two days later and declared themselves responsible and begged that Graham be relieved. But Graham, as boys would have it, had already been sent for, and asked what he had done.

"Nothing, sir," was his answer.

"It occurred in your absence, Mr. Graham," said the Colonel, loftily, "and you can not escape the smokers or the punishment by stepping to the front at the moment you did."

But George Graham knew his best. And so for six consecutive Saturday afternoons, armed and equipped as a sentry, and thinking all the cadet thing as he did so, George Graham tramped up and down the area of cadet barracks as punishment for having permitted smoking in quarters. It carried him, in punishment, almost up to Christmas; but there was no lack of company. Some afternoons the area was crowded.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# THE DIVIDED SEA SERPENT.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a fine gusty April day, with a cool nor'west wind swirling the dust down over the edge of the bluff and into the boiling undertow. The breakers were all wrinkled and twisted around their crests, where the piping breeze caught them, and tossed their manes of spray backward into the glooming hollows behind them. They reared themselves slowly, and, toppling over in reeling curves, broke in dull, muffled booms, which sounded far away by reason of the wind's carrying the sound seaward. Three or four miles out a schooner-yacht returning from Hampton Roads was beating to the northward on short and long legs under housed topmasts, a single reefed mainsail, foresail, stay-sail, and jib. At every lunge forward into the oily-looking valleys ahead of her she tore the green water into white foam, which burst in clouds of smokelike spray over the weather-bow, keeping the foot of the stay-sail dripping with dewy gems of brine.

On the end of the pier sat the Old Sailor watching her with grave approval.

"A werry pooty boat, an' a werry pooty hand at the hellum," he said to himself, yet half aloud.

"What did you say?" inquired a voice behind him.

Turning his head, the Old Sailor saw his two young friends, whose approach he had not heard. He repeated his words.

"Oh, you mean the yacht," said Henry.

"How might you know she are a yacht?" asked the mariner.

"By her looks," said Henry.

"Werry good too," answered the Old Sailor, indulging in one of his quiet laughs. "That are about the same way as how I know that you are you."

The two boys sat down beside their queer old friend and waited. They knew that some kind of a yarn was cooking in his head, and they felt sure that it was going to be about yachting. Perhaps it would have been, but at this moment the ancient seafarer caught sight of something which changed the current of his thoughts. It was a curious dark mass which rose on the crest of a distant sea and then sank. It kept rising and sinking, just as if it were some living thing bobbing its head up and down.

"Now," said the Old Sailor, pointing at it, "what might that be?"

The two boys took a long and careful survey of the object and finally Henry said, "It's a log or spar or something of that kind, floating."

"Looks as if it were alive," said his little brother.

"Werry good indeed," said the Old Sailor, nodding. "Both on you is right. I've knowed some o' papers wot'd put that there spar down in the log as the sea-serpent."

"The sea-serpent!" exclaimed the boys.

"That's wot I said," gravely answered their friend.

"Why, there isn't any such thing, is there?" asked Henry.

"There used to be one: now there is four on 'em," was the remarkable answer.

"Four!"

"Them's it."

"Oh, please tell us about it."

"Waal," said the Old Sailor, crossing his legs, "this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' to tell you happened w'en I were a man-o'-war's man, a-sarvin' o' the glorious flag o' our country aboard the United States ship *Chicago*, commanded by Actin' Rear-Admiral John G. Walker."

"Why, then it must have been not long ago," said Henry.

"Only a werry short time afore I quit the sea fur good," continued the Old Sailor. "I suppose mebbe you young gen'lemen has heerd o' the squadron o' evolution, wot went over to the other side o' the ocean to show the furriners that we was a-gettin' a new navy."

"Yes," said Henry, "and I know the names of the ships, too. *Chicago*, *Boston*, *Atlanta*, and *Yorktown*."

"Werry good, too," said the Old Sailor. "Waal, it were on that there cruise that this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you happened to this 'ere identical sailor, likewise to all the other identical sailors in the fleet, includin' old Whiskers himself, an' also the marines. We'd had a pooty interestin' gale o' wind wot 'd made the little *Yorktown* — or *Corktown*, as we jackies used to call her—heave to, back end fust. Arter that there gale were over we had pooty fine weather, an' one handsome mornin' the Admiral says he to himself, says he, 'It's bloomin' nigh time we begins to smell cigarettes.' Cos w'y, he knowed we mus' be a-gettin' sommers near the coast o' Spain, an' them Spaniards has cigarettes fur breakfast, dinner, an' supper, also atween meals, an' likewise w'en they wakes up doorin' the night. Cigarettes kills Americans, but them Spaniards, w'ile they don't edzackly git fat on 'em, they lives to werry old ages. Cos w'y, they gets all dried up like mummies afore they die, an' every one knows that mummies keeps werry well. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye.

"Wot I were a-goin' to say are that the Admiral, thinkin' as how we was a-gettin' pooty close to the land, sends the Flag Leftenant to give his compliments to the Cap'n and tell him that he'd better look out. So the Cap'n he calls the orderly, and sends him arter the executive orficer. W'en he comes the Cap'n says to him, says he, 'The Admiral says we'd better look out,' 'Werry good, sir,' says the executive orficer. Then he goes to his orfice an' calls a messenger an' sends him arter the navigator. An' he says to the navigator, says he, 'The Cap'n says we'd better look out.' 'Werry good, sir,' says the navigator. An' then the navigator goes down to the ward-room an' calls a messenger an' says to him, says he, 'Go an' tell the orficer o' the watch that the executive orficer says we'd better look out.' The messenger goes up to the bridge, where the orficer o' the watch are a-walkin' up an' down with his hands in his pockets, an' he says to him, says he, 'The navigator says, sir, as how we'd better look out.' So the orficer o' the watch he calls a bo-



"HE WINKS BOTH EYES, DRAWS BACK HIS HEAD, AND THROWS THE IRON HOOK AT THE ARTER-BRIDGE."

sun's mate, an' says he to him, says he, 'We'd better look out.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says the bosun's mate. An' that bosun's mate he comes to me, an' he says, 'Come, tumble up to the masthead, old puddin' head, an' see if you can smell land.' An' so I tumbles up accordin' as how I war told, an' I does the lookin' out.

"At the same time," continued the Old Sailor, shifting his legs, and taking a squint to windward, "the Flag Leftenant he sends fur the signal orficer, an' he says to him, says he, 'The Admiral says we'd better look out.' 'Werry good, sir,' says the signal orficer. An' with that he sends for the signal quartermaster, and says he to him, says he, 'The Admiral says the fleet 'd better look out. Send up No. 2741' (or somethin' o' that kind). So the signal quartermaster he gets out the flags, an' gets a signal boy to run 'em up to the mainyard-arm. Then pooty soon the other ships sent jackies to the mastheads, an' there we was all four on us a-lookin' out."

"And did you really smell the land?" asked Henry.

"No, I didn't smell nothin' 'ceptin' a werry strong breeze from the south-s'utheast wot war a-tryin' werry hard fur to blow my nose inside out. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye. I staid up there fur half an hour afore I seed anythin' to report. Byme-by, howsumever, I seed a sort o' rumpus in the water a mile or so off the starboard bow, an' then I seed there were somethin' a-floating there. So I ups an' I sings out, 'Wrack ho!' 'Whereaway' howls the orficer on the bridge, an' I told him. He sent a bosun's mate to report it to the Cap'n, an' got orders to alter his course so's to overhaul it. As we drawed a little nigher to't I seed it wasn't no wrack, so I sings out:

"'On deck!'

"'What's the matter with you?' asked the orficer.

"''Tain't no wrack at all, sir,' says I to him, says I, just like that.

"'Well, what is it?' says he to me, kind o' cross like.

"'It 'pears to be somethin' alive,' says I.

"'Is it a whale?'

"'No, sir, 'tain't no whale. It's a sea-sarpent.'

"The officer called a cadet an' sent him aloft with one o' them bino-peculiar glasses. That there cadet looked right skeert arter he'd trained his peepers on the thing.

"'Below there,' he yelled.

"'Ay, ay,' came the answer.

"'It's the sea-sarpent, sure,' he says.

"Then the orficer o' the watch sent a messenger to tell the Cap'n, an' he came onto the bridge hisself. We was a-gettin' pooty close onto the beast now, so the Cap'n give orders to load the six-pounder Hotchkiss in the starboard bow, an' take a crack at the animule."

"Were you near enough to see what it looked like?" asked Henry.

"I should say we was," answered the Old Sailor, "an' it weren't pooty to look at. His body, ef you kin say a sarpent has a body, were green an' brown in great big patches, an' it were covered with scales about the size o' dinner plates. These here scales were white on the under side, an' w'en he bent hisself so that the j'ints opened an' the under sides showed, he looked for all the world like a werry large-sized demon out o' a fairy play in some theaytre. But his body weren't nothin' w'en ye came to look at his head, fur that were simply disgustin'. His face were a sort o' salmon color, jess like one o' them

sick lookin' baboons ye see in cages in Central Park in Noo Yawk, only he had pink hair parted in the middle. Cos w'y, he were bald headed on top. He looks at the ship kind o' lazy, an' blinks his eyes; then, jess as they was a-goin' to plug away at him with the six pounder he ups three ins the arter bridge, where it catches old Whiskers' cap an' knocks it clean over into the sea."

"He sunnever," continued the Old Sailor after a momentary pause, "he didn't stay down long, but comes up on the other side o' the ship an' blows the water out o' his nose like he were a sperm whale in distress.

"'Now,' says the Admiral, 'let him have it.'

"An' the Flag Lieutenant says to the Cap'n, an' the Cap'n says to the executive orficer, an' says he to the diwision orficer in charge o' the six pounders, an' says the diwision orficer to the cap'n o' the gun, 'Commence firin'.' An' bang goes the gun. An' bang it goes ag'in. An' also ag'in. An' wot d'ye think happened?"

"What?"

"The bloomin' sarpent jess kind o' swayed one side, like a good boxer, an' let the shells go past him. Then he opens his mouth an' he laffs fit to kill hisself."

"Laughed?"

"Yep, that's wot I said. He laffs, an' all on one note, like this,




"An' his voice sounded edzackly like a bugle.

"'Cease firin,' says the Admiral.

"An' the Flag Lieutenant tells the Cap'n, an' he tells the executive orficer, an' he tells the diwision orficer, an' he says to the cap'n o' the gun, 'Cease firin'.' So he ceases. An' we all waits to see wot they'd do nex'. Wot d'ye suppose they tried?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Henry. "I should think they would all have run away; I should."

"Waal, that 'd hardly do, would it? No, they made up their minds they'd try an' catch him. So they had a gang o' seamen rig up a shark line an' bait it with a piece o' nice fresh pork. They hove that over the side, an' waited to see if the sea-sarpent would tackle it. Sure 'nuff he went down arter that bait an grabbed it so hard he nigh pulled some o' the hands overboard. The nex' second the line snapped, an' the fishin' party all rolled over one another back'ard. The sarpent came up an' sat up there, grinnin' and chewin' away like he were the most satisfied pusson on 'arth. He were a-havin' a nice fresh pork breakfast, he were, an' it didn't cost him nothin' neither. The men pulled in the line an' found that the bait, an' the hook, too, was gone. One on 'em says he, 'I hope it 'll chuck the bloomin' red-headed seamonkey to death,' says he, just like that. But it didn't. No, siree. Wot that there sarpent didn't know ain't wuth tellin' about. When he gets through chewin' the pork off the hook, he winks both eyes, draws back his head quicker 'n lightnin', an' snappin' it like a whip, he throws the iron hook at the arter bridge, where it catches old Whiskers' cap an' knocks it clean over into the sea."

The Old Sailor now paused to indulge in one of his quiet laughs.

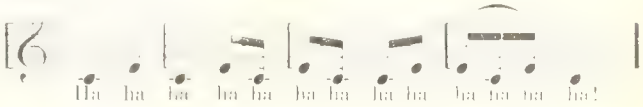
"Mebbe," he continued, presently, "the Admiral weren't mad, an' mebbe he were. Leastways, it ain't fur me to go a-criticisin' o' so great a orficer. Anyhow, he turns kind o' purple around the mouth, an' gives orders to ram the bloomin' reptile. Now, I don't see w'y the sarpent didn't dive, but he didn't seem to be up to them rammin' tactics. So the *Chicago* hits him square in the middle, an' cuts him in two."

"And that was the end of him," exclaimed Henry.

"Oh, it were, were it? P'r'aps it's you wot's a-tellin' o' this yarn, an' not me. No, it weren't the end o' him, not by a long sight. Cos w'y, there was two sarpents now instid o' one.

"What do you mean?"

"Jess wot I says. The hind part o' him sprouted a new head in less'n half a minute, only it had a one nater, an' then the two sarpents sat up on their hunkers an' laffed at us, only now they had two voices, an' they laughed like this:




The Old Sailor gave a very good imitation of a bugle.

"That's the way it sounded," he said. "Now the Admiral got pooty well rattled, but he wasn't a goin' to give in, so he orders the *Boston* to ram one o' the new sarpents, an' he'd ram the other with the *Chicago*. They perceeds to do so, an' as any one might 'a' knowed arter wot 'd already happened, they had four sarpents, with red, white, blue, and green hair, a-sittin' up and laffin' at 'em. An' now they had four notes, an' laffed like this:




"'Wot call's that?' screamed the Admiral.

"'Please, sir,' says the signal orficer, 'that's the beginnin' o' a song called "Where did you get that hat?"'

"The Admiral he orders the ship's engines turned up to full speed. 'I want to get away from this,' says he. The signal orficer whispered somethin' to him, an' he says, 'Try it.' So the bugler were ordered to sound the church-call over the side at the sarpents. He blowed it kind o' shaky, but still you could tell wot it were. Wot do you think happened?"

"What?"

"All four sarpents let out a scream that sounded like they was bein' cut to pieces, turned up their tails an' dived straight down. An' that were the last we ever seed on 'em; but we l'arned w'en we got into port that the sea-sarpent had been seen the werry next day in four different places, hundreds o' miles apart. We never said a word, but we knowed that ef it hadn't been fur old Whiskers there would never 'a' been four sea-sarpents instid o' one."

## NEW-YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

THE beginning of a new year has of old been a season for making new resolutions, undertaking new enterprises, starting reforms in one's self. It is a good thing in turning over a new leaf to write noble sentiments upon it. Even if one does not live a whole year quite up to the high mark set on its first day, one is better for the effort.

Perhaps the most popular class of resolutions set down in New-Year books are those bearing upon self-improvement. This is, of course, a good thing — but is it the best thing? Would it not be better if most of one's New-Year reforms had to do with others rather than one's self?

The young girl who sets before herself a lofty ideal, and lives *toward* it, even though she may never reach it, attains to higher things than can she who strives not at all, and certainly she who tries to improve herself for the sake of self-improvement, pure and simple, cannot wholly fail. And yet she who writes in her little book of resolutions the names of certain *other people*, or *classes of people*, whose lives she is determined to help and to brighten, has started, through very forgetfulness of self, directly toward the best and highest attainment.

How many of our readers are familiar with Hawthorne's beautiful story "The Great Stone Face"? Those who have not already done so should read it, not only for its value as a work of art, but for its beautiful lesson. Such as know the story will do well to read it over at this time of the year. It is in life as

in the story—the face whose possessor forgets himself in acts of kindness and deeds for others that grows noble and good like

A beautiful resolution to go into a sweet girl's New-Year book is to perform special kindnesses to old people. Nearly all old persons are fond of being read to, not only because of failing sight, which makes reading laborious, but there is a peculiar sympathy which comes with the book, taken through the hand of a friend. It is a personal attention. Old people, in appreciating this, only prove themselves as still retaining some traces of their younger days.

Would it not be well for some of our readers to write in their New-Year books the names of certain old people of their acquaintance, to whom they promise themselves to pay special attention during the new year? It would be a good thing, the writer thinks, to have one, at least, of these in each book, to whom the owner promises to read aloud at intervals.

## TOMMY'S COMPLAINT.

MY name's Wiggins, so's my pa's,
So's my brother's, and my ma's.

So's my cousin's, uncle's too;
Grandpa's, grandma's; honest, true!

Seems to me I'd hesitate
Makin' one name do for eight,

When there's lots of names to give.
Mighty stingy, sure's I live. J. K. B.

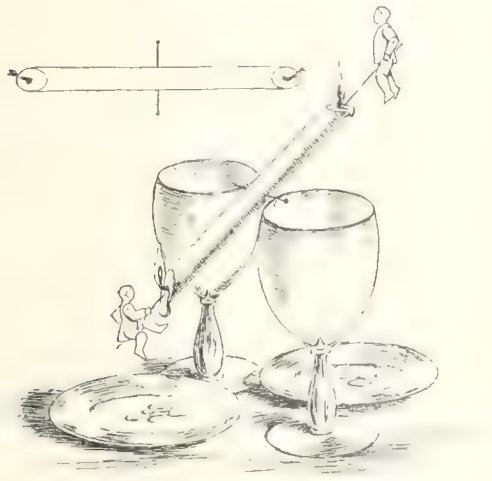
## THE CANDLE MOTOR.

I AM going to lay before you a new motor, which uses neither steam, electricity, nor compressed air; it has neither boiler nor cylinder nor piston, and consists of a single candle. Do you think I am joking? Take a candle and try the experiment yourself.

Take two pins, and first heating them sufficiently to penetrate the candle, insert them in the centre of the candle at right angles to the wick on opposite sides, as shown in the illustration, so that the projecting points will form an axis upon which the candle can move freely. You then will rest the pins upon the edges of two goblets.

Trim the ends of the candle so that it will balance perfectly in a horizontal position, leaving the wick exposed, so that it can be lighted at each end. Place a dish under each end to catch the drippings.

Now light the two ends of the candle, and as a drop falls from one end the equilibrium is destroyed, and the other end



descends, raising the end which loses the first drop of stearine. But the oscillation causes the lower end to lose several drops, and it thus becomes lighter and remounts, while the other descends. This oscillation, slight at first, becomes greater and greater, until the candle, barely moving in the beginning, ends by [illegible] an almost vertical position.

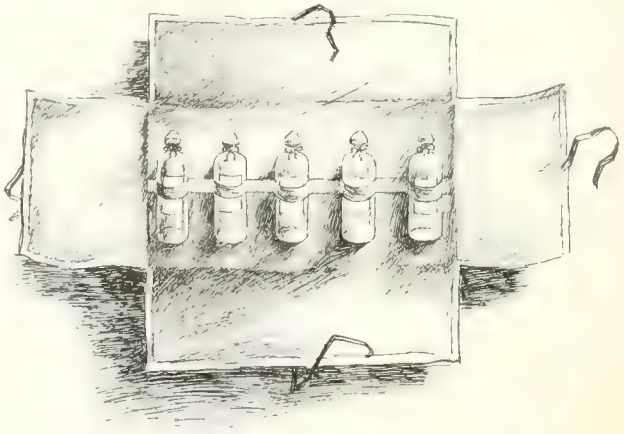
Nothing is more amusing than the erratic seesawing of the candle, which continues until the flames are extinguished or the candle is consumed, the latter requiring about half an hour to accomplish.

Now do not reproach me with "burning the candle at both ends," for it is always necessary to sacrifice something to science, and the candle-makers will not find fault.

Do you wish now to utilize the movement of your candle? You can fasten to the candle, with a fine wire, a couple of figures cut out of card board, with the joints hinged, as shown in the illustration, so that as they go and come they will perform a variety of movements; or these figures may be attached by pins (so arranged as to keep them beyond the flames) to the ends of the candle, where they can play at see-saw. The ingenuity of our young readers can be exercised to vary these methods, always being careful to properly balance the candle.

## A TRAVELLING MEDICINE-CASE.

IN these days, when a hundred and one dainty trifles are to be bought very inexpensively, the sweet old custom of fashioning gifts with one's own skilful fingers is being rather neglected. But, girls, do you know the delight of all the planning and deciding on appropriate gifts, the pleasure of selecting exquisite materials and artistic combinations of color, the keen gratification as the dainty work grows, the satisfaction as one pretty thing after another is completed and laid away in gay-colored tissue?



There are hosts of things to make. Suppose we begin with a simple but very useful gift—a little travelling-case for bottles.

We may choose from a variety of materials for our case, but we will decide on heavy brown linen. Cut two strips eighteen inches by twelve, like the illustration. Sew across the middle of one a piece of strong light blue silk elastic in loops large enough to hold a two-ounce bottle, cat-stitching it finely down between each loop. This piece should be strengthened by a stout intermediate lining. Embroider on the outer flap either the initials of the fortunate recipient or "Medicine-case" in fancy letters or in script. Put the two pieces of linen together, and bind them with pale blue silk braid. Sew a piece of braid at each side, to be tied together.

This same case can be charmingly made of pale blue eider-down flannel, lined with chamois-skin, the elastic band matching the outside material in color.

To fill the case procure five little two-ounce bottles, labelled plainly "Ammonia," "Ginger," "Camphor," "Witch-Hazel," "Glycerine," or any preferred substitutes, and have the bottles filled. Cut from chamois-skin little covers for the corks like those in which perfume bottles are always tied up. Make them long enough to come well down on the necks of the bottles. Through little slits run baby-ribbon to tie them down over the corks.

Thus equipped, the boarding-school girl friend of yours can stow away her little bottles, tie up the case, and pack it in her trunk, with the serene consciousness that there will be no breakage, and no disposal of sticky liquids over her Sunday gown.




THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

MUST BE VERY GOOD

JENNY. "Papa, Cook must be very good."

PAPA. "Why, my dear?"

JENNY. "Because, in my lesson last Sunday it said that the wicked shall not live out half their days, and Cook says she has lived out all her life."

A WISH

I LEARN the rules of baseball,
And learn them very quick;
I wish it were the same with
My arithmetic

THROUGH THE REGULAR CHANNELS.

ROBBIE. "If you direct your letter that way, Thad, it will not stand the ghost of a chance to reach Uncle John."

THAD. "The *ghost* of a chance? Why, of course it will, for it 'll go through the Dead-Letter Office."

CONUNDRUM.

WHAT bird which sits outside of Willie's window suggests his punishment whenever he is naughty? The "Whip-poor-will."

MELVILLE. "When I grow up I'm goin' to be an organ-grinder, and then whenever I have to *work* I can *play*—see?"

TODDLES. "Papa, what's the reason that when I drop my ball it *falls down*, and if I drop my balloon it *falls up*?"

GARDENER (*to Pat, a green hand*). "What do you mean by putting those eggs in the ground, Pat?"

PAT. "Shure, sir, an' didn't ye say we were to raise *egg-plants*? Mebbe it was a *hin* ye wanted me to plant."

JIM. "Papa, why are sparrows very changeable birds?"

PAPA. "I don't know, my son, I am sure."

JIM. "Because they are sparrows when you kill them, and when you eat them they turn into little *swallows*."

FREDDIE. "Papa, did it ever strike you that although Mr. Trifle looks tall, he is in reality not—short?"

PAPA. "What, no, my son. How do you make that out?"

FREDDIE. "Well, he is certainly only a [illegible] *two feet* [illegible]"

BUDDY BOY. "Mamma, Bridget called me 'the broth of a boy.' Does she mean I've been *in the soup*?"

A FISH STORY

"YAAS," said the old man, as the boys pressed around him, "cats, I has caught catfish scrambled, an' I has caught 'em fried, an' I has caught the biggest mess of 'em ye ever seed. Those babies? Why, I could ha' ate seven foot long."

"Huh!" cried one of the party. "There couldn't have been mammoths, then."

"Yaas, there was mammoths too," said the old man. "Seven foot long, an' weighed three hundred pounds apiece; but that wasn't the funny part of it. The funny part about them mammoths was that you couldn't tell 'em from blackfish."

"How are you, you know they were mammoths?" asked one of the boys.

"How'd I know?" retorted the old man. "How'd I know? Why, I knowed what I went fishin' for, didn't I? I was after mammoths, and when I'm after mammoths I don't ketch blackfish. That's how."

A PREFERENCE.

THE things I really like the best
In all this world of sinners,
Are toys and candies, pa's and ma's,
And merry birthday dinners.

SHE KNEW IT.

TEACHER (*in class*). "Can any one tell me why the lyre-bird is so named?"

Silence reigned for quite a time, when a little five-year-old eagerly raised her hand.

TEACHER. "Well, what is it, May?"

MAY. "Ain't it because he tells such awful lies?"

TEACHER. "George, spell cat."

GEORGE. "C a t—cat."

TEACHER. "That's right; nothing hard about that, is there?"

GEORGE. "No, marm." Then, doubtfully, "'Cept the bones and claws."




A CAREFUL MOTHER.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mistress Nanny Goat,
[illegible] appear."
"Thank you, sir," I would have you note,
I'll have no strange [illegible]

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## "AN ANGEL WITH LOTS O' NERVE."

BY JOHN JAMESON GIBSON

JACK HORTON was left an orphan at the age of sixteen. He found himself confronted by circumstances which obliged him to support himself, and he promptly went to work. His education had merely begun, and he was young, very young, in the ways of the world; but yet he was well armed to fight his way in the struggle for existence, for his weapons were aptitude and natural brightness.

An uncle of Jack's was connected with a manufacturing concern which owned a fairly large plant of mills and shops, and employed several hundred men. Through him Jack was able to secure the position of "time-keeper" of the works, and as his uncle was the superintendent, and lived by the mill, Jack made his new home with him.

Jack was very well pleased with his job. He sat at a window every morning as the "hands" went by to work and passed in their "checks." It was his duty to ascertain from these checks what men were there and "on time," and what men were absent, and twice a day he made a round of the shops and returned each man his



check. His bright young face, which had a "good morning" smile for every one who passed his window, was a delightful and encouraging picture to meet with on the way to a hard day's labor, and there was not a workman who did not feel brighter and gladder for Jack's having passed him on his route through the shops each day. Jack had a pleasant word for all, and a peculiar interest in that particular job at which each man was working. The questions which he asked in his curious, interested way won him many a strong friend, for there is nothing more flattering, not only to the artisan but to the professional man, than a display of ignorance as to the methods and ways and tricks of his trade.

In a hundred ways he made himself popular with the workmen, and however unnoticeable were his means of winning their regard and esteem, his possession of them was nevertheless very evident. He was, in fact, the only one of the "office gang" they did not actually hate, for, as a rule, that part of such an establishment is despised in the "shops," with the envious contempt that most men who work with their hands have for those who are able to keep theirs clean. He had gone thus cheerily about his work while a month passed, when one day, as he went his round, he found evil expressions and black looks on the faces of the men instead of the pleasant smiles he was accustomed to meet with. There was no laughing and no joking among the men, but a total absence of the usual prevailing good-humor. On the contrary, there were groups here and there earnestly discussing something that seemed to have made every one very serious, and there was an air of anger, and with it one of hopeless desperation, about the men that Jack did not understand. Something dreadful must have happened, he thought.

He approached a great friend of his, with whom he talked every day, and found this man filing at his bench in a sullen manner.

"Good-morning, Nobby," said Jack. "What's the matter this morning? Is any one hurt? Or are you people mad about something? Tell me what's wrong."

His friend looked up and said nothing, but silently taking Jack by the arm, led him to a corner of the shop, where a placard was posted. It was an announcement from the head office of the company who owned the mill.

Jack read it. It merely stated that, owing to lack of orders and to general financial difficulties due to hard times, it had been found necessary to reduce all wages a certain per cent. until matters assumed a better shape in the affairs of the company, which, it was hoped, would not be long in taking place. It was signed with his uncle's name.

While he read, several men had gathered behind him and his friend, and they were talking in low tones of the notice. Jack turned when he had finished, and said, naturally: "So they are going to reduce wages, are they? I guess mine will go down too."

"*Yours!*" said his friend Nobby, whose name was John Hartman to those who did not know him intimately. "*You're* all right. You're in the office gang. It's only us poor workmen what gets affected."

Jack was too much absorbed in reading the placard a second time to notice the desperate air with which this was said. He turned again, and remarked, simply and innocently: "I wonder why it came out so suddenly? It's queer my uncle George never said anything."

"*Him!*" said one of those who had come up. "*Him!* It don't make no difference to him, neither. *He's* all right—he is. It's only us what feels it, and yet he don't mind a bit takin' money from us, and all the time livin' in high style in his big house up by the offices. Ain't that so?" and he appealed to those around him.

Jack bristled up.

"It isn't so!" was his quick reply. "He hasn't anything to do with it. He—" and he was going on to defend his uncle, when Nobby Hartman drew him away from the rest, and told him it would not be safe to say any more in a crowd excited to such a degree as this sudden news had made them. Nobby picked up his work again, and dropped a hint that "he didn't know but what there might be a strike talked of."

"A strike! What's a strike, Nobby?" Jack asked.

"Why, a strike's where all the hands quit work," his friend replied, "and the shops can't run, and the company has to come 'round and pay you what you *earn*. That's what it is. We 'ain't never had no strike here, because this here is a little town, and the men don't know much about such things 'cepting by hearsay. Them new men from the city talks a good bit about strikes."

Jack was anxious to learn more, but it had suddenly occurred to the man Hartman that it was the nephew of the superintendent to whom he was talking, and that perhaps he might have said too much already. Consequently Jack could get no more out of him, and he went on with the delivery of his checks.

The rest of the day he thought and thought upon the situation that had come about. His uncle, on one hand, was not very communicative, because he realized Jack's close connection and intimacy with the men, while the latter, on their part, were somewhat afraid to express their minds at all freely before the nephew of the superintendent. Being thus at a loss for information, his knowledge of strikes was not sufficient to bring the thought of danger to his mind, and the worst of such a calamity that he could find to contemplate was the loss of his own job, if the mills were to close down.

A few days later, after negotiations which led to no change of circumstances were entered into between the company and the men, a strike really was declared, and Jack found himself with nothing to do but to hang around his uncle's house and gaze in idleness at the deserted shops and buildings, and wait, as the company was doing, for the men to give in and return to work, which it was too confidently expected they would shortly do.

It was the first strike the Variety Iron-Works had ever experienced, and it was, in fact, the first in the neighborhood in which the works were situated, but it was the same sad story that it always is, and matters daily grew worse and worse.

One evening the strikers held a mass-meeting in an open field near the works. It was at first conducted in an orderly manner by the sensible, well-meaning men of the crowd, but it was not long before the disorderly element gained control. The "new men from the city," of whom Jack's friend Nobby had spoken, had been in similar troubles elsewhere, and knew how to move a crowd. There is nothing that will more excite a hungry, desperate man, and be more powerful to steal away his reason and turn him into a beast, than cries and appeals of an anarchist nature. Fiery speeches were made, and the men were deeply moved by the words of the evil-minded strangers, while the more quiet, methodical men were put aside and not listened to. It was not long before, by such means, the meeting had been turned into a howling mob.

From the porch of his uncle's house Jack had seen the men gathering, and, later, when the shouts came to him across the intervening space, his curiosity led him down through the mill-yard towards the spot where the men had assembled.

A high brick wall surrounded the works, and Jack found that he would be obliged to climb over one of the heavy gates to get outside of the yard. He climbed up on a pile of iron, and pulled himself up by means of one of the huge hinges. He made the climb, and when he looked over the top of the gate, on the other side, a sight met his eyes that would have unnerved almost any one.

Down the road from the place of meeting the mob of strikers came running with howls and yells. They were armed with sticks and stones and fence rails and palings, and here and there was a man with a hammer or some other tool that could be used as a weapon or as a means of destruction. On they swept, led by several men, who incited them by shouts to follow.

Jack instinctively drew down behind the top of the gate. What was he to do? The strikers were coming directly towards the gate behind which he was, and he began to realize that it was the road to his uncle's house. What were they going to do? There was no telling.

The first of the mob reached the gate, and he could hear them as they gathered there, so very near him. The wall was too high to climb without the aid of a ladder, and a few blows on the gate showed that there was a plan on hand to batter it down. The crowd began to discuss how to overcome this first material obstacle in its path.



"YOURS!" SAID NOBBY. "YOU'RE ALL RIGHT."

Jack suddenly made a resolution. He climbed up the gate again and stepped on the top of the wall. His appearance there was like an apparition, for the sight of his well-known figure revived his old popularity, and called forth that feeling of esteem which the men had for him, and which almost bordered on love. He made such an innocent picture that the mob below was surprised for the moment into silence.

Jack immediately took advantage of the opportunity, and his voice rang out clearly and fearlessly, for he realized that on what he said the safety of both life and property depended. "What are you going to do?" he cried. "Why have you all stones and clubs? Do you want to kill the watchman, or do you want to kill my uncle, or his wife, or the children? Or do you intend to murder me? Are you going to burn the mill down? And if you did all these things, what good would it do you? If you had a sore hand, would cutting off your own foot, or any other person's, make your hand well?"

"We're hungry. We could eat the foot," was a grim yell that came from the crowd in answer to his boyish attempt at a figure of speech.

"But you couldn't, all the same," Jack continued. "It would make you sick. You might go now and do all you want to, and how would it give you work or stop your hunger? And why do you hate my uncle so? He had to do what the company told him. He suffers in this strike too, for his wages are cut off like the rest. And [with a grand air] so are mine! Now what are we going to do when our money runs out? We'll starve too, I guess. And besides, my uncle's wife and children are sick, and aren't we a nice crowd to fight with?—two or three hundred of you against five or six of us; for you can't count the baby. Won't it read well in the newspapers? And if you do burn the mill down, won't it make the company real hopping mad? but what will you gain? And won't it make a nice big bonfire? But you can't bake any bread or cook anything else to eat in that fire, can you?"

He did not know what more to say, and yet he knew he did not dare stop. The men had been strangely listening to him more attentively than he had hoped, and he wanted to hold them longer. Suddenly he discovered some of his favorites of the shops in the crowd below.

"I see Nobby Hartman down there. And there's Wes McGuire and Mike Nolan," he said, pointing at them in turn, while they hung their heads. "What are you doing here? I thought you men had more sense. Come out here in front, Nobby, and tell these men that you for one won't go on with them; and you too, Wes, and you, Mike. And there's Graff Smyser, too. Why, you people used to be great friends of mine once. Stand by me now;" and he jumped down from the wall before them.

The man Hartman did seem to be moved. He responded to his young friend's appeal, and pushing his way to the front, he stepped before the crowd in front of the gate and said: "The lad's right. This business won't do us no good, but lots o' harm, and the man that lays a hand to force this gate has to push me aside first."

Three or four others of the better element were at his side in a moment to back up his statement with force if necessary, and no one moved. The anger of the mob, which had burst forth like a flame, had needed merely some little check to cause it to die out entirely. There

were several voices raised, and a weak effort was made to go on as if nothing had been the leaders the moment before; but it was unsuccessful, for there was no more excitement to make peace as there had been. And when Jack had fearlessly hung from the top of the wall, and had dropped down outside among them, that little act of itself seemed to presuppose order, and to preclude the possibility of further violence. Many who had already thrown away their sticks and stones turned and walked away, and others who had not yet done so now followed their example in a shamefaced sort of way.

"Well, lad, that was a good job you just done," said Nobby, when he and Jack alone remained. "You saved a good deal that time both for us and the company, and a good many of us won't forgit it. Why, lad, you're our good angel, that's what you are."

"Oh no, Nobby," Jack replied, laughing. "I didn't do much to stop the row. It was you and Wes and the rest that did it."

The old workman was not averse to being thus flattered with part of the credit, but he answered, honestly: "No, Jack, it was all you—you, our good angel; and an angel with lots o' nerve you was, too, my boy. Why, no one but you could 'a' persuaded them fools they was wrong. When you came out there on the wall, of a sudden we all felt like fools. But it's all over, and, let me tell you, it won't be long before we're all back at work again. Them city fellers has had too much influence. Good-by," he called, as he left Jack by the gate. "I expect to see you at the same old place right soon, and when this job gits out you'll git your reward. You bet you will."

And he was not mistaken.

## LION TAMERS AND TRAINERS.

BY GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

IT is a great card for an actor to have sprung from a family of actors; and it is a great card for a lion-tamer to have sprung from a family whose members have "bearded the lion in his den," as the "Professor" says. I know a young lion-tamer whose friends in the profession consider it a great feather in his cap that his aunt had her head bitten off by a lion. His father, a lion-tamer of note, married a daughter of Sir Charles Wombwell, who was the Barnum of England. "Charles Wombwell, later *Sir* Charles Wombwell, Baronet, having been knighted by her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," the "Professor" always says, in referring to the fact. Sir Charles was my friend's grandfather. It was Miss Wombwell, another daughter, who was so shockingly killed. She was a great tamer and trainer, and for many years part of her "act" was to put her head in the lion's mouth. But one day, without the slightest warning, the jaws came together.



Photo. by Sarony.

THE KING OF BEASTS.

My friend tells me that few lions are caught, and that hardly one full-grown lion a year is exported from the tropics. Even when a lion has been trapped there is danger in getting him out, and the trappers often become so frightened that they shoot him. An imported lion is usually more valuable than one bred in captivity, because he has more life and vigor and more of the lion's true nobility. In zoological gardens cubs are often bred from animals which were themselves born in captivity, and so the breed begins to degenerate into deformities, cripples, and "maniacs." When you see a lion circling around in his den, it is not because he is ferocious, but because he hasn't the sense to do anything else. You may be pretty sure he was bred in captivity; for an imported lion never loses his majestic mien and bearing. Even if he is sullen it is with the wounded dignity of a dethroned and captive monarch. Hence an alert showman is always on the lookout for an imported animal, and will pay from two thousand to ten thousand dollars for one. There is about as much judgment needed in buying a lion as in a horse-trade.

Often the beast's bearing is anything but majestic when he arrives in England—the wild-animal market of the world—and this is the reason a lion trade calls for so much judgment. After his capture he has probably been drawn many days behind bullocks to the seaboard, poorly tended by natives, badly fed, and subjected to many indignities by those whom, if he had his freedom, he could strike down with a blow of his paw or crush with a snap of his jaws. The sea voyage is more or less rough, the food and treatment indifferent, so that by the time he arrives in England he is more dead than alive. It takes a connoisseur to judge whether this measly-looking brute can be toned up or not. A good judge can tell if the most unpromising-looking beast can be restored to his former majestic beauty.

With this process of restoration the taming begins. The lion is treated with the consideration due his rank. He is placed in a den with plenty of moving-room, has an ample quantity of straw for bedding, and is put on proper diet. He becomes accustomed to quiet usage. The tamer will now be much about the cage, so that the lion will connect him with the kind treatment accorded him. "I," said my friend, "rarely pass a den without stopping, if only for a moment, to say a few kind words. I have done this with lions until they were so sure they might expect nothing but kindness from me that they came to the front bars of the den whenever they saw me approaching it, and allowed me to stroke them. Indeed, they would know me even in the dark.

"When I have struck up an outside friendship with a lion, the chances are in favor of his allowing me to enter the den. There are, however, some lions who will stand off a tamer as long as possible. I know of one lion to whose den we are obliged to have several entrances. As soon as the tamer appears at any one of these, the lion will spring over to it and lie against it to prevent its being opened. I have known three-quarters of an hour to pass before the tamer could effect an entrance, and sometimes he has to give up. This lion is a noble-looking, black-maned, ferocious brute, who has killed three men in his den, and probably any number of natives before he was captured. He may have been the lion who, when his lioness ran up all out of breath and asked, 'My liege, have you seen a man running this way?' replied, as he smacked his chops: 'Yes, dear. He has just stepped inside.'



Photo. by Sarony.

PYRAMID WITH LIONS, TIGERS, AND DOGS.

"Once inside this lion's den the tamer does not give the brute a chance, but falls upon him, striking him with the flat of a short sword, and shooting a revolver loaded with blank cartridges. He is in the den only fifteen seconds, though these appear two or three minutes to witnesses of the exciting scene. The tamer simply does not give the lion an opening. He knows better, for he was the under-study to the last tamer whom the brute killed. This tamer slipped and fell, and in an instant the lion was upon him. The present tamer dashed into the den with a revolver and an iron bar, shot the lion in the foot, beat him off, and rescued the tamer from the den. But the poor fellow died in twenty minutes. Doubtless the lion has so much respect for the blank-cartridges which the present tamer fires because he remembers the wound in his foot.

"Men," continued my friend, "who would face almost any danger without flinching quail before a lion in his den. A friend of mine, a fearless fellow, begged me so often to take him into the den with me, that one day I consented. I never saw such a change come over a man as came over him when the gate closed upon us. He stood there pallid, dazed, unnerved, and I had to hustle him out. I have even seen a tamer lose heart. A lion with us had just killed a tamer, and this was the first man to face him since the tragedy. He went in, shut the door, and stood there like a pillar of salt. I jumped up the steps, reached for him, shook him, and pulled him out.

"I have faced a good many lions, but fortunately have nothing more than the usual trade marks." The tamer here showed me three large claw scars on his left leg. "I was putting five lions," he said, "through their tricks, when one of them, with an air of 'just take that,' struck at my leg, burying three claws into it. I went right on with the performance. If I had stopped, and tried to get out of the den, I would have been killed. A curious feature of the affair was that while I had three claw wounds on my leg, there were only two tears in my hose and but one in my trousers.

"I am not such a firm believer in the power of the human eye over wild animals. A tamer often has too many wild beasts in the den to watch them all. I have, for instance, had twelve animals in a den—lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and sheep. It was literally a case of the lion and the lamb lying down together. If I had left the den, they would still have been lying down together with the lamb inside the lion. In taming or training wild animals you want to let them know that you have plenty of nerve, and if you see an animal watching you, you want to watch him, and, while going on with your performance, curtail it. When my friend the lion clawed me I was teaching the cues to an under study, and I suppose that in turning to look at him—to emphasize one of the cues—I didn't give the lion quite as much elbow-room as he was accustomed to. That is, as a rule, a great point with a lion.

"One of my lions once gnawed through the wooden floor of his den and got loose in a large auction yard at night. I heard the noise, and opening the door of my saloon, as we call a menagerie car in England, I saw Mr. Lion sauntering about the premises. It might have meant death to a good many people had he still been at large when the gates were opened. I called two or three of our people to be ready with some shutters, and seeing a jack prop on the ground, I jumped down and picked it up. When the lion saw me he made a rush for me. When he was almost on me I dodged and caught him full on the end of the nose with the prop. That is an animal's most sensitive point. The blow knocked him 'silly,' and before he could collect his senses we had him surrounded with shutters, and got him into a shifting cage."

There are tamers and trainers. A tamer is simply a man of unlimited nerve. A trainer has nerve and judgment. My friend tells me that a trainer can teach a lion about as many tricks as can be taught a dog. Sometimes the lion himself will unconsciously suggest a new trick. "I had to train four lions to jump a gate. One of them was so stubborn that I determined to leave him for the last. When I came to him he was lying in a corner. I began striking him. He sprang up and came toward me. He had a wicked look, so I hit him a sharp blow from below on the end of the nose with my cane, the only weapon I ever take into the den. The blow stung him so it turned him around, and, as if to escape another, he jumped up to the bars and remained standing with his fore feet upon one of them. He gave me a look which said plainly, 'I'll stop here if you won't do it again.' He looked superb standing there drawn up to his full height, so I sat down on the gate, lit a cigarette, and kept him in that position till I had finished. I trained the other lions in the act, and a fine appearance the four made standing against the bars.

"Another friend of mine was in the audience when a lioness killed a trainer at the Paris Hippodrome. She had been trained to approach him from behind, rise on her hind legs, and place her front paws upon his shoulders. She did so this time. Then quietly thrusting her head over his shoulder, she seized him by the throat and literally tossed him over her back. The other lions in

the den fell upon him, and though he was rescued from the den, he died within an hour.

I asked the trainer why he never armed himself with more than a cane. Tamers rarely did, he said. There was no use. A lion's attack was like a thunderbolt. One bite, one blow with the claw was deadly. The men stationed outside with carbines and red hot irons are there only to drive the lion off the body of his victim, so that he can be got out of the den alive, and the spectators saved the horror of seeing him devoured.

# CADET DAYS:*

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

### CHAPTER XII.

OCTOBER came and went. The Highlands were all aflame with the gorgeous hue of the autumn foliage. The mountain air was crisp and keen, full of exhilaration and life. Regular hours, regulated exercise, sound sleep were all combining to bring about among the plebes the very "pink of condition." Letters from the far frontier, coming regularly, gave Geordie comfort and encouragement. Both his father and Mr. McCrea bade him be of good cheer, and all would come well. He used to steal away to a quiet nook near Kosciuszko's Garden to read his mother's loving missives in those days, for there was little peace for him at home. Benny was developing a new trait with an old name — "booming popularity," it used to be called. The episode of the cigarettes had caused among all thinking members of the Fourth Class much unfavorable comment at Frazier's expense, and he was quick to note the coldness and aversion.

"See here, Pops," said he, "if you think I ought to go and tell the commandant I was smoking, I'll do it; but it isn't going to help you, that I can see. It's all the fault of these brutal regulations, making you responsible because you were too much of a gentleman to come in and order that smoking stopped in your room right off. If my confessing my part in it would remove your punishment, I'd do it quick as a cat can jump — but it couldn't, so what's the use?"

Graham shook his head, and Frazier magnified that into proportions which enabled him to say to many a classmate, "I offered to go and assume the whole responsibility provided I didn't have to name the others, but Graham begged me not to do it."

And now, by way of retaining his hold on the class, Benny became a lavish entertainer. Many an evening he would invite certain of his cronies to come up after supper and "bring the crowd," as he expressed it. It meant that another instalment of luxuries had been received. It was an easy matter for his fond parents to send box after box of fruit, confectionery, or goodies of some kind to "Mr. Peter Peterson," at Highland Falls, and for "Mr. Peterson" to fetch them up the back road west of the observatory, and down the hill behind the barracks, where, under cover of darkness, Benny and his chums could meet him and run the contraband up to the room. Cadets were permitted to receive an occasional box from home, but not in such frequency, or without inspection by the officer in charge. And so while Pops and Connell and Ames, and other solid men of the class, were taking their evening stroll before study hour, Benny and his set were feasting and smoking in barracks, but smoking no more when Graham was orderly.

"I don't mean to make any trouble about this case," Pops had said, very quietly, "but I give fair warning I will take no more demerits and punishment on other men's account."

Benny confided to his fellows that Graham was a close-fisted, selfish Scotchy, as he ought to have had sense enough to know he would be. He was sorry he had chosen him as a tent and room mate, but he couldn't leave him now, when Graham so needed his help in mathematics, and there were not a few who accepted his statement as both plausible and probable. Up in the first section, however, the keener minds were "getting on to Frazier," as Connell expressed it, and along about the middle of November a thing occurred that set them all to thinking.

By this time the class was hard at work in a more difficult and intricate part of the text, and the ground was not so familiar to the prize scholar of Beanton. Frazier had to study, and he didn't like it. Up to this point his easy flow of language and his confident mien, coupled with the thorough mathematical drilling he had had at home, had stood him in excellent stead. He was leading the class at an easy gait, and winning the highest mark without much effort. "He can't help going head in French, too," said his friends, "but if he land anywhere in the 5's, he's sure of the head of the class." But about this time Ames and Wheeler began to crowd him. They were "maxing through," while Benny showed an occasional 2.9, 2.8, and once "Old Scad" had actually had to cut off three-tenths from his mark. An admirable and patient instructor, he had one or two defects, as have most men. He was a trifle deaf, and decidedly unsuspicious. An honorable gentleman himself, he was unprepared for the faintest deception in others. Twice had the section noted that when up on questions Frazier was taking advantage of this, for when asked in a tone which clearly indicated that the answer as heard or understood was an error, Benny had, in repeating the answer, changed his words accordingly. Connell, naming no names, asked Mr. Otis and Mr. Glenn if this were considered fair. "No, sir; emphatically no, sir," was the reply.

One Friday night, with a lesson for the morrow that was unusually intricate, Frazier sat chuckling over an amusing book he had smuggled into barracks, while Pops was painfully laboring at his slate. Next morning at breakfast some one asked Benny how he "worked out the rule" in a certain case, and Benny laughingly answered,

"I haven't even looked at it yet."

"Well, then, you'd better be doing it," was the reply.

Frazier had counted on the fact that for three days past he had been up at the front board on the lesson of the day, and that there was no possibility of its happening this Saturday morning. If called up at all it would be on the work of the previous day. At any rate, after breakfast would be time enough. But so difficult was the demonstration, that when he fell in with his section he had not been able to finish it. That day was signalized by many a "cold fess" in the lower sections; but they were forgotten in view of what happened in the first. Connell and Harris in succession had faced about with "clean boards."

"I can do anything else in the lesson, sir, but not that," said the latter.

But "Scad" was not appeased. "This ought not to occur in the first section," he said. "That 'll do." Then looking around, as though searching for some one to do justice to the subject, his eye fell on Benny. "Mr. Frazier, take that demonstration."

And with a cold chill darting up his legs Benny went to the board. It was barely 8.30; there was no hope of stringing out his work so as to have it unfinished and unmarked when the bugle sounded. That might do

* Begun in Harper's Young People No. 732.

in the fifth section, but not in the first. Keeping up his bold, confident manner, he chalked briskly away, but praying trusting something might happen to help him through. Ames, at the next board, was deep in his own problem—a long, intricate matter. Nine o'clock boomed from the old tower, and still these two leaders faced their boards and figured away. At last Benny could see that Ames had skilfully and perfectly solved his problem, and that in the natural order of things he would be called on to recite as soon as Benton finished. Then would come his turn, and for the life of him he could not remember an important equation, on which everything depended—he, Frazier, the cadet so confidently booked for the head of the class! Then Benton began to stumble, and "Old Scad" went over to the board to explain. Ames finished his work, laid aside his chalk, dusted his fingers, gave a downward pull to his coat and an upward hitch to his trousers, picked up the pointer, and was about turning, when Frazier's hand touched his sleeve. On the board before him Benny had chalked as much of the needed equation as he remembered, followed by an interrogation mark. An appealing glance told what was wanted. Ames glanced anxiously about him, hesitated, colored, then impatiently took up the chalk, and while Scad's broad blue back was turned, rapidly wrote the missing links. Frazier copied, nodded gratefully, and went on. The claimant for the head of the class had sought and obtained and availed himself of the assistance of a rival. Scad neither saw nor suspected. The entrance of the Professor of Mathematics, making the rounds of his class, led to an exhaustive explanation of some difficult points in the day's lesson. Then Ames began reciting on his problem, and before he finished the bugle recall came ringing through the corridors.

"That 'll do, Mr. Ames; that 'll do, Mr. Frazier; section's dismissed," said Scad; and Benny was saved.

"It may do in the fifth section, by gum! but never in the first," said Wheeler and others that evening. "If Frazier comes out head, it's fraud, and nothing less."

But Benny held that as he didn't recite it made no difference. Yet when Monday came it was found that he had been marked 3 for the work which, had he been cross-examined, he could have explained only partially, on which but for Ames's aid he would have failed disastrously. Frazier's mark for the week was higher than that of the classmate at whose expense and personal risk Benny was saved.

"I'd rather be the foot of the class with your reputation, Pops, than head of the corps with Frazier's," said Connell, hotly, for Geordie was low in his mind. He had been given a hard demonstration that very morning, had failed, and now was fearful of going down another section.

And now, except weekly inspection and occasional guard duty, there were no formations under arms. Drills were discontinued. Study hours were longer. So were the lessons. The snow-flurries became frequent. The dark, dreary winter days were upon them. Geordie took his regular exercise, and was beginning to be looked upon as one of the likeliest athletes in the class. The gymnasium of those days was a primitive affair, but the instructor knew his business, and taught it. All the plebes began to look forward with eagerness or apprehension to the midwinter turning-point—the January examination. Once more, finding himself losing ground with his class, Benny was devoting himself to Pops. There is nothing more ephemeral than popularity, and no place where it counts for so little as West Point. Plebe leaders and idols sometimes hold their sway beyond the winter solstice, but rarely last till June. Then, little by little, men who were hardly noticed at the start begin to come forging to the front with the backing of solid respect, and these are the "stayers." When December came many a plebe had far more jovial greeting for Benny than for his grave, reticent roommate. But the "solid men" of the class, fellows like Ames and Connell, Benton and Ladd and Wheeler, sought the latter more and more with each succeeding day.

At last came the January examination. Geordie had been holding his own at moderate average marks for nearly a month, and knew that he was reasonably safe. Still, a bungling performance would be sure to throw him far down in the class, even though it did not throw him entirely out. He had been faithful, steadfast, systematic, and his honest work was beginning to tell. There was mad excitement in the class over the publication of the rolls. The result as to the head of the class was a foregone conclusion. Warned by his narrow escape in November, Frazier had "turned to" and really studied for several weeks, during which time his performance was brilliant, and even those of his classmates who neither trusted nor respected him were forced to admit that, so long as he chose to work and leave nothing to chance, he could take the lead and keep it. "But wait till next year, and he's beyond his depth in calculus," said upper class men.

One clear cold evening in January Mr. Glenn's voice was taxed to the utmost. For nearly forty minutes, with the long line of motionless gray overcoats for an audience, he read through sheet after sheet, page after page, of class standing in all manner of subjects. Our interests are only with the plebes. Despite lapses in discipline, Cadet Frazier led the Fourth Class in general standing. Some eighteen young fellows at the opposite end were declared deficient and discharged, and Geordie Graham found himself No. 38 out of 79 examined and passed. It was really better than he had hoped.

Then began the long pull for June. Each day the sun rose earlier and staid up longer. Geordie plodded on at his books steadily as ever, cheered by the glad letters from home, and taking comfort in the growing friendship of such fellows as Connell and Ames. Benny, elated with easy victory, had relapsed into his careless, defiant ways. Reports were frequent; explanations ditto. Rumors of allegations against reporting officers and assertions of innocence on Frazier's part "more ingenious than ingenuous" were again afloat. By the time March was ushered in his array of demerit, despite his explanations, was such that Geordie felt concerned, and gravely remonstrated. Frazier, ever intolerant of advice from anybody, resented Pops's interference. "It's all the fault of such outrageous rules and spying officers," said he. Already the plebes were eagerly canvassing the prospects for chevrons in June. Rumors of all kinds were afloat. The faintest hint dropped from the lips of such magnates as the cadet Captains or Adjutant went from mouth to mouth like wildfire, growing as it flew. "Connell, Forbes, Ames, and Pops were sure of chevrons," said the boys. Indeed, Pops was getting rid of that part of his name now, and being jocularly hailed on all sides as "corporal"; but the finest officer of the Beanton Battalion was not so much as mentioned in cadet prophecies. Of course they might have to make the head of the class something, but he had a good many demerits, and, what was more, was by no means certain of the head of the class again. He made beautiful figures in geometry and trigonometry and beautiful translations in French. He was "way up" in conversation, but he slipped occasionally in conjugation and grammar. The most fluent and easy speaker of the French tongue, Benny's mark was already lower than those of two young gentlemen who had never been abroad at all.

Then came another matter that showed the drift of public sentiment. A time-honored custom was the election of hop managers for the coming summer. There



"I'LL GIVE YOU FAIR WARNING I'LL TAKE NO MORE DEMERITS ON OTHER MEN'S ACCOUNT," SAID POPS.

were to be nine from the new First Class and six from theirs, and canvassing was already lively. Benny renewed his hospitalities, and sought to extend the circle of his guests, for of the former lot no less than six had been among the victims discharged. He began showing attention to many a classmate hitherto unnoticed. He had a confidential, caressing way of twining his arm around the boy he desired to win over as they walked off together, and all his arts were put in play.

The election was scheduled for the 15th of March, and despite the wintry and blustering weather the Hon. Mr. Frazier and his accomplished wife came from Beanton, bringing with them two very pretty cousins of Benny's, really charming girls, and Benny marshalled his classmates up to the hotel to see them on Saturday and Sunday, Pops blushing like a rose when Mrs. Frazier took his hand and said how glad she was to know the soldierly roommate of whom her dear boy had told her so much. Doubtless the fond mother thought how very fortunate Geordie was in being Benny's friend.

Altogether the little visit was a big success. Despite the open refusal of many to vote for Frazier, it was held that a young man with his social advantages could not fail to reflect credit upon the class. Enough ballots, therefore, were cast to barely squeeze him through, the lowest of the six.

"I'm sorry they didn't name you as one of them, corporal," he said; "but I suppose you fellows from the frontier don't go much on society."

And, as usual, Pops quietly grinned without making any reply, and, election over, Benny soon fell back into his old ways.

We must jump now to June. All through May Benny had been "bracing up for corporalship," for he could not but note how utterly his claims were ignored by his own classmates, while Pops kept on in the same steadfast line of duty, always prompt and alert, but silent; so reticent, in fact, and so halting at times in recitations, that he was looked upon by his instructors as slow. Delightedly the whole corps doffed the sombre gray and donned the white trousers on the 1st of June. Review and reception of the Board of Visitors went off in the usual finished style. The examinations of the graduating and furlough classes were rushed swiftly yet searchingly to their close, the Fourth Class sections being taken up rapidly, and disposed of in the same cold-blooded, businesslike style, and then, one glorious June morning, the whole corps marched as escort to the graduates to the front of the library, where the diplomas were presented with much ceremony and congratulation. Then back to the front of barracks they tramped and re-formed line, and Glenn's voice rang out the last order he was destined to read as Adjutant of the corps of cadets. All appointments hitherto existing in the battalion were annulled, and the following announced in their stead. To be captains, cadets so and so (Pops's first sergeant among them). To be adjutant, Cadet Blank. Then a list of lieutenants, another of sergeants, and then, to the thrilling interest of Geordie and his classmates, now become full-fledged yearlings, the list of corporals. Cadets Benton, Wright, Ames, and Connell, the first four; Harry Winn, eighth; Graham somewhere below the middle; Benny Frazier nowhere. The January head of the class was unplaced on the soldier list, and three days later was officially announced to have fallen from first to fourth in general standing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE CLOWN'S LITTLE BOY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part I.

GOBANG was a little city that never missed an opportunity for a celebration. The Fourth of July came earlier and staid later than anywhere else; bells rang and cannons roared and fire-crackers popped and fizzed for almost a week, and no one even hinted at nerves. At Thanksgiving all the neighboring towns poured their riches into Gobang: the plumpest poultry, the reddest apples, the prize squashes and pumpkins. Even the bees and the squirrels must have understood, as well as the boys and girls, that one must expect to do without good things to contribute to the Gobang Thanksgiving feast.

When Christmas came, of course Gobang was in its element. That was the season when they had time for a festival, people said, drawing a long breath; that meant that Gobang's river was frozen; not with a skim coating of ice that would be there to-day and melted to-morrow—Gobang did nothing by halves—but so solidly that it would be a thoroughfare for ox teams and heaviest loads of lumber all winter, and when the ice went out, late in March, or sometimes not until April, there would be a wonderful spectacle of huge ice blocks piling themselves up and tumbling over one another, like playful monsters in whirlpools of blue water.

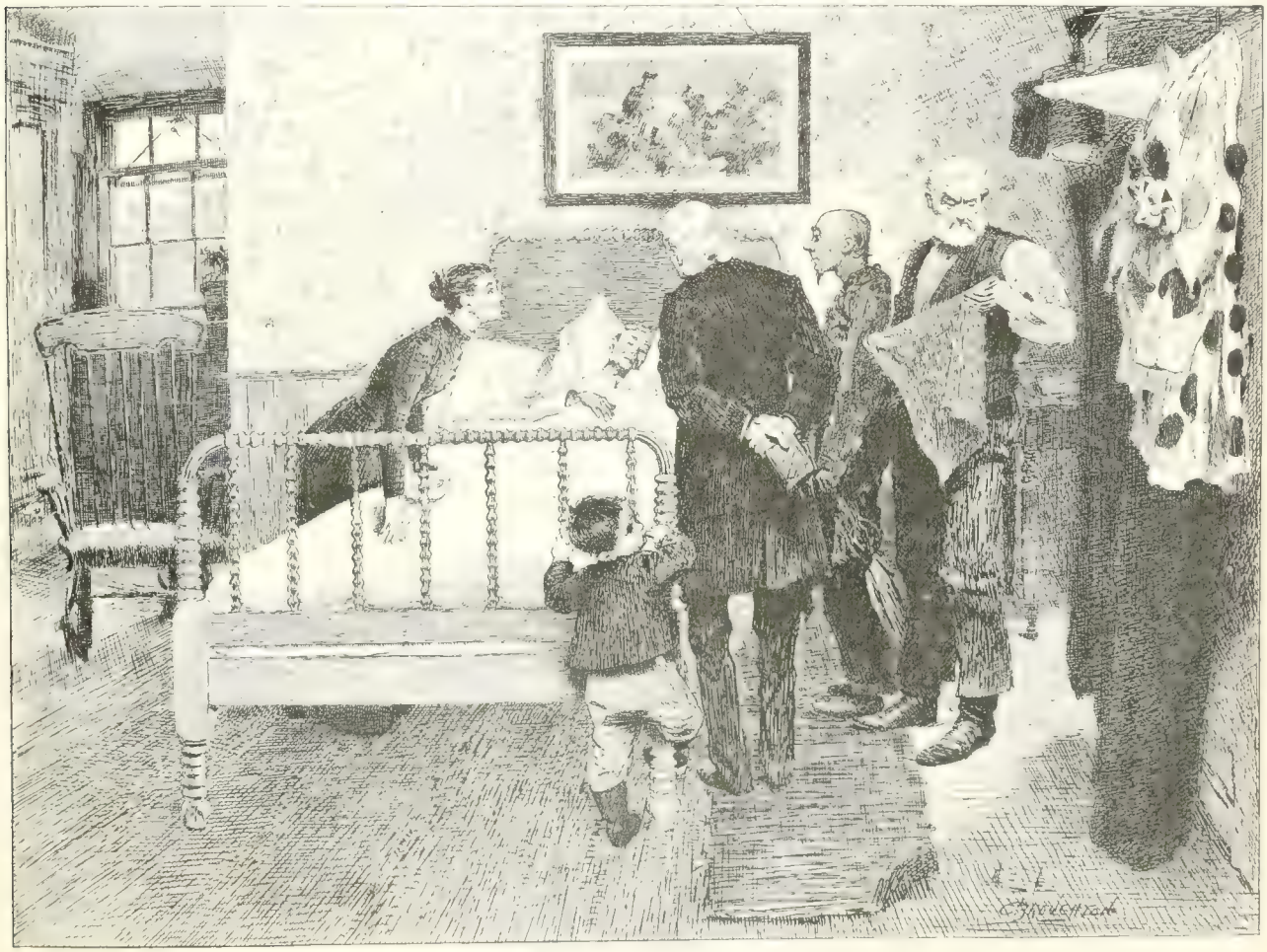
When the ice closed the river, Gobang felt as if it were cut off from the world. Business slackened and merry-making began, and every Gobanger spoke as if winter were the only season when he could have good times.

There was a circle of farming towns, Gilead and Carmel and Hebron and Cherryville, satellites of Gobang, and they thought they never had any good times at all. They were sleepy towns, and their boys and girls went to Gobang to seek their fortunes as soon as they were old enough, and sometimes the unaccustomed stir and noise of life went to their heads, like wine, and drew them farther out into the great world, so they were lost altogether to the old homesteads. And some of the old people in those towns wished that little Gobang had not been quite so prosperous, although it furnished them with a convenient market.

Carmel, which was also on the river, and only five miles above Gobang, had scarcely any celebrations at all. Its boys and girls went to Gobang to the Fourth of July celebration, but the older people wouldn't; they were a little envious of Gobang, which they said had stolen all their business, for Carmel had made as prosperous a beginning as Gobang. There had been ship-yards along its river front, and brick-yards upon its clay soil, but as Gobang prospered, Carmel had dwindled; it had settled into its ancient ruts of unambitious farming, and calmly saw its boys and girls driven away by poverty and lack of good times; calmly, but it didn't like Gobang.

One year the Carmel Selectmen voted an "appropriation" to celebrate the Fourth of July, but it was found that there was nothing in the treasury to appropriate; so that plan came to nothing. And that same year the Sunday-school picnic was given up because a Gobang man who owned Juniper Grove, on the river-bank, raised his price for the use of it. That was because Gobang people had begun to have picnics there.

But there are always compensations in this world, and that summer, for the first time, a circus came to Carmel.



"CLOWNS ARE A SIGHT LIKE OTHER FOLKS," SAID AUNT SABRINY.

Always before circuses had gone from Gobang across the great covered bridge to Gilead and Hackensack on the river on that side. This one a "world renowned" circus, too, with wonders enough to make a country boy's blood dance in his veins, sent flaming posters to deck the old stone walls and dilapidated fences and astonished roadside stumps in Carmel, and although the boys and girls were afraid it was too good news to be true, and would turn out like the Fourth of July oration, never-theless, to the thrilling strains of a band mounted very high in a gilded chariot—a most brilliant procession marched into Carmel on an August morning, and there was a circus performance in a huge white tent on the gun-house field. Carmel's gun-house was a relic of old prosperity; Gobang had its gun now. And if there was a boy in Carmel who wasn't there, it was because he hadn't been able to sell four quarts of blueberries or three strings of perch to secure the necessary "quarter." No, there was one boy who couldn't go, although he had money always tantalizingly in view in the glass windows of his dime savings-bank, and there was a girl who would have given, I am afraid, all her missionary money, and picked all the berries in Huckleberry Hollow, if she could only go; they were Caleb and Aurilly Scammell, the deacon's son and daughter. And Deacon Scammell didn't approve of circuses. Caleb and Aurilly heard that the minister over at East Lebanon let his children go, and they told their father so, but the deacon said he would have nothing to do with the unprofitable works of darkness save to reprove them.

And Caleb and Aurilly sat on the fence of the gun-house field, and listened to the bewitching music, to the shouts of laughter that greeted the merry clown, and of delighted wonder at the tricks of the animals, and wondered, with aching hearts, why such delightful things should be wicked.

That evening the circus performance was interrupted. The poor merry clown was stricken with paralysis. And there was no one to care for him. Carmel had no hotel, and, after all, outside of the circus tent Carmel shook its head at clowns. It didn't quite know what to make of them. And this one was a foreigner. He had a queer outlandish name, Monsieur Francillo; it was printed on the bills, and it was pronounced quite differently. Carmel liked names to be pronounced as they were spelled; it seemed not wholly righteous, or at least not quite respectable to pronounce them otherwise. The circus company was to move on in haste the next morning. Gobang had no hospital even if M. Francillo could have been carried so far. And then—of all people in Carmel!—it was good Deacon Scammell who opened his doors to the poor clown.

Caleb and Aurilly, who had never expected to see a real live clown, saw one reposing in the almost sacred downy depths of the spare bed, with his head on Aunt Sabriny's crocheted pillow shams! It was most astonishing and depressing to discover that he looked just like anybody else. Caleb and Aurilly, who were fourteen and fifteen respectively, had already sufficient experience of the hollowness of the world to bear up under this blow, but little Tobias thrust his fists into his eyes and gave vent, unrestrainedly, to his disappointment; and he was only slightly consoled when the clown's hastily packed trunk was opened, and his gayly painted mask and bell-trimmed tunic were disclosed.

A little old man was poor M. Francillo, with a care-lined face, and a sadness in his faded eyes as if his life had not been all a merry one. He could not move or speak aloud, but he whispered and moaned continually:

"My Alphonse—my poor child—my leetle boy!"

"Clowns are a sight like other folks," said Aunt Sabriny, with almost as much wonder as the children had felt. "He don't think of anything but his little boy."

The long summer days went by, and still M. Francillo lay in the spare bed at Deacon Scammell's, apparently scarcely conscious of his surroundings but calling piteously for his "little boy." Aunt Sabriny read the Bible to him, and the minister came and prayed, and Aunt Sabriny testified to an expression of devotion in his face which added to her bewilderment concerning clowns. Little Tobias informed every one gravely that he was "a good clown," in the same tone in which he assured timid people that his pet ox was "a good ox," and gradually all Carmel began to feel real sympathy for the clown. Flowers and fruit were sent to him continually, and such delicacies as Carmel housewives rarely concocted except at county conference time, or when a new minister was ordained. There was often a look of grateful recognition in M. Francillo's poor faded eyes as they rested on the people who were so kind to him, but all the voice that he could command was spent in calling for his child. Deacon Scammell and the minister and Uncle Levi Foss, who was the town oracle, although he was in the poor-house, all tried to find out from poor M. Francillo where the child was. But the clown would only shake his head in a perplexed, despairing way. The commercial traveller who made semi-annual trips to Carmel to replenish the stock of the one store inquired why in the name of common sense they didn't advertise. He seemed to have a theory that one could get anything in the world by advertising for it. Although Carmel regarded this theory with doubt and suspicion, Deacon Scammell and the minister and Uncle Levi Foss held a consultation upon it; but before they were half through consulting, lo and behold! the commercial traveller had expressed his opinion on the subject in Gobang, and in the Gobang *Bomb* appeared an advertisement announcing that "the Gobang authorities would be glad to receive any information concerning the whereabouts of the child of M. Francillo Duhanel, late of the F. & B. Transatlantic Circus."

The Gobang authorities!

Little Tobias Scammell voiced the sentiment of the Carmel community when he declared, with angry tears, "He isn't their clown, and they sha'n't have the baby." Aunt Sabriny said it was just like Gobang, and when some Gobang ladies drove over to see the clown, bringing hot-house flowers and delicacies of which Carmel didn't even know the name, she received them with chilling haughtiness, and indignantly repudiated the idea that it was any trouble to take care of the clown.

One of the Selectmen—it was Mr. Jeremiah Lufkin, the same one who thought bayberry tea was good enough for the paupers—said he thought Gobang ought to be allowed to assume the care and expense of the clown if it wished to, especially as M. Francillo's funds had been discovered to be very low and his child when found would be very likely to become a public charge. But the minister arose—it was at a town meeting—and said, tremulously, for he was a very old man, that he thought the hand of Providence had laid the responsibility upon them, and, undoubtedly, for a wise purpose. And the meeting voted to send advertisements to papers in the great cities, requesting that information about the child be sent to the Selectmen of Carmel.

While these skirmishes went on, the clown lay peacefully—more and more peacefully—in the spare bed at Deacon Scammell's; and one day—they always remembered that it was the day when they picked the late golden russets from the "stump fence" tree—they found that his soul had slipped away, and left the worn and helpless old body with a serene smile upon its wasted features. They buried it in the little Carmel cemetery. The circus company, to which he had belonged only a short time, knew nothing of his relatives or friends, and the very day after the funeral there came a letter from a man in

New York, a man with a queer French name, saying that the son of M. Francillo Delmonico was in Paris, but he would have the honor to bring him to Carmel at Christmas.

What should they do with him. There may have been a little consternation in the way in which Carmel people looked at each other as they asked this question, but there was more of a proud sense of responsibility. And when Gobang people were heard to say self-complacently that it was fortunate that their new orphan asylum was almost ready for occupancy, the question was changed to an assertion. They would do something with him; no one but themselves should take care of their clown's little boy!

But all the people were poor and struggling, as was almost every one in Carmel. Deacon Scammell was a little better off than the rest. But it was hard for Aunt Sabriny to "put up" with boys; she said that "Caleb and little Tobias were as much as she could stand."

Every one in Carmel, even those who were willing to take him, wished that there could be a better provision made for the clown's little boy.

Just in the nick of time Aurilly Scammell had a bright idea. It came to her in the middle of the night and seemed to come from a dream, although she could never remember just what the dream was. She had read a story the day before about some children who had held a fair to help a poor family, and in her dream a fair was being held in the old ruin of a town-hall, which Carmel had left unfinished, a prey to winter and rough weather; and a very rosy and smiling baby in pretty soft clothes and furs was floating about in a kind of halo above people's heads. It was a very mixed-up dream indeed, and the baby suddenly turned into the upright piano in Uncle Amasa's front parlor in Gobang; but, nevertheless, Aurilly awoke with an idea in her head. It thrilled her so that she felt constrained to sit up in bed and think about it, and almost found courage to go and waken Aunt Sabriny and tell her about it.

Selina was the one to share that idea—Aurilly's Cousin Selina—Uncle Amasa's daughter, who lived in Gobang. Selina was almost sixteen, and *very* stylish. She took lessons on the violin, and had a watch, and visiting-cards with "Miss Selina Scammell" on them. And she talked about "society." Aurilly had the very greatest respect for Selina.

If she could only consult Selina, Aurilly thought, eagerly; but, alas! her father and Uncle Amasa were not on good terms. She and Caleb were not allowed to speak to Selina and Ambrose, whose ages corresponded very nearly with theirs, and with whom they used to have the very best times.

It was about some timber-land which both claimed that the brothers had quarrelled at first, and then there had been a misunderstanding about the measurement of some lumber which Aurilly's father had sent to Uncle Amasa's wharf for sale.

Selina would be the very one to help, but she was forbidden to speak to Selina. She lay awake all the rest of the night with her restless head full of plans, and before breakfast she ran over to Viola Winter's house across the field to ask Viola to go to Gobang with her that afternoon. She had hit upon a plan that seemed very audacious. She was afraid it was wicked. But certainly Viola Winter had not been forbidden to speak to Selina.

It happened that Viola's father was going to Gobang with his last load of pumpkins that afternoon, and the two girls rode over with him. They drove through the fashionable street of Gobang, where all the finest residences were, and they hopped off the wagon as they caught sight of Selina tripping down the long flight of stone steps of her father's house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LIGHT BENT IRON-WORK.

BY J. HARRY ADAMS.

DID it ever occur to you what a number of pretty and useful things could be made of some bits of iron wire, a sheet or two of thin iron cut into narrow strips, and with a few tools, such as a small table vise, a pair of stout shears, and two or three pairs of different-nosed plyers or pincers.

If you thought it possible to make a pretty lamp-screen of some wire bent into curves and scrolls fastened together, or a candlestick or a lamp, or any number of other things equally useful, it would, perhaps, be but a very short time before you would have made several pretty and useful objects. It is not a difficult matter to make any of the things shown in the illustrations, and if you follow the directions it will require but a little patience and time to produce many pretty things, such as boxes, grilles, lamps, etc.



FIG. 1.

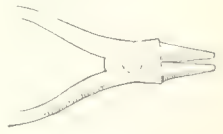


FIG. 2.

In order to work conveniently you will require a medium-sized pair of flat-nosed pincers like Fig. 1, and a pair of round-nosed ones like Fig. 2, also a pair of stout shears to cut the sheet-iron with, and a file.

A small table vise is not a positive necessity, but will be very handy when you wish to bend a sharp angle in stout wire or sheet-iron; it will also be very useful to hold a wire frame-work when fastening light scrolls to it. The materials needed will be several thin sheets of stove-pipe iron that may be purchased from a tinsmith; be sure to get the best grade of cleaned iron, as that will cut and bend nicely—the common grade is not fit to work with, as it will not bend easily, and will crack or even break off when you try to bend a small curve.

You will also need a few yards each of several different sizes of iron wire, some quite fine and some about as coarse as that used for telegraph and telephone connections, but it must not be galvanized as telegraph wire is.



FIG. 3.

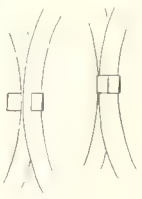


FIG. 4.

With these tools and materials you will be prepared to make some objects. It is best at first to start with something comparatively simple, so an easy thing to make will be a small hanging screen for a lamp-shade or gas globe, to shield one's eyes while reading.

Design No. 1 is a neat arrangement of scrolls and a simple one to work out, by first making a six-inch square of the sheet iron cut into strips about three-sixteenths of an inch wide. Let it be just six inches square, with the ends meeting at the centre of the top and projecting up a distance of two or three inches; one end may be longer than the other, and bent over to form an eyelet, from which the screen should be suspended.

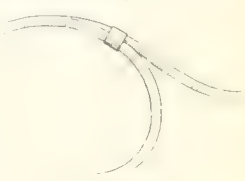
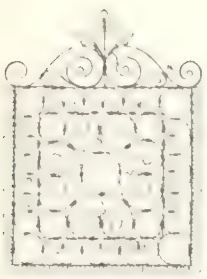


FIG. 5.

Then make a square four inches, to go inside of the larger one; bend four rings of the narrow iron band, and fasten them in the four corners, thus holding the outer and inner squares together and in place. It will then be an easy matter to fill in the remaining spaces with scrolls by following the lines of the design.

Bend the top scrolls next, and fasten them on; they



No. 1. The Screen.

must be bent evenly and nicely, as otherwise they will not look well.

The outside rail or sides and bottom of the screen is of the thin narrow iron, and bent with the round nosed pincers; it should look like Fig. 3, and can be fastened to the screen frame with thin iron wire caught through every second or third curve of the frill, until the whole edge is bound.

The bands and scrolls of iron are to be fastened to each other by bringing two flat surfaces together, and binding them with a small piece of the iron band, as shown in Fig. 4; squeeze these little pieces tightly with the pincers so as to make a tight union.

If the iron should not bend well, but crack or break, then use thin brass or zinc, either of which will not break, and when painted will look the same as iron.

After your screen is finished it must be given a coat or two of a good dead black paint, that will dry with a flat surface—that is, without a gloss such as ordinary paint has when dry.

This paint, or "Berlin black," as it is called, can be made by thinning ordinary ivory black ground in oil, with equal parts of turpentine and Japan drier mixed together.

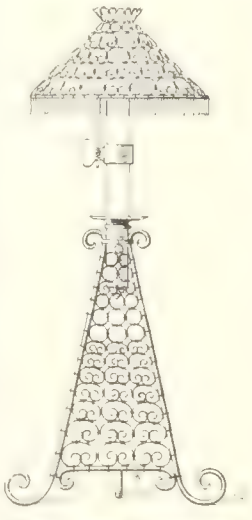
The black may be thinned to the desired consistency, and applied to the iron-work with a soft brush, a camel's hair brush that may be purchased at a paint or drug store for five or ten cents will answer very well. After a coat has been applied, let it stand for a day or two before applying another, so that the first coat will be thoroughly hard, otherwise it might have a tendency to become gummy.

Now to make your screen complete and be of use, have your mother or sister hem a piece of silk or other good material the size of the outer frame-work; that is, six inches square, and sew this fast to the iron-work, stretching it taut, and sewing it all around the outer edge to the iron rib with black sewing silk; this will be the real screen, while the bent iron-work grille is but the frame-work on which to stretch it.

A little screen like this will make a very pretty and acceptable present or birthday gift, and will be highly appreciated as being something you have made.

Another pretty and useful object to make is a candle-stick. Design No. 2 shows a simple one to make.

Find an old candlestick and rip the bottom off, leaving the sheath or stick part; rivet this fast to one end of an oval-shaped piece of sheet-iron about five inches long and three and a quarter inches wide, bent up around the edge so that it will form a sort of dish or saucer shaped affair. Bend two feet from pieces of stout wire, and bind them fast to the bottom of the iron dish with wire caught through small holes punched in the iron tray.



No. 3. Taper Candlestick.

Make a handle the right size and proportion to the upright piece, and hold this in place at the top by a wire of the same thickness caught around the candle-socket, and then forming the bridge, and finally curving upward, and forming the hook from which the snuffer is suspended.

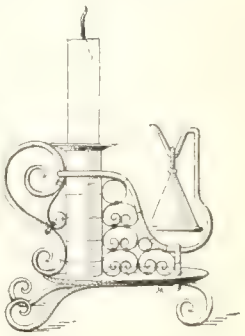
The lower end of handle is to be riveted fast to the iron dish, and also bound to the socket by fine wires that pass around, and serve to bind both the handle and pieces of scroll grille to the socket or candlestick.

The lower part of the snuffer-hook is held in position by a wire of the same thickness, that passes down through a hole in the iron dish, and is bent around the scroll feet.

The remaining of grille work is easily bent and fastened in place, and after the candlestick is finished it should be given two or three coats of paint; when it is dry it will then be ready for use.

When bending wire scrolls where two or more run together and form one, the wire should be filed flat a little on the main scroll, and bevelled or filed to a flat point on the end of the joining one, so the wires will fit nicely together, and can be fastened with a little band as shown in Fig. 5. Design No. 3 is a suggestion for an ornamental candlestick as a bit of table or mantel decoration, and is made of stout wire and thin narrow strips of sheet-iron.

First obtain an old tin candlestick, and secure the socket part. Then bend three side ribs of stout wire, with curved ends, and three pieces as ribs at the bottom, with curved ends also. Bind the socket and top ends of the three side ribs firmly together with wire, and fasten the bottom ribs securely in place, after which the three sides of grille-work may be fitted in and fastened by following the lines of the design.



No. 2. Candlestick.

A good proportion for this candlestick is about nine inches high and four or five inches wide across the bottom of one side, where the lower rib is fastened.

The canopy or shade you can make of the thin narrow iron strips; they should not be more than one-eighth of an inch wide, and consequently will bend very easily, so be careful to get the scrolls even and nicely formed. Make the bottom hoop and the ring at the neck of medium-sized iron wire, and be sure to bend them perfectly round, as otherwise they will not look well. When the iron-work is finished and painted, the shade will look well lined with silk, which can be fastened to the grille with black sewing silk.

A canopy support provided with a spring grip to clasp the candle may be bought at any fancy lamp or shade store for a few cents, and if brass, it must be painted black, to correspond with the iron-work.

A little silk fringe around the bottom edge of the shade will add greatly to the appearance, and when all parts are complete, the result will be a very pretty and attractive piece of useful ornament.

Design No. 4 is a pretty table lamp made of stout wire and strips of sheet-iron. You can buy at a lamp store a metal font, a duplex burner, and a tripod to support the shade for any price ranging from fifty cents to a dollar and a half. A tin font is just as good as a brass one for this purpose, as it will be painted black; so will the brass burner and the tripod. The first thing to make will be the frame-work for the base. This should be about six or seven inches square at the top and eight inches at the bottom; that is, about where the lower rib is fastened, and not to the outside of the scroll feet. A good height is from six to seven inches, and the frame should be well wired and firmly secured together to hold the weight of the lamp and shade.

The inner rib or frame-work should be an inch smaller all around than the frame proper, and fastened to it at each corner by a ring of band iron, after which the scroll design will be an easy matter to fill in from the drawing. When this is completed, make a hoop to fit in the top, and wire it fast to the top of the sides. This hoop should

be large enough to allow the font to drop down in place, and the flange at the top of the font will rest on it. The four triangular spaces left—one at each corner of the top can be filled in with scroll-work, after which the body of the lamp will be finished.

The shade will be the next thing to make, and built up from the bottom hoop, which should be the right size to fit the tripod that will support it.

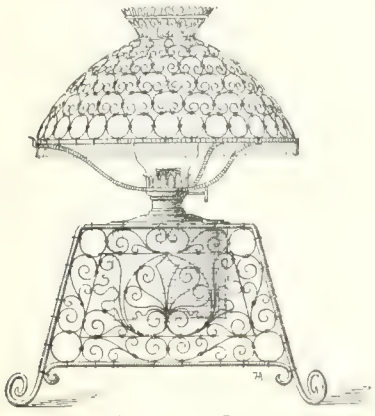
Build the first row of rings all around, and on top of this a row of scrolls; continue building these, gradually decreasing the size until the top is reached, where a neck band or hoop is to be wired fast, and on top of this the flaring collar or top flange can be fastened to complete the shade.

The appearance will be very much improved if it is lined with a pretty colored China silk; light orange, pink, or a delicate green harmonizes very well with the black iron, and forms a pleasing contrast.

Silk fringe around the lower edge will give the shade a good finish, and when the iron-work is painted black, the effect of the completed lamp will be very satisfactory.

Design No. 5 is a pretty grille screen for the upper part of a doorway, and is made of the heaviest stove-pipe iron cut into strips a quarter or five sixteenths of an inch wide.

The most practical way to construct a grille of this description is to measure the inside width of the door-casing you wish to make it for, and then lay out the full size of the design on a piece of smooth brown paper. First draw the outside line representing the frame, and then fill in the scroll design, beginning with the centre ornament, and working in both directions until the whole design is drawn out. Over this drawing you can bend



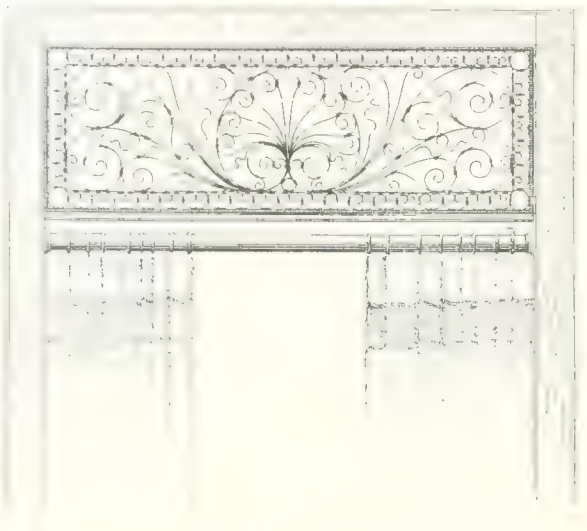
No. 4. Table Lamp.

and form each scroll, and fasten it in place, and you will find it much easier to work in this way with a plan than by guessing how the scrolls should be bent in form and size. It will be well to have a blacksmith make the outside frame for you of flat iron, three-eighths of an inch wide, and about one-eighth of an inch thick. If made of iron this size it will be stiff enough to afford you a good substantial frame within which to fasten the ornamental scrolls.

This grille, when finished and painted black, may be fastened in place to the wood-casing with four screws passed through two holes in the top and one in each side of the iron frame. The grille may be placed in the centre of the casing or at one side, and a thin shelf of wood fastened under it, on which an odd saucer or two or a high vase may rest. Under this shelf the curtain-pole should be arranged in sockets screwed fast to the casing, and from it the curtains may hang, and thus you have a very pretty and artistic arrangement for a doorway.

Design No. 6 is an idea for a pretty silk-lined iron box, as a receptacle for handkerchiefs, neckties, or gloves, and should be about fourteen inches long, seven wide, and four or five inches high including the claw feet.

Make the top, sides, front, and back, separate panels,



No. 5. Door Grille.

using for the frame-work stout iron wire; when you have made the front, back, and two ends, fasten them together firmly with wire at each corner, and fit a thin wooden bottom in, fastening it to the wire frame with staples driven in around the edge, thus making it fast to the bottom rib of each panel. The cover can be fastened to the top rib of the back panel by wire, or tied with ribbon to act as a hinge.

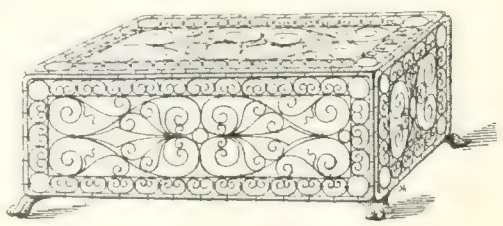
You can buy the claw feet at a hardware store, and screw one fast to the wood bottom under each corner. They will probably be of brass, but when blacked will look like iron.

After the iron-work is painted, the box and cover may be lined with a pretty plain or figured silk, and a padded cushion placed in the bottom.

The proper way to make a padded cushion is to cut from a piece of stiff card or paste board an oblong of the desired size; over one side of this spread cotton to pad it, and over the cotton stretch cheese-cloth or thin muslin to hold the cotton in place; glue the edges of the muslin to the other side of the pasteboard, and when this is accomplished you will have a pad that may be in turn covered with whatever material the box is lined with.

The final covering must be drawn over the pad, and the edges glued on the wrong side, the same as the muslin. This pad can be made fast to the bottom of the box with a few drops of glue here and there, enough to make it adhere to the wood.

Many other things both pretty and useful can be made of this light iron and wire, such as hanging lamps, photo



No. 6. Silk-lined Box.

graph-frames, watch-racks, match-boxes, collar and cuff boxes, small easels, table-screens, ash-receivers, cigar-holders, and, in fact, almost anything from a simple spool-rack to a large hanging chandelier.

## FLYING MACHINES.

THERE is nothing more interesting to any boy — or any man, for that matter — than the possibility of putting on wings or getting in a machine and moving off into space. Long before we had any railroad trains or any



THE JUMP FROM THE TOWER.

telegraph wires, post-offices or electric machines—many centuries ago, in fact—men were working away trying to get something that would carry them along through the air. By-and-by somebody invented a machine which was lighter than the air, and that was a balloon. The inventor forced gas that was very much lighter than air into a great ball of silk or similar strong light cloth, and the gas in its endeavors to go up in the air carried not only the silk covering, but a car hung below it, and a man in the car.

That was all very well, and balloons are still fascinating things, from the little toy balloon that you watch as it goes off into the sky before the wind, to the big Fourth of-July balloon, that goes up too, but carries two or three men with it. And there is no use denying that everybody rather wishes he could go up in a balloon just once to see how it feels. These big and little balloons always go just where the wind blows them, and of course they go just as fast as the wind. The men in the car can throw out a sand-bag and the balloon will rise, or they can let out a little of the gas and it will fall.

Then somebody put a big propeller, like a windmill, or rather like the "screw" of an ocean steamer, at one side of the car, and set it whirling by means of an engine in the car, and tried to force the balloon in one direction or



another along the same level without rising or falling. That is as far as inventors got for many years. It did not work well, because the wind almost always blows ten miles an hour at least, and in order to stay still in one place the engine had to force the balloon ahead against this wind at the rate of ten miles an hour. To "gain ground," so to speak, the engines had to work a great deal faster and than on the calmest days. When this was tried it was usually found that the fragile balloon got torn to pieces by being pulled about this way and that.

In the mean time there were instances when it was seen how valuable balloons may be. For example, when the German armies were around Paris, bombarding it, the Parisians went up in balloons, and they could see all that was going on, and being attached to the earth inside the city by a long rope, they could report what the Germans were doing. The famous leader of the Parisians, M. Gambetta, wanted to get out and organize an army in the country outside Paris to attack the Germans from the rear. And any boy who will take the trouble to read the history of that time will read of the wonderful way in which Gambetta went up in a balloon and drifted with the wind across the country, till he finally could land safely, and there he did organize the army.

All this showed how much benefit could be obtained from flying through the air, even in a balloon that must go with the wind, and just where the wind chose to take it. How much better it would be if something could only be arranged by which the balloon could be made to go against the wind! And so they worked for years. As all the attempts failed, inventors—and some of them are very practical men, such as Professor Langley, at Wash-



KEEPING BALANCE WITH HIS LEGS.

ington, and Professor Maxim, of London, who made the famous Maxim gun—began to watch birds. They watched such birds as the turkey-buzzards in the Southern States of our country. Of course the turkey-buzzard is heavier than the air, yet he stays up there notwithstanding, and, strange to say, he sails along for hours without once moving his outstretched wings. That is, he "soars," as we say. He goes around in a great circle, rises gradual ly, falls gradually, and moves this way and that.

These inventors took such a simple thing as a piece of paper which anybody may try for himself and they noticed that the paper when let fall did not drop at once, but "scaled" off in one direction, then tilted a little and scaled back again, and by-and-by fluttered to the ground, but it took a good while to get there. It was a simple thing to say that if they had an enormous sheet, say one hundred feet square, made of a light frame-work with silk stretched over it, it would probably do just what the paper did, but if they could tilt it a little against the wind, the wind blowing under it would cause the plane to rise and go against it, just what the turkey-buzzard does, in fact, or somewhat as the sail of a boat does for the boat. If the wind caught the plane on top, by the least bit of an angle, the machine would glide downward.



A GUST OF WIND.

Here was a new idea. The machine was heavier than the air, as the paper and the turkey-buzzard are, and yet it might stay up and move against the wind if it could be properly directed, and so the idea of a balloon has been practically abandoned, and Professor Langley and Professor Maxim and many others are now at work on the *aeroplane* idea. Professor Maxim's idea, and he is working on it now, is to build such a great stiff silk shell with huge propellers behind it and a car underneath holding the engines and the men. The machinery, which is to be as light as possible, is to be so arranged that a man in the car can tilt the plane exactly as he wishes, and the propellers can be made to go fast or slow as he desires.

When his machine is ready his idea is to put it on wheels like an ordinary car, but the wheels are to be so fixed that by touching a spring they can be detached from the flying-machine and left behind. Then he means to put the whole thing on a short railroad built for the purpose. When all is ready he will start the propellers revolving. The machine will move along the track on its wheels, and as soon as the car is well started he will tilt the plane a little upwards at the forward part, touch the spring that holds the wheels to the cars, and leaving these behind, the whole flying-machine will rise into the air. When he comes down he intends doing the same thing in reverse order. There is to be another light set of wheels always attached to the car, and as the machine comes "soaring" down towards a big open field or plain, it will be suddenly tilted a little upward at the forward part, going against the wind, and pretty soon it will come



WELL STARTED.

almost to a standstill, when the engineer may safely let it touch the earth, or run a short distance on its wheels.

While Maxim is working on this machine, a German inventor named Otto Lilienthal has actually built a machine on the same idea, but a little different principle, in a place called Steglitz, near Berlin. He has tried it, and has himself "flown" two hundred and fifty yards from a tower. The tower was built partly for the purpose of holding the machine when it was not in use, but principally to give him a place to jump off when he starts. You will see it in the illustrations which accompany this article. The pictures themselves are drawn from six instantaneous photographs taken of Herr Lilienthal during one of his trial trips.

His flying-machine is made of a very light frame-work of willow, over which some light cloth has been tightly stretched. Its form is plainly seen to be like the two wings of a huge bat, with a great tail or steering apparatus behind. The two wings when open cover 150 square feet. They work by some machinery which causes them to open and shut like a real bat's wings. Herr Lilienthal jumps from his tower, and starts off flapping his enormous wings. If a gust of wind strikes him on the side he keeps his balance by throwing his legs to one side or the other, and he has made many flights already without serious accident of any kind.



GETTING READY TO ALIGHT.

If he succeeds, there will be a great change in our daily life, and it seems probable that some of us who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE now may live to see that done regularly.

## THE ORDER OF THE ROUND TABLE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HO! gallant Knights and Ladies fair,
Wherever you may be,
I waft you greetings on the air
That sweeps from sea to sea.
Here, walking near Long Island Sound,
I hear your heralds speak;
Their challenge rings the land around,
From Boston to Pike's Peak.

The Alleghanies catch the strain,
The Rockies take it up,
The sighing of its soft refrain
Is in Missouri's cup.
The Mississippi sings it through
Its miles of yellowing foam;
It falls in music soft as dew
On many a school and home.

What is the wondrous magic word
Through all the continent,
That floats and flows in note and chord,
By myriad voices sent?
'Tis just "be good! be true! be right!"
Wherever they are found
So chant the Knights and Ladies bright
Who gird our Table Round.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.

THE SAUSAGE WELL.

NATURAL HISTORY RIDDLE.

A SMALL boy had been diligent in studying punctuation. As a reward his father took him to see the trained lions and tigers.

BOY. "Father, why is a sentence with a comma like that lion?"

FATHER. "Dear me! yes, to be sure. Capital! something about t-a-i-l and t-a-l-e? Good. Give me something harder next time."

BOY. "No. You are way off."

FATHER. "You don't say so! Well, what is the answer?"

BOY. "A sentence with a comma is like a lion, because the first has a pause at the end of its clause, and the other claws at the end of its paws. See?"

SURE OF VENGEANCE.

PAPA. "Well, Charlie, what would you like to be when you get to be a man?"

CHARLIE. "A policeman."

PAPA. "Why do you want to be a policeman?"

CHARLIE. "I want to arrest Johnny White some day for stealing my new ball."

"OUCH!" exclaimed little Stirling, as the old wood-sawyer began filing his saw, "that tastes like poison."

TOMMIE. "Papa, when people sell things by the pound, do they ever weigh the scales?"

PAPA. "Certainly not, my boy."

TOMMIE. "Then how do they weigh fish?"

TEACHER. "Arthur, why were you not at school this morning?"

ARTHUR. "My mother sent me to match some dress goods."

TEACHER. "Well, why did you not come this afternoon?"

ARTHUR. "I haven't got back yet."

ROBBIE'S COMPLAINT.

"I'm mad! They've named my brother 'George'
From mamma's brother. I can't see
Just why, if they like me so much,
They couldn't name him after me!"

JACK. "Mamma, please give me fifty cents to buy peanuts with?"

MOTHER. "Why, Jack, what are you going to do with fifty cents' worth of peanuts?"

JACK. "Tom Black said I could not keep my mouth going for one hour, and I want to show him that I can."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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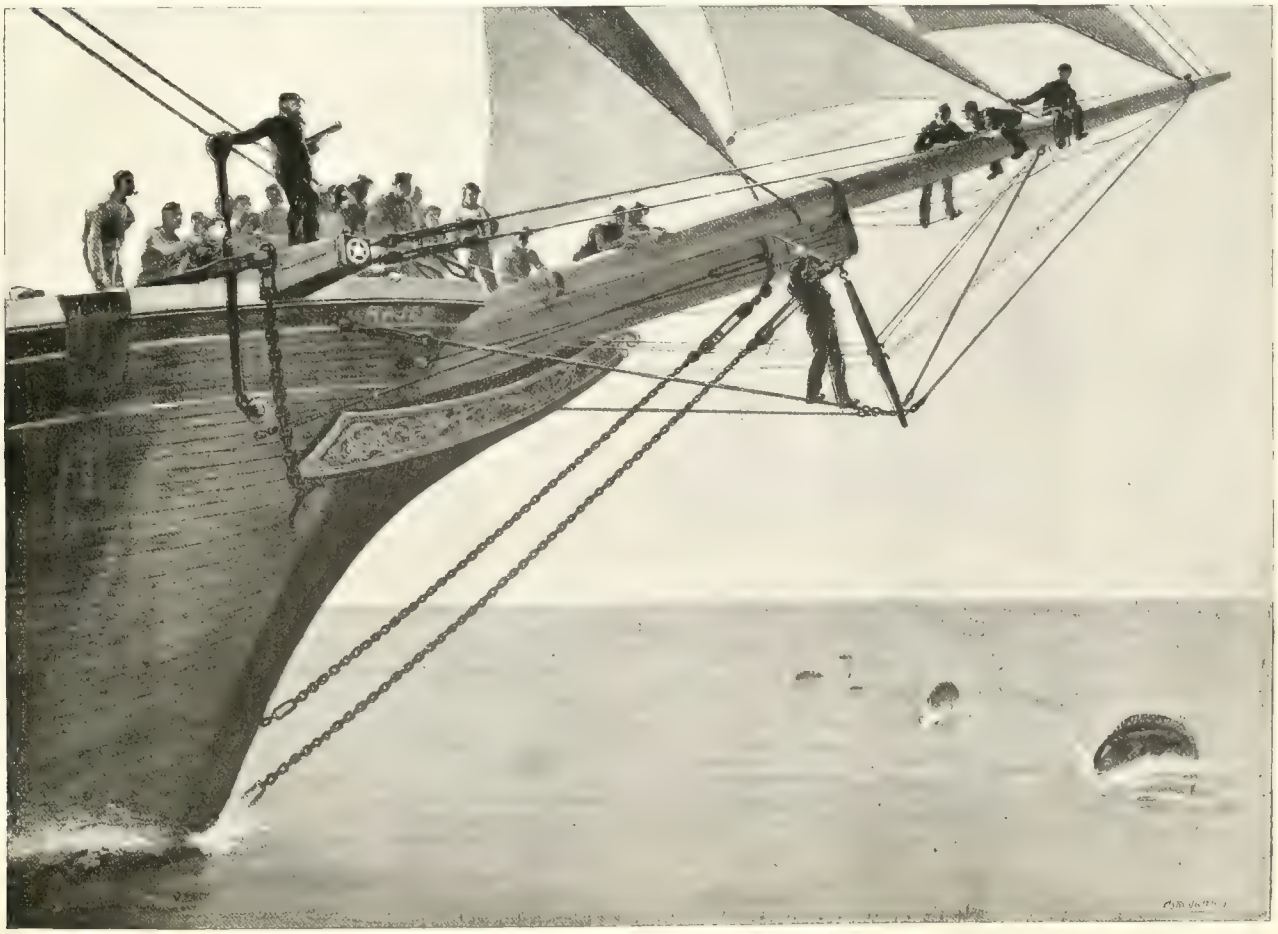
FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# SPEARING A SEA-PIG.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

AFTER passing through the region of the equator, with its shifting winds, its fierce tropical rain-squalls, and its long days of scorching heat, the good ship *Rajah* struck the southeast trade-winds in about 6° south latitude. They were quite stiff, and as the vessel, with all plain sail set, listed to the force of the wind, she went eight and a half knots an hour—not bad for an old-timer close-hauled on a bowline. Every night the Southern Cross and the other constellations of stars that were new to us who had lived north of the equator rose higher and higher in the heavens.

The sea was full of bonitos, and we caught some with hook and line, but more with what seamen call the "grains," which is a weapon shaped like Neptune's trident, with the difference that it has four or five sharp prongs of equal length instead of three. This weapon is attached to a light ashen pole about eight feet long, to which a strong line is made fast. The fisherman stands on the martingale back-rope, and makes himself fast to the bobstay. Then, as the bonitos caper round the cutwater, he watches one victim, and if his eye is sharp and his aim good, he probably hits it, hauls it in, and throws it into a large canvas bag made fast to some convenient part of the head-rigging.



Spearing bonitos is rattling good sport, but it requires a good deal of nerve and pluck, and also that faculty of "hanging on by the eyelids" that only sailors possess. The pastime is by no means unattended with danger, especially if the ship is going fast through the water and the sea is at all rough. I remember a very painful incident that occurred on my last voyage to Madras and back. We were homeward bound, and were running along in the northeast trade-winds which blew with such strength that we could carry nothing above our top gallant sails, the royals and flying jib being furled. One of our apprentices, a young fellow who wasn't afraid of anything, and who was as smart as a lascar, met his death because of his devotion to the sport.

The captain had forbidden the boys to use the grains while the strong wind continued. He had also ordered the second mate to stow the spear away in his berth, knowing how fond Ralph Lyman was of going over the bows with the grains and trying his luck. It was Ralph's watch on deck from four o'clock to eight o'clock in the morning, and while the second mate was pacing the poop Ralph stole quietly into the cabin, opened the door of his berth, and rummaged round until he found the grains. Then he took it forward and concealed it in the head without any one seeing him.

At eight o'clock it was Ralph's watch below. He wasted no time over his breakfast, just nibbling at a chunk of hardtack and drinking a pannikin of coffee. Then he left the apprentices' berth, and was never again seen by his messmates. At seven bells, when the watch below was called to dinner before going on deck again at noon, Ralph could not be found. A search was made for him, which lasted more than an hour. At last one of the sailors happened to look over the lee bow. There, trailing in the water, he saw the grains, with a big bonito stuck on its prongs. Ralph's disappearance was thus silently but clearly explained. He had either lost his balance while in the act of spearing a fish or had been washed off the back-rope by a sudden plunge of the ship. Of course he must have been struck by the stem as he fell, and then sunk immediately. We were all sorry for poor Ralph. He was a general favorite with all hands, always of a bright and cheery disposition, and he had promised to make an excellent sailor. When the captain heard of his loss he threw the grains overboard, and vowed he would never carry such an implement again on his ship.

But no such mishap occurred to us on the *Rajah*. Good fortune attended all our fishing attempts. The captain's appetite for anything adorned with a fin was often satisfied. Bonitos and flying-fish fresh from the ocean were an agreeable change from salt cod, the only fish included in the ship's stores. These codfish, by-the-way, were stowed away in a box lashed securely in the mizzentop. And talking about this box reminds me that it was the steward's duty to go aloft and get his supply of codfish whenever any were wanted, but as he had been brought up in the army his head grew dizzy whenever he got past the sheer-pole. He made a solemn compact with one of the boys, who agreed to perform this duty for him, and in return he was to pay the boy six lumps of sugar every time he went aloft. Sugar was a great luxury at sea in those days, molasses being the only sweet served out to Jack Tar, and only quite limited quantities at that.

The skipper one morning observed this boy in the mizzentop, and saw him open the box and take out two codfish, which he brought down with him from aloft, coming down the rigging on the lee side. As soon as his foot touched the deck the skipper grabbed him by the neck and shook him as a terrier would a rat.

"You young imp of darkness!" he exclaimed. "I'll teach you to steal my codfish! And that in broad daylight, too, you brazen brat!" he continued, as the enormity of the boy's offence gradually came over him.

"Ple-ase, sir—ple-ase, sir," blubbered the terrified lad, "the steward told me to."

"Oh, the steward told you, did he?" shouted the skipper. "We will inquire into this."

The steward was summoned on deck. He could see by the stern expression on the captain's face that he was going to get what he called a "tarnation good wigging," but he little suspected what a fearful experience was ahead of him.

It took only a few minutes for the skipper to find out the true inwardness of the situation, and as he was rather at a loss for amusement, he resolved to have a little fun with the steward. First he commanded the crying boy to restore the codfish to their box in the top. Then he addressed himself to the steward in his harshest tones, as follows:

"I'll give you a lesson, you lubber! Just lay aloft there smartly and get the codfish for my dinner. What did you ship for, you soldier, if you couldn't do your duty? I don't carry more cats aboard this craft than can catch mice. Up you go, or you shall have a taste of this rope's-end. Get way on you now at once."

The steward was almost scared to death. He made a leap for the rigging in fear and trembling, and began to clamber up the ratlines, clinging to the shrouds with a deathlike grip. He was a short "tubby" individual, and his progress was very slow. At last he got hopelessly jammed in the "lubber's-hole," and could not wriggle out to save his life. In fact, the more he writhed the harder he got jammed. His cries for help were pitiful, but the skipper was enjoying the whole scene too heartily to show the least mercy. And there he kept him for more than twenty minutes, with nearly all the ship's company gazing and chuckling and jeering at the poor chap.

At last he ordered a couple of men aloft to release him from his painful predicament. They handled the poor steward pretty severely, for a sailor cordially detests any one that has ever been in the army.

The steward when he reached the deck presented a sorrowful spectacle. His knees were shaking with fright, and he told me afterward that he was so dizzy he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. If he hadn't been jammed so tight in the "lubber's-hole," he would certainly have fallen to the deck or into the water. He wasn't himself again for several days. He had a private talk with the captain, who was at heart a capital fellow—a sort of rough diamond. I don't know what happened during the interview, but the poor steward was never ordered aloft again. Once in a lifetime he declared was once too often for him.

It did not take long for the *Rajah* to run out of the southeast trades and get into the region of the variable winds. It was then that we came into the region which Mr. Bentley said was the place for porpoises. Mr. Bentley, the second mate, used to describe himself as "a powerful hand with an iron." His "iron" or harpoon was his particular pet. It hung in brackets over his bunk, and shone bright as a cavalryman's sabre. Many a blood-curdling yarn of his prowess with that harpoon did he spin to me as we paced the poop together in the long and weary watches of the night. He told me that if ever we fell in with a school of porpoises during the voyage, and the weather was "a-suitin' and a-fittin'," he would show me some fine sport, and also allow me to taste the most savory dish that a hungry sailor ever brought up before. This promise aroused my appetite and excited my curiosity, and I was, of course, anxious for a school of porpoises to come along.

We had seen many porpoises during the passage, but the weather had never been exactly right for good work

with the harpoon. The ship had always been sailing too fast to strike them as they gambolled in the foam at the bow. But the conditions of the wind and sea were, at the time I speak of, splendidly adapted for successful harpooning, the water smooth as a land-locked lake on a sultry summer afternoon when the wind is slumbering. The light air was softly blowing so that it scarcely swelled out the sky-sails, and the ship was not going through the water faster than three miles an hour. It was not favorable weather for a shipowner or a shipmaster ambitious to make a fast passage, and the skipper was consequently not in the best of tempers.



AND WHAT A FEAST WE POOR FAMISHED SEAFARERS ENJOYED THAT EVENING!

A few fleecy clouds floated in the sky. The skipper paced the poop. The glories of sea and sky had no charm for him. What he wanted to see was a howling breeze that would drive the *Rajah* south to the stormy region of the "roaring forties," where the westerly gales blow all the time, and often with the force of a hurricane.

Glass in hand the captain walked the deck, every now and again levelling his telescope to windward in the vain hope of discovering a catspaw as the forerunner of a coming breeze. But there wasn't even the slightest sign of a ruffle on the surface of the sea. The skipper whistled for wind, but it came not. He went below and took a thimbleful of grog in the hope of changing his luck. When he came up the companionway he seized his glass and resumed his task of gazing to windward.

What was it that made the skipper lay his glass down on the skylight, and roar out in his loud voice for the second mate to come quickly on deck, and bring his harpoon with him?

As far away to windward as you could see there was a school of porpoises heading straight for the ship. There seemed to be at least a thousand of them. Some of them were so lively that they leaped completely out of the water, and their black backs and white bellies gleamed in the sunshine. The skipper's mouth watered at the sight of them, and the second mate's eyes glistened again as he caught a glimpse of them over the weather-rail.

Harpoon in hand he rushed along the main-deck, and tumbled up the ladder that led to the top-gallant forecastle. He plunged over the bow so quickly that you would have thought he was about to jump overboard. Several sailors followed him, eager for a slice of "sea pig." His "iron" was soon rigged for business, the line attached to it being rove through a block hooked to the end of the bowsprit. Several men stood by holding the other end of the line, ready to haul in smartly should the second mate make a successful strike.

Closer and closer came the porpoises, playful as monkeys, puffing and snorting, and sending the water up in sprays as they rose to the surface to blow. They swam along six or eight abreast, and the procession extended half a mile. They were bound to the westward, probably to some well-known feeding-ground, and were making fast progress on their course.

The porpoise, like others of his tribe, has the bump of curiosity largely developed. He enjoys nothing more than diving under a ship's bottom, and exploring the secrets of her shape beneath the water-line. To play about the plunging prow of a vessel heeling over to a stiff breeze is always an irresistible attraction. Whenever a herd of these fish are met in the ocean you can almost always rely upon their keeping company with the ship for a time, and kicking up queer and amusing antics while they stay.

"Well, I'll be dashed if that ain't the biggest school of porpoises I ever saw!" exclaimed the captain, as he watched the herd approach. The leaders were now not more than a ship's length distant, and the second mate, with uplifted harpoon, poising himself on the martingale back-rope eagerly awaited their coming.

In an instant, with a splash and a dash and a smother of foam, they were under the bows churning up the water, and puffing and panting and snorting as they darted about the bow.

"Now, boys," said the captain, "stand by to haul in hand over fist if the second mate sends his iron home." His voice was tremulous with excitement, all his fish-eating instincts being aroused. In a gale of wind he would have been as cool as a cucumber.

The water under the bows seemed alive with porpoises. The second mate, with a good aim, drove his harpoon right into the back of a big fat fellow as he came up to blow. The thrust was made with such force that the barb penetrated fully six inches through the thick hide and into the blubber.

"Haul in, my lads, haul in with a will," yelled the skipper, as he danced on the forecastle deck in a paroxysm of delight. "Lay out there, two or three of you, to the

bowsprit end, and make a line fast to him and drag him aboard. If you lose him, look out for squalls!"

With many flaps of his stumpy tail the sea-pig was hauled inboard, and his sufferings soon ended with a few digs of the cook's keen knife. The rapidity with which the whole thing was done surprised me. But the second mate was no greenhorn at the business, neither was our captain. Ten minutes later another porpoise was flopping on the deck beside his mate, and then the whole herd vanished as if by magic.

The cook and a couple of Jack Tars skinned the two sea-pigs in a businesslike manner, the captain superintending the work, and pointing out the tidbits that he wished to be reserved for the cabin table. Meanwhile a roaring fire was started in the galley. Big iron baking-tins were filled with huge pieces of porpoise, which were in the oven cooking in less than half an hour after being caught. And what a feast we poor famished seafarers enjoyed that evening! Such a welcome change from the common ship's fare! Porpoise flesh when roasted tastes like pork. That is the reason why mariners call him a sea-pig. He is considered quite a dainty by sailors, especially after a long course of junk and duff and pork and pease. I remember that my messmates and I ate heartily, and suffered no evil consequences. In those days we were like young ostriches, and dyspepsia was an unknown disease.

Later on, the second mate, after listening with complacency to my compliments on his skill with the harpoon (which, by-the-bye, he made me burnish with sand and canvas), told me that his two victims were not ordinary porpoises, such as we see near the coast line, but dolphins. He also dispelled one of my youthful illusions by informing me that the opalescent and iridescent tints a dying dolphin is supposed to assume existed only in the imaginations of the poets, and had no more foundation in fact than the fabled song of a dying swan, which was long supposed to be so sweet as to charm the flinty heart of a wheelbarrow.

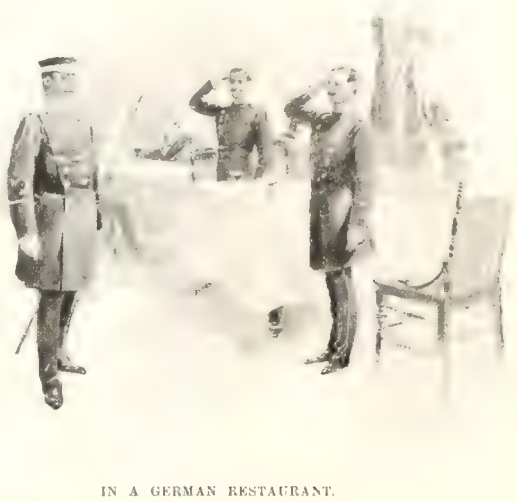
## OFFICIAL SALUTES.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

NOT since the close of our war, now nearly thirty years ago, has so much powder been burned in this country purely out of politeness and courtesy as in the Columbian year of 1893. We have had visits from foreign fleets and foreign princes, and both ships and men have needed to be saluted with the roar of cannon. As a general thing, we manage to get along in America without much form and ceremony in official matters. The dignity of the offices and the dignity of the occupants are usually enough to enable our administrative officers to get through their duties without any unnecessary aid from fuss and feathers. An English business man was in Washington several years ago and wished to see the President. He was told to call on him, but he could with difficulty be made to understand that he did not have to engage the intervention of some kind of a Lord Chamberlain or other high functionary. At last he was persuaded to call at a certain time and send in his card. He did so, and without any bother he saw the Chief Executive and transacted his business. "By George!" he said, when he had left the White House, "it is easier to see the President of the United States than it is to see me in my offices in Threadneedle Street." And in our courts of law we get along with as little ceremony as possible; but our courts are not less dignified or less efficient on that account.



A PROPER SALUTE.



IN A GERMAN RESTAURANT.

In two branches of our public service, however, the military and naval, ceremonies of a certain kind are observed with strict punctiliousness, and regulated by law. Some of these ceremonies are part of the necessary discipline of the services, and some are the outgrowth of habits of courtesy and respect. Each soldier and sailor must salute a superior officer in a stipulated manner. For instance, in the army when an officer passes a guard the guard presents arms to a commanding officer, a field officer, or an officer of the day; to other officers he brings his gun to a "carry," facing outward from the post or camp, and stands motionless till his salute is acknowledged and the officer has passed. It is, of course, also incumbent upon an officer always to return the salute of another officer or of an enlisted man; but, unfortunately, the great majority of army officers do this, where enlisted men are concerned, in a way so slovenly that it might almost as well be omitted altogether. It may be a great bore to an officer, as he passes through a camp or a barrack-yard, to have to raise his hand in salutation every other step he takes; but it is a part of his duty, and as it is also a mark of courtesy, he should do it properly and ungrudgingly. Simply to raise his hand six inches from his waist is no salute at all, and is about as courteous as the response of an employer who grunts in acknowledgment of his clerk's kindly "good-morning."



A SLOVENLY SALUTE.

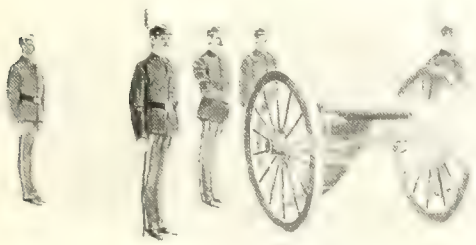
Down in Richmond, when the war broke out, a certain regiment was formed of young men of the same social position. Their zeal induced them to enlist, and they selected by election from their number the officers who

were to command them. Socially and in time of peace these men were equal. They were acquaintances, friends, and comrades. This one was Tom, the other Dick, and another Harry, and they were all good fellows. When business was to be done the officers soon saw that discipline required that all military forms should be observed, and that officers and privates must occupy different spheres in the camp and the field. Tom was a Captain, Dick was a sergeant, and Harry a private. It was difficult to arrange this new status, and as there were more privates than officers, the majority protested against saluting their superiors, who, they argued, were not their superiors by birth or social condition. Here was a nice state of affairs. The privates were dreadfully in earnest, and they had the sympathy of their sweethearts and their wives and all the people at home. There was almost a mutiny. At length General Lee sent for a number of the privates, and questioned them as to their grievances. Many of these youths he knew personally, and the names of all were familiar to him. After he had heard what they had to say, he replied, in his own grave and courteous way, "It seems strange to me that you object according your officers that courtesy you owe gentlemen." The young men returned to their camp, and nothing more was heard of their dissatisfaction.



IT SEEMS STRANGE TO ME THAT YOU REFUSE YOUR OFFICER THAT COURTESY YOU OWE GENTLEMEN.

Military salutes, therefore, are intended as marks of respect and courtesy, as well as to do honor to rank and position. In America, officers off duty are socially equal, and they meet one another without any ceremonious recognition of rank. In some Continental countries this is not so. In Germany, for instance, if a Major should enter a restaurant where a Captain and a Lieutenant were, the junior officers would have to acknowledge the Major's presence by standing attention until he requested them to be seated or passed. If the Major happened to be grumpy or absent-minded, the poor juniors would have to stand with the rigid fixedness of Indian dervishes till the Major had remembered them or relented. But probably such a thing as this has seldom happened, for Colonels and Generals outrank Majors, and a settling-day is sure to come for him who abuses his authority. As Balzac's tramp said to the Knight he met in the dusty road, "However high your head may be, your feet are on a level with mine."



FIRING AN HONOR SALUTE.

The honor salutes are fired with cannon with blank cartridges, and the number of guns fired indicates the rank of the dignitary to whom honor is done. These salutes are fired between sunrise and sunset, and, as a rule, are never fired on Sunday. The national salute—one gun for each State of the Union—is fired at noon on the anniversary of the independence of the United States at each military post or camp provided with artillery. The international salute is twenty-one guns.

Whenever the President of the United States arrives at a military post, navy-yard, or man-of-war, and also when he leaves, a salute of twenty-one guns is fired. For the Vice-President the salute is nineteen guns. For members of the cabinet, the Chief Justice, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives the salute is seventeen guns. This salute is also given to a committee of Congress when officially visiting any military post.

The sovereign or chief magistrate of a foreign state, the heir-apparent of the reigning sovereign from a foreign state, and the consort of a reigning sovereign, each receives on arrival or at departure from a military post a salute of twenty-one guns. The Viceroy, Governor-General, or Governor of a province belonging to a foreign state each receives a salute of seventeen guns. Ambassadors from foreign states are entitled to a salute of seventeen guns, Ministers to fifteen, and Ministers Resident to thirteen, while a Chargé d'Affaires receives only eleven guns, and a Consul-General nine.

Military and naval officers are honored as follows:

Seventeen guns for a General, in Chief, a Field Marshal, or Admiral; fifteen guns for a Lieutenant General or Vice Admiral; thirteen guns for Major General or Rear Admiral; eleven guns for a Brigadier General or a Commodore.

The international salute is the only one which is returned, and this is invariably done as soon as possible. The time intervening must never exceed twenty-four hours. The failure to return such a salute is regarded as a discourtesy or lack of friendship, justifying the other party in asking an explanation. In the presence of the President of the United States no other salute than the national and that specified for him is to be fired.

Salvos are simultaneous discharges from several cannon. They correspond to volleys of musketry, and are fired by way of salutes only over the graves of officers at the time of burial. The order designating a funeral escort prescribes whether the fire shall be three volleys of musketry or three salvos of artillery.

## FROST.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

IT glitters on the meadow,
It silvers all the morn,
It sparkles on the pumpkin
Among the stacks of corn.

It glistens on the window
Through which the sunshine flows,
To turn it into jewels
Of lilac, green, and rose.

Although it's very pretty,
I find much more delight
And pleasure in the frost-work
That makes the plum-cake white.

# CADET DAYS:*

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

### CHAPTER XIII.

YEARLING camp at last! The battalion was reorganized in order to equalize the four companies. The graduates and furlough-men—the latter their tormentors of the previous year—were gone, and Pops wrote to his father and McCrea that the hardest thing he had had yet to do was to say farewell to Glenn and Rand and his own captain, Leonard—the three First Class officers whom he and the plebes generally so greatly admired. Otis, too, was another with whom he found it hard to part. He didn't know how good a friend he had in him until after he was gone. Then an odd thing happened.

The furlough-men's turn came next, and hilariously they were rushing about the area, shaking hands right and left with the objects of their annoying attentions of the year before. Benny Frazier was loudly and conspicuously fraternizing with every older cadet, including a number whom he was wont to declare nothing on earth would ever induce him to speak to. Pops and Connell, shyly conscious of the glisten and glory of their new chevrons, were standing a little apart at the steps of the third division, waiting for the dinner drum to beat, when Connell, for the first time, as senior non-commissioned officer present for duty, was to form the company, Pops assisting as a file-closer. The two fast friends had been designated as acting first and third sergeants respectively. Suddenly Woods, with two of his classmates, in their "spick-and span" civilian garb, came bustling by. The others stopped short to congratulate the pair on their chevrons and to add a friendly word or two, and then, to Geordie's surprise, Woods looked him straight in the eye. "Graham, I want to say before I go that I am heartily sorry for my part in our quarrel of last summer, and that you behaved perfectly right.

"Won't you shake hands?" and in an instant there was cordial hand-clasp, and with a dozen yearlings and furlough-men intermingled about them there was a general "shake" all round, and patting of one another on the back, and Woods went off happier for the consciousness that at last he had done the manly and chivalrous thing he should have done long before. Otis and Leonard had told him as much, and down in the bottom of his heart he knew they were right. Only it's so hard a thing to do. Not that a gentleman, boy or man, will shrink from begging the forgiveness of one whom he has injured, but because there are always so many, boys and men both, who are not gentlemen, to sneer at what they term the "back down."

And so there were here. Mr. Jennings, cadet private, Company A, of the furlough class, but kept back a few days on account of an accumulation of demerits, and said to be in danger of deficiency in mathematics, was very loud in his condemnation of the proceedings, now that Woods and most of the class were gone, and there was no Glenn to overawe him. The new First Class officers did not like Jennings, but did not know him as thoroughly as their predecessors. Frazier, however, was the only member of the new yearling class who was at all sarcastic about the reconciliation; but Benny was in bitter mood just now. Few of the departing cadets, graduates or leave men, had troubled themselves to say a cordial word to him. Few of his classmates had expressed regret at his having fallen from the head of the class, and fewer still at his failure to win chevrons. No boy at the Point marched into camp that lovely June morning with such a jealous demon of disappointment gnawing at his heart as did Benny Frazier. It boded ill for himself, for his friends, and for any new cadets who fell into his clutches; for the boy who so loudly and persistently announced the year before that nothing on earth could induce him to say or do a thing to worry a Fourth Class man was become the very terror of the plebes.

For two weeks, of course, the opportunities were few. The new First and Third classes were sent into camp as the new-comers arrived and were brought before their examiners. The evening the order was given to pack up and store in the trunk-rooms everything not to be taken to camp Pops was busily at work, while Benny, being room orderly, and solely responsible, was smoking cigarette after cigarette, and "chaffing the corporal," as he called it. There came a sudden knock at the door; Benny hurled the stump into a corner, and sprang to the middle of the floor aghast. Such a thing as inspection the last night in barracks had not occurred to him as a possibility, and this time he, not Pops, would have to bear the punishment. He was trembling with excitement and fear, when a drum-boy orderly poked in his head and said Mr. Graham was wanted at the commandant's office at once. Instantly Benny broke forth in angry abuse of the drummer, whom he accused of purposely imitating an officer's knock, and threatened him with all manner of vengeance. The drum-boy, instead of being abashed, looked Mr. Frazier straight in the face, and replied:

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 752.

"You will kick me down stairs will you? You try it if you want to get kicked out of the corps of cadets. I'm not to be abused by the likes of you."

And Pops, amazed at such language from a drummer to a cadet, even though Frazier had provoked it, was still more amazed at the sudden change that shot over his roommate's quivering face. Geordie took the drum-boy by the shoulder and put him promptly out into the hall.

"You know better than to speak to a cadet in that way," he said, quietly, but sternly. "Go back to the guard-house." But the boy replied he had another message to deliver.

"I don't speak that way to any other gentleman in the corps," said he, "but I can't stand that fellow, neither can any of us, and you couldn't either if you knew what we know."

But here Geordie ordered silence, and telling the boy to go about his business and keep away from Frazier, he hurried down stairs. At the office were the commandant and Lieutenant Allen, also the new cadet Captain of Company B, their first sergeant of the previous year. Presently Winn and Crandal, Graham's classmates, arrived, and the four cadets were called in. It was fifteen minutes thereafter when Geordie returned to his room, his heart beating high with pride and happiness. He had forgotten for the moment the episode of the drummer-boy. He went bounding up to the top flight, four steps to the jump, burst in at the door just as the orderly came backing out, stowing something in his pocket. Frazier, still pale, and with a deep line between his gloomy eyes, nervously thrust some money between the leaves of a book. Geordie plainly saw it. "I told you not to return here," said he, sternly, to the boy.

"I called him in, Graham," interposed Frazier. "He he had to apologize for his words, or get into trouble."

But the look on the drummer's face was not that of dejection as he vanished, and Graham, without a word, began unpacking. Frazier lighted a cigarette and retired to his alcove. For fifteen minutes not a word was exchanged, then, as Graham opened the door, and loaded up with a bundle of bedding and clothing, Frazier spoke:

"Where are you going with that truck now? You've got to take it over to camp in the morning."

"I'm not going to camp," said Geordie, slowly "at least not now. And, Frazier," continued he, laying down his bundle, "I've not yet said one word to anybody but yourself about this. I've told you twice that our ways were so different that we did not get along as we should as tent or room mates, so if you want to take anybody else, do so. It 'll be some time before I come into camp, and then I shall slip into any vacancy that there may be. To be perfectly frank, I cannot afford the demerits it costs me to live with you, and—I don't like cigarette smoke."

"Any more than you do me, I suppose," drawled Frazier, interrupting. "Now that you've got your chevrons, and passed to the Third Class, you've no further use for the fellow that helped you to both."

Graham colored. It was so utterly false and unjust.

"I've no word to say against you, Frazier, and you know it. I am obliged to you for what help you gave me, but I don't think I owe either my chevrons or my gain in standing to you."

"Oh, you've had this thing all cut and dried for weeks," said Benny, sneering. "You're simply moving over into Connell's room as a preliminary to moving into camp with him, leaving me to find a tentmate at the last moment."

"I am not going to Connell's. I am not going to camp. I told you so," said Geordie, gulping down his wrath, and speaking—as he had seen McCrea, when he was very angry—slowly and deliberately.

"Where, then? Where are you going to? Surely," and here a sudden light dawned on Benny—"surely *you've* not been turned out over plebes. You are? *You?* Well, may I be blessed! Listen to this, fellows," he cried, rushing across the hall, raging within himself with envy, baffled hope and ambition, bitter jealousy and remorse, all intermingled—"listen to this—Corporal Pops turned out over plebes."

"Well, why not?" answered the yearling addressed; while his roommate coolly demanded,

"What is there that seems ridiculous to you in that, Frazier?" And he too went in to congratulate Graham, while Benny dashed miserably down stairs in search of some one to sympathize with him, and some one to whom to tell the story of Graham's treachery.

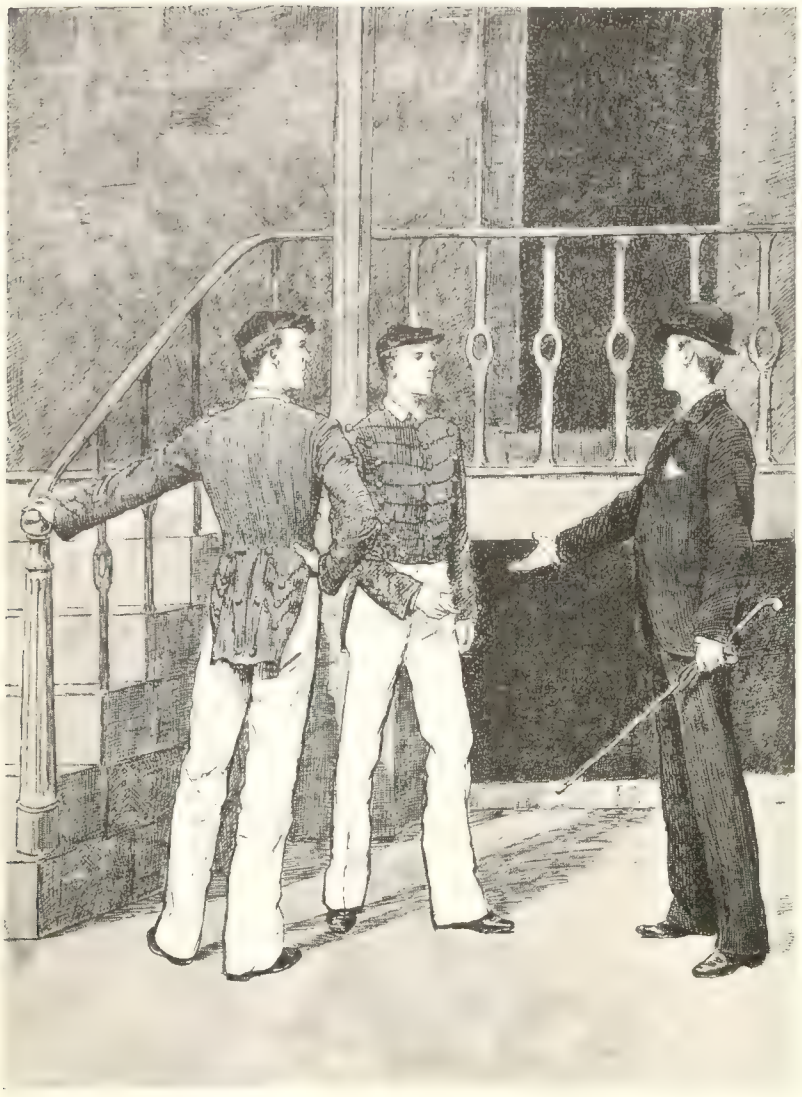
"Upbraided Pops for going back on him about the tent, did he?" said Benton after tattoo that night. "Well, the moment it was known, five days ago, that I was to act as sergeant-major this summer, Frazier came to ask me to choose him for a tentmate and battalion clerk. He can make out a prettier set of papers than any man in the class, but I'd rather do all the work myself, and any fellow can tell him so that likes to."

And so for two weeks after the battalion went into camp Pops remained on duty at the menagerie, proud and happy in the trust reposed in him. He was the junior of the corporals detailed for this important and onerous duty. Under the supervision of Lieutenant Allen and the command of cadet Captain Rice these young corporals, who but a year ago were undergoing their own initiation, were become the instructors and disciplinarians of the newcomers, as well as their defenders against yearling depredations.

To Pops the duty meant ceaseless vigilance in two ways—against his classmates on the one hand, against himself on the other. He was a believer in the better results to be obtained from a firm, sustained, and dignified system of instruction, as opposed to the more snappy and emphatic methods that had long been the accepted thing among yearling drill-masters. The latter might be more efficacious where drills were few and the squads careless or slouchy; but when drilling three times a day, and drilling boys eager to learn and trying to do their best, Pops had views of his own. At first their duties were to assist and supervise their classmates detailed as squad instructors, but time and again Geordie found that a few quiet words from him, accompanied by an illustration of the soldierly execution of the required motion, had far more effect than the scolding of his comrades. Presently the squads were consolidated. Then came the eventful day of their march to camp and distribution to companies. The night before this happened Lieutenant Allen took occasion to compliment the cadet captain on his vigilance and management, "And what's more, sir, you were right about Mr. Graham. Both the Colonel and I thought him slow and perhaps lacking in force, but he has done admirably."

"Yes, sir," answered Mr. Rice; "and I believe he will be just as efficient in the battalion."

Once in camp, of course, the yearlings not on duty over plebes took every opportunity to play the customary tricks and enforce the usual "taking-down" process. Balked in their earlier efforts, a gang led by Frazier became conspicuous in every scheme to humiliate and annoy. The boy who was most petulant and persistent in his complaints of the brutality of yearling language the year before was loudest and most annoying now, as well as the most relentless task-master. He was occupying a "yearling den," the second tent from the color-line, with two equally reckless fellows as mates, while Connell, occupying the first sergeant's tent at the east end of the company street, had saved a place for Geordie, who, though continued on special duty over plebes, now slept in his own



"WON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS?"

company. Frazier had made some scoffing salutation as Pops came wheeling in his barrow-load of bedding, but Graham paid no heed. The relations of the previous year were practically at an end.

For the first three or four nights such was the vigilance of the officers that little active disturbance of the plebes occurred; but at all hours of the day and evening, when the boys were not in ranks or on duty, hazing in some form or other was going on. The hops had begun. The post was filling up with visitors. Many of the corps had friends and relatives at the hotels or among the families on the post. Benny, a beautiful dancer, and bright, chatty fellow, was basking in the sunshine of his social triumphs outside of camp and revelling in mischief within. By the 8th of July Graham had a squad of thirty plebes to drill and perfect in the manual, and keen was the rivalry between his boys and Crandal's. Geordie had won the respect and was rapidly winning the enthusiastic regard of his recruits. Crandal, far sharper in his manner, was "much more military," as most of the yearlings said, but the officers held different views. Both Winn and Crandal ranked Geordie, as has been stated; yet the Kentuckian, after watching Pops's methods while his own squad was resting, did not hesitate to say, "He holds right over us; we're not in it with him as a drill-master"—a statement which Crandal, however, could not for a moment endorse.

On the 10th of July every man of Geordie's squad was in the battalion, yet forty remained who were declared not yet proficient. Some were Winn's, some Crandal's, some were the backsliders from smaller squads, but Winn was relieved and sent back to the battalion to act as color-bearer, and only Crandal and Pops were left. Four days later Mr. Crandal was returned to his company. "Made too much noise," said Lieutenant Allen, in explaining it afterwards, and Pops was left in sole charge of the backward plebes. Within the week Colonel Hazzard, after critical watching for a day or two, said to Geordie, in the hearing of the sentry on Number Five: "That is excellent work, Mr. Graham. You deserve great credit, sir." And the sentry on Number Five was Benny Frazier, who listened with jealous and angry heart.

Two days later, all plebes being now regularly in the battalion, Geordie was returned to duty with Company B, and the next day marched on guard as junior corporal. He had heard of the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Frazier with their girl friends the previous evening; and just before parade, among the throng of arriving guests, as Geordie was returning from the post of the sentry on Number Two, he came suddenly upon the party close to the visitors' tent. Throwing his rifle into the other hand, Geordie lifted his shako in courteous salutation. Mr. Frazier senior, walking with Cadet Warren, made a flourishing bow, and in stately dignity said,

"*Good*-evening, Mr. Graham; I hope you are well, sir," but passed quickly on. Mrs. Frazier's bow and the bows of the younger ladies were cold and formal. A lump rose in Geordie's throat. He hated to be misjudged.

"It's all Benny boy's doings," said Connell, angrily, when he learned of the occurrence that night. "That young prodigy is a well-bred, sweet-mannered cad."

It seems, too, that the Honorable Mr. Frazier adopted the same magnificent manner to the senior officers whom he chanced to meet. To them, to whom he could not say too much of Benny's gifts a year gone by, he now spoke only in the most formal and ceremonious way. To certain of the younger graduates, however, he confided his sense of the affront put upon him personally by the omission of the name of his son and heir ("The finest soldier of the lot, sir, as any competent and unprejudiced officer will tell you") from the list of corporals.

But if the disappointed old gentleman would no longer recognize the superintendent and commandant as men worthy his esteem, he was showing odd interest in the humbler grades. Lieutenant Allen, trotting in one evening from a ride through the mountains, came suddenly upon two dim figures just outside the north gate. One, a drummer-boy, darted down the hill towards the engineer barracks; the other, tall and portly, turned his back and walked with much dignity away.

"What's old man Frazier hobnobbing with drum-boys for?" said he to Lieutenant Breeze at the mess that evening, at which query the bright eyes of Lieutenant Breeze blazed with added interest.

"I wish I could find out," said he.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE CLOWN'S LITTLE BOY.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part II

SELINA eyed Aurilly wistfully.

"We—we—I wanted to tell you," stammered Viola Winter, who wasn't very well acquainted with Selina, and was very much impressed by her stylish air—"that is, Aurilly wanted to ask if you didn't think it would be a good plan to get up an entertainment—music and tableaux, just the best we could, you know—for the benefit of our clown's little boy!"

"Why, that's just exactly what we're going to do!" exclaimed Selina. "We're going to get up an entertainment and raise a lot of money for the clown's little boy! Everybody in Gobang is interested."

Always Gobang! Would no one ever have a bright idea that hadn't already been thought of in the town of Gobang?

The brightness vanished from Aurilly's face.

"He wasn't your clown, you know," said Viola Winter, firmly, and with a spark in her cheeks; for Viola had a little temper of her own.

"We're going to have it in our new Opera-house," continued Selina, ignoring Viola Winter's little temper, although she looked persistently at her, avoiding Aurilly. "It has only been talked about privately, yet a great deal of talent has been offered. Herr Lieber and Madame Rossignol, the great singers, Schreper the violinist, and Pollinici "

Aurilly uttered a little gasp. It was crushing to hear how smoothly the hard names rolled from Selina's tongue. Aurilly had a vague feeling that it established her claim and Gobang's to the clown. Any one who really cared for the child must be glad that so much money was to be raised for him, and now Aurilly felt as if she could scarcely bear to have Selina know what she had thought of for an entertainment: Miss Matilda Gwin, who taught in the Cherryville Academy, to play the piano and sing and read "a selection," the church choir to sing, and perhaps Abby Ann Hodgkins to get up tableaux, as she had done for the minister's donation party.

"We're going to have the entertainment in Christmas week, because then every one feels like pleasure going and giving," continued Selina. "And of course we expect all Carmel to help us."

"He was our clown—Viola Winter," said Aurilly, arousing her spirit a little, but ending with almost a sob, as she turned her head resolutely away from Selina.

"Of course he was—Viola Winter," said Selina. "But you don't mind our doing all we can for the poor baby, of course! And if you'll help us, why, then we'll come over and help you! I think it's such a pity that Carmel and Gobang don't help each other more, Viola Winter." (It was so hard for Aurilly and Selina to remember that they mustn't speak to each other.) "I think you might get up a delightful entertainment in a different way from ours. There's that charming Jake Bingle at the Carmel poorhouse. He used to be a minstrel, didn't he, Viola Winter? I know he can sing negro songs beautifully. And do you remember what wonderful boys for clappers our Ambrose and your Caleb used to be? no, not *your* Caleb, Viola Winter!—but never mind! And Leander, your—Deacon Scammell's hired man, could play on the jews-harp, so that it was *music!* Countrified and unique, that's what your entertainment ought to be; and I know a new kind of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works that I'm sure Miss Hodgkins could manage!"

"If we only had a Town-hall! the school-house is so small—Viola Winter!" said Aurilly.

"Perhaps it can be done. It wouldn't cost much to finish the old one; I've heard father say so. Oh, my head is full of plans. If Carmel will let Gobang help. It's for the poor baby. And when people work together, with their hearts full, they can do *anything*—Viola Winter!"

Aurilly threw her arms around Selina's neck, and they hugged each other; fathers or no fathers, they couldn't help it. And at that moment who should come along but Uncle Amasa, looking as black as a thunder-cloud.

"Oh, father, we were only talking to—to Viola Winter, about—about the Christmas entertainment for the clown's little boy!" said Selina.

Uncle Amasa looked at the two eager wistful faces, and strode up the steps without a word.

"Clowns enough in the world!" he growled, as he unlocked the door; and then he closed it very forcibly.

But Selina hugged Aurilly again, joyfully.

"It's all right. Father will let me speak to you. He said the other day that it was just like Gideon to take care of that clown, and be fussing about his little boy—and then he blew his nose hard. I know father!"



IN THE MEAN TIME THE CHURCH SEWING SOCIETY MADE CHILDREN'S GARMENTS OF DIFFERENT SIZES.

"But my father, Viola Winter," said Aurilly, mournfully as she turned away.

She had heard Aunt Sabriny say, many a time, that "Gideon was setter'n Amasa, and no mistake."

While they were at breakfast at Deacon Gideon Scammell's the next morning—and people breakfasted early in Carmel—Selina's little pony phaeton came whisking up the lane. It was a very smart little phaeton, and the pony was fat and long-tailed, and the whip was adorned with a bow of orange-colored ribbon.

"Oh, Uncle Gideon, don't scowl so!" Selina had come in bright-eyed and assured, and laid her hand sweetly on her uncle's sleeve—where Aurilly would never have dared to lay it. "Aurilly and I must be friends, you know—until after Christmas, anyway, because she is going to help about our entertainment, and we're going to help about hers for the benefit of the clown's little boy. And, oh, Aurilly, I've thought of such a plan!—to have your entertainment, a real country show, over in our Opera house, and as soon as you can—perhaps in Thanksgiving week—and if all Carmel and all Gobang work for it, we think it will be such a success that there will be money enough to finish your Town-hall, besides some for the baby! And then at Christmas we could have our entertainment over here in *your* new hall! I've spoken to every one in Gobang, and every one thinks it would be delightful! You know Mildred Bangs and I thought of having the entertainment before any one else did, and we're going to manage ours. Now isn't that a fine idea? Won't you say you think so, Uncle Gideon? And all the great artists will come over here—Rossignol and Schreper and Pollinici."

While the foreign names came glibly from her tongue, Selina cast appealing glances at Aunt Sabriny; and Aunt Sabriny was not proof against them.

"Mis' Rumy Spooner says it's been a terrible poor year for preserves, and she's 'most discouraged about takin' the baby, and Mis' Eunice Hackett has concluded to go out West and live with her daughter; and whoopin'-cough is goin' right through Mis' Sylvy Hathorn's family—*that* wouldn't be any place for him. I do think folks ought to be encouraged in raisin' money for the child," she said.

"Now, Uncle Gideon!" said Selina, actually patting the coat sleeve.

Deacon Gideon Scammell was a thrifty man; Aunt Sabriny knew how to take him, as people always said.

"I think you'd better be at home helpin' your mother, Selina," he said. "But I hain't anything to say, as I know of. Your father knows how I feel about things that's been and gone. Girls have got to be some foolish, I expect. Aurilly can do as her aunt's a mind to have her. I hain't anything to say, as I know of."

The deacon concluded his sentence with conscious lameness, and hitched awkwardly out of the room.

"You'll have something to say at Christmas—just wait and see!" Selina called after him, with gleeful audacity.

Aunt Sabriny and the two girls sat down and talked and talked, and the breakfast table was not cleared until after ten o'clock, a thing that had never happened in *that* house before. And then Aurilly drove all over Carmel with Selina in the smart little phaeton, and the fat pony didn't know what to make of the hurry they were in. They went to see every one who would be likely to be interested in the great enterprise, and then every one who could be persuaded to take an interest. And very soon all Carmel was in a flutter of excitement.

Many doubted whether a homely entertainment such as Carmel could furnish would be successful in Gobang's fine new Opera-house, but they allowed themselves to be persuaded that novelty of that kind was sure to have a delightful savor to the jaded tastes of fashionable Gobang.

Leander Deacon Scammell's hired man, and delighted Jane Biggs at the poorhouse, began to "tune up." Abby Ann Hodgkins was easily persuaded of what was really a fact—that she had remarkable skill in the arrangement of tableaux. The most unexpected people came forward with bright ideas and suggestions.

There was a new interest and pride in the clown's little boy.

The minister wrote to the man with the French name who had replied to the advertisement, inquiring the exact age of the child. But no answer came; inquiries in the city where he lived showed that the man belonged to a travelling company.

When Christmas came they should know, and in the mean time the Church Sewing Society of Carmel made children's garments of different sizes; if the dainty baby slips should be too small for the clown's little boy, they could be given to the Gobang Orphan Asylum; if any of the children's garments were too large, they would not come amiss there. Friendly feeling between Carmel and Gobang was growing apace.

It culminated and became an enduring sentiment on that night when all Gobang turned out to the Carmel entertainment in the great Opera-house. Not only was all Gobang there, but there was an outpouring from all the towns up and down the river. And it was "unique"—so homely and delightful that every one laughed and cried. Even Deacons Gideon and Amasa Scammell looked at each other over the tops of misty spectacles—it has never been discovered whether they happened to sit together or whether Aurilly and Selina knew more about it than they told—and laughed instead of scowled! That was when a trio was performed between Leander's jews-harp and Ambrose and Caleb's clappers—the deacons had performed upon clappers when they were boys.

The pecuniary results exceeded the most sanguine calculations. After a snug little sum had been deposited in a Gobang bank to the credit of the clown's little boy, there was enough remaining to finish Carmel's Town-hall. The work was carried on with such a will that it was possible to use it for the Christmas entertainment, and the Sunday before Christmas the Carmel minister preached a dedication sermon, which touched all hearts, from the text, "And a little child shall lead them."

And, after all—how shall it be told?

"Shall be in town with Duhanel day before Christmas." That was the telegram received from the man who had charge of the clown's little boy.

There was not time to think much about it, for both Carmel and Gobang were in a state of great excitement over the Gobang concert to be given in the new Carmel Town-hall that evening. Interest in the charity had become widespread; many distinguished artists besides those first engaged had volunteered their services (Selina had taught Aurilly to pronounce even the most unpronounceable of their names), and there was good sleighing, and the air was full of Christmas cheer.

The day slipped away, as the short New England Christmas days do, and the clown's little boy had not arrived. But never mind! perhaps it would be as well if the benefit were an assured success and a handsome sum of money were ready for his start in life before he came.

Almost as soon as the early darkness fell the great frozen highway of the river was thronged with hurrying teams and ringing with sleigh-bells. There was scarcely a town along the river so poor as not to have its share in this good time. It was charity, it was for a little fatherless child—and at Christmas, too! Moreover, every one wanted to see Carmel's new Town-hall. It was pleasant to see Carmel coming up in the world again.

In the middle of the programme—it was just after

Madame Rossignol had responded to an encore and sung "The Babe of Bethlehem"—there was a sudden stir and murmur near the door.

There was a long wait; no one knew why Madame Pollinici did not appear, according to the programme. Then there came upon the platform not the manager, a prominent Gobang musician, but the old Carmel minister accompanying an elegant young man with a violin.

"It has been thought proper that I should introduce to you," began the old minister, and his voice trembled so that for a moment he could not go on, "the son of our old friend Mr. Duhanel. We all expected to see a child. I think I recognize in the mistake the finger of Providence" (the old minister was always seeing the finger of Providence, but every one felt more like crying than smiling)—"but I have the honor of introducing to you the great violinist known to the world as M. —— ."

Oh, and then there were cheers! and tears as well. They had all heard of the great violinist M. ——. And he was their clown's little boy!

The young man himself was much moved. He drew the bow across the strings of his instrument, but no sound could be heard through the wild applause. All the flowers—Gobang's conservatory bouquets and the bunches of Lady Washington geraniums which Mrs. Rumy Spooner had cherished with care, and the three monthly roses off Jane Ruthy Hathorn's bush—were thrown with reckless prodigality at his feet.

When at length the enthusiasm subsided, so that the young violinist could be heard, every one agreed that there never had been such playing.

There was some embarrassment the next day about the disposition of the proceeds of the great concert, for it appeared that M. —— was not at all in need of them—it had been only because long habit had made the life pleasant to him that the old clown had continued to wander with a troupe—and he refused to accept them for his own use. Some one suggested that the money should be spent in erecting a costly monument over the clown's grave, but the son shook his head. A simple head-stone, with the grass and wild roses to do the rest, that was what his father would have wished. But if they wished to remember him, a perpetual fund for the celebration of holidays, especially for the children, that would be the thing!

They have rousing Fourths of July now in Carmel. Gobang doesn't think it has half celebrated until it has been over to Carmel. And Carmel raises turkeys and geese enough for Gobang's Thanksgiving and Christmas and its own too. Such a spirit of energy has arisen! The new Town-hall and the celebrations were like the æsthetic lady's teapot—they had to be "lived up to."

Gobang and Carmel are as mutually helpful as if they were one community; and there is a great lumber firm, with wharves both in Gobang and Carmel, under the name of Scammell Brothers, and the two deacons never quarrel now over the measurement of lumber.

Selina gets tanned and sensible at Aurilly's, in Carmel, and Aurilly gets little polishing rubs of contact with the world at Selina's, in Gobang. Caleb helps Ambrose with his arithmetic—no one seems to know why, but Carmel boys are always ahead of Gobang boys in arithmetic—and Ambrose "knows a thing or two about electricity" according to his own statement—which he is imparting to Caleb.

Carmel takes newspapers, as it didn't once, and follows very closely the fortunes of M. ——, the famous violinist. After every one of his successes some one may be heard to say, boastfully,

"He was our clown's little boy!"

And the old minister goes on seeing the finger of Providence in everything.

## A DESPERATE FIGHT.

BY PAUL HULL.

ONE of the most thrilling events in the history of military courage is that of Rorke's Drift, where less than one hundred English infantry held their ground against and ultimately defeated three thousand of the bravest and best-disciplined savages in King Cetywayo's army.

During the Zulu war of 1879 two lieutenants (Bromhead and Charde), with eighty-six men under their command, were sent out on a foraging expedition from their camp on the Buffalo River. Two days later, laden with the spoils of their raid, they started back. While ascending a hill, over which the trail ran, three columns, each composed of not less than one thousand warriors, were seen following up the spoor (track) of the soldiers. Against such an agile and unencumbered foe flight was hopeless. A place presenting some natural advantages for a stubborn defence having been observed but a short distance back, the little party retraced its march and proceeded to fortify it with the means at its command. The pack-horses were killed to serve as the foundation of a barricade, and on top of them were tiered the bags of mealies (African corn) with which they had been burdened. Before these crude defences could be entirely completed, the Zulus, necessarily merged into one column of attack, owing to the defile through which they were compelled to charge, came swarming up the pass.

"Aim low and pour it into 'em, boys!" was the order, and pour it into them they did. For several minutes the rush lasted, yet not a man appeared to advance beyond a certain line. It was like the horse in the tread-mill, who keeps continually moving, but fails to gain a foot. So it was with the Zulus, for the quick volleys mowed the head ranks down as though some mighty scythe in giant hands was swung with pendulum regularity across the path of the on-coming host. Soon between the fort and the enemy a new barrier commenced to grow—a barrier of dead and dying men, up to which the marching companies advanced only to swell the grewsome heap.

Baffled and amazed, the savage horde at length swung back out of range; but not for long. There was not a warrior among them but knew full well that Cetywayo would put them to the spear if they came back defeated, so it was as well die in battle as to offer themselves a sacrifice to the contempt and passion of their chief. After a time those within the intrenchment caught the far-away sound of an ominous murmuring, which presently swelled into the dreaded war-cry—the song those wild warriors sing only when they march to victory or annihilation. Then they appeared in their original formation of three columns on the plain beyond the mouth of the pass, their ox-hide shields across their breasts, and their great stabbing assegais (spears) held a little in advance. So they came on until they choked the entrance of the gulch; then the two rear columns halted, and the front one, crying "Bulala umlungo!" (kill the white men), charged. Those who reached the human barricade threw down their shields, through which the bullets passed with ease, seized the lifeless forms of their comrades, and continued to advance, sheltered from the fire of the soldiers by the bodies of the dead. Many of the Zulus in this way succeeded in reaching the foot of the breast works, but in order to leap the same they were compelled to expose themselves to the deadly fire of the breech loaders, and although several of them gained the enclosure by vaulting over the barricade, it was only to be impaled on the glittering bayonets that fringed the wall. Again thwarted and amazed that their courage availed them not, the remnant of the column retreated slowly and sullenly down the pass, some of the Zulus halting every few yards in the midst of the fire, which continued to waste them away, to shake their spears at the little band.

"We must make this wall higher, lads," said the officers, when the last Zulu had gained the foot of the hill; "jump out here and pile these bodies on."

There was no lack of material, and in a short time the barricade was raised so high that a number of the dead were thrown inside to serve as a platform for the soldiers to stand on and sight their rifles over the top. Shortly after this the sun went down, then the soldiers knew that they would not be again assaulted until the daybreak; for the Zulus believe that at night the air is full of ghosts, and although they are probably the physical superiors of any other race, and endowed with a courage which often approaches the sublime, darkness has the effect of forcing them to give full rein to their superstitious fears, and so they gather in squads around their little camp fires, finding comfort in companionship. After the night had fallen, the question of retreat was considered, but soon abandoned, for it was seen that to escape it would be necessary to gain the open country by stealing down and out through the pass that was certain to be guarded well. So the brave company took a pitifully small pull at the precious liquid in their canteens, and after the sentries had been posted, stretched their exhausted bodies on the rocky floor, and with a dead Zulu for a pillow, sought the rest that was to strengthen them for the desperate struggle on the morrow.

Just before the eastern sky began to pale, the soldiers were awakened, and none too soon: for, thinking to take the garrison by surprise, the Zulus were to be observed creeping up the defile. A belching line of fire told them that their object was hopeless. The sun was over an hour high before they made their first charge; then, although killed, wounded, and swept back, they came up again and again, only to be torn and shattered by the awful showers of leaden hail poured upon them from behind the bulwarks of their own dead. Throughout the day every storming device known to the men trained in carnage was adopted by them, but without success; and when the second night came on, the Zulus could count the cost of their desperate valor by the hundreds of men who carpeted the pass.

During the day the soldiers, driven to it by the scorching heat had consumed the little water remaining in their canteens, and now another long night was to pass, without a drop to moisten their parched throats and cracked and bleeding lips.

"Lieutenant," said one of the men, "let me go and try to fill a few canteens. I may get through, and if I don't—why, then, I'll know I've done my duty."

"No, no, man; if we're to die, we'll all die together," was the answer he received.

At last the morning came, and wore away. Were the wily savages playing possum among the rocks, hoping by stratagem to gain what their courage had not been equal to? Did they expect the soldiers to believe that they had given up the fight and left them to make their way back to camp in safety?

The mid-day sun, so near the zenith that it failed to cast a shadow, shot down its burning arrows upon the devoted band, whose bloodshot eyes kept watch behind the putrid bodies of their foes. One of the men motioned—for speech was not possible—that he would creep down the pass and see if the Zulus had really gone. His officers did not deter him, for they knew that unless water was to be had shortly few of them would be alive when another morning broke. Climbing over the barricade, the brave fellow made his way warily along until he neared the outlet, then leaning his rifle against a bowlder, he got down on his hands and knees and crept to the opening. Several minutes passed, then his anxious suffering comrades saw him jump to his feet, swing his arms to them, and walk boldly out on the plain. Had the condition of their throats permitted, a cheer of victory and thanksgiving would have shaken the bowlders of Rorke's Drift. In another moment the entire garrison were swarming down the hill to plunge their fevered faces into the leaping, laughing waters that sported among the rocks.

It afterwards became known that the three Zulu regiments defeated at Rorke's Drift were fully equipped for a long campaign, and were on their way to attack the settlements of Pietermaritzburg and Durban, when they came across and followed up the track of the foraging party. The two days' fight so thinned their ranks that the original design was abandoned, and the whole Natal territory was thus saved from destruction and the inhabitants from massacre. For their gallant conduct in this affair the two officers were brevetted Majors, and honors were awarded to their men.

## TOMMY SHERWOOD'S BICYCLE-BOAT.

"I TELL you what," said Tommy Sherwood to a group of his particular chums and cronies gathered together on the beach at Bay Ridge, Long Island, "I shall have a scorching surprise in the way of boats to show you in a few days. My new craft is a regular dandy, and no mistake."

"I wonder what sort of a ship he's been whittling out this time?" observed Arthur Ronalds, and the boys began to discuss their young friend Sherwood, and the whole subject of ships generally from Noah's Ark down to a sneak-box.

The boys who live in Bay Ridge and its vicinity are exceptionally favored by fortune. There are some capital patches of sand on which they can disport themselves in warm weather, and the water is good for both sailing and swimming. Among the many attractions are the Atlantic Basin (always full of fine yachts), a couple of shipyards, a marine railway, a sail-maker's loft, and other resorts calculated to afford delight to a boy with a bent towards mechanics or a love for adventure by sea. The place, too, is a great yachting centre, and near by are several boat clubs, so that it is a regular paradise for lads nautically inclined. It has fostered a race of sturdy and hardy youngsters, with a keen and healthy appetite for all aquatic sports.

Two of the characteristics of the Bay Ridge boy are his inventive genius and his mechanical skill, and that perhaps accounts for the number and popularity of the home-built craft one sees him venturing out in almost as soon as the ice thaws in early spring, and as late as the first frosts of the fall. He has nothing of the Sybarite in his disposition, and heeds not the biting breezes, boldly venturing out in his tiny canoe or skiff driven by a sail little bigger than a towel—hull, spar, and sail all of home construction.

Tommy Sherwood was perhaps the most ingenious as well as daring of all the tribe of young Tritons in that neighborhood. His first marine enterprise was in a primitive craft composed of three timbers lashed-together and wafted along by a table-cloth set sprit-fashion for a sail, while he sat aft and steered with an oar. His mother very naturally disapproved of this raid upon her table linen, and it was his first and last offence in that direction. He had a sister, however, with a sewing-machine, whom he honored by appointing his sail-maker in ordinary, and who was always glad to work for her brave little brother. Thus his difficulty as to sails was settled, and as unbleached muslin is always cheap, he was happy.

He had already owned a canoe, a skiff, a sneak-box, and a catamaran, but his ambition was to be the proud possessor of a craft propelled by steam. His ambition, though laudable, could not be gratified, such a craft being above his means. It is an ill wind that blows good to nobody.

and one fine day he had a striking and practical exemplification of that old adage. His big brother, who was an enthusiastic bicyclist, happened to break his wheel in a collision, and it was carted home, a sad and shattered wreck, too far gone for doctoring in a machine-shop. As he looked at the broken wheel Tommy's heart jumped with joy. He was seized with a happy inspiration, and it did not take him long to persuade his big brother to make him a present of the distorted bicycle. Then he was ready to carry out his pet project, or rather one pretty closely allied thereto.

An old twelve-foot boat was lying on the mud near Sawyer's sail-loft. Originally a good sort of craft, exposure to the scorching summer sun and the trying frosts and thaws of winter had left it in a weather-beaten condition, but not in any way materially injured. Hunting up the owner, Tommy bought it for a song, as the saying is, and with the aid of half a dozen of his companions, the boat was carried up the bluff, and deposited in his father's barn. And right there out of the rather unpromising material of the ancient boat and the broken bicycle he constructed a craft which, when launched and under way, quite astounded all his chums.



TOMMY'S SNAP-SHOT AT THE BOAT.

It was indeed a decided novelty. Tommy had tried paddle, oar, and sail as a means of propulsion; but now he was about to blossom out with a screw propeller driven by pedal-power. The barn was transformed into a sort of shipwright's shop, and for a fortnight there was such a clanging of hammers and buzzing of saws and a general racket of tinkering as made the inquisitive neighbors prick up their ears with curiosity.

Tommy first turned his attention to the hull, calking the seams and making all necessary repairs. At the shipyard he picked up for a mere trifle the discarded propeller of a little naphtha-launch, which, although somewhat bulged and broken in the blades, answered Tom's purpose.

A hole was bored through the stern-post, and an iron shaft, to which the propeller was attached, was introduced and geared on to the pedal-power in the ingenious manner shown in the illustration. It took an immense amount of planning and contriving, as well as hard work, to accomplish all this, and had it not been for the kind assistance of a blacksmith's son I doubt if the task would ever have been accomplished. A couple of coats of paint inside and outside made the bicycle-boat look quite spick and span.

It was a proud moment when Tommy was able to take a snap-shot at the boat with his camera, but it was a still prouder experience when it was possible for him to give an exhibition of his craft's capabilities before a crowd of his delighted but perhaps slightly envious companions. The boat was carried down to the water's edge, and amid a good deal of excitement was launched. Tom took his seat on the saddle and began to pedal vigorously, keeping all the time a firm grip on the handle-bars to which the tiller-ropes were made fast. After a preliminary spin or two he discovered that the boat was a trifle top heavy, but this he quickly remedied by taking aboard a bag of sand for ballast.

His boat was then ready for an extended cruise, and he made up his mind to give her a thorough test. He started out again, and found that she could spin along at a fair rate of speed without entailing much labor, and that she answered her helm quite handily, being responsive to the slightest touch. This he demonstrated by various evolutions. First he would shave the stern of a cat-boat lying at anchor. Next he would see how sharply he could describe a circle, first with his helm hard a-starboard and then with it hard a-port. Meanwhile the crowd on the beach grew bigger.

Tommy, emboldened by his success, determined to sally forth into midstream, where the water was rougher, in order to further try the sea-going qualities of his boat, so he pointed her bow for the Staten Island shore. There was quite a lumpy chop of a sea on as the boat got from under the shelter of the land, and Tommy found it a little difficult to hold on, especially when the boat rolled. You see, he was perched up on the saddle, and as yet was unaccustomed to the unusual motion. But take it all in all he was getting along bravely, and his stanch boat was making fair weather of it.

His trial trip would have been a pronounced success had it not been for a little recklessness on Tommy's part. He saw the Bay Ridge ferry-boat approaching with a burst of speed, trying to make up for lost time, and churning up the water until it seethed and foamed again. Our young friend knew perfectly well the danger of getting into the wash of a big ferry-boat with a cockle-shell craft such as he was navigating, but some inexplicable impulse seemed to possess him. Instead of avoiding the ferry-boat, he steered right across her stern, and in a minute was in the midst of the yeasty swell kicked up by her fast-revolving paddles. The waves struck the boat broadside on. She rolled so heavily that Tom could no longer work his pedals, but hung on for dear life to his handle-bars. The biggest wave yet came in over the gunwale and half filled the boat, which was now wallowing helpless in the trough. Tom somehow managed to scramble down from his perch, and began to bail out with vigor, but the swell clothes of decidedly nautical cut that he wore in honor of the occasion was pretty nearly ruined. It was a very wet and bedraggled young salt that landed on the beach a few minutes later.

"Shall you ever go out in her again?" asked Arthur.

"You bet I shall," replied Tom; "but I am going to deck her fore and aft like a canoe and put a high coaming round her cockpit, and then I can laugh at the confounded ferry-boats."

He was as good as his word. His boat now successfully defies quite heavy waves; but it was noticed that ever afterward he gave the Bay Ridge ferry-boats a wide berth.

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### A WISH.

I wish that ordinary bread
Was just as nice as cake;
I wish that I could fall asleep
As easy as I wake.

## DRESS MAKING FOR GIRLS.

BY GEORGINA HILL GILES.

III.—MAKING A DRESS.

THE next week, and for several succeeding weeks, the young people met together and made rapid progress. After all three had a waist and sleeve pattern measured and ready for use Miss Cutting showed them the correct way to pin it to the material. The lining was first folded double, and then the front piece of the pattern laid on the goods with the front edge running parallel with the selvage of the lining. The front side piece and the back pieces were simply laid straight on the muslin, care being taken to waste as little of the material as possible; but the back side piece had to be pinned so that the waist-line ran parallel with the cross thread in the muslin.

The upper and under parts of the sleeve were laid on the lining so that the outside edge from armhole to elbow ran parallel with the selvage of the muslin.

Having marked all the seams evenly and firmly with the marking-wheel, they proceeded to cut out the lining and unpin their patterns. Miss Cutting told them to cut open the darts of their waists to within two inches of the top, and showed them they must gather all the seams on the lining from the waist-line to three inches above, drawing the front and side pieces a quarter of an inch full, and the back one-eighth of an inch full. She explained that on the back pieces only the middle seam was gathered, and on the back side pieces only the shorter side was subject to the same process (Fig. 1).

Miss Cutting explained that this gathering on the lining before the seams were sewed up made the seams at the waist much smoother, and also allowed the bones that were sewed in the waist to bend without puckering the seams. She next stretched the shoulder seams a little on the front pieces of the waist, and told them that in sewing this front shoulder seam to the back, they should draw it quite tight, and at the same time hold the back seam easy.

Helen inquired the use of this rule, and Miss Cutting led her up to a mirror and showed her how much more hollow her chest was than her shoulder, and pointed out that every one was the same way in a greater or less degree, and that consequently to keep the dress from wrinkling over the chest the material and lining should be drawn tighter there than on the back. All this work on

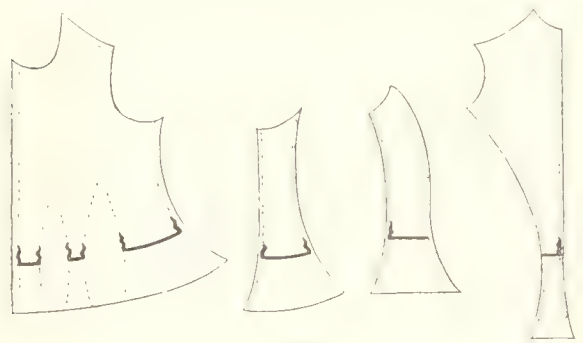


Fig. 1.

the lining, she told them, was called "preparing it for use," and it was now ready to lay on the material so as to cut the waist out. The lining and material were basted carefully together, and the different pieces were all joined at the waist-line and basted up to the top; then basted from the waist-line down to the bottom, care being taken to follow the marking of the seams on each side.

Miss Cutting explained to them that this rule about beginning to baste at the waist-line did *not* apply to the four darts, which must be begun at the top and sewed down to the bottom of the waist.

Sewing the pieces of the waists together was the occasion of a mistake on Fanny's part that called forth much merriment. They had been deep at work when a subdued exclamation from Fanny made them look up.

"Something is wrong," she said. "Oh dear! how absurd." And seeing it almost as soon as the others, she had a laugh at her own expense. This is what Fanny had done—sewed the under part of her sleeve to the side seam of her waist. She felt rather foolish until her teacher assured her she had seen beginners make much worse mistakes.



Fig. 2.

The next step in their work was to try the waists on, and this caused no small excitement. Helen's, which had all been measured by Miss Cutting, was a perfect fit. Fanny's proved to be a little tight, and Mary's a trifle short-waisted; Miss Cutting assured them there was no cause to be discouraged. Fanny's waist could be let out a little on the side seams under the arms, and Mary's waist-line could be made lower.

When this was done they stitched their waists on the machine, and trimmed the seams, notching them in several places, so they would lie flat. The seams were then pressed open with a hot iron, and overcast with sewing silk, or bound with binding ribbon, to keep them from ravelling. They next sewed their sleeves, cutting the material for the under-arm piece the same size as the lining; but cutting the material for the upper part of the sleeve much wider and longer above the elbow so as to get the full sleeve now in fashion (Fig. 2). This outer part was gathered to the lining around the top, and then the upper and under pieces were sewed together, and the seams pressed and overcast. In sewing the sleeve in the dress Miss Cutting showed them that the outside seam of the sleeve joined the dress at a point just between the two seams of the back side piece.

Fanny inquired how she was to cut her waist off at the bottom so that the two sides would be even.

"Here, my dear," said Miss Cutting, "you learn one of the uses of the waist-line. If you fold your waist double, and pin the waist-lines together all across you can cut the end of the waist either round or pointed, and feel certain it will match on both sides."

"Do tell us some other uses of the waist-line," said Helen.

"You have already learned," said Miss Cutting, "that the first and chief thing it designates is our length of back, also where to begin basting up the seams of a waist and gathering the lining. Some other things it is intended for are to show us where to sew in a belt; how long to make a belt waist; and it also enables us, in making a plaid or striped dress, to match the stripes and plaids in the different pieces of the waist by laying the waist-line marked in the lining on the same color or stripe of the material."

The girls thought this quite wonderful, and commented on it as their fingers and needles flew. They had now arrived at their tenth lesson, and that morning saw the completion of their waists.

The bones for the seams were slipped into bone casing and fastened in so tight that they bent like a bow. They were then laid flat on the seams and herring-boned on one by one with button-hole twist. The bottom of their sleeves and the bottom of their basques were turned up half an inch and basted, and then faced with silk cut on the bias. A collar was cut from a pattern, sewed in the neck, and faced the same way.

During the two remaining lessons they made their skirts; the skirts were cut with five breadths, so as to

have them wide enough to meet the prevailing fashion. The front breadth was sloped on each seam, measuring about fourteen inches across the top and twenty-five inches at the bottom. To each side of this front was sewed a narrower breadth, the side sewed toward the front being straight and the other side gored. The back consisted of two straight breadths. The whole skirt, when finished, measured about three and a half yards around the bottom. The seams were then stitched on the machine and pressed open. The bottom of the skirt was faced with bias crinoline and alpaca, and bound with bias velveteen; the top gathered in the back and fitted to the figure, with darts in front. The whole skirt was then put on a band.

Before the twelfth and last lesson the dresses were done, and the young people confessed they had learned a great deal and enjoyed it very much.

"The only thing is," said Mary, "I feel rather timid about attempting a dress all alone."

"That is very natural," said Miss Cutting; "you all know that a few lessons in music and drawing don't make you perfect—they only show you the *way*. You need a good deal of practice at music and drawing to become really proficient, and learning dress-making is very much the same thing.

"I have no doubt you will meet with some failures, but if you keep on you will also meet with success. Begin first on simple and inexpensive goods; after you feel more confidence in yourselves, take up good quality material.

"Another good idea," she added, "would be if you were to begin by teaching dress making in a simpler form to your little sisters. Teach them to make dresses for their dolls. You can buy dolls' patterns at any good pattern shop, and omitting the difficult part of measuring, the little people could easily learn a great deal from you. It would help to fix it all in your own minds, and I am sure you could make it interesting for them."

"I mean to try everything," said Helen, "and I am very sorry to-day is our last lesson; but we shall see you again, Miss Cutting, and tell you how we get on."

THE END

## BEING GOOD.

BY REV. DR. JOHN HALL

"NOW, listen, Johnnie. You're talking about the pleasant fellows that you play ball with. I want you to be pleasant, too, and I want you to be good, too."

"All right, auntie; just tell me about it. I get my lessons, I never cheat the fellows, and you can ask gran'ma how I do at home."

"Well, now, listen, Johnnie. A boy we'll call him Frank finished school and got a place. It was in a big store. There were ever so many girls and men in it, working all day, and sometimes, when not very busy, chatting together pleasantly. Frank was as nice as he could be, civil to every one and obliging, and they all liked him. The gentleman just over him thought a great deal of him, and gave him a better place. Not one in the big store had a fault to find with Frank. He was a favorite with everybody."

"Did he get more money, auntie?"

"Wait, now, and listen, Johnnie. The man who owned the store never came through it; he had his office on an upper floor, but he gave the money to pay every one, and everything in it was his. Now what do you think Frank did? He got into the way of taking home with him such nice things as he could put in his pocket. Of course he told nobody in the store. And when he got the higher place I told you of, he took away as much as he could of the money; but he did it all in secret, and every one about him kept praising him. Now was he good?"

"Why, of course not, auntie. He was a thief."

"But they all liked him, and thought him so nice."

"No matter, auntie, he was stealing."

"Just so, Johnnie; you are quite right. Well, now, listen. This world is a great place with many thousands in it, and we meet them now and then, and can be nice to them. We don't see the Owner of all the world, but He owns it all, for He made it. So we call Him our Creator, and we owe love and obedience to Him. Don't you recollect what you learnt, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth'? Now, Johnnie, if we are kind and nice to all about us, but don't think of and obey and give to the Creator what we owe to Him, we are just as bad as Frank. Our fellow creatures like us, as they all liked him, but what about our Creator?"

"And what came of Frank, auntie?"

"Why, the owner of the great store who got all the accounts found out who was stealing, and Frank was tried and put in jail as a thief. Do you see it now, Johnnie? To be really good, we must not only be nice to our fellow-creatures, we must do right to our Creator. Do you see, Johnnie?"

"Yes, auntie, I see; I see."

"Well, keep it in your mind; fix it in your heart, dear Johnnie. Some time again I may tell you more about it."

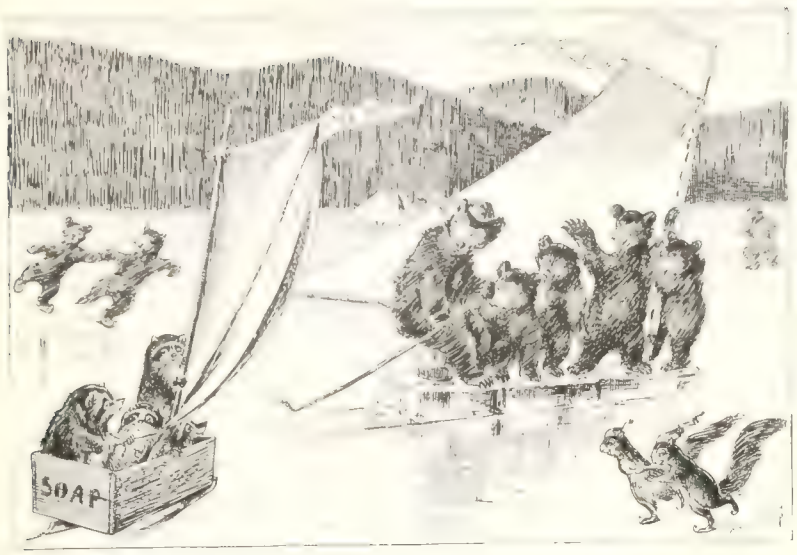
## THE NEW LIBERTY BELL.

AN American boy made the first contribution to the new liberty bell which has recently been cast from the voluntary gifts of 250,000 persons, and which will be rung hereafter on the anniversaries of all days marking an advance in human freedom. Thus it will always be rung on the Fourth of July, in celebration of the Declaration of Independence; on December 7th, the date on which Delaware, in 1787, ratified the Constitution, which all the other States afterward adopted; on January 1st, the anniversary of President Lincoln's proclamation in 1863; on April 9th, the date on which, in 1865, peace was re-established between the States; on March 3d, the anniversary of the freeing of the serfs in Russia in 1863, and on many other days.

The boy who made the first gift to the new liberty bell is Ezra McDowell, son of Mr. William O. McDowell, who originated the idea of casting the new bell as a memorial of the Columbian year, and to commemorate the great events of peace in the history of the nations. The boy's contribution was a bell which he had rung under the liberty bell in Independence Hall, from the summit of Bunker Hill Monument at Boston, and at the top of Liberty's torch in the harbor of New York. The boy wished to sound it at the top of the Washington Monument and the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt before melting it up to be cast in the larger bell, but his father objected.

Some of the other interesting contributions to this new liberty bell, which is a duplicate of the old one with the exception that the crack is omitted, are a fragment of the original bell, pennies from thousands of boys and girls, gold, silver, and copper bullion from Western mines, Roman coins, historic medals of bronze, a piece of brass from a gun carried by Baron de Kalb in the Revolutionary war, gold and silver buttons, and thousands of other trinkets that could be fused into the composition from which the bell was cast.

The new liberty bell will be owned by America, but it is the purpose of the committee having it in charge to send it to other countries to aid in the celebration of great events of peace. It will go to the Paris Exposition of 1900, and to the world's fairs that follow. If it is broken, it will be melted and recast, and it is the intention of its originators to have it rung on every anniversary of every great incident in the advance of peace and freedom, and on the birthday of all great patriots like Washington, Lafayette, and Kossuth. In short, the bell will do more than its motto commands, for it will proclaim liberty throughout all the earth instead of throughout this land alone. It is also a part of the plan of the promoters of this enterprise to erect liberty poles on prominent elevations of land in all republics, and to float from them the flags of those countries on a white ground, meaning peace. This patriotic committee have erected a pole at the Highlands of Navesink near the entrance to the harbor of New York, where the stars and stripes may be seen from every incoming steamer. They will also erect a liberty pole on a mountain crest in Switzerland, and float from it the flag of the Swiss republic. The tricolor of France will greet the traveller who enters the harbor of Havre, the flag of the Republic of Brazil will always float from a height at the entrance to the port of Rio Janeiro, and other flags, those of our own republic, will fly from liberty poles at the mouth of the Mississippi, at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, and at the city which is nearest the centre of population in the United States. The same committee will attempt to found a national university at Washington, and to promote patriotism in the heart of every young American.




REGATTA DAY ON PELTYVILLE COVE—THE START.

TWO-MINUTE CHATS WITH OLD JACK.

"WHEN I was a boy I wasn't allowed no freedom o' liberty the way you boys is," said Old Jack. "I wasn't gave no time for wastin', an' most of my young days was spent wrasslin' with book-l'arnin' I got teached 'most everythin'. There was joggerphy. My! how I did study joggerphy! Couldn't stump me on nothin'. I knowed where the horrid zone were. I knowed which were the temp'rance zone, an' when it come to artic and antartic regions, you could of set the globe a-rollin' 'long the floor an' I'd pick out one from t'other seven times out o' ten.

"I could bound Idyho, an' uv the products o' Wisconsin an' San Francisco there weren't no beatin' me. 'Rithmetic, same way. Twicet two was allus four with me though I couldn't reckon good in long diversion or frictions. Somehow I'd git my remainders mixed up with my quotients, an' what's two-fifths plus nine-fourths ekal to stumped me. But none o' they was my strong p'int. Not one uv 'em. I was smart in 'em, but not great. As my teacher says, says he, to my ma, No, ma'am, ole Jack ain't great on figgerin', nor likewise, says he, in joggerphyin', but in grammar, ma'am, that son o' yours ain't nothin' short o' a Naypoleon Boneyparte in short pants! An' grammar, which I ain't never shirked, boys, has made me what I are."

BOBBIE'S WISH.

"I WISH some man would make a top
That, when 'twas spun, would never stop."

JIMMIE'S AMBITION.

"WELL, Jimmie," said the visitor to the small son of the entomologist, "are you going to be a lawyer when you grow up, or what?"

"I'm goin' to be a Bugwump like papa," said Jimmie.

A DISCOVERY.

"I DON'T see what west is, anyhow," said Bob, with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Why not?" asked his teacher.

"You say the earth is round," said Bob.

"Yes," said his teacher.

"Well, if you go far enough west, east's west," said Bob. "And if east's west sometimes, why isn't west east sometimes?"

A RESOLUTION.

WHEN my little candle to-night I take
And into my warm bed creep,
I am going to try to lie awake
To see how I fall asleep.

"HULLO, Jamie, what are you doing?" cried Uncle John.

"Weadin'," said Jamie.

"Reading, eh? Why, you've got the book upside down."

"Yeth," lisped Jamie; "dat's ee way I always weads."

"Do you and your teacher get along well together, Wallie?"

"Splendid," said Wallie. "She likes me so much she won't let me sit at my desk, but keeps me on a little stool beside her all the time."

MISTOOK IT FOR A STEAMER.

OUR LITTLE BOBBY *(two years old, as ferry-boat enters the slip)*. "Papa, are we going in our stable now?"

HARD TO BELIEVE.

ISAAC. "Yaas, sah; dey kin send a message 'cross de Landy Goshen in two minutes."

UNCLE JAKE. "Doan you b'leeve it, Izik. Dat's too monsus a stram on de 'magination, honey. It's beyant de beyans, an' is bawdah to b'leeve dan de story of Jack an' de beanstalk."

"PAPA," said Willie Robinson the other day at breakfast, "a boy called me Bill to-day. Am I a Bill?"

"Yes," said papa; "all Willies become Bills sooner or later."

"Well, I hope I'm paid," said Willie.

WILBUR climbed up on his father's lap the other night and gazed earnestly at his face.

"'Tain't true," he said.

"What isn't true?" his father asked.

"Mrs. Watkins said baby had your nose," said he, "an' he hasn't. You've got it yourse'f."

"WE got hard-wood stairs in our house," bragged Jimmie.

"So've we," retorted Mollie. "I fell down 'em last Tuesday, an' they was awful hard."

THE ZEBRA.

THE zebra he is full of stripes,
Of brown and gray that make
Him seem to me an animal
Composed of marble-cake.

THE DISTINCTION.

PORTLY. "Why is a watch so often called a turnip?"

MOTEBY. "In old times a gold watch weighed so many karats; so by way of distinction it came to be the fashion to call silver watches turnips."



ROUNDING THE STAKE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

## CHAPTER XIV.

AUGUST came, and the Fraziers went, promising to return for the 28th. Once more all the influences that a mother's love can devise had been brought to bear on those members of Benny's class whose friendship he either claimed or desired. Connell had been besieged with smiles, and would have been overwhelmed with attentions but for his sturdy determination "not to be bought." Then came open rupture. As first sergeant he had rebuked Frazier for falling in with belts disarranged at parade, and attempting to adjust them in ranks. Benny was piling up demerit, and yet taking every possible liberty, and doing a good deal of angry talking behind Connell's back when reported. This time Connell left his place and walked down opposite his classmate.

"Fall out, Frazier. You know perfectly well you have no business in ranks in that shape. Fall out, and fix your belts." And Frazier, scowling and muttering sulkily, obeyed. Connell overheard something that sounded very like "putting on too many airs; boning military at a classmate's expense," as he started back to his post, and whirled about, quick as a cat.



"Classmate or no classmate, you cadet appear in ranks of this company in that shape, and I want no words about it," he said. Then as Benny, hanging his head and refusing to meet his eyes, bunglingly fastened his belt, Connell went on to the inspection of the company. They were standing at ease by this time, and as soon as Connell's voice was well out of hearing Frazier again began:

"You're taking advantage of your size, that's what you're doing, Mr. Connell, and you wouldn't dare to speak to me in that tone if you weren't altogether too big for me to tackle."

Geordie heard this. He could not help hearing it, but before he could warn Benny to say no more of that, the cadet captain called the company to attention, and began his inspection. That night, after tattoo, Connell said to Geordie:

"I hear that Frazier declared I was taking advantage of my size. Did you hear it?" And Pops refused to answer.

"I don't mean to see any more trouble between you and Benny if I can help it, Con," said he. "He's making an ass of himself, but there sha'n't be any row if I can prevent it."

But Pops couldn't prevent it. Connell went wrathfully in search of Benny, charged him with what had been said, and demanded that he either affirm or deny it, and Benny could not deny; there were altogether too many witnesses.

"I *am* too heavy to take advantage of you in any way," said Connell, as soon as he could control his temper sufficiently, "but in the whole class or the whole corps I challenge you to find one man who will say I have imposed in the faintest degree upon you. If you can, I'll beg your pardon; if not, by Jupiter, you must beg mine."

So far from finding any one to agree with him, for even his tentmates had to admit they thought he deserved all he got, and was lucky in not being reported for muttering when spoken to on duty—a report which carried heavy punishment—Benny ran foul of a tartar. Little Brooks, who was slighter and shorter than himself, fired up when Frazier appealed to him, and said: "Connell was perfectly right, and you were utterly wrong. You've been wrong all along ever since we came in camp. You've imposed on him in every way you dared, and simply forced him to 'skin' you, or else stand convicted of showing you partiality. That's my opinion, since you ask it: and if I were in Connell's place you'd eat your words or fight, one of the two."

This was a stunner, as Winn put it. Benny now had no recourse but to challenge Brooks, as, indeed, Benny himself well knew. It was either that or a case of being "sent to Coventry."

"My parents are here, as you very probably considered when you made your remarks, Mr. Brooks," said he, magnificently. "I do not wish to fight while they're here. They go on Saturday, and then we can settle this."

"Any time you please, only don't wait too long," was Brooks's reply.

But they didn't go Saturday. They staid several days longer. Meantime Frazier accused Geordie of having reported his language to Connell. He also told his mother of this new act of meanness on Graham's part. Mrs. Frazier could not understand such base ingratitude. If that was the result of being brought up in the army, she hoped her boy would quit the service as soon as possible after graduation. Frazier apologized to Connell with very bad grace. But while that ended hostilities, so far as they were concerned, Connell told him in plain words that he owed still another apology. "You have given your relations to understand," he said, "that it was Graham who reported your language to me. It was Graham who refused to do it." All the same, Benny did not take the trouble to undo the wrong he had done, and set Geordie right with his mother and friends.

The Frazers were gone by the first week in August, however, and then Benny had a disordered stomach of some kind and Dr. Brett excused him two days, and sent him about his business on the third, saying there was nothing on earth the matter with him but eating too much pastry and smoking cigarettes. Then Benny had several confinements to serve, and sent word to Mr. Brooks, who was waxing impatient, that there'd be time enough after he got out of confinement, and could go to Fort Clinton. Brooks replied that if it would be any accommodation he'd eat supper that evening, and they could "have it out" in the company street when camp was deserted, but Frazier declined. By the second week in August the boy found he was considered a shirk, and in order to prove his willingness to fight he carried his bullying of a shy, silent, lanky plebe to a point the poor fellow couldn't stand. He was taller than Frazier, but had not the advantage of the year's gymnastic training, and Benny won an easy victory, but only over the plebe. It was evident his classmates were still shy of him.

Then he came to Geordie and asked him to be his second, and carry his challenge to Brooks. He wanted the indorsement that such seconding would carry, but Geordie refused.

"Why not?" asked Benny, hotly.

"For two reasons. First, because I agree with Brooks; and second, because you have no right whatever to ask me to second you."

Benny went off, aflame with indignation, to report Graham's monstrous conduct. Some of the class said Geordie was entirely right; others replied that there were plenty to second him even if Pops wouldn't, and at last poor Benny found there was no help for it. He had to meet that fierce little C Company bantam, and he did; but the fight wasn't worth telling about. Benny couldn't be coaxed to get up after the second knock-down. He was scientifically hammered for about thirty seconds, and that was quite enough. He was so meek for a few days thereafter that even the plebes laughed.

And now the foolish boy decided it due to his dignity to "cut Graham cold," which means to refuse to speak to or recognize a fellow-cadet at all—a matter that hardly helped him in his class, and this was the state of affairs between them until the end of camp.

Geordie really felt it more than he showed. He hated to be misjudged, yet was too proud to require any further words. Between him and Connell, Ames, Winn, Benton, Rogers, and men of that stamp in the class the bonds of friendship were constantly strengthening. B Company kept up a good name for discipline during camp, thanks to Connell's thoroughly soldierly work as first sergeant, and the cadet captain's even-tempered methods. Geordie, as third sergeant, had few occasions to assert his authority or come in unpleasant contact with upper-class men serving as privates. He was content, hopeful, happy. He spent one or two evenings looking on at the hops, but the more he looked the more boyish his classmates appeared as contrasted with the cavaliers he had been accustomed to watch at Fort Reynolds; so he and Connell preferred listening to the music from a distance. On Saturdays they clambered over the glorious heights that surrounded them, made long explorations among the mountains, and had many a splendid swim in the Hudson. They kept up their dancing-lessons "for First Class camp," as they said, and to that they were already looking forward.

At last came the rush of visitors for the closing week in camp, the return of the pallid-faced furlough-men, the crowd and jam of the 28th hop, the surrender of their offices to the *bona fide* sergeants, and Geordie and Connell found themselves shoulder to shoulder in the front

rank on the right of Company B. Three days later, and with the September sunshine pouring in their window on the south side of barracks, the two corporals were room-mates at last. Connell being already hailed among his classmates as "Badger," in honor of his State, the next thing Geordie knew some fellow suggested that there was no use calling him "corporal" when he really was a corporal and would be a sergeant in less than a year, and so, Connell being "Badger," why not find a characteristic name for Pops? "Call him Kote," suggested Fowler, who came from far Nebraska, and gave the frontiersman's pronunciation to the Spanish *coyote*—the prairie wolf. And so it happened that the two Western chums started their housekeeping for the Third Class year under the firm name of "Badger & Coyote."

Meantime Benny Frazier, staggering under a heavy weight of demerit and the ill-concealed distrust of a number of his class, had moved into the room across the hall. Connell and Geordie had hoped they would not find themselves in the same division, but the matter seemed unavoidable. Benny's chum was a college-bred young fellow of some twenty years of age, with a love for slang, cigarettes, and fast society. His name was Cullen. No steadiness could be expected there. Extremes met in the two cadet households at the south end of the third division "cockloft" that beautiful autumn, and, except as extremes, they hardly met at all. There was little intercourse between the rooms. Cullen sometimes came in to borrow matches, soap, postage-stamps, or something or other of that ilk; Benny never.

Studies began at once as they did the previous year, and Geordie started about the middle of the fourth section in mathematics and in the fifth in French. In determining his general standing this year he would have no English study to aid him. He must do his best with analytical and calculus, with French and drawing, and for drawing he had little or no taste. It was with gloomy foreboding, therefore, that the boy began his work, for there was every prospect of his standing lower in January than at the beginning of the term. Frankly he wrote home his fears, and his eyes filled when he read the loving, confident replies. Both father and mother were well content with his record, and bade him borrow no trouble. Even if French and drawing should pull him down a few files, what mattered it?

Buddie was enthusiastically happy, however, for when the revision of the cadet appointments was announced very few changes were made except among the corporals. Benton held his place as first, Connell rose from fourth to third, Ames, more studious than military, dropped a few files, and Geordie made the biggest rise of anybody. From fourteenth he climbed to eighth, jumping among others Crandall, and this in Buddie's eyes was better than standing high in scholarship.

With all his earnest nature Geordie threw himself into the work before him. Connell, with his clear, logical head and steady application, speedily proved of the utmost service to his less-brilliant chum, for, so far from resenting request for explanation, he was perpetually inquiring if Geordie saw through this, that, and the other thing, and resenting, if anything, the reluctance of his roommate to ask for aid instead of wasting time groping in the dark.

"Well," said Pops, "I don't want to give up until certain I can't do it myself, and it takes time."

This in itself was a far better condition of things than existed the previous year. Then there was another. Connell was every bit as orderly and careful as Pops. He held that it was unsoldierly to be indifferent to regulations. From first to last of September neither received a single demerit, and Connell was winning high, and Graham good marks in every academic duty.

The autumn weather was gorgeous. The afternoon battalion and skirmish drills were full of spirit and interest. Then came early October, early frosts, gorgeous foliage all over the heights, and, above all, their first lessons in the riding hall. The year of gymnastic training had measurably prepared them, and Frazier had ridden, so he informed his cronies, ever since he was big enough to straddle a Shetland. He therefore was all impatience to show the class how perfectly he was at home *à cheval*. But like many and many another youth, poor Benny found there was a vast difference between sitting a natty English pigskin on a bridlewise and gaited steed, and riding a rough, hard-mouthed cavalry "plug," whose jaws and temper had been wrenched by his abnormal employment as a draught horse at battery drill. Three days' chafing sent Frazier to hospital, while Pops rode higher into popular favor.

"Coyote may be no mathematician," said Winn, who, as a Kentuckian, was authority on horse matters, "but he can outride any man in this class, by jinks! and give points to many a fellow in the others."

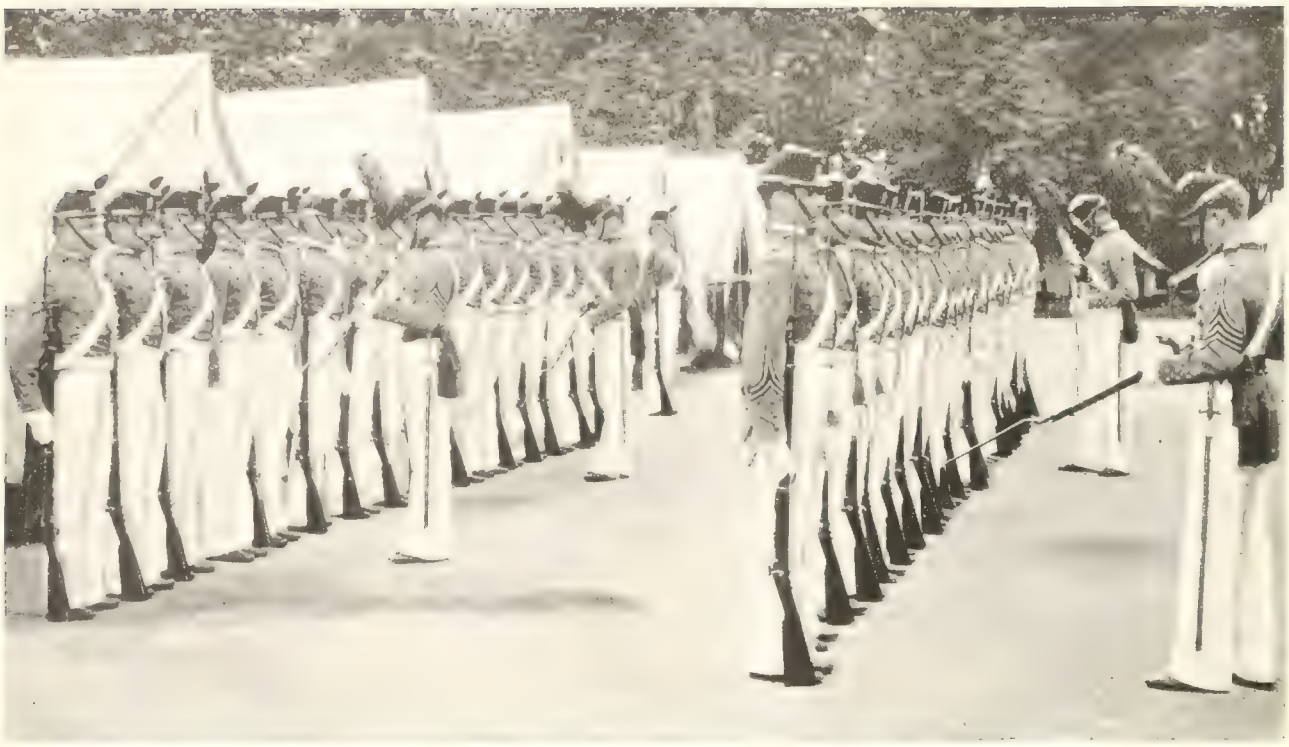
When December came Geordie's patient, steadfast work had begun to tell. Drawing proved no such stumbling-block as he expected. He found himself clumsy at first in topographical work, yet gradually becoming interested and skilful. His score was the exact reverse of Frazier's. Starting with his usual easy dash and confidence, Benny's performances the first few weeks won high marks, while Geordie's "goose tracks" were rewarded with nothing above 2. As weeks wore on the steadfast workers began to challenge Frazier for place. One after another Benton, Ames, and certain lesser lights climbed above him. Then he grew reckless, and the week before the Christmas holidays Graham's mark was better than that of the quondam head of the class. So, too, in French. Geordie never could succeed in reading or speaking the language in which Frazier was idiomatic fluency itself, but he knew more about its grammatical structure, and his translations were accurate and even at times scholarly. The January examination, to which Graham had looked forward with such dread, because he believed he must go down, passed off with very different results. He had gained two files in mathematics, ten in languages, and twelve in drawing. As for discipline, he and Connell stood among the very leaders.

"Stick to it, Geordie boy," wrote Lieutenant McCrea, "we're proud of you. I have bet Lane you will be one of the four first sergeants in June and up among the twenties in class rank." As for his mother's letter, Geordie read it with eyes that grew so wet the loving words began to swim and dance and soon were blotted out entirely.

Then came the long uphill pull to furlough June—that blessed, blissful, half-way resting-place so eagerly looked forward to. If it meant joy to fourscore stalwart young fellows, who for two years had been living a life of absolute routine and discipline, what did it not promise to fond, yearning mother hearts at home—to mother eyes pining for the sight of the brave boy-faces so long denied them? To Pops and Connell the days sped swiftly by because they wasted no hours in idle dreaming. With them the watchword was ever, "Act, act in the living present."

April artillery drills, the dash and whirl and thunder of light battery work, were upon them before they realized it and away before they thought it possible. But there was drag and trouble and tribulation in the room across the hall.

Narrowly escaping discharge on account of demerit in January, both Frazier and his roommate began the new year with a whole volume of punishments and confinements. "Extras breed extras" used to be the saying in the corps. There was a time during Christmas holidays when Benny's room was a sort of "open day and night"



THE CADET CAPTAIN CALLED THE COMPANY TO ATTENTION, AND BEGAN HIS INSPECTION.

restaurant, where all the reckless spirits in the battalion were assembled, where demerits seemed to live in the air and be carried like microbes of disease all over the barracks. On May 1st it was known that Frazier had hardly three demerits to run on until the 1st of June, and that calculus had tripped and thrown him as predicted. Down to the second section went the proud head of the year before, and then in the midst of trials at the Point came tidings of tribulation at home. Mr. Frazier senior had been taken strangely and suddenly ill; had suffered from a partial stroke of paralysis. Benny applied for leave for two days. The superintendent telegraphed for particulars, and on reply refused the application. There was no immediate danger said the physician. There had been business worries and losses, but the stroke was not fatal.

Then Pops and Connell noticed that Mr. Jennings, who still hung on near the foot of his class was paying frequent visits to Frazier when the latter, being in confinement, could not get out. Twice they heard high words, but in all the excitement of the coming of June, and the examinations, the delirious joy of trying on the civilian dress they were now as eager to appear in as they were to get out of it and into "cadets" two years before, Benny's affairs attracted little attention.

At last came graduating day of the First Class, the announcements of the new officers in the battalion, and Pops and Connell, whose chevrons as corporals rubbed one against the other for the last time in the ranks of the color guard that morning, shook hands the instant "rest" was ordered, the centre of a fire of chaff and congratulation.

"The firm of 'Badger & Coyote' is dissolved," laughed Harry Winn, for Connell was promoted first sergeant of Company D, and Geordie, who called the roll of old K Troop in Arizona when he was but a four-year-old, was destined for a year to do similar service as cadet first sergeant of Company B. "And I'd rather have you than any man I know," said his new captain, Bend, the first sergeant of their company in their plebe camp, that very night.

And then came the result of the examination. Rising to thirty-first in mathematics, thirtieth in French, and twenty-second in drawing, standing among the first in discipline, Geordie was out of the thirties and into the twenties at last; and two days later he and Connell, the happiest boys in all America, were speeding westward together. "First sergeants and furlough-men, Pops," said Con; "who'd a thought it two years ago? Certainly not Frazier."

Alas poor Benny! Loaded down with demerits, he was held at the Point when his classmates scattered for home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW A RECORD WAS BROKEN.

BY RICHARD BARRY

WILLIE STEELE was an auburn-headed boy whose inventive turn of mind gave him little rest; he must be planning something or making something all the time to be completely happy. Mr. Steele had humored his son in all this for the sake of peace, and had paid the bills for replenishing the stock of the little workshop out in the stable over and over again.

Willie had invented a steam-engine that wouldn't steam, a "duplex clothes wringer" that tore clothes into nice picturesque rags, and he was at work on the model of a flying-machine when winter came on in earnest, and the splendid skating brought all the town of Ferrisburg out on the river. It was this rage for skating that led young Steele to invent his first success.

"What's Willie up to now?" inquired the young Principal of the Ferrisburg Academy of Willie's sister. He was on his knees buckling on her skates as he spoke; it was a bright Saturday afternoon, and the river was dotted with swaying, moving forms.

"Oh, he says that he's making a bicycle arrangement that will beat skating hollow," Miss Steele answered, laughing. "But you know Willie," she went on rather deprecatingly. "He's always inventing things that won't work." Sisters sometimes fail to understand ambitious younger brothers.

"Oh, I think he will succeed some day," rejoined the young Principal, as the two joined hands and struck out over the smooth black ice.

Suddenly there was a shout behind them, and they turned about quickly.

"Cæsar's ghost!" exclaimed the young Principal. "Here he comes now!"

Beyond all doubt it was Willie, and beyond all doubt he was coming fast, for his legs shot up and down like piston-rods, and he was leaning over the handle-bar of his bicycle in regular Zimmerman fashion. Behind him trailed a line of pursuers, headed by Dean Murray, the fastest skater in the town.

"It's a race," said the Principal, as the crowd swept by them. They could see that the front wheel of the bicycle was held immovable and was shod with a skatelike runner that kept it straight and steady. The rear wheel did not appear to slip in the slightest, and made a clicking scratching noise on the ice.

One of the small boys had evidently given up the chase, for he was going smoothly along, with both his short sturdy legs held straight and stiff; he was trying hard to get his breath after his exertion.

"Oh, there's Jimmy Ford!" said Willie's sister. "Jimmy, come here!" she called.

Jimmy changed his direction, and came up closer.

"Yes, 'm, it's a race," he panted. "He's racin' Dean to Goose Neck Point. My skates is too dull fur racin'," he added, "but I'm goin' to cut 'cross the meaders; it saves mos' three mile."



WILLIE AND HIS BICYCLE

"Come on; let's go with him," said the school-master, who was fond of sport; "we will see the end of it."

So they left the smooth river, and, accompanied by several spectators and the timekeeper, hopped, skipped, and skated over the frozen grassy pools of the meadow, until they came to the black ice again at Goose Neck Point. The racers were not in sight yet, but they had not long to wait.

"Here dey come," shouted Jimmy. "Cricky! I wish my skates wuz sharp."

Around the point they came, the bicycle with the boy in the blue suit leading. The crowd had thinned out in numbers, and only two of the skaters seemed to have the slightest chance; it was only a quarter of a mile further to the winning-post, and Dean Murray began to creep up. Faster worked the blue legs, and quicker and stronger came the strokes of Dean's long-bladed skates. It was nip and tuck now, Willie bobbing his head up and down, and Dean bending low, and swinging his arms straight across his body like two pendulums. Only one hundred yards, and he was right at Willie's back wheel, then almost even, then—a shout from the spectators! Dean's heels flew up, and down he sat, as Jimmy Ford expressed it, "Jess as if he'd wanted to be funny." Bicycle and skater slid across the line together, and the official timekeeper (who was also the starter), shouted out "Dead heat." Then he looked at his stop-watch closely and announced that the record was broken.

"Let us look at your wheel, Willie," said the Principal, as he made his way through the cheering crowd.

"Yes, sir," answered the hero. "It's perfectly simple; wait till I get my wind and I'll tell you about it."

Although it was a crisp cold day, Willie's face was moist, and he chewed a piece of ice as if it was a luxury. After a pause he went on.

"It's perfectly simple. This curved runner is clamped on the front tire, the wheel can't move, you see, because it's fixed. Now the back wheel is covered—that is, the tire and felloe with these metal bands fitting on in sections; see, they can't slip, and these eighth-of-an-inch spikes take right hold of the ice. You never felt anything run so smooth in your life, and you can turn a sharp corner without your wheels slipping from under you the way they usually do when they run on anything slippery. I call this my 'Ice-cycle.'"

"It was a mighty good race," said the timekeeper.

"Yes," said Willie; "perhaps Dean would have won if he hadn't fallen." Then he mounted his wheel and rode away, turning about here and there like a swallow, the crowd still watching him.

"Willie's a great inventurer," mused Jimmy Ford. "He's mos' as good as Ed'son. I wish my skates wuz sharp."

## THE SIEGE OF SETTLERS' ISLAND.

BY H. G. PAINE.

### CHAPTER I.

"THERE being no further business before the meeting, 'It' stands adjourned until next New-Year's afternoon at three o'clock!" And Boundless Jimmy Atwater's gavel came down upon the table with a resounding rap.

"Now, boys," said he, "it is my intention, with your assistance, to make my administration of this society one which will make itself felt not only in the school, but in the town, which will redound to our own credit, and be the means of giving us all a great deal of adventure, sport, and a good time generally."

It was the afternoon of New-Year's day, 1894, and the boys belonging to "It" had met for their annual meeting in the "studio" over Jack Prall's barn.

"It" was a secret society that had been started one year previously by some of the boys in the High-school at Hamilton, Iowa, on the Mississippi River.

Jack Prall had been elected presiding officer the first



FRONT BOAT.—SIDE ELEVATION OF SLED AND DETAILS OF THE TOWING GEAR.

year, and now he had just been succeeded by his most particular chum, Jimmy Atwater.

"The first scheme that I have to propose," said Jimmy, as the meeting broke up and the boys gathered around him, "is a winter picnic to Settlers' Island. The jolly two weeks we spent there last summer is still fresh in our minds, and I don't see why we can't go up there this week and spend two or three days and have just as good a time."

"Won't it be awful cold?" asked Bobby Slater, one of the younger boys. "We'd freeze to death nights."

"Say, Bobby, how do you s'pose the Eskimos live?" said George Graham. "I think it would be larks. And we can build snow-houses, igloos they call them, just like the Eskimos, and sleep in them."

"Yes, and there is another point," suggested Jimmy. "You all remember that the old *River Sprite* went ashore on Lone Tree Point last summer. Well, the company have just taken out the machinery and fixings, and left her there. Now I think we ought to go up and take possession of her. She's on our island, and she ought to belong to us, but Fénélon de Smith told me that the Bluffton boys are talking of claiming her because she's a Bluffton boat. We can take a stove along, and put it up in the cabin, and the boys who are afraid of the cold, like Bobby, can go in there and keep warm. What do you say, Jack?"

"I say yes every time," replied that worthy. "And I fancy Bobby'll have plenty company nights. Igloos are lots of fun to build and have sport with in the daytime, but I guess the *River Sprite* will be more comfortable to sleep in, and I think we'll have easier work getting permission to go if we have a place like that for our headquarters."

"The point is well taken," exclaimed Jimmy. "All in favor say aye."

"Aye!" shouted every boy, and immediately began a tremendous hubbub of questions, suggestions, and arguments, until Jimmy had to rap loudly for order.

"Boys," he said, "this is no snap notion of mine. Jack and I have planned it all out, and if you'll keep quiet a minute, I'll tell you our idea, and then if you have anything better to suggest, it can be adopted by a majority vote. In the first place, I propose that we sail up, or row up if the wind is against us—"

"Perhaps you didn't know the river was frozen over," interrupted George Graham, in a sarcastic tone.

"Perhaps you didn't know that Jack has invented an ice-boat that you can row," laughed Jimmy. "Well, he has, and it's a dandy. You can make one out of two sleds without hurting the sleds, and three can go on a boat. Every boy here has a sled, and we can fix up enough for all of us to-morrow and Wednesday, start Thursday morning, and come back Saturday night."

It is needless to say that Jimmy's plan passed without a dissenting voice, as all the boys were anxious to see the latest invention of Jack's mechanical genius. Ice-boats that could sail they all knew of, but the Mississippi at that point is not favorable to their use. The river is full of islands, and there is little chance for cruising except straight up and down the river, which is all very pleasant while you are going before the wind, but extremely aggravating when you want to come back. But an ice-boat that could be rowed when there was no wind or when it was unfavorable opened up unlimited possibilities of good times on the frozen river.

"Here it is," said Jack, as he drew the long boblike sled from under the work-bench on which most of the boys had sat during the meeting, and removed the sheets of brown paper with which he had covered it.

The boys examined it carefully.

"Now," said he, "I have the plans here, all drawn to scale, and the directions written out, and all the boys that want to club together and get up similar boats tell me now, and I'll lay in the lumber, and you can bring your sleds around to-morrow morning, and we'll put them through in double-quick time."

So saying, he brought out the diagrams and the directions for building the cruisers. Here they are; the reader can try it himself:

Take two pieces of joist 3 inches wide, 2 inches high, and as long as the width of the sled tops, and place one across the centre of each bottom-board. Fasten the rear one to the board by means of a ½-inch iron bolt passing through a hole bored 2 inches from either extremity, and the forward one by a single bolt passing through its centre. The heads of the bolts should be countersunk in the boards, the nut ends projecting through the joists. The forward bolt is to serve as a pivot, in steering with the front sled. Four stout screws driven from underneath the board keep this joist firmly in place. The bottom-boards are now ready for the deck.

This is a planed 1½-inch spruce board, 11 feet long, and the width of the sled tops. The corners and edges should be rounded. The deck is fastened to the bottom-boards by the three bolts, which pass through corresponding holes, bored 1 foot from either end. Before screwing the nuts on the ends of the bolts to keep the deck in place the steering-gear should be put in place.

An inch board, 6 inches wide, as long as the width of the deck, is set on edge across the deck, 1 foot from the bow end, a notch being cut out of the lower edge to allow the nut of the forward or pivot bolt to be screwed on. The board is held firmly by long screws driven from underneath the deck, and is further braced by triangular pieces of wood extending towards the front. In the centre of the upper edge of this board, and directly over the pivot bolt, drive a stout screw, holding in place an oak bar, 30 by 2 by 1 inches, with a handle at each end. Stretch a small rope from each handle to an eye in the point of the sled-runner on the same side. To steer the cruiser, pull on either handle, and it will turn the forward sled toward the same side. Two or three iron washers should be placed on the pivot bolt to avoid friction between the deck and the joist.

To make the rowing-gear, screw two pieces of 2 by 2 inch oak joist to the rear bottom-board as indicated in the diagram. The four handle-bars are of spruce, 30 by 1 by 2¾ inches, and work on good sized log screws driven into the ends of the crossbars. The short arm of the lever should be about 6 inches long. To each side of the lower end of each handle-bar double-bolt an oak strip, 9 by 2 by ¼ inches, projecting 5 inches. On a third bolt, about 1 inch from the end, swing another oak strip, 7½ by 1½ by 1 inches, part way into the lower end of which three heavy nails have been driven, and their heads filed to points. Nail four 1 by 1 inch strips to the deck for braces, as indicated. The oarsmen should sit with their backs to the bow in rowing as in an ordinary boat. Should the elbow-joints not work easily, even if greased, extend each "forearm" forward about 6 inches by a ⅜ by 1 inch strip nailed to its under side, and connected with the handle-bar by a strong piece of elastic. This will keep the points pressed against the ice and insure their catching at each stroke.

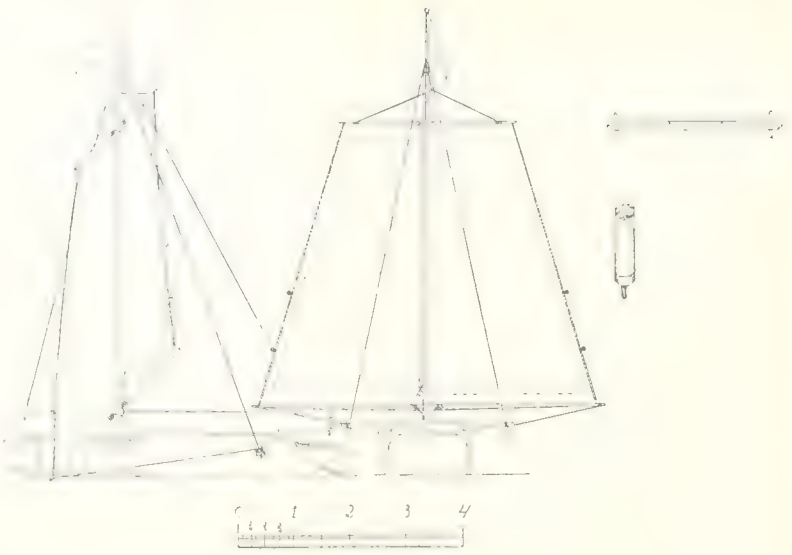
The mast is of spruce, 7 feet high, tapering from 3½ inches in diameter at the foot to 1½ inches at the top. Insert a round iron pile, 5 by ½ inch, into the bottom of the mast, allowing 2 inches to project. The mast enters a ½-inch hole in the centre of the deck, 2 feet from the bow end. Stays lead from the mast-head to the forward end of the deck, and to the extremities of spruce cross-piece 36 by 3 by 2 inches, bolted to the under side of the deck, midway between the two sleds. An oak pin passes through the crossbar near each end, to which two of the stays are secured. The upper yard should be of spruce, 3 feet 6 inches long, tapering from 3 inches in diameter at the centre to 2 inches at the ends. The lower yard may be of pine, 6 feet 3 inches long, 3½ inches at the centre, and 2½ inches at the ends.

The sails are best made of drilling, with a hoist of 5 feet by 3 feet at the top, and 6 feet at the bottom. Sew the hems at the sides with cord around a ½-inch manila rope, which should be drawn taut enough to allow the sail to bag slightly. Make wide hems top and bottom through which to pass the yards.

Lash a single block or pulley about a foot below the head of the mast. Pass the halyard through it, and attach the halyard to the upper yard by means of a rope the length of the yard, but fastened to it at 6 inches from either end. The halyard is belayed to a small cleat screwed to the mast near the foot. The upper yard is attached to a ring passing around the mast and large enough to pass over this cleat. The sheets lead from the extremities of the lower yard to the oak pins of the cross-piece.

Lash two small galvanized iron rings securely to the leach on each side of the sail, at 1 and 2 feet respectively from the lower yard. To reef, lower the sail, and roll the slack up on the lower yard, and hold it in place by means of a line passed through one of the rings on each side and around the yard, and then fastened to the outer end.

This makes a rig that can easily and quickly be put up, and even more quickly taken down, rolled up, and packed away.

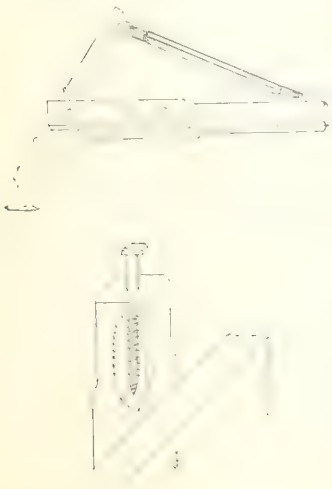



THE SAIL.

It was soon decided to get up four more ice row-boats —two to be made like Jack's out of two sleds, and two to be made out of bobs belonging to Jimmy Atwater and George Graham. In the mean time they adjourned to the river to try the new craft.

To the delight of all, it was found to work perfectly, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in trying it under all phases—under sail and as a row-boat. With two boys to row and one to steer, it was surprising to see what fast time could be made against the wind, which was blowing up the river; and then, when the boat was turned around and the sail hoisted, the return trip was made at an astonishing rate of speed.

"Hullo, Frogsy!" said Jimmy to Fénélon de Smith, the dancing-master's son, who was known by that extraordinary nickname, "have you heard anything more about those Bluffton boys going to Settlers' Island?"



PIVOT AND ELASTIC RIGGING

"No," said Fénélon. "Father hasn't been up there during the holidays. It was he told me about it. Would you like to know?"

"Yes, I would," said Jimmy. "We are going up there for a winter picnic this week, and if they think of coming down, I'd like our boys to be there ahead of them."

"Oh, say," inquired Fénélon, "can I go along with you?"

Fénélon had long been anxious to belong to "It," but his bringing up had not been of the best, and when he first came to Hamilton he found that some of his ways, which were rather mean and underhand, were not looked on with favor by the boys, who, his judgment told him, were the nicest boys in the school. He had been trying hard to improve himself, and to make himself worthy of being taken into "It," but as yet he had not been made a member.

Jimmy looked at him a moment, and then, with a glance up the river toward Bluffton, he said, with a meaning tone, "I won't promise anything, but *perhaps* it might be arranged." And turning quickly on his skates, he was off in hot pursuit of Jack's ice-boat, which was skimming past under full sail.

Fénélon said nothing, but he thought hard. Then he took a few quick strokes up the river just as the town clock struck one — two — three — four — five. Fénélon stopped, stooped down, unfastened his skates, and went home.

### CHAPTER II.

THE boys began to assemble at Jack Prall's before Jack had finished his breakfast. But when he joined them and went out to the barn, they found he had been up before any of them. There, on the barn floor, was enough lumber to build two more boats like his own, and to adapt the two bobs to a similar use. Jack had been down to the lumber-yard, and had it carted round before breakfast.

Each boy brought his own sled, as it was necessary that the two sleds for each boat should be as near alike as possible. Jack chose the sleds of Sam Wilbur and Joe Hickey for one boat, and those of Will Halsted and Frank Allibone for the other. The other sleds were piled up in the yard, while all the boys turned to, under Jack's direction, to complete the four ice-cruisers.

"That's right," said Jimmy Atwater, coming on the scene a little late with his bob. "There's nothing I like to see so much as industry—in other people. My belief is that we can't get up to the island any too soon. If the Bluffton boys are coming down at all this winter, they're coming down this week. I should hate to find them there before us. 'Possession is nine points of the law,' and while we could keep them off the island, it would spoil all our fun to have them there in the old steam-boat. I went around this morning to see Professor De Smith, to find out how much he knew, but he has gone down the river for a week, and Mrs. Langdon, where they board,



TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL IT WAS FOUND TO WORK PERFECTLY.

said that Fénélon had left the house long before anybody was up, and had not come back for breakfast."

"Oh, we'll get through in time, Boundless," said Jack, "if you'll quit talking and let the boys work. First, now, pass all that stuff up into the studio, and Jimmy and George Graham and I will cut it into proper lengths, and shape it and bore all the holes, and then we can pass it down, and I'll show you how to put the cruisers together. In the mean time I want four boys to volunteer their mothers' and sisters' services to make the four sails. Here's mine for a model."

There was not an instantaneous reply to this appeal, and finally it was decided by lot that Charley Franklin, Peter Kelsey, Abner Goodwin, and Boyce Barker should sacrifice their female relatives in the cause of "downing the Bluffton boys," as Jimmy called it. And they departed with rueful countenances in the direction of a dry-goods store, and thence to their several homes.

Jack then told off Bobby Slater, Larry Heintzelmann, Godfrey Dubois, and Horace Jones to forage for such other odds and ends as were necessary to complete the fitting out of the ice-cruisers.

To expedite matters, Jack now took apart his own cruiser and numbered every piece. He had selected as foundations for the other two cruisers sleds that were of the same make and counterparts of his. He distributed the pieces among those boys who were handiest with tools, and told them to copy these pieces exactly, making two of each. In this way the seven boys who staid at the "studio" made quick work of the bodies of the cruisers. As soon as enough were ready to complete one cruiser, Jack began to put it together.

The boys were just completing the last of the two cruisers, and Jack was critically inspecting the stays and the rigging, when a shout of laughter drew his attention to a curious-looking little figure coming up the driveway. A piece of bagging tied around its head served for a hat, its coat was a glaze of ice from which icicles were hanging, and it carried one skate in its hand.

"Why, it's Frogsy!" cried Jimmy Atwater. "Where on earth have you been?"

"In the waters under the earth," said Fénélon, with a shiver. "You said you were wondering if the Bluffton boys had gone to the island, so I took an early start this morning and skated up there to see. Just before I got to the island I thought I saw smoke, and I went over in near the shore to get a better view. I wasn't looking where I was going, and first thing I knew I went plump into an air-hole. My, but it was cold! Lucky for me it wasn't over my head, and I managed to get out. But I lost one skate, and I had to foot it all the way home, and I guess my clothes must weigh near a ton. I ran more'n two miles to get warm, and I guess I'm all right. But I'm nearly tuckered out."

"And you didn't find out if the Bluffton boys were there, after all?" said Jimmy, in a tone of disappointment.

"You bet I did!" cried Fénélon. "I went right on toward the island till I got so close that I could see smoke coming out of a stove-pipe through one of the cabin windows of the *River Sprite*, and a lot of fellows moving about. I guess there must have been more'n a dozen."

"Boys," cried Jimmy Atwater, and there was a ring of excitement in his voice—"boys, shall we let these Bluffton intruders interfere with our sport, or shall we go up there and clean 'em out? All in favor say aye."

And everybody shouted "Aye!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE STOKE-HOLDS OF OCEAN RACERS.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE AND FRANCIS A. MATTHEWS

IF you should happen to be a lusty boy, and fond of finding out "what makes things go," you will enjoy going down into what is known as the stoke-hold of a very new ocean steamer, whether it be a war-ship or a merchantman. Of course you know, as does every one else, that monster engines, strong, and so confusing in their workings, as they climb up and down, guide forward and slide backward, and whirl and fret and fume so as to quite turn your head as you look at them, nevertheless work in perfect order and make the ship go. All the fuss of this complicated machinery is to turn over and over, a certain number of times a minute, long steel shafts, the ends of which stick out of the steamship's hull into the water. On each of these ends is a screw that bores through the slippery water and pushes the ship ahead. But there is a force behind all this activity—the steam that is made in the boilers, and the cause of that is the fires in the furnaces of the boilers. These are fed from the stoke-holds, as the spaces in front of the ends of the boilers are called.

It used to be thought that next to a dungeon, far down beneath a prison floor, with bread and water for food and rats for company, the stoke-hold of an ocean steamship was the worst place in which to exist in this world, and an excellent suggestion of the fate that was in store for awfully wicked persons in the next world. We have all heard of the terrible heat in the stoke-holds, how the men work there bared to the waist, how they often drop from exhaustion, and how sometimes they die from heat-stroke, which is what sun-strokes usually are. We have fancied these men with long shovels and stoking tongs standing in front of furious fires, their heads bent down and turned partly aside to avoid the terrible glare and the attacks of the heat-waves as they roll out of the furnace doors and beat up against the sides of the stoke-hold like red-hot breakers on a beach. In the case of old-time steamships this picture perhaps is not overdrawn, and the "black draught," as the medicine is called which the captain of the vessel prepares for prostrated stokers in the absence of a ship's physician, is still on the list of remedies which Sailor Jack expects to have served out to him when the proper illness comes. He doesn't know what the medicine is, but he expects it just as he expects a certain amount of rations to which by law he is entitled.

Well, in these days of great mechanical improvement, stoke-holds are losing their terrors. They are getting to be quite comfortable. Great strides have been made in the last twenty years in increasing the speed of ships, and it isn't too much to say that most of it comes through better and stronger boilers. Twenty years ago the boilers of the fastest ships sustained only 70 pounds of steam-pressure to the square inch, but now they sustain with ease 165 pounds. This means more than double the steam than formerly, and much faster twisting of the screws. It also means more coal and more stoking, but not near so much in proportion to the gain in steam. This is because furnaces have also been improved, but the work of feeding their angry throats is hard enough; so hard, indeed, that steamship owners have found that it pays to look after the comfort of the stokers as well as others of the crew, and hence stoke-holds are beginning



THE TEMPERATURE IS ABOVE 100° WHEN BRISK WORK IS GOING ON.

to be ventilated and to be made comfortable as working places. The temperature of stoke-holds is still above 100° when brisk work is going on, but ventilators keep pouring fresh cool air into the place, and the stokers almost never suffer from exhaustion in new steamships.

The stoker works only eight hours a day, and this is divided into two "watches" of four hours each. That is, he works four hours, then has eight hours' rest, and then works four hours, and doesn't think his lot is such a bad one after all. To be sure, on merchantmen he has to be hounded all the time to do his work properly, and he expects it, for he has a chronic objection against working without being driven to it, and oftener than not doesn't think it worth while to wash his face in his eight hours' interval of rest. He probably wouldn't thank you for your sympathy if you tried to tell him that his life is hard.

The stoker's superiors on merchantmen think he is little more than an animal, a human shovel, and he doesn't care what they think so long as they do their full duty in nagging him, and don't interfere with his rights, one of which is listening to personal abuse, with the privilege of being knocked down with a shovel occasionally for talking back, or declining to do the work assigned him. Refusing to work, or "striking," as it would be called on land, is mutiny, and not long ago the captain of an Atlantic liner shot one of his stokers dead for this kind of mutiny, and thereafter on that voyage the chief engineer had no complaint to make because steam wasn't kept up. The captain was afterward fined and sent to jail for a few months for killing the man, instead of putting him in irons; but the final result was that stokers in that captain's ship always worked briskly.

Stokers on men-of-war are vastly different beings from those on merchantmen. They are looked upon as real men, and they demand treatment as such, and get it. Their work is much the same as on merchant vessels, and their hours are similar; but there is no such grumbling on a war-ship as elsewhere, for discipline prevails there from fighting-tops to the lowest boiler furnaces.

Probably the best place to investigate a stoker's life is on a man-of-war. The cruiser *New York*, when she was in New York Harbor, afforded an admirable opportunity to observe the workings of a boiler, as well as to study a stoker's work in general. This is because a war-ship belongs to the people—to you and to me—and the attendants are willing that we should know all about it. They even get up pamphlets telling about almost every rivet in the ship, and about the thickness of this screw or brace, as well as giving information about capacities, weights, and every other conceivable thing, little or big, that might be desirable. On a merchantman like the *Lucania*, for instance, they want you to know as little as possible about the engines and boilers, for the secrets about speed are hidden there, and they don't want any rival to get hold of them.

Let us now climb down into one of the forward engine-rooms of the cruiser *New York*. It is all very clean, and ladies have often gone down there. When you are practically on the bottom of the ship you start toward the bow. You pass through an iron door, and find a cubby-hole big enough to hold a man, and then another door. These double doors are so built that a person may pass from the engine-rooms to the boiler-rooms without opening a door directly from one into the other, and thus there is no interference with the draught at the furnace doors. Standing in the space forward of these double doors through which we have passed, you will notice that the full width of the ship down there is occupied by two boilers placed side by side. In the lower part of each boiler are four furnaces, the doors to which are about the size of a flour barrel's head. These furnaces are about six feet long. Those on the extreme right and left are about a yard higher than the other two, which are at the bottom of the boiler's curve. A big iron shutter which may be swung open discloses that fully one-half of the boilers is composed of tubes, and that the fire is swept by the draught from the furnaces into a combustion chamber in the rear, and thus through these tubes what is left in smoke and gases passes on through "uptakes" into the smoke-stacks and thus escapes. The water surrounds these fire-tubes, and lies a few inches deep in the open space above them, but two-thirds at least of this open space is given up to the steam that is being made.

The two boilers in front of us rest against each other at the middle, but where they curve away at the bottom there is space enough for a narrow passage, and we will go now into the second fire-room. Here is a better place to see the stoking, for there are sixteen fires in this compartment, counting those of the boilers in front of you, and those of the boilers at your back, provided you are still looking toward the vessel's bow. You must remember that the boilers are double-ended so far as the fires are concerned. Eight stokers work in a large compartment like this, which reaches clear across the ship, and seems about twelve feet long from boiler to boiler. Each man has two fires to look after. The coal-bunkers are above the boilers, and curve down the ship's sides, acting as protection to the boilers. The coal-passers get the fuel through openings on the ship's inner plating, and toss, carry, or wheel it to the stokers in front of the furnaces. At intervals more or less regular each stoker opens the door of a furnace, and with a dexterous twist of the wrist spreads a fine layer of coal over the fire.

If the cruiser is going at the fullest speed the forced draught will be in use. This means that the whole fire-room, that is, the entire space occupied by the boilers, will be shut up tight, and that down through the big funnels that protrude above the deck whirling fans will be sucking the fresh air down into the fire-rooms at the rate of more than 1,000,000 cubic feet a minute. This makes what they call an air pressure. That is, if you have a curved glass tube with the ends standing uppermost and even with each other, and fill the tube partly with water, and then close one end tight and leave the other open, the artificial air pressure from this tremendous draught will press down the water in the open end of the tube and raise it in the closed end from one to two inches. This big pressure of course affects the lungs of the stokers, but finds its only escape by rushing up through the furnaces and out through the smoke-stacks. This air pressure keeps the men cool, although the place is hot, and it stirs up a whirl of coal dust, and licks off the coal from the shovels so that the stokers don't have to work hard in throwing it in. When the men come out of the place they look like Hottentots. Still, they will tell you it isn't so bad down there, but they will be wiping the black dust from their protecting glasses as they speak, and by looking at their eyes you can see that they are really white men. Each man has shovelled about a ton of coal an hour into his furnaces, but he has had to shake his fires, draw the ashes, and keep up an even combustion. This activity is going on in front of the four fires in the ends of each boiler, and when you see the smoke pouring out of a steamship hereafter you may imagine what is really going on down in the hull, far below the water and in the middle part of the vessel, for there is where the boilers are, so that the engines may be placed in the stern near the screws.

If you wish to see the boiler-rooms of a merchantman of the newest type, the *Lucania* will afford the best example. I went through the fire-rooms of that vessel the day before she sailed in the early part of last December, on the last of her trips to New York for the season. Although I had credentials from the very highest person in authority in the company's affairs on this side of the

Atlantic, I was eyed suspiciously by Chief Engineer Miller. He was somewhat tardy in asking me to be seated, and in giving me permission to go below, and I began to think he imagined I was going to run off with the whole ship. Finally he thawed a little, and sent for a subordinate engineer, saying, "Take this gentleman wherever he wants to go." My escort followed instructions literally, for although he could speak he might as well have been dumb, and have pointed to this and to that for all that he would say or could be made to say.

I had said to the chief engineer that I did not want to pry into anything that he wanted kept in reserve, and that if I asked a few questions it would be about dimensions—but I got no further than that one unfortunate word, for he flared up, and said no one would get dimensions on his boat, no matter who he was or where he came from, and that he knew his duty. Thereupon I got ready to answer just as sharply that my back wasn't strong enough to carry off his ship and its secrets, even, though I might be so inclined, but his eye lighted on something liquid that invariably accompanies hospitality on shipboard, and in the proffer of such compliments and its declination we forgot that our tongues were sharp, and I started on my trip below.

There are twelve double-ended boilers in the *Lucania*, and they are arranged three abreast. They are also in double sets. Between the double sets of six boilers there is a long space for coal-bunkers. One may pass from one end of the fire-room to the other, as in the cruiser *New York*, and the coal is brought to the furnace doors in much the same fashion. On the day before sailing it is packed up around the furnace doors, and looks like a boy's snow fort, only it is black instead of white. The first thing noticeable about the stokers' work is that the furnaces in the *Lucania* seem almost twice as large as those of the cruiser *New York*. One stoker takes care of all four fires in each boiler. There is no forced draught, but ventilating fans keep the place supplied with fresh air.

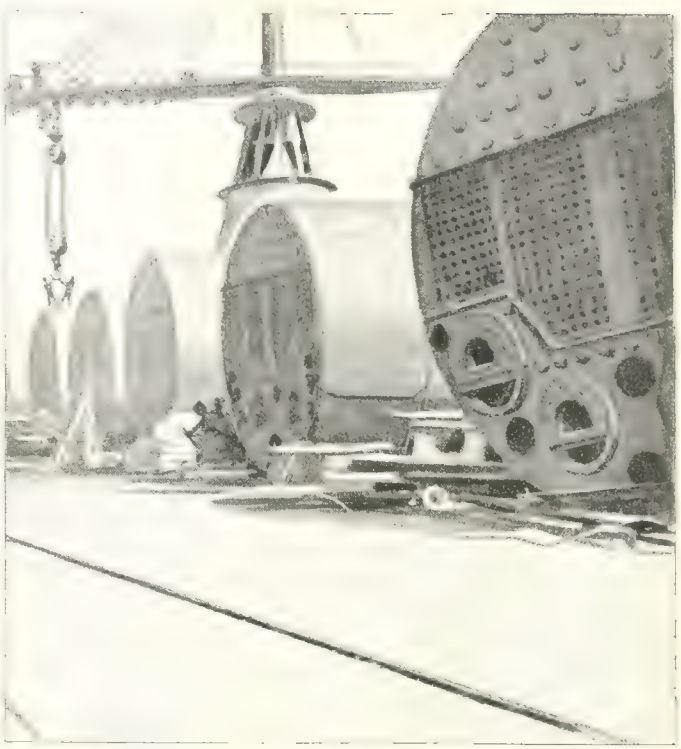
The lack of the forced-draught system makes necessary unusually large furnaces and high and large smoke-stacks. When going at its smartest speed, the cruiser *New York* will burn in two of its furnaces almost as much as the *Lucania* will burn in four furnaces, and that is why more men are needed for each furnace in the *New York* than in the *Lucania*. It may be of interest to note that the *New York's* boilers are 18 feet long and nearly 16 feet in diameter, and those of the *Lucania* are 17 feet long and 18 feet in diameter.

Stokers get about twenty-five dollars per month on merchantmen or men-of-war.

Although the *Lucania* is queen of the ocean and the men are cared for better than on old-time liners, some stokers prefer slow-going vessels to racers, for the reason that they get less prodding from their superior officers, and because an economical consumption of coal is more to be desired than keeping up steam at the top-notch all the time.

Still, as we stand in front of one of these boilers and see the coal rushing into the fires, and almost feel the steam swishing through to the engines and back again to the boilers, and as the dirt and dust settle on our faces and clothes, and we see the constant strain it takes to keep a big ship going, we may get a faint idea of what some of our modern luxuries cost in men and materials.

How many passengers on a splendid ocean steamer think of the stokers or give heed to the fact that their comfort and progress proceed primarily from the clink of the stokers' shovels, and that this never ceases at sea.



BOILERS ON A DOCK SHOWING FURNACE DOORS.

## OUR BABY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE'S something new at our house. I'm s'prised you didn't know it,
It makes Papa feel awful proud, although he hates to show it:
The thing is not so very big, but money couldn't buy it;
If any fellow thinks it could, I'd like to see him try it.

It's half a dozen things at once—a dove, a love, a flower;
Mamma calls it a hundred names, and new ones every hour.
It *is* a little music-box, with tunes for every minute.
You haven't got one at your house, and so you aren't in it.

It puckers up its wee, wee mouth, as if it meant to whistle;
A gold-mine weighted against it then were lighter than a thistle;
Papa said so the other night, I thought it sounded splendid,
And said it to myself until I fell asleep and ended.

Of course you've guessed it by this time, our gift that came from heaven;
Mamma declares the darling thing was by the angels given;
But then some folks are very slow, and some are stupid; maybe
I ought to say, right straight and plain, come home and see our Baby!

## HANS PUMPERNICKEL'S VIGIL.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

HANS PUMPERNICKEL was for many years regarded by his friends and neighbors in the little town of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz as the most industrious boy they had ever known. Where Hans came from no one knew. He had appeared in Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz when he was no more than six years old. His name was all that he would confide to the curious.

"I'm Hans Pumpernickel," he had answered in response to the inquiries of the magistrate. "But where I came from is neither here nor there."

Some said that this statement was only half true though many others believed it wholly. Certain it is, however, that if one has a habiting place, a native town, it must be either here or there. If it is not here, it must be there, said some; but Hans never took the trouble to say anything further on the subject.

"And what are you going to do to live?" asked the Mayor's wife, who took a great interest in the pretty little stranger when first she saw him.

"Breathe," said Hans, simply. "For you see, ma'am, I cannot live without breathing, and so I have decided to do that."

The Mayor said that this was impudence; but the good lady, who had made that somewhat crabbed old person's life more happy than he deserved, only laughed, and said that she thought it was droll, and only wished her little boy, who was stupid like his father, could have said something as bright.

"But you cannot breathe unless you eat," the Mayor's wife had said, when Hans had spoken. "What are you going to eat?"

"I do not know," said Hans. "What have you got?"

Again the Mayor growled "impudence," and again did the good lady laugh.

"We have sausages and cake and apples," she said.

"Then," said Hans, "I will have some sausages and cake and apples."

"But we don't give away things of that kind," said the lady. "Those who would eat must work."

"I cannot work unless I breathe," said Hans; "and you yourself have said that I cannot breathe unless I eat. Therefore, if you would have me work, you must let me eat."

"Logic!" cried the Mayor, beginning to take an interest in Hans. "Give the boy an apple."

So Hans was given the apple, and he ate it so thoroughly that the Mayor decided that he [illegible] to do little errands for him, for thoroughness was a quality he greatly admired, and from that time on Hans lived in the Mayor's family; and when the stupid little son of that exalted personage ran away from home and became a cabin-boy on a man-of-war, the Mayor adopted Hans, and he took the place of the boy who had gone away, refusing, however, much to the Mayor's sorrow, to change his name from Pumpernickel to Ehrenbreitstein, which happened to be the last name of the Mayor.

"Pumpernickel was I born," said Hans, "and Pumpernickel will I remain. Why should I, a Pumpernickel who am bound to make a name for myself sooner or later, take the name of some one else, and shed the lustre of my fame upon *his* family?"

All of which was very sensible, though Mayor Ehrenbreitstein did not appreciate that fact.

So Hans went on making himself very useful to the Mayor and his wife. He would shell pease in the morning for the Lady Mayor, and in the afternoon he would write speeches for the Mayor to deliver on public occasions; and people said that as a public speaker the Mayor was improving, while all who had the pleasure of dining with the head of the city frequently complimented the Lady Mayor upon the excellence of the pease served at her banquets. In every way was Hans satisfactory to all for whom he worked. After a while such confidence did he inspire in his employers that Frau Ehrenbreitstein let him do all her shopping for her, and most of the Mayor's duties were intrusted to the boy. He could match ribbons and veto or approve the doings of the Aldermen of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz with equal perfection. The ribbons he matched and the worsteds he chose for his kind mistress always looked well, and the lady soon became in the popular estimation a person of unusually good taste, while the vetoes and other public papers were so well phrased that even his opponents were forced to admit that the magistrate was right.

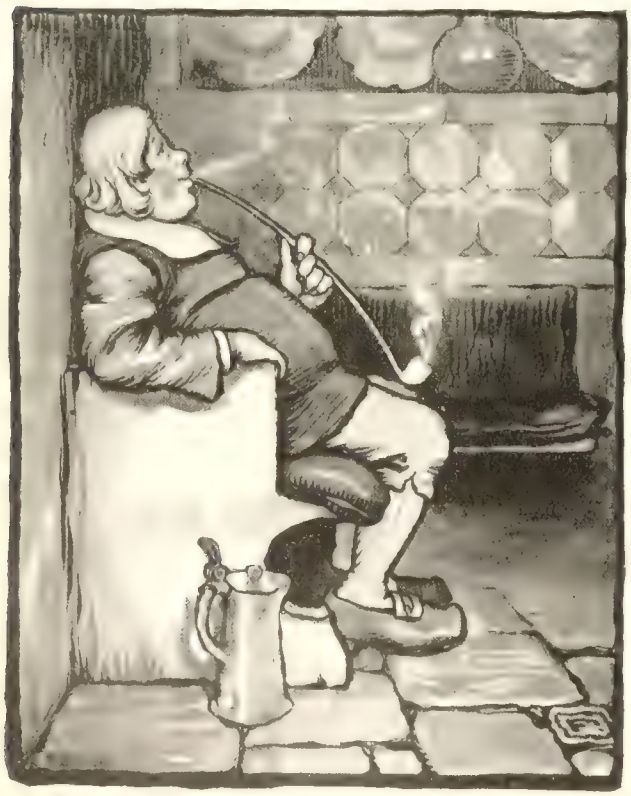
Hans bore all his prosperity with modesty, and for the fifteen years during which he faithfully served his employers he developed no conceit whatsoever, as many a weaker boy might reasonably have done, and, barring one peculiarity, none of the eccentricities of the truly great ever manifested themselves. This one peculiarity excited much curiosity among those who had heard of it, but despite all questionings Hans declined to say why he had it. It was a peculiarity that was indeed peculiar. It was noticed that from the time he first ate with the family of the Mayor he would set apart one full third of every dainty that was placed upon his plate, and when the meal was over he would take it away from the table rolled up in a napkin. For instance, if at breakfast three sausages fell to the lot of Hans, he would eat two of them, and the third he would wrap up in a napkin, and take it to his room. So it was with everything else that came his way. Out of every three apples one would go untouched into the napkin; and later, when he began to earn a little money, one-third of it also would be saved. It was noticed too that on every Friday afternoon Hans would send away a big box by the express carrier, but to whom the box was sent no one could learn. The express carrier would not tell, and Hans himself, when asked about it, would say to the one who asked him:

"Let me see. You are in what business?"

"I am a baker," or perhaps, "I am a butcher," the inquisitive one would say.

"Then," said Hans, "if I were you, I would stick to baking or to butching, and not embark on enterprises which are not allied to the making of bread or the slaughter of roast beef."

The people so addressed would turn away chagrined, but with proper apologies; and when they apologized Hans would say, with a smile, "Pray don't mention it,"



IT WAS A WEARY VIGIL, BUT HE WAS TRUE.

so kindly that the meddlers would be pacified, and no ill feeling ever resulted from the young boy's request that they mind their own business.

At the end of the fifteen years of faithful work, however, a great change seemed to come over Hans. He began to show a great distaste for the labors that he had hitherto spent his time in performing. When Frau Ehrenbreitstein gave him a skein of pink zephyr to take to town to match, he would try to beg off, and when he could not beg off he did worse. He went to town and brought back not the new skein of pink zephyr that his mistress wanted, but a roll of green and yellow wall-paper, and when she expressed surprise, he said that that was the best he could do.

"But I didn't want wall-paper," cried the Lady Mayor.

"Well, you never told me that," said Hans. "You said, I admit, that you wanted pink zephyr; but then one might wish for that and still want a roll of green and yellow wall-paper."

"Are you crazy?" returned the good lady, much mystified.

"I think not; and the mere fact that I *think* not shows that I am not," Hans replied, "for the very good reason that if I had lost my mind I could not think at all."

"Very well," said Frau Ehrenbreitstein, reassured by this perfectly logical answer. "You may go and shell the pease."

Whereupon Hans went down into the kitchen and shelled the pease, only he retained the pods this time, and threw the pease to the pigs.

"It is very evident to me," observed his good mistress to her husband that night, when the pods were served at dinner, "that Hans Pumpernickel has something on his mind."

"Yes, my dear," answered the Mayor. "I know he has, and I know what it is."

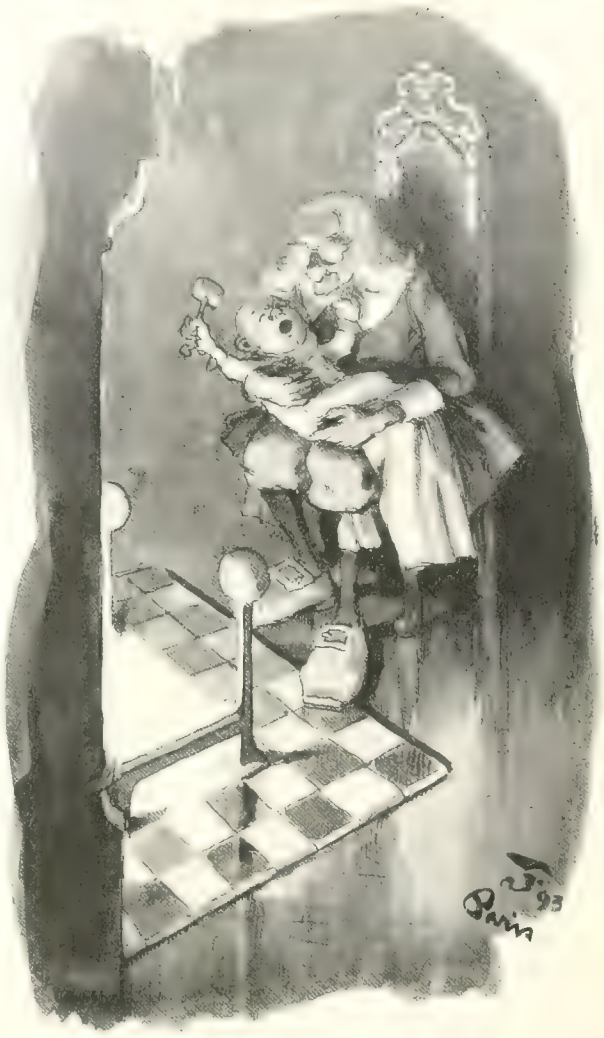
"He is not in love, I hope?" said Frau Ehrenbreitstein.

"Not he!" cried the Mayor. "He is thinking about what I shall say to the Emperor next week when his Imperial Majesty and the Chancellor pass through Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz on their way to the Schützenfest at Wurtemburger-Dannstadt. I have told Hans that the imperial train stops at our station to water the engine, and during the five minutes or so in which the Emperor honors our burg with his presence, it is only fitting that I, as Lord Mayor, should greet him with an address of welcome. It will be the opportunity of my life, and the boy is trying to enable me to be equal to it. Heaven forbid that he should fail!"

This explanation eased the mind of the Mayor's wife, and she refrained from asking Hans to shell pease and match zephyrs until after the Emperor had come and gone. Unfortunately, however, this was not the real cause of the trouble with Hans, as the speech he wrote for the Mayor to deliver to his imperial master showed; for, to the dismay of Mayor Ehrenbreitstein, when the Emperor's train stopped at Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, and he had unrolled the address Hans had written, he discovered that Hans had not written a speech at all, but a comic poem, in which his Imperial Majesty was referred to as a royal turkey-cock, with a crow like the squeak of a penny flute. The poor Mayor nearly expired when his eyes rested on the lines Hans had written; but he went bravely ahead and made up a speech of his own, which His Majesty fortunately did not hear, owing to the noise made by the steam escaping from the engine whistle.

When the Emperor had departed, the Mayor returned home in a rage, and you may be sure that Hans could not get in a word edgewise even until his employer had told him what he thought of him.

"Excuse me," said Hans, when the Mayor had finished,



"HE'S THE WORST BABY YOU EVER SAW."

after an hour's angry tirade—"excuse me, but would you mind saying that over again? I was thinking of something else."

"Say it over again?" shrieked the Mayor. "Never. I shall never speak to you again."

"But what have I done?" asked Hans, so innocently that the Mayor relented and repeated his tirade, and then Hans broke down.

"Did I do that?" he said. "Then it is very plain that I need a vacation."

"I think so," retorted the Mayor. "You may take the next thousand years without pay."

"One year will be sufficient," said Hans. "Though I thank you just as kindly for the others." Then he wept, and the Mayor's wife took pity on him, and asked him to tell her what it was that had so occupied his mind of late that he had committed so many grievous errors, and Hans told her all.

"It's my great great great great-great-granduncle's fault," he sobbed.

"Your what?" cried his mistress.

"My great-great-great-great-great-granduncle, the perpetual baby," said Hans, wiping his eyes. "He's the worst baby you ever saw. He yells and howls and howls and yells all the time, and if he is left alone or put down for a moment he has a convulsion of rage that is terrible to witness. He breaks his toys the minute he gets them, and for fifteen years he has made a slave of my poor father, who has not let the child out of his lap in all that time."

"Fifteen years ago I left Pumpernickelstein. What do you suppose?" He could scarcely believe it.

"Three hundred and forty-seven years, six months, [illegible]," said Hans excitedly, consulting a pocket encyclopædia he had with him. "During my time with you, mein Herr, I have supported them. Father is alone in the house with the baby, as we could not afford a servant, and the child yells so all the time that my father cannot get employment anywhere. It was this that drove me out into the world to earn a living for them. When I got only my food and bed I shared my food with them, sending off a third of it every week. Then when money came along, I gave them a third of that; but the baby is as bad as ever, and father has written to say that he can stand it no more, and I must return home or he will send the baby to me here."

"But, mercy me!" roared the Mayor, who had come in and heard the story, "why doesn't the child grow?"

"He can't," sobbed Hans. "His mother once made a wish that he might always remain a baby, and it happened that she made the wish at the one instant of the year when all wishes are granted by the fairies."

"Nonsense," said the Mayor. "There are no fairies."

"Indeed there are," said Hans. "There is my great-great-great-great-great-granduncle, the baby, to prove it. He's a little tyrant, and he has worn out every generation of the family since, making them look after him. It's terrible, and in trying to think what to do to relieve my poor father and still escape myself, I have neglected everything else, and that is why I—boo hoo!—I wrote the wall-paper and matched a pink Emperor with a green and yellow comic poem."

"Poor lad!" said the Mayor's wife. "Poor lad! It is a cruel story."

"It is that," agreed the Mayor. "But cheer up, Hans. If there is an instant in every year when wishes are always granted by the fairies, why don't you wish the baby as he ought to be at the right moment?"

"That's the trouble," said Hans, sadly. "There are many instants in a year, and the lucky moment changes every twelve months. It is never the same. I wish, and *wish*, but never at the right moment. Sometimes I forget it; the instant comes and is gone, though I don't know it."

"Well," said the Mayor's wife, "there is but one thing you can do. That is, to devote a whole year to nothing else but that wish. I shall fix you up a chair in the kitchen, give you a pipe, and on New-Year's morning you may begin. You shall have no other duties but to wish for a restoration of things as they should be. You will be sure to hit the right moment if you are faithful to your work."

"As I always am," said Hans, drying his tears.

And so it was that Hans Pumpernickel began his long vigil. He sat in the kitchen, silent, smoking, gazing at the ceiling, *wishing*. It was weary work indeed, but he was true, and last year on the sixteenth day of July, at half past one o'clock in the morning his fidelity was rewarded, though he did not know it until the next morning when the expressman brought him a message from his father to the following effect:

"July 16, 1898.

"MY DEAR HANS. Don't worry; everything is serene again. At half past one o'clock this morning, just as the clock struck, your great-great-great-great-great-granduncle began to grow at a most rapid pace. I had hardly time to drop him when he was taller than I, and twice as stout as I am told you are. A beard sprouted on his face with equal rapidity, and just as I thought to ask him what he was going to do next he gave a deafening shout of laughter and disappeared entirely. The whole affair didn't last more than five seconds. The spell has been removed, and the perpetual baby is no more. Come over and see me, and we'll celebrate our emancipation.

"Affectionately your daddy,

"RUPERT PUMPERNICKEL."

Hans read this letter with a joyful face, and rushed up stairs to tell the Mayor and his faithful helpmeet of his good fortune, and there was great rejoicing for several days. Then Hans visited his father, and the two happy creatures spent weeks and weeks rambling contentedly about the country together, at the end of which time Hans returned to Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, where, the Emperor having retired the Mayor on a liberal pension for his attentions and kind expressions of regard in the speech Hans did not write for him, he was chosen to succeed his former master.

## A WOMAN HERMIT.

SHE was really more of a Robinson Crusoe than a hermit, having lost her way among the desert snows of arctic America, where she made herself quite comfortable for seven months, until her retreat was accidentally discovered by a party of explorers. It was more than a hundred years ago that an enterprising Englishman, with his company of Indian guides, came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe in a place that was supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation.

Following the track for some distance, they reached a small hut ingeniously constructed of snow and drift-wood; and inside, the lady of the house, a fine-looking young Indian woman, was sitting alone. She understood the language of the guides, and consented at once to accompany them to the Englishman's tent, as she was heartily tired of her solitary life.

Her story was a very interesting one. Her own tribe of Indians were at war with another tribe, when she was taken prisoner and carried off into slavery. But the next summer, when her captors were travelling through the country, she made her escape, and tried to find her way back to her own people. This, however, was impossible without help of some kind; but instead of sitting down to bewail her lonely fate, the brave girl went to work to make herself comfortable until something should turn up.

A shelter of some kind was the first thing to be considered, and she forthwith proceeded to build the little dwelling in which she was discovered. Here she set up housekeeping under difficulties, as she had first to catch her food and then cook it, and it was a constant struggle to keep her fire going.

When asked how she managed to catch anything, she said that she had made snares with some deer sinews which she taken from her captors, and had taken in them rabbits, partridges, and squirrels. She had also caught some beavers and porcupines, and when her visitors arrived her larder was very well supplied. As the first snares wore out, their place was supplied by others made from the sinews of rabbits and squirrels.

Besides being a good provider under difficulties, this remarkable young woman had not neglected her wardrobe. The skins of the animals she had caught were fashioned into a comfortable and really artistic winter suit. The Englishman wrote of it, "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." With such rough implements as the broken shank of an arrow-head, and a piece of iron hoop roughly sharpened with a knife, the Indian girl had constructed not only her picturesque dress, but also the serviceable snow-shoes which led to her release, and other useful articles.

At first she had a great deal of trouble with her fire. By rubbing and pounding two sulphureous stones to

gether, which was very hard work, as she could [illegible] get a few sparks to kindle some loose fibres of wood picked small; but this took so much time that for months she had not allowed her fire to go out. She was never idle, and had made preparations to go fishing on a large scale when spring should unseal the frozen lakes and streams. To do this she peeled off the thin inner bark of the numerous willow trees, and twisted it into a species of twine. She had stored up several hundred fathoms of it for future use.

The admiration of the Indian guides for this attractive and useful damsel was unbounded, and each one wished to secure her for his wife. As she could not marry them all, it was decided, after a time-honored custom, to settle their several claims by a wrestling match, the prize to be awarded to him who could overthrow all the rest. This was carried out forthwith, and the fair Indian girl was again made captive. It is to be hoped that she did not find it necessary to run away a second time; but she had already shown that if she did she was fully able to take care of herself.

ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

## AUNT LOUISA'S TEAPOT.

AUNT LOUISA'S table was the cause of the accident to Aunt Louisa's teapot.

Aunt Louisa had an old-fashioned house which contained some out-of-date furniture. Among them was a round topped table with three legs which curved outward from a central support. Its peculiarity was that the top of the table was fastened to the support by a hinge which allowed it to remain in a horizontal or a perpendicular position. When the top was *up*, Aunt Louisa stood it against the wall, where it took little room. When the top was *down*, it was kept in place by a little bolt which fastened it underneath.

Aunt Louisa was a hospitable old lady, and took much pleasure in having her numerous nieces and nephews visit her. She had her favorites among them, of course. On the day this story begins she expected a niece and a nephew to arrive from entirely opposite directions, each to pass a few days with her.

The niece, Eleanor Bainbridge, reached the house first, and was shown into the parlor to await Aunt Louisa's appearance. It was a warm day. Eleanor sat and fanned herself vigorously and waited patiently. But Aunt Louisa tarried long. Presently Eleanor looked around for amusement. Near her stood Aunt Louisa's round table. Upon one side of it was a teapot of fanciful design. Upon the other side, the side nearest Eleanor, lay a photograph album.

Eleanor's eyes rested first upon the teapot. "That is the teapot Mrs. Mayhew gave Aunt Louisa long ago," her thoughts ran. "It's an ugly thing, but she must care for it or she wouldn't put it there."

Idly she drew the album toward her, opened it, and lifted it upon her lap. As she did so, to her consternation the side of the table nearest her flew *up*, and the other side, where the teapot stood, flew *down*. The ugly teapot, Mrs. Mayhew's cherished gift, flew into the opposite corner.

"Horrors!" cried Eleanor. She darted across the room, and picked up the bit of china. The teapot itself seemed uninjured, but the lid was broken in two pieces. "Aunt Louisa always was scolding me for carelessness when I was a little girl, and now I've done it again! Dear me!"

She fitted the teapot lid together upon the teapot, straightened the table top, and put the album and the teapot back in their places. Then she sat down and tried to gain calmness against Aunt Louisa's coming.

"I suppose Aunt Louisa will be angry about that teapot," she thought. "But she will be just as angry at my carelessness in forgetting that her upright table sometimes *does* tip unexpectedly. She will think I ought to have known better than to lift the album. Probably she put it there to keep the top down. She ought to have bolted it, but she won't think of *that!* She always did forget it! I've often seen things fall off just that way."

She eyed the table again. "I suppose I ought to have fastened it down, by-the-bye, but I won't touch it again."

A few moments more of reflection. "I'll find out from Mrs. Mayhew where she got that teapot, and see if I can match it this afternoon. Perhaps I can put it there before I tell her about it."

This plan made Eleanor feel better, and just then Aunt Louisa entered and made her niece welcome.

"I expected Harvey this morning too, my dear, but he must have missed the train. You have not seen Harvey Pennington for two years, have you? He is a splendid fellow, Eleanor. He comes to see me quite often," concluded Aunt Louisa. She liked her relations to pay her attention.

"Harvey lives so much nearer you than any of the rest of us, Aunt Louisa," said Eleanor, apologetically.

"Yes," assented Aunt Louisa, reluctantly; "but that would make no difference with Harvey. He would come from any distance."

Eleanor felt Aunt Louisa's little offended tone. She felt still more anxious to replace the teapot before she confessed the accident. Aunt Louisa continued gracious, but she was flutteringly occupied with Harvey's expected arrival. After luncheon she accepted without comment Eleanor's excuse of "a little errand." She seemed pleased to receive Harvey by herself.

The particulars of Eleanor's quest need not be told. Enough that she was successful.

She went directly to the parlor. If Aunt Louisa was not downstairs the matter could be disposed of at once, and no one need be the wiser for the accident.

She opened the parlor door and walked in. Aunt Louisa and Harvey Pennington sat in two opposite chairs. They were laughing over some jest. Harvey sat in the same chair which Eleanor herself had occupied that morning. The table beside him was standing in an upright position. The photograph album lay unnoticed at his feet. Harvey held in one hand the teapot, and in the other the broken lid.

"Why, Aunt Louisa!" stammered Eleanor.

"It's Harvey, my love! Harvey! Didn't you know him?" Aunt Louisa was radiant. "Harvey, it's Eleanor Bainbridge! You remember Eleanor?"

"Why, of course."

Harvey dropped the pieces of the teapot lid into Aunt Louisa's lap as he rose to greet his cousin. "Eleanor and I have romped and quarrelled and eaten your jam together too often to forget it, Aunt Louisa. I'm glad to see you again, Eleanor."

Aunt Louisa smiled on her boy. "And the first thing the stupid fellow did, Nellie, was to knock over my little teapot."

Harvey broke in with a loud laugh: "It's *you* that's the stupid one, auntie, not to fasten down that queer old-fashioned table of yours! I pushed my elbow across the table — so, Eleanor, and auntie's photograph album went first—awful sorry, auntie, but you'll have to forgive me—and then the table flew *up*, just as I've seen it do lots of times when I was a little boy, and the precious old teapot rolled off into the corner. I picked up the lid in two pieces. Terrible pity, Aunt Louisa, but I always did hate that teapot. I'm not a bit sorry I broke it!"

"Never mind, my dear boy! Don't think of it again!" protested Aunt Louisa. "I never cared much for that teapot myself! It was my fault, of course! You couldn't help it."

Eleanor ran upstairs to take off her hat. She laughed over the little teapot until the tears came.

"Now, what shall I do with this ridiculous thing?" she cried, shaking the ugly little teapot with both hands. "It's too good a joke to keep! I'll tell Harvey about it."

She found a half-hour that evening to tell Harvey the whole story. Harvey's eyes twinkled.

"You're just the same as ever, Nell," he declared, solemnly. "You always were the greatest girl to get into scrapes, and expect me to pull you out of them."

"And you ram your hands down into your pockets, and shake when you laugh, just as you used to," she retorted.

"Now *I'll* fasten the broken tealid," answered Harvey, magnanimously, "and I'll take my revenge by tormenting you about it whenever Aunt Louisa isn't around."

"But what shall I do with the one I bought, Harvey?"

"I'll take that too," returned Harvey, "and I'll present it to Aunt Louisa with a neat speech. She'll think I'm a sweeter boy than ever. You shall witness the scene. That will be punishment enough for *you*."

"I don't mind telling her now."

"You sha'n't spoil my fun," he interrupted. "After all, Nell, it isn't the first piece of mischief we've been concerned in."

"No," she smiled.

"And perhaps" — Harvey's eyes twinkled again with a sudden inspiration — "perhaps it won't be the last."

EVA LOVELL.



THE INGENIOUS POLAR-BEAR.

The gentleman, whose last tea-teeth was in the very worst of places, T. I he discovered he could use instead a set of sharp icicles.

HOW OLD JACK GOT HIS WOOD SAWED.

"MORNIN', boys," said Old Jack, laying down his saw which he had been industriously plying for some minutes. "Feelin' well, I hope? Yes? Good. Nothin' like feelin' well to make a feller feel good. You don't look powerful strong, though, Tommy; you're thin. What's that? You're wiry, be ye? I don't believe *that*. You couldn't saw one o' them sticks o' wood through. You kin? Ho! Seem's believin'. . . . Why, ye kin saw purty well. Yer stronger 'n ye look. I couldn't o' done that better myself. He beats you on sawin', I guess, Bobbie. Eh? He can't? Yes, he kin. I *believe*. Beat ye all holler. What? You'll saw two sticks quicker 'n he sawed that? Nonsuns! . . . Hokey! Ye went through that like lightnin'; but one stick ain't two sticks. No *sir*. One ain't never two. Goin' to do the other? Well, well; Tommy, he's goin' to do the other. Whatter you goin' to do? You'll do two? . . . Don't brag, Bobbie; ain't braggin'! Ye *will* do three? Well, go ahead; don't let me interfere. Allers glad to see boys spunky. . . . What! The hull lot sawed? Waal, I am supprised. That bein' the case, I think I'll go in-doors an' rest. Sawin' allers did make me tired; so good-by for this time. When I want more work done on that wood-pile I'll let ye know. You're a spunky pair, ye be."

And the old man turning on his heel walked into the house, while Bobbie and Tommy went home wondering if their friend hadn't put up a little game on them after all.

WITH SKATES.

UPON the ice my brother writes his name,
And does it very well;
The reason that I cannot do the same
Is that I cannot spell.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

FRANK. "Papa, when the flies walk on the ceiling, don't you suppose they wonder how we hang by our feet?"

IN THE ZOO.

I DO not think, you beauteous
One baboon, rudely cries;
For compliment, sir, is returned
To courtly ape replied.

THE SEASONS.

TEACHER. "What season follows winter?"

JACK. "Spring."

TEACHER. "Correct; and now, Tommy, you may say what comes after spring."

TOMMY (*wildly*). "Vacation!"

SHE WASN'T SURE.

MAMMA (*to little daughter*). "Never forget to thank God for everything, my child."

CHILD. "If I didn't like it too?"

MAMMA. "Yes, always; everything is for the best."

CHILD (*running in an hour later*). "Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher."

VERY HARD UP.

PATTIE. "They say that young Mr. Dressy hasn't a cent to his name."

MATTIE. "Too bad! And he has more money than brains, his teacher says."

THE RIGHT LENGTH.

TOMMY. "Don't cut my hair too short, Mr. Barber."

BARBER. "How long shall I leave it?"

TOMMY. "Just long enough so that I can play football."

A CITY BOY'S IDEA.

JOHNNY. "I wonder what the poor pig is trying to say, mamma?"

MAMMA. "He isn't trying to say anything—he's only squealing."

JOHNNY. "Only squealing? Why, I thought, mamma, he was only stuttering."

AN OUTLOOK.

MRS. MOLLEY MIX (*reading sign over oyster-dealer's door*). "'Families supplied!' Dear me, what won't they be supplyin' next? They've got the telephone an' the trolley an' the 'lectric light, an' now they talk about supplyin' families! Fust thing we know they'll be supplyin' ready-made fathers an' mothers fer destitute orphans."

A BOLD ASSERTION.

YOUNGSTER (*aged five, to his sister*). "I know more 'n you do. I know where all the places in the world are."

SISTER. "Oh, Henry! what a story; you don't."

HENRY. "I do, then. They're in Harper's Atlas, and I'm sitting on it."



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## MISS ROXANNA'S VALENTINE.

BY JAMES BARNES.

THIS is the story of a comic valentine, a beautiful fancy valentine, a boy and a girl, a big red dog, a school-marm, and a butcher. How they all came to be mixed up in the affair is curious enough.

In the first place, the butcher was very crusty, the school-marm very lonely, the dog was absent-minded, and the boy and the girl were careless.

But it all began in the village toy-store. The comic valentines were pinned on a string stretched across the window, and they looked like a Monday wash hung out to dry. Each valentine had a foolish stanza at the bottom that described the outrageously colored drawings, and it was hard to tell which was the worse.

The Boy and the Girl on their way home from the little red school-house down the snow-drifted road stopped and looked in through the window, and laughed shrilly at the string of uncouth pictures.

"Oh, look at that one in the middle!" shouted the Boy, pointing out with his mittened hand one that had two funny figures printed in red and blue ink. "It looks like the butcher, doesn't it?"

"Jess ezackly," laughed the Girl, who was about the boy's age. "He's the crossest man in town."

"An' the meanest," said the Boy. "The idea of his not lettin' us skate on his mis'rable little pond!" Then there was a pause. "Teacher was awful riled to-day," he add-



[illegible] Jess forgot to keep anything. I'd be there now, I reckon."

"[illegible] said the Girl, unmindful that the first pronouns for mischief came from a woman.

"Bully!" exclaimed the Boy. "I've got a penny." And [illegible] and pinched the middle valentine. They looked eagerly at some of the costly paper ones with arrow-stricken hearts; he had hoped to send one to he-knew-who.

"Write on it, 'This is the Butcher,'" suggested the laughing voice from the depths of the worsted hood, and the Boy did so with a stubby lead-pencil. "*This is the Butcher*," heavily underlined, a sign-post finger pointing directly at the Butcher's red nose.

"Now let's slip it under her door," he said. "What say?"

The Girl nodded, and they placed the valentine in a cheap envelope and scrawled "Miss Roxanna Hedge" on the outside.

"She'll be dreadful mad when she gets it," said the Boy, banging the shop door on purpose to set the bell in the back room jangling for a few minutes longer than usual.

"Won't she be hoppin', though!" answered the Girl, bending down to pull up her worsted leggings.

And it is here that the Dog comes into the story, which is the reason for a somewhat lengthy digression.

Three or four years before the Dog had limped into the village on a hot summer morning. He had apparently travelled a long distance, and he bore strong evidence of wishing to leave things still further behind him, slinking along, glancing back and from side to side, rather hopelessly. Trailing in the dust after him was the handle of a tin can at the end of a string.

It may have been that one of his piteous side glances touched the hearts of a group of city people sitting on the porch of the postmaster's house (his wife took boarders), or it may have been that somebody wanted a dog, for there was a sudden whistle, and the poor creature stopped short.

Now it takes only a little experience for the average dog to become a judge of whistlings. He knows whether it is he that is being whistled at or somebody else; he knows the whistle that means "Here's a bone," and the one that tells him there's a woodchuck in the stone wall, and his presence is needed. He also sees through the treacherous coaxing that means a whipping, and under this last circumstance he's as deaf as a man on a mowing-machine.

But this particular Dog, on this particular day, must have recognized in the shrill sound pity and a desire to help, for he turned and crawled falteringly up the path, laid himself down on his back, all tired and dusty, and tried to wag his thin bedraggled tail.

Thereupon he was unanimously adopted by the boarders for the summer, and waxed fat and feathery inside of a fortnight. In September, when the city folks left the village, Rufus (he was a red dog) had been thrown once more upon his own resources. With rare good judgment he had attached himself to the School-marm, and had gradually worked his way into the confidence of her family—no easy thing to do. He carried the School-marm's books, brought her letters and her *Ladies' Gazette* home from the post-office, and in a thousand different ways had proved himself a trustworthy, well-intentioned dog.

He possessed one strange accomplishment. If you gave him a couple of pennies wrapped up in a bit of paper, he would go straight to the Butcher's and buy himself a bit of meat. No one knew where he had learned this trick. Perhaps he had thought it out for himself. However, when the summer boarders left the village, people must have forgotten all about it, for no one had given him a cent for a long, long time.

On the day that the Boy and the Girl bought the valentine the Dog was amusing himself by chasing some pigeons up and down the street.

The Boy espied him. "Oh, there's William Rufus," he exclaimed to the Girl, who had adjusted her leggings. "Let's send the valentine home by him," and he whistled a friendly just-stop-a-moment-want-to-talk-to-you whistle to the Dog.

Rufus bounded across the way with his head on one side and a wide grin on his honest good-natured face. He took the envelope from the Boy quite eagerly, and awaited instructions.

"He's an awful *Irish*-looking dog," said the Girl, thoughtfully.

"That's a fac'," laughed the Boy. "Now, Rufe, take this to Miss Roxanna with our compliments. Get a gait on. Home! There's a good boy."

The Dog jumped about in the snow and started down the street, and the children watched him turn the corner.

"She'll get it," said one of the conspirators.

"Of course she will," laughed the other. "P'r'aps she'll think Rufus bought it."

But their confidence was misplaced.

The Dog when he had anything to carry assumed a well-bred, aristocratic air, and used to arch his neck, roll his eyes, and hold his feathery tail straight up in the air like a flag. This conceit aroused open derision in the other village dogs, and they would bark at Rufus, and poke all manner of fun at him, from a safe distance.

On this occasion it was the spitz, who lived most of his life behind a picket-fence, that began it. As soon as he spied Rufus he exploded into a volley of imprecations, and chased up and down the line of pickets most immoderately. If the gate had been open he would have run into the house and hid in the cellar, and Rufus knew it.

Perhaps it was the fact that he could not reply to the spitz that made Rufus absent-minded, or he may have misunderstood; at any rate, a few doors below, he turned into the butcher shop and tiptoed right up to the crusty middle-aged Butcher.

The latter, who was all alone, took the envelope and opened it. Then he grew very red, and drawing back his foot, he launched out a vicious kick. The Dog dodged adroitly, and looked up so reproachfully that the Butcher felt ashamed of himself, and spread the valentine out on the chopping-block. He studied the picture carefully—a thin-faced lady with corkscrew curls knitting a purse, and a lank red-nosed man sewing a button on his own coat. He noticed especially the legend, "This is the Butcher," and the finger-board drawing. Beneath this work of art were the following verses:

"Why don't we get married?
I'm waiting for you—
Why not let one quarrel go by?
It needs but a word
To show I've been true—
I'll be yours in the wink of an eye.

"Has Fancy e'er painted
The life you may lead,
As on through the future we glide?
For a shiftless old bach
And a lonely old maid
We'll become if you do not decide."

The Butcher finished reading without a smile. Then he picked up the envelope, which had no stamp, of course, and saw the address on it for the first time.

"That would make Roxanna feel bad," he said, thoughtfully, and he gave a big piece of meat to the Dog. Then he kept on thinking and slicing off pieces from a fine porter-house steak, until Rufus wondered whether it would be polite or comfortable to eat any more.

What the Butcher was thinking of was this: ever so long ago he had been engaged to be married to the School-

marm, and they had loved one another. But a misunderstanding arose, and they had parted. Other people had talked so much that the Butcher had thought there was no use of his saying anything more at all. So he had not spoken to Miss Roxanna for eight long years, and he had kept on growing crustier and crustier all the time.



THE SCHOOL-MARM WAS WATCHING THEM THROUGH THE BLINDS

When the Dog refused a very dainty morsel, the red-nosed man (who, by-the-way, was a teetotaler) bent down and patted him.

"Rufus," he said, "you ain't no fool—if I be."

Then with a "come along" whistle he left the shop, and, wonder of wonders! turned into the toy-store (the dog still at his heels) and purchased the beautiful fancy valentine — all filigree-work and paper-lace. When opened out it blossomed into a superb scene of people all dressed in red, skating about on a smooth sheet of pea-green ice. And such an appropriate verse there was at the bottom of it.

"Forget and forgive
Let us love, let us live,
And be happy on Valentine's day."

The Butcher blushed when he read it, and walked out of the store. It was quite dusk, and he accompanied the Dog down the street to the School-marm's house, and gave him the valentine at the gate. He did not know that the School-marm was watching them both through the window-blinds.

It is a strange thing that whenever a School-marm receives a present (be it an apple, a picture, or a bunch of flowers) she brings it to school and places it on her desk.

So the next morning the beautiful fancy valentine was in full sight, propped up by a pile of arithmetics.

The Boy and the Girl, as they said "Good-morning, teacher," noticed it with open-mouthed astonishment, and Miss Roxanna—who wore a happy smile and an immense cameo brooch for the first time in ever so long—seemed quite excited.

"Rufus brought it to me last night," said Miss Roxanna, as she noticed the young people's perturbation.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed the Boy, in a whisper, as he and the Girl lifted up their desk lids in order to talk behind them. "I saw the Butcher walkin' with her this morning."

"So did mother," replied the Girl.

"Now, children," said the School-marm, after prayers were over, "it's Valentine day, and here's something for you all to read."

She took down the map of Africa from where it hung, concealing one end of the long blackboard, and there was written, in her round flourishy hand:

"Mr. Trimble [he was the Butcher] invites you all to a skating party at his pond this afternoon. Maple sugar! and doughnuts!"

Now, strange to say, at this same party the Butcher skated about with the School-marm, wearing a big pair of curly skates that turned up at the end, for all the world like one of Miss Roxanna's capital letters.

## HOW SAN FRANCISCO WAS BORN.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

ANY one going out to San Francisco to attend the Midwinter Fair, which has just been opened in Golden Gate Park, will find it hard to realize that this great city was ever a small village.

If it were proper to call this metropolis a Spanish outgrowth it would be the greatest and most important product of Spanish rule in this country. It was a Spanish baby, but under the Spaniards it was always a puny, weak little baby, and it never grew to be of size and importance until its slow old Spanish parents were crowded out, and we Americans took it in charge. There are some cities of Spanish or partly Spanish origin, like New Orleans, for instance, where even to-day one sees many and strong traces of its founders, but San Francisco keeps little that is Spanish except a few names of places, a few Spanish terms in common use, and a few ruins and relics in its neighborhood. It is one of those cities that owed its first importance to mining, and yet it was never a mining-camp like Helena and Butte, Denver, Deadwood, and Leadville. San Francisco was merely the landing and gathering place of the miners in that rush to the California "diggings" that began in 1849. And yet, on the other hand, it was the Spaniards who showed the good sense to select its site as the place on which to build up a great seaport town. But let us see how the largest city on our west coast came to be born, and who her parents were.

California was discovered by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator in the service of Cortez, just fifty years after Columbus discovered this continent. Cortez had gone back from his conquest of Mexico and Peru, and the Spanish King, Charles V., had told him he might conquer any countries he liked northwest of Mexico and become the ruler of them on behalf of Spain, and have one-twelfth of the precious stones and metals he could find in them. Cabrillo was sent out from Mexico, in 1542, and sailed along the coast of California. No one knows positively how California came to be called by that pretty name, but it was at first the name of nearly all the west coast of North America. Some say the name grew out of the word colofornia, which means resin, and there are several other ingenious but doubtful explanations to show that the word was patched up out of both the Greek and Latin languages. But that is all guess-work. It is believed that a Spanish romance-writer first used the word California in a story about a treasure island inhabited by black women with no men among them. This island he called California.

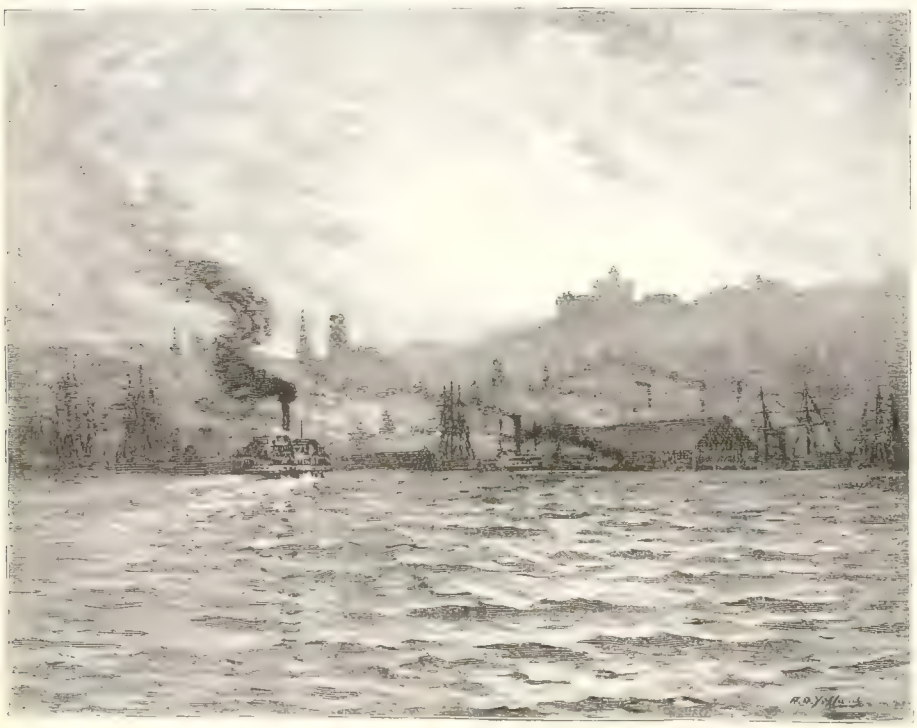
Sir Francis Drake is said by some to have been the first European to visit San Francisco Bay. He voyaged along the coast in 1578. One hundred years later California was supposed to be a group of islands, and the Spaniards called them the "Islas Caralinas" sometimes, and at other times the "Islas Californias." The Spanish

Catholic missionaries were the first settlers. Father Junipero Serra founded the first mission at San Diego in 1769 and within about fifty years no less than twenty-one other missions were established in California. These Spanish priests were not the unselfish and adventurous sort of men that the French missionaries were who worked in the North, penetrating vast wildernesses and mingling with tribes of fierce Indians. In the course of only a little time these Spanish missionaries neglected their true work, and began to grow rich as farmers, traders, and cattle-owners. Instead of leading the Indians in the paths of progress and enlightenment, these priests practically made them their slaves. The priests were the real rulers of the natives, and California was only nominally ruled by Spain through Mexico. Afterwards, when it became a Mexican province, the priests still ruled the people.

The baby San Francisco was born a little Catholic mission in 1776, so that it is just as old as our republic. Friar Crispi went there in 1769. He is said by those who deny that Sir Francis Drake went there first to be the discoverer of San Francisco's site and harbor. When the mission or chapel was established, Friar Crispi called it "San Francisco de los Dolores," naming it San Francisco in honor of the Franciscan order to which he belonged. It was commonly called the Mission Dolores. Soldiers were also sent to protect and assist the priests, and at San Francisco the soldiers established the Presidio (a fortified enclosure), which still bears that name, and is the greatest and most beautiful United States army post on the Pacific slope. San Francisco was not a pretty place then. It was in a region of sand hills. The other missions were founded in fertile valleys and beautiful "garden spots," but this one was meant to become a seaport and a commercial town.

Gradually a trade sprang up at the little seaport. Ships of all sorts, but mainly whalers and Russian ships, put in there for wood and water and provisions. There was a fur-trading post there, and the merchants of Boston did a good business in sending out necessities and trinkets to exchange for furs and hides. Hunters and trappers came there, and the place boasted a considerable little settlement besides the mission. English and Americans were in the majority, and they called the settlement "Yerba Buena." In his delightful book called *Two Years Before the Mast* Mr. Richard H. Dana tells how he went ashore there when he was a sailor lad in 1835. Of course he could have had no idea of the great and splendid city that was to grow up there, and yet he more than once prophesied that the place "promised well." He found San Francisco Bay to be a great piece of sheltered water, having on its shores a high point, on which the Presidio has been built. Beyond it was the harbor and the mission of San Francisco, accompanied by a newly begun settlement of English and Yankees called Yerba Buena. Mr. Dana bought some curios of the Indians, and found that deer were overrunning the hills and islands. He said that San Francisco then had no trade at all, but that San José and Santa Clara, on the same bay, did a great business in hides. Those are fine places to-day, but nothing like so big and important as the little place that Mr. Dana said had no trade at all. "If California ever becomes a prosperous country," said the sailor author, "this bay will be the centre of its prosperity." The bay then was the resort of Russians (who owned Alaska in those days), whalers, and traders, and was the best place to get wood and water on the entire coast.

California then belonged to Mexico, which had thrown off the yoke of Spain in 1822. In 1846 the United States took California from the Mexicans and governed it as a Territory. We were about to make war with Mexico, and were far from polite in seizing her great province. We wanted to extend our country to the Pacific Ocean, but no man then alive ever dreamed how valuable California was some day to become. Mexico afterward ceded California to us just as the news came that gold had been discovered there. Then it was that San Francisco bounded into importance. It is said that 100,000 persons went there in the great stampede that lasted from 1849 to 1854. San Francisco was the gathering-place, and the old mission sprang into the dimensions of a city as if by magic. Everything that the crowd wanted, except the gold, was sent to them in ships. Even the house frames and doors and window-sashes were sent out in that way. From being a sleepy dead-and-alive old Spanish village it suddenly became the liveliest spot on the continent.



ONE OF THE HILLS OF THE CITY FROM THE WATER.

General U. S. Grant in his book of memoirs describes San Francisco in 1852, when the rush to the gold diggings was at its height. He says it was a lively place. Steamers enlivened the bay, bringing passengers and gold from the northern and the southern mines, and the single wharf that the city possessed was constantly crowded with people who wanted to meet the miners to buy their "gold dust," to take them to the hotels and eating and gambling houses, and even to beg a meal or a drink of them—for the city contained a great many poor fellows who did not succeed there any better than they had at home in the East. General Grant says that many of these men died of exposure and poverty and bad habits; others took to wicked ways without being



GOLDEN GATE PARK  BUILDINGS OF THE MIDWINTER FAIR ON THE RIGHT.

bad at heart. For one who got rich, there were hundreds who were disappointed. According to General Grant, it was a tiresome and costly journey to get to California. Those who could afford to do so went there in ships, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama or sailing "'round the Horn." But the great majority went overland with ox-teams, crossing the prairies and the great plains and the Rocky Mountains, going through the lands of fierce Indian tribes, and enduring privations and hardships that few men were fitted to meet. The overland journey consumed a whole summer, and when San Francisco was at last reached the pioneers had no money, and nothing to sell except their oxen and wagons. There they were, strangers in a place already crowded with idle men. The fellows who got along were the ones who took any work they could get. They drove wagons, took care of horses, carried hods and material for the house-builders, and so kept their heads above water until they saw chances to better themselves. It cost a great deal to live. A cook got as much pay as an army captain, and sugar was worth $75 a barrel.

The next year, in 1853, General Grant was again in San Francisco, and it had grown—how do you suppose?—it had grown out over the water of the bay. The shore was hilly and steep and rough, and it was cheaper and easier to drive piles into the bottom of the bay, and then build houses on the piles, high and dry above the water. Not only hundreds of houses, but even streets were built in that way. The water flowed under the floors and under the roadways. I have seen the same thing myself in another city on the coast. The General says that there used to be holes in the street, and that many a poor fellow fell through there and was drowned. Doubtless others were murdered, and their bodies were disposed of in the same way. It certainly was a wicked baby city at that time. The miners came with their gold, and fancied they could throw it all away and go back and get more. Drinking-places and gambling-dens were very numerous, and were open day and night. It was a rough and noisy and disorderly "camp" rather than a city in those days.

But San Francisco had begun a growth that has never ceased. It never took a step backward. In another year the people began to dig the hills away, and to throw the dirt under the houses that had been built over the bay. Thus the water was driven farther out, and the new city stood on solid "made" ground. Where the hills were levelled or reduced the newer houses were put up. In time the mining craze subsided, other stampedes took the roving element to other places, the "placer" mines were nearly exhausted, and mining became a business instead of a passion. At the same time San Francisco gradually became a solid orderly city—the proud metropolis of that coast.

I have left a little gap between Mr. Dana's description of the mission town and the account by General Grant of the city during the gold fever. The people of little Yerba Buena knew that San Francisco Bay was well known and that Yerba Buena was almost unknown, so, in 1847, they agreed to apply the name of the bay to the village, and so make one as well known as the other. Thus the Mission Dolores came to have the name of San Francisco. California was then a Territory, but in 1850, when thousands were flocking to it, Congress admitted it as one of the States of the Union.

## THE ACME OF HONESTY.

WHAT is the exact height of honor is a question about which minds differ. The following anecdote shows what one man thought, whatever ideas others may have had on the subject.

At a party one evening several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz ran through the room that this could not be outdone.

"The palm is his!" was the general cry, when a second put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the acts of my predecessor, but I have just returned to the owners three lead-pencils and two umbrellas that were left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the acme of honesty; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize is his."

## KING BABY.

BY MARGARET [illegible] SANGSTER

KING BABY has a mingled lace
And rose and pearl,
But over all his royal face
Hath he sweet way to go.

King Baby rules o'er great and small,
Who wait on him with awe;
While other princes rise and fall
King Baby's will is law.

# CADET DAYS:*

## A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," "Campaigning with Crook."

### CHAPTER XV.

IF there is a happier time in a young fellow's life than cadet furlough, I do not know where to find it. Geordie's home-coming was something there is little room to tell of in our brief story of his cadet days. Fort Reynolds had improved but slightly in the two years of his absence; even the quartermaster had to admit that, and lay the blame on Congress; but Pops had improved very much—very much indeed, as even his erstwhile rival, young Breifogle, now a valued bookkeeper in the First National Bank, could not but admit. Mrs. Graham's pride in her stalwart boy, Buddie's glory in his big brother, and the doctor's stubborn Scotch effort not to show his satisfaction were all matters of kindly comment in the garrison. After a few days, during which he was seldom out of his mother's sight or hearing, she kissed him fondly, and bade him get to his mountaineering again, for she knew the boy longed for his gun and the heart of the Rockies. He could have had half of Lane's troop as escort and companions had the wishes of the men been consulted, but on the three or four expeditions Buddie at least was ever with him; and after the long day's ride or tramp the boys would spread their blankets under the whispering trees, and, feet to the fire, Bud's chin in his hands, and adoring Pops with all his eyes, there for an hour or more he would coax his cadet brother for story after story of the Point. In August Connell came out and spent ten delicious days with them—the first time he ever set foot in any garrison; and it was lovely to see how Mrs. Graham rejoiced in her big boy's faithful friend and chum, how Bud admired, yet could not quite understand how or why, either as scholar or sergeant, Connell could or should stand higher than Pops. He pestered both by the hour with questions about their companies, the other sergeants, corporals, etc. He hung to them by day, and bitterly resented having to be separated from them by night. He could not be made to see why he should not go everywhere they went, do everything they did.

Connell, it must be owned, found Bud a good deal of a nuisance at times, and even brother Geordie's patience was sometimes tried. Bud was too big and aggressive now to command sympathy, otherwise there would have been something actually pathetic in his grievance at not being allowed to accompany the two cadets when they attended certain "grown-up" parties to which they were invited in town. The officers and ladies at the post made much of the young fellows; McCrea could not do enough for them; and as for the troopers, the best horses and the hounds were ever at their service, and old Sergeant Feeny delighted their hearts by always insisting on "standing attention" and touching his cap to the two young gentlemen. This he was not at all required to do, as they were only half-way to their commissions, as Geordie bashfully pointed out to him.

"But it's proud I am to salute ye, sir," said the veteran; "and does not the regulations say a cadet ranks any sergeant in the army? Sure you and Mr. Connell are my superiors in law if ye are my juniors in years and chiverones."

The officers gave a dance one evening, and Pops and Connell, as was perfectly proper, attired themselves in their newest gray coats, with the gleaming chevrons and lozenge of first sergeants, and immaculate white trousers set off by the sash of crimson silk net. The ladies, young and old, declared the cadet uniform far more effective than the army blue, and some of the young matrons who had first seen their future husbands when wearing the cadet gray were quite sentimentally affected at sight of it again. Then there were three or four very pretty girls at the fort, visiting their army home for vacation, and others in town, and all attended the hops, and both Geordie and Connell were thankful they had been so well drilled in dancing. Altogether they had ten days of bliss they never will forget; and when Connell had to go, everybody at Reynolds saw that Miss Kitty Willet, the Major's bonny blue-eyed daughter, was wearing on her bangle bracelet a new bell button that must have come from right over Jim Connell's heart.

And then, all too soon for the loving mother, it was time for Pops to hasten back to the banks of the Hudson, and gird up his loins for the great race of the third year.

"Pops," said McCrea, "you are going back to what I hold to be the hardest of the four years, and going withal to duties which, more than any others in the cadet battalion, call for all the grit there is in a man. A young fellow who does his whole duty as first sergeant *must* make enemies among the careless, the slouchy, and the stubborn in his company. I hold that no position in the battalion is so calculated to develop all that is soldierly and manly in a cadet as that of first sergeant. There are always upper-class men who expect to be treated with consideration, even when they set bad examples; then there are yearlings always trying to be 'reekless' just to excite the envy of the plebes. You'll find it the toughest place you ever had to fill; but go at it with the sole idea of being square and soldierly, and in spite of all they may say or do you'll win the enduring respect of the very men who may buck against you and abuse you in every way. As for popularity, throw all idea of it to the winds; it isn't worth having. Teach them to respect you, and their esteem and affection will certainly follow."

Again and again on the long way back to the Point Geordie pondered over what his friend had said, and made up his mind to act accordingly.

"Sergeant-major may sound bigger," said Connell, as the two comrades, reunited on the journey, were having their last night's chat together in the sleeper, "but in point of importance in the corps of cadets it simply isn't in it alongside that of first sergeant. My father can't break himself of the old fashions of the war days. He was 'orderly' sergeant, as they called it in '61, and he takes more stock in my being 'orderly' than my being in the 5's."

One day later and they were again in uniform and on duty, and Pops found himself calmly looking over his company, just seventy strong. The very first names he saw gave him a twinge of premonition—Frazier and Jennings. The latter, found deficient in one of his studies and accorded a re-examination in June, had been turned back to join the new Second Class, and he and Frazier had decided to live together in Company B, taking a third-floor area room in the fourth division, while Geordie,

* Begun in Harper's Young People No. 732.

with Ames for his mate, moved in opposite Cadet Captain Bend, who occupied the corner room on the second floor. Everybody was surprised at Jennings's transfer from Company A, where he had served three years, to B, with whose captain and first sergeant both he had had difficulty in the past. Moreover, there was no little comment on his living with Frazier, for the few who are known as "turnbacks" in the corps are usually most tenacious about living with some member of their original class. But Randal, the new first Captain, was glad to get so turbulent a spirit as Jennings out of his ranks, and Jennings was of such a height as to enable him to fit in very well, as the battalion was sized in those days on the left of A or the right of E.

Frazier's class rank was now only 17. A story was in circulation that he had written to no less than five of the class, begging them to room with him, and promising to "brace up" this year; but this was confidential matter, and the cadets whose names were given could neither affirm nor deny. One thing was certain: Frazier had not been benefited by his furlough. He was looking sallow and out of condition. His father's health showed no improvement, so he told his chums, neither did his father's affairs, but this he told nobody. Like a number of other deluded people, Benny believed wealth essential to high repute.

For the first week no friction was apparent. Pops had speedily memorized his roster, and mapped out his plans for the daily routine. He had to attend guard-mounting every morning now, which took away something like forty minutes from possible study-time, and perhaps twenty minutes to half an hour were needed in making out the morning reports and other papers. On the other hand, he had the benefit of more exercise by day, and a light after taps until eleven o'clock. All through the Fourth Class year cadets are compelled to attend daily gymnastic exercise under a most skilful teacher; after that it is optional, and as all get a fair amount of outdoor work except during the winter months, very many cadets fail to keep up the training of the plebe year. Not so Pops and Connell. Regularly every day these young athletes put in half an hour with the Indian clubs, determined that when the drills were discontinued they would keep up systematic training in the "gym." But within the first fortnight after their return to barracks, Connell, coming over to compare notes as usual, quietly said they might as well add sparring to the list.

"We may need that more than we think, Pops. That fellow Jennings is stirring up trouble, unless I am mistaken."

Now there are all manner of little points against which a cadet first sergeant has constantly to be warring, or his company will become lax and unsoldierly. Unless promptly and firmly met, there are always a number of old cadets who want to saunter to their places at drum-beat, who will be, if allowed, always just a little slow, whose coats are not buttoned throughout or collars not adjusted when they fall in, who are unsteady in ranks, who answer to their names either boisterously or ludicrously, who slouch through the manual when not actually on parade, holding it to be undignified in an old cadet to observe the motions like a plebe, who are never closed up to the proper distance at the final tap of the drum—in fine, in a dozen little ways, unless the first sergeant is fearless and vigilant, and demands equal vigilance of his assistants, the *morale* of the company is bound to go down. First Class men and yearlings are generally the men at fault; plebes, as a rule, do the best they know how, for otherwise no mercy is shown them.

Very much in this way did the "custom" strike Connell and Pops. What with roll-calls, recitations, riding, and the brisk evening drills and parade, Geordie had no time to think of anything beyond his duties. But Con said that Jennings had been over talking to some of his former classmates who were old stagers in Company D, and who were doing a good deal of talking now among themselves about the impropriety of appointing as their first sergeant a fellow from the right wing of the battalion who was not imbued with the time-honored tenets and traditions of the left-flank company. First Class men, said they, had always enjoyed certain privileges, as became gentlemen of their high standing, who were to become officers in less than a year, and one day it was decided they should sound Connell as to what his views might be, and the result was not at all to their liking. Connell couldn't be made to see that, because they were speedily to don the army blue, they should meantime be allowed to discredit the cadet gray.

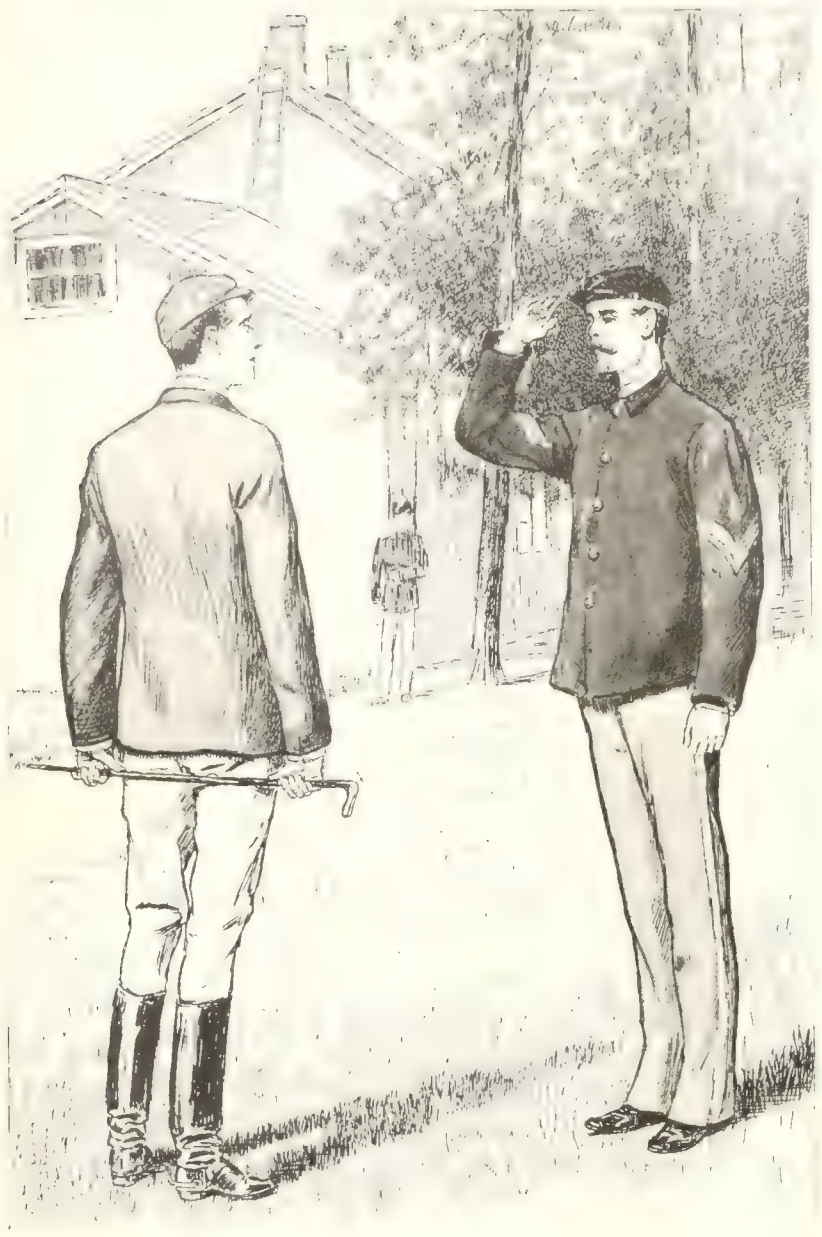
"There's no reason that I can see," said Connell, "why First Class men shouldn't be just as soldierly in ranks as other cadets, and every reason why they should."

Then a B Company committee of two informally dropped in on Pops with a similar query, and got almost the same answer. Whereupon the committee said that the class had taken counsel together on the subject. They courted no trouble whatever, but simply gave Graham to understand that it wasn't "customary" to hold a First Class man in the ranks to the same rigid performance of the manual and the same precise carriage that would be exacted of a plebe. Neither could they be held to strict account in such trivial affairs as falling in for roll-call with coats unbuttoned or collars awry or belts twisted, or for other little matters of the kind, and any reports given them for such would be "regarded as personal." Whereupon they took their leave, and Geordie met Con with a broad Scotch grin on his face.

"Jennings is at the bottom of it all," said Connell. "He wants them, however, to start the move over in D Company, because he can't initiate anything of the kind under Bend. You understand."

"Well, to my thinking, and according to the way I was brought up," said Geordie, "such specimens should be court-martialled and dismissed the service. Men who have no higher idea of duty than that are not fit to be officers in the army."

"We-el," said philosopher Con, "they are boys only a little older than plebes, so far as knowledge of the world is concerned. The more I look at it the more I see just how comically juvenile we are in a way. When we were plebes, dozens of our class were never going to speak to those fellows of the yearlings, and never, never going to devil plebes. Within a year most of us were hobnobbing with the class above and lording it over the class below. As yearlings, lots of our fellows hated the first sergeants, who made us stand round, and we weren't going to have anything to do with them. Now we who are sergeants not only mean to make the yearlings toe the mark, but the First Class men as well, and they are going to force a fight on us for doing the very thing that in three or four years from now any one of their number who happens to be on duty here as an instructor will report a first sergeant for not doing. The whole corps says that when '*it*' comes back here as an officer it won't forget it ever was a cadet, as every officer seems to do the moment he gets here, and you can bet your sash and chevrons it will do just exactly as the officers seem to do to-day. Now these fellows have an overweening idea of their importance because they are so soon to be graduates. That seems something very big from our point of view, and yet about the first thing a second lieutenant has to learn when he gets to his regiment is that he doesn't amount to a hill of beans. He's nothing but a plebe all over again. There's Jim Forester; when he was cadet officer of the day and we were plebes, didn't we think him just a little tin god on wheels? Recollect what a bully voice he had, and how he used to swing old D



"BUT IT'S PROUD I AM TO SALUTE YOU, SIR," SAID THE VETERAN.

Company? But what did he amount to at Fort Reynolds last summer? Nothing but a low-down second lieutenant going on as officer of the guard, drilling squads, and —do you remember how the Colonel jumped him that morning for some error in the guard list? Why, Geordie, you and I were of much more account at the fort than he was. And now here are these fellows kicking against the pricks. They don't want to be soldierly because it's too plebelike in view of their coming shoulder-straps. We-el, they've just got to, that's all there is about it. Where are the gloves?"

And with that the two Westerners doffed their coats, donned the "mittens," and hammered away at each other as they were in daily habit of doing, and had been doing more or less for many a month of their Third Class year, Sayers and other experts coaching and occasionally taking hold for a brisk round or two on their own account. It was well understood that both Badger and Coyote were in tip-top trim and training. Meanwhile no trouble occurred in Connell's company worth speaking of, and little of consequence in B, but it was brewing. Three or four seniors had been deservedly reported for minor offences, exactly as Geordie said they should [illegible] gentlemen who took it without audible comment and as a matter of course. Then came an experiment. Mr. Curry, a First Class man of rather slender build and reputation, one of the Jennings set, backed deliberately into ranks one morning at reveille and stood there leisurely buttoning his coat, glancing at Graham out of the corner of his eye. Georgie had just about reached the B's in his roll, and stopped short.

"Curry, fall out and button that coat."

Curry reddened, but did not budge.

Pops budged, but did not redden. If anything he was a trifle paler as he stepped quickly over opposite the left of the company. His voice was low and firm:

"Curry, fall out at once and button that coat."

Only two buttons were by this time left unfastened. It took but a second to snap them into place. And then—

"My coat is buttoned," said Curry.

"It was unbuttoned throughout when you fell in ranks, and you know it. You also heard my order to fall out, and disobeyed it," was Graham's answer. Then back to his post he went, finished roll-call, reported "All present, sir," to Cadet Captain Bend, who had silently watched the affair, very possibly thinking it just as well to let Graham settle it for himself. And the next night after parade the following reports were read out in the clear tones of the cadet adjutant:

"Curry. Buttoning coat in ranks at reveille.

"Same—Continuing same after being ordered to fall out.

"Same—Replying to first sergeant from ranks at same."

Before Graham had thrown off his belts Mr. Jennings appeared, and with much majesty of mien proceeded to say:

"Mr. Graham, you have taken advantage of Mr. Curry's size, and in his name and in that of the First Class I am here to demand satisfaction."

"Go for Connell," said Geordie, with a quiet nod to Ames.

Next morning Mr. Jennings did not appear at reveille at all. It seems that the demand was honored at sight. Cadet Captain Bend cut supper and risked his chevrons to see that fight. Connell's heart was up in his mouth just about half the time as he seconded his sergeant comrade. It was a long-fought, longer-remembered battle, and ended only within five minutes of call to quarters—Jennings at last, as had been predicted two years before, utterly used up, and Geordie, though bruised and battered, still in the ring.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE SIEGE OF SETTLERS' ISLAND.

BY H. C. PAINE.

CHAPTER III.

JACK'S proposition was received with a shout of approval.

"Those boys have no right to camp on that island," cried George Graham. "That island belongs to my father, and it's in the State of Iowa."

"Why, has the lawsuit been decided?" asked Joe.

"No; but my father's got a dead sure case," said George. "Where's Jack?"

But Jack had disappeared with Fénélon, and had promptly taken that half-frozen young hero into the house, where motherly Mrs. Prall soon had him out of his icy garments and bundled up in blankets in Jack's bed, with hot-water bags disposed about him like life-preservers, and a hot lemonade inside of him that sent a glow radiating outward to meet the warmth that was working inward. The two commingling produced such a feeling of comfort and rest that Fénélon shortly fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awaken until the next morning, at twenty minutes past seven.

"Where am I?" he asked, as he rubbed his eyes and looked at his strange surroundings.

"You're in bed," said Jack, in muffled tones from the wash-stand. "How do you feel?"

"Hungry!" cried Fénélon, sitting up. "Is breakfast 'most ready?"

"Will be by the time you're dressed. You didn't have any supper last night, did you?" remarked Jack.

"No," replied Fénélon; "nor any dinner, nor any breakfast, just except a few biscuits I swiped from the kitchen on my way out."

Jack opened the door into the hall. An appetizing odor of cooking floated in. "Smell that!" said he. "That's sausages and coffee and buckwheat cakes."

But Fénélon was already up and struggling into his clothes, which he found nicely dried and pressed and warmed on a chair by the bed.

"Frogsy," said Jack, as they raced to see which should be dressed first, "you're a trump. You've been elected a member of 'It,' and you're going up the river with us to-day; and we're going to lay siege to Settlers' Island, and drive those fellows out."

"How will you do it?" asked Fénélon.

"With my long-range breech-loading snow-ball cannon," declared Jack. "I invented it last night. We'll make it this morning, and start just after dinner."

"Well," remarked Fénélon, "you'd better make two, then, and start to-morrow morning early. That will give us a better chance of driving the Bluffton boys out, and give us more time to come back if we don't."

Which sage piece of advice was eventually followed out by the boys, save in one particular. Jack was only able to construct one of his long-range breech-loading snow-ball cannons. He did not have the advantage, as in the case of the cruisers, of having a completed model ready at hand to copy, but was compelled to work out his ingenious plan in every particular. The consequence was that it was evening before this remarkable piece of ordnance was completed. He built it on one of George Graham's bobs, the other being turned into a cruiser, according to the original idea.



HE TURNED, REVEALING TO THEIR ASTONISHED GAZE THE FIGURE OF A STALWART TRAMP.

Here are the directions.

Take for the [illegible] a piece of the leader pipe, 3½ to 4 inches in diameter. Fasten it to a ¾-inch pine board, 5 inches wide and 3 feet 9 inches long, by means of two metal strips which pass around the barrel and are screwed fast to the board, one at the breech and the other a foot from the muzzle, which should project 9 inches beyond the board.

For the gun-carriage cut two pieces of ¾-inch pine board in the shape shown in the diagram, 18 inches long at the bottom, 13 inches high, 5 inches on the top, and 19 inches on the diagonal. These should be [illegible] from 2-inch strips 13½ inches long nailed at the bottom and last way up the fronts are diagonal. Between these two side pieces fasten a crossbar 12 by 2½ by 2½ inches, by means of a large screw-eye driven into each end through the side pieces, 3 inches from the front and 3 inches from the top. Nail the board on which the gun-barrel is mounted to this crossbar at the middle point of the barrel. To the bottom of the gun-carriage nail a board 24 by 3 inches. This should be pivoted to the bob by an iron bolt, or, if a sled is used, to a bottom board strapped on over a piece of carpet, as in the ice-cruisers. Two strips, 3 feet 6 by 2 inches, should be screwed one to each extremity of the cross board, and brought together in rear of the carriage and joined by a triangular bit of board. This enables the gun to be trained to the right or left.

Now screw a ¾-inch strip of wood, 5 feet long by 2 inches wide, to the under side of the board which supports the barrel, so that it will extend 3 feet 9 inches to the rear. Fasten a 5-inch square piece of board to the rear end of the barrel board, and a similar piece to the rear end of the projecting strip, each one exactly in the rear of the other, and both firmly braced by triangular blocks. Bore a hole through the exact centre of each square piece, to fit a long rake-handle or other pole, which has been planed and sand-papered to about 1½ inches in diameter. To the forward extremity of this nail an empty tomato or baking-powder can, from which a large section of one side has been removed near the base to allow of the introduction of a snow-ball. The can should be one-half to three-quarters of an inch smaller than the barrel. Insert the pole through the muzzle of the barrel, and thus into the holes in the two guide-blocks. If all are in line, the tin can should not touch the inside of the barrel.

Make a trigger-block of the shape shown in the diagram. The pole should be passed through the round hole in it between the two guide-blocks, the two arms of the trigger-block reaching down on each side of and below the projecting strip. Shove the pole back until the can is about 2 inches from the muzzle of the barrel. Shove the trigger-block close against the forward guide-block, and in this position nail it fast to the pole, and brace it with a small auxiliary block. Fasten a short handle to the rear end of the pole. From the under points of the trigger-block a strong rubber strap, such as is used in a "parlor gymnasium" or health lift, should be fastened to the under side of the crossbar. A simple trigger like the one shown in the diagram is the best. It should be pivoted to the rear guide-block in a notch cut in its upper edge. An iron door-spring is more powerful, but harder to manage.

To fire the gun pull back the handle until the trigger catches the trigger-block; drop a snow-ball in the breech. A pull on the trigger-string will release the trigger-block, and the tension of the rubber band will drive the ball with surprising force from the cannon. To raise or depress the elevation of the piece, a notched slat may be screwed to a block nailed to the inside of one of the side pieces, so that the notches will catch in a screw projecting from the barrel-board near the breech.

A square box should be mounted on the rear bob to carry a supply of ammunition. The bobs are joined by two stout strips screwed to the runners of the forward bob, and working on a common pivot on the rear bob. To the other end of the ammunition bob attach a short tongue with a crossbar, to which lash an iron ring. The gun and caisson are thus usually dragged rear end first. Along the inner side of the caisson fasten three or four tin cans, the same size as that used in the cannon, but from which the bottoms have been entirely removed. These are to be used as gauges in making ammunition. The entire length of the pole and the interior of the barrel should be kept well greased to reduce friction to a minimum. A coat of black paint will add to the imposing appearance of this piece of ordnance, and so will a pair of sights. The front sight should be a ring 1½ inches in diameter, with two wires crossing at right angles. It can be fastened to a band passing around the muzzle. The rear [illegible] a notch cut in its upper edge. [illegible] the muzzle. These sights, of course, are only good for short or point-blank ranges. [illegible] [illegible] must be always a matter of experience.

## CHAPTER IV.

Bright and early the next morning the boys were gathered at the river ready to start, all but Bobby Slater, who had been unable to overcome his dislike of cold weather and snow-storms sufficiently to place up courage to go along. This gave three boys to each of the four cruisers, and as ready to the caboose.

Each boy carried a blanket strapped on his back knapsack-wise, and extra blankets were loaded on the ammunition bob. Provisions were carried in soap boxes, two of which were strapped to each of the four cruisers amidships. To keep out the cold as far as possible, each box was covered with two thicknesses of old carpet tacked snugly on. The sails, mast, and rigging of each boat were rolled up tightly and strapped to the side of the deck. Provisions for two days were carried, and consisted of hard-boiled eggs, which will not freeze, bread cut in slices and buttered in a warm room, bitter experience on previous occasions having shown the futility of attempting to spread butter out-of-doors in cold weather, potatoes boiled in their skins to keep them fresh, boiled ham cut in thin slices, and beefsteaks about three-quarters cooked. Very strong coffee was carried in bottles, rolled up in cotton batting and then wrapped in paper, to prevent freezing. The coffee was intended to be diluted with boiling water before using. The steaks and potatoes only needed to be heated through to be ready to eat. A big coffee-pot, two frying-pans, a saucepan, a kettle to melt snow in, fifteen tin plates, cups, spoons, knives, and forks, three lanterns filled with signal oil, which is less easily blown out than kerosene, three hatchets, and a dozen boxes of fusee-matches completed the equipment.

In addition, each sled carried two old fur lap-robes, out of which Jack proposed to construct sleeping-bags similar to those used by the Eskimos.

Of course every boy had his skates.

The news of the expedition had spread about the town, and quite a large crowd was gathered to see the boys off. Considerable amusement was created when Jack, Frank Allibone, and Boyce Barker appeared dragging the snow-ball cannon.

"Say, git out the way, ev'ybody!" shouted one of the water-side loafers; "here comes the cannon! That loaded, Jack? Look out, it might go off suddint like."

"W'at yer goin' ter shoot with that, anyway?" demanded another. "Perairie-dorgs?"

Jack laughed. The boys were all in readiness. Jimmy Atwater gave the word to start, and they were off.

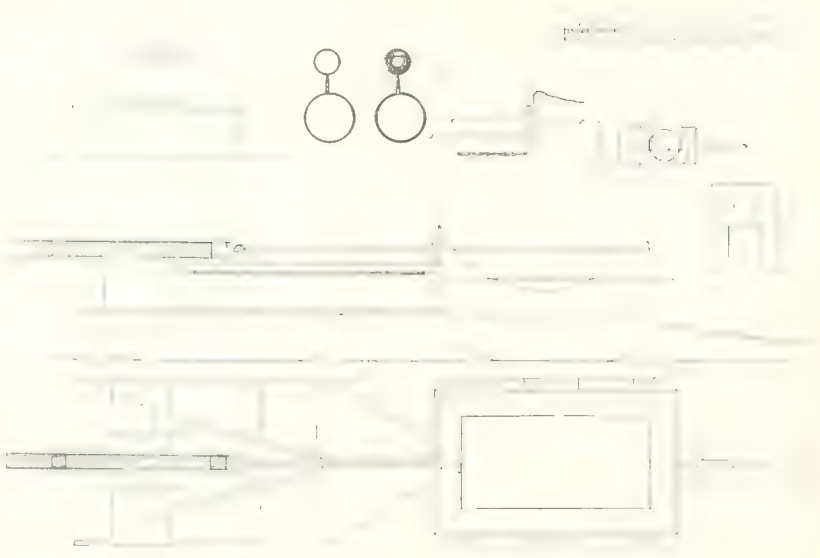
"Oh," cried Jack, in answer to the last speaker, "we thought it would be nice for saluting! Look out for the sunrise gun!" and he pulled the trigger. The cannon had been loaded previously to leaving Jack's house, and the snow-ball sped on its way, and spattered itself against the side of the dock at which he had aimed it with a thud that drew exclamations of surprise from the by-standers, and betokened ill for any unfortunate being who might ever get in the way of a projectile from that innocent-looking tin-pipe piece of artillery.

At first it was difficult for the boys to resist the natural impulse to race. It was the first time all the cruisers had been out together, and the boys were naturally anxious to test the merits of their respective craft. But it soon became evident that such a course would only result in winding them early in the day, and while they might get a good start, they would lose in the end more than they had gained, especially if Jimmy's prediction did not prove true and they had to row all the way.

"Steady, boys, steady," Jimmy cautioned; "let's all stay together and keep a good steady pace. We don't want to tire ourselves out now. We may have a good day's work cut out for us after we get there. We'll have plenty of opportunities for racing when we're settled on the *River Sprite*."

The first hour came to an end at last, and Jimmy called a halt. The boys had accomplished about five miles or a little over, and were therefore nearly half-way to their destination.

"Let's rest a little," said Jimmy, and indeed the boys were quite ready for the order. The exercise was new to most of them, their position rather cramped, and all, even the pilots, were glad of the opportunity to stretch their legs and to ease their arms and backs. Some of the boys put on their skates and sought rest in change of exercise. Others preferred to sit down or to stretch out on the lap-robes which they had spread upon the ice.



PLANS FOR THE CANNON DRAWN TO SCALE.

"If we can keep up at this rate," said Jack, "we will be there by ten o'clock. But I suggest that we rest again after the next half-hour, and again at the end of the hour, or when we get within about half a mile of the island. That will give every boy a chance at steering, and the crews will be fresh and ready for the final spurt."

This suggestion received the approval of all, and after fifteen minutes' rest the voyage was continued, the steersman in each cruiser changing places with one of the other boys in his crew. Fénélon de Smith, Abner Goodwin, and Godfrey Dubois now took their turn at the cannon, while Jack and Frank and Boyce devoted their energies to the propulsion of the *Snowflake*.

As they approached more and more near to Settlers' Island a quiet seemed to settle over them, and by the end of the second hour silence held full sway; and when a boy did speak to another, he did it in a whisper, as though afraid of warning the enemy, who was still more than a mile away.

A nervous feeling, in strong contrast with their light-hearted gayety of the early morning, would have been very apparent to any on-looker, had there been one, as they sat around on their sleds making snow-balls from a drift which had been formed by the strong westerly winds of the previous week. When the ammunition box was filled, as many more were made as could be conveniently stowed about the cruisers. After this was done, there seemed no excuse for waiting longer.

"Come along, fellows," said Joe Hickey; "let's be getting along and clear that gang out."

"Easy, now," cautioned Jimmy; "we want to do this thing in regular military fashion. We'll hoist sail and slide away among the islands as near as we can get to Settlers' Island without being seen. The *Snowflake* will keep well ahead as an advance-guard, to warn the rest if the enemy are sighted. If we can, I want to get as far as that little swampy island just south of Settlers' without being seen. If we can reach there in safety, half of us will make a reconnaissance in force, and attack the island in order to develop the strength of the enemy."

"What you want to develop their strength for?" asked Peter Kelsey. "I guess they're strong enough already."

"Pete," said Jimmy, "I'm afraid you are not up in tactics. What I meant by that technical term was to find out just how strong they are. When six or eight fellows come up and begin to fire snow-balls at them, of course they'll all turn out to drive us away. If there are only a few of them, the rest of our crowd will come up, and we will overpower them by mere force of numbers. If there are a lot of them, our reconnoitring party will retreat, firing. Then they'll probably come out and chase us. The retreat must be kept up so as to draw the enemy, if possible, below where the rest of us are concealed. This party, which we will call the reserve, will then rush out and make a bee line for the steamboat, and prepare to defend it with the cannon, while the boys who have been retreating make a quick turn around the southern point of the island, and join the reserve as soon as possible on the *River Sprite*. Unless they very greatly outnumber us, we can easily hold the boat against them, and as all their things are probably on board, they will soon be glad to make terms with us when they find that they can't drive us out."

"Say, boys," said George Graham, "that's a dandy scheme. Boundless, old fellow, you've done yourself proud. I propose three cheers for Boundless Jimmy At—"

"Sh!" interrupted Jimmy, warningly. "There will be plenty of time to cheer if the plan succeeds."

Jimmy now called for volunteers for the reconnoitring party, but as the entire outfit rose as one boy and volunteered, he chose George Graham, Will Halsted, Sam Wilbur, Charley Franklin, and Godfrey Dubois to accompany him. The reserve he put in command of Jack Prall. The column now moved as he had directed; the *Snowflake*, Jimmy steering it, and Godfrey and George Graham to look after the sail, keeping about a hundred yards in advance.

The low swampy island chosen for their ambush was reached without their being observed by any one so far as they could tell. Certainly Jimmy's keen eyes had failed to descry any living being on or near Settlers' Island. From the place where the boys were now gathered a long point to the eastward shut out their view of the steamboat, except for the smokestack and the upper part of the pilot-house. A thin line of light smoke, which the increasing wind was blowing up the river in an almost horizontal direction, told them, however, that somebody was certainly in possession of the island and the steamboat, and was probably prepared to defend it.

The reconnoitring party now left their cruisers and put on their skates, filled their pockets with small hard snow-balls, and with Jimmy at their head struck out for the *River Sprite*.

Jimmy and his companions rapidly approached the *River Sprite*. It was evidently occupied by quite a party. A stove-pipe projected through one of the windows of the

cabin, and several figures could indistinctly be seen moving about inside. A great quantity of débris, such as tin cans, empty bottles, old boxes, ashes, coffee grounds, and such like, littered about on the snow and on the ice, seemed to indicate that the campers had probably been there already some little time. Only one person was visible out of doors—one of the party who was busy splitting kindlings on the forward deck. His back was turned toward the boys, and he was kneeling over apparently unconscious of their approach.

As they got well within range each of the six boys drew a good hard snow-ball from his pocket, and at a nod from Jimmy each took good aim and let drive at the target.

One snow-ball knocked off his hat, but the other five sped true to their mark; and with a loud cheer the sharpshooters dashed on toward the boat, only to be greeted with a yell which fairly curdled their blood, as the object of their attentions straightened himself—they thought he would never stop straightening—and turned around, revealing to their astonished and horror-stricken gaze the hideous face and figure of a stalwart six-foot tramp. Purple and speechless with rage he poised his hatchet for an instant, and then sent it hurtling through the air at the foremost of the boys, while a horde of unkempt, ill-favored men came pouring out upon the deck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A VALENTINE PARTY.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

"OH, goody! I can hardly believe it. Thank you ever so much. You are just the dearest aunty in all the world," and with these impulsive words Marion Morgan caught hold of her aunt, drew her from her rocking-chair, and commenced whirling her around the room, meantime gayly humming the seductive music of the Dream and Waltzes.

"Marion, what is the matter?—are you never to learn repose of manner?" asked her mother, as half wonderingly, half reprovingly, she looked up from the book which had fully engrossed her for the last hour.

"Repose of manner! I fear not, mamma dear. Somehow it isn't in me; besides, had you been watching, you would have seen that Aunt Penelope and I had our heads together, and, result—I'm to have a valentine party. Aunt Pen has promised it to me because of my improvement in penmanship this past year. Oh, somebody hurrah! I can scarcely wait for the time to come," and with these words Marion laughingly commenced dancing again, but in a few moments whirled herself out of the room.

"I don't know what to make of that child, Penelope; she will be ten years old next month, and she has not one atom of dignity, and is the most light-hearted thing I ever saw."

"For what you term her 'light heart' you should be very grateful, sister, and as for dignity, that may come in time. You know she is never fretful, but always cheery and bright. Why, she is like sunlight to this home. I am sure I don't know what we two people would do without her."

"Well, now, Penelope, don't get started sermonizing; that never takes with me, you know. As for this party, you cannot afford to give it to her."

"I don't like the words 'cannot afford,' sister; they keep numberless good times out of this world."

"But they are true just the same."

"I don't know about that."

"Well, you couldn't afford a new satin gown last week, and such a bargain, too!"

"That was because I had this party in mind. If I choose to spend money on a party instead of on a new dress, that is for myself to settle. Besides, I do not intend to spend much money on the party."

"Well, then, you will give a horribly mean affair, and I shall be just ashamed to look my friends in the face after it. Remember, Penelope, if Marion is your niece, she is my daughter, and I do not see why you should wish to disgrace us."

"Now, sister, don't worry. As Marion said, we had our heads together; she will help me and I will help her, and between us we will give this party in good form, and that you must admit is not always done, even when a large amount of money has been expended."

"That is true," replied Mrs. Morgan, "and people do not always enjoy themselves at parties either. Do you remember that birthday party Marion went to last January, where she said everybody seemed so doleful that she was sure they could hardly wait for the time to come to start home; that every one was perfectly miserable, and she the most miserable of all?"

"I can hardly imagine our Marion ever really feeling miserable," laughingly replied her sister; "but I know the party you refer to was not a success, and Marion was wise enough to know why. She told me nobody knew what to do. I remember how I laughed over the way she expressed herself: 'Aunty, the boys and girls just stood around like Zekle, who

> "stood a spell on one foot fust,
> Then stood a spell on t'other,
> An' on which one he felt the wust
> He couldn't ha' told ye nuther."

No one was there who cared anything about young people; I guess I know when folks like me. I felt



"YOU ARE JUST THE DEAREST AUNTY IN THE WORLD"

as if cold water was running down my back all the time, and I wasn't a bit colder either, for Mrs. Stonewall Bertha's mother you know, said "Child, you look as though you had a fever." If I was Bertha, I would never give a party again—no, not as long as I live, unless I had an aunt, cousin, or somebody around that young people couldn't help loving, and then things would go. Why, aunty, some of the children were really afraid to enter the room. I was half scared myself, and you know I'm not very bashful.'"

"Penelope, don't you think grown people sometimes suffer a similar experience?"

"Certainly I do, and for the same reason. A hostess should be magnetic, cordial, and tactful, and when she has not these qualities in herself, she should invite some one who has them to receive with her. But here comes Marion. I don't believe in spoiling her anticipation of a pleasant evening by worrying her about money or anything else. Do look on the bright side, sister."

"Well, mother mine, here am I like a bad penny, back again. I thought I would study my history lesson with you this time, and what do you suppose! This morning in school we talked about St. Valentine's day. I didn't think that proper Miss Emery knew there was such a day, and when she asked which of us could tell her what the fourteenth day of February was noted for, about a dozen of us called out, 'For Valentines.' Then you should have seen how shocked she looked and how straight she got. Why, she sat at least a foot higher, and cautiously opening her mouth, without the shadow of a smile, said that on the fourteenth day of February, 1778, the first salute was made to the American flag. Now, you know I'm as fond of our flag as any New York city girl could possibly be, but her answer was so different from ours, and her manner and enunciation were so paralyzing, that I laughed aloud, and, as a consequence, was detained to write all this rigamarole, which I have the pleasure of repeating word for word to-morrow. Would you like to hear it, mamma?"

"Yes, very much."

"We received our name, the United States of America, on the 4th of July, 1776, but we had to wait until the following June before Congress came to a decision about our flag. And that same time a Captain John Paul Jones was appointed commander of a ship called the *Ranger*, and over this ship was hoisted the Stars and Stripes; but next came the question, would it be acknowledged as an ensign of an independent nation? After the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, France entered into a treaty of alliance and commerce with us, and about this time John Paul Jones took under convoy some American ships that wanted to accompany the French fleet, waiting to take them beyond the British cruisers. On February the 22d, 1778, he wrote the maritime committee the following: 'I was off the bay the 13th inst., and sent my boat in the next day to know if the admiral would return my salute. He answered that he would return to me (as the senior American Continental officer in Europe) the same salute he was authorized by his court to return to an admiral in Holland or any other republic, four guns less than the salute given. Therefore I anchored in the entrance at a distance from the French fleet, and on the 14th inst. I was induced to accept his offer, as it was in fact an acknowledgment of American independence.'"



THESE HEARTS DECIDED THE PARTNERS FOR SUPPER.

"Oh, what a noise! That girl has not a nerve in her body, and thinks that no one else has."

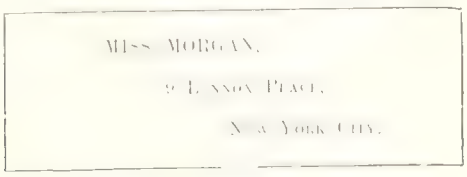
"Law, ma'am! I heerd yer carrying on sech a talk I thought mebbe ye wouldn't hear the likes of me, and sez I to meself, sez I, 'I'll give the door an extra knock or two.' Shure it's me own four knuckles that's suffered most; and here be two of the most beauteous litters these blue eyes of mine have iver looked on."

"Delia, how often have I told you to carry letters on a tray? and there you stand gazing at the letters held tight in one hand, while the other one holds the tray dangling by your side."

"But, ma'am, only look ye at this little b'y, undressed intirely only for his two wings and purty cap, and holdin' fast unto a bow like. What is them things piercin' like into a heart?"

"They are arrows; and, Delia, no more remarks."

At the mention of arrows and Delia's description of Cupid Marion jumped, and was at her mother's side just as Mrs. Morgan was saying, "These letters are for you." In one second Marion noticed the superscription, which was the same on both:




"Am I Miss Morgan, mamma?"

"Certainly. You are an only child; had you an elder sister, you would then be addressed as Miss Marion Morgan."

Hastily tearing the decorated envelope open, she next noticed that the paper had at its heading the same decoration as was on the envelope, and then she read aloud:

"'Miss Helen Wynkorp requests your presence at a Valentine Party, Wednesday evening, February the Fourteenth.

"'3 West Thirty-third Street. Dancing, eight o'clock.'

Such style for that little minx, only twelve years old! Well, I'll see what the next letter has to say." This proved to be a similar invitation, but it had two envelopes, the outside one bearing the address, the inside one the name only. The paper in both cases was white and cream wove; the size was also the same, being five and one-half inches long by three and one-half inches wide. The inside envelope was four inches long by three wide, the outer envelope being a trifle larger each way; the lettering on both invitations was engraved. "Here am I invited to two parties the same night I am going to give one! Now, what shall I do?"

"Do?" queried her mother. "Write at once to both telling them you cannot come. It is only proper to respond to an invitation. How would you like it if those you expect to invite to your party did not inform you as to their coming? Think of the many annoyances it would cause, particularly in the supper-room!"

"Oh, I see. Well, tell me what to say, mamma dear."

"Miss Morgan thanks Miss Helen Wynkorp for her kind invitation for St. Valentine's night, and regrets that a previous engagement will prevent her acceptance. February the first."

"I never wrote so formal a note in all my life," was Marion's comment, as she leisurely wiped her pen.

"You probably have never before had as formal an invitation. A formal invitation calls for a formal response, and the contrary."

"Why, Aunt Penelope, hat and cloak on! Where are you bound?"

"I am going to match this paper and envelope," holding up the last-read invitation. "As both of your invitations came from people of wealth and culture, it proves that both decorated and not decorated paper are correct, the difference being a matter of taste only. And, another thing, is your party list ready?"

"Yes, aunty."

"How many names?"

"Eighty-nine."

"Then I will get one hundred sheets of paper, two hundred envelopes, and one hundred two-cent postage-stamps. For doubtless you will think of other names."

"Am I to write the invitations, aunty?"

"Yes, partly to save money, and partly to please me. I will be far more gratified with my niece's penmanship than I would be even with such perfect engraving as this fashionable stationer has done. Besides, what am I giving you the party for?"

"That is true, aunty, and there is a kiss to help you pardon this rattle-brain niece of yours. Don't you remember when I was a little girl I used to think that kisses cured everything? Even at the time I fell down stairs and tore my forehead I wondered why the doctor didn't kiss me, instead of sewing me up. Now, what other help shall I give you?"

"Be ready to commence writing the invitations when I return, as the fact you have received two already proves that yours should be out; and here is a surprise for you—enough mousseline de soie to make you a new frock."

"Why, Aunt Penelope, I supposed of course I had to wear my same old party dress, though I've done a lot of thinking about it."

While thus talking, Marion was rapidly undoing the wrappings, and when she found that the material was a creamy white ground with moss-rose buds all over it, as if showered with them, she almost squeezed her aunt to death. In fact, Aunt Penelope, gasping for breath, managed to say,

"Give it to your mother, child. I think she will make it for you, and tell her Madame Baptiste says that girls of your age wear their skirts shorter, and that party frocks as well as street ones are made simpler. Marion, do not worry your little head about the party any more; leave everything but writing the invitations to me."

How rapidly the time flew now, for Aunt Penelope was such a busy woman, planning and arranging, so that everything would be economical and yet satisfactory, and when the night of the party came all was in readiness. She insisted that Marion should be dressed and in the parlor half an hour ahead of time, partly to keep her from being nervous, and partly to have her there to receive, in case any of the young people made a mistake regarding their arrival.

Marion did her part as hostess with perfect grace, and after cordially greeting her friends, would convey them to her mother and aunt, who stood near. And Aunt Penelope was ever on the alert, so that the most bashful and nervous child felt as much at ease as if in the familiar parlors of her own home.

Dancing was the chief amusement, for which Mrs. Morgan played. But as there are always some guests at every party who do not dance, so was it at Marion's, and the following games were introduced: "Dumb Crambo," "Celebrated Characters," "Memory."

When the last game was played, each of the young people was escorted to a small table which was secreted behind a screen. On this table had been placed thirty different articles, including pulverized spices, small bottles of liquid, books, etc. Each individual was allowed ten seconds in which to familiarize himself or herself with the things on the table. Then each wrote down a list of the things, titles of books, etc., from memory, and then the young gentleman and lady whose lists were nearest perfection received valentines as prizes. As more than one was entitled to it, the prize was drawn for.

A few moments before supper Aunt Penelope handed Marion two baskets, and told her to offer the basket knotted with pink ribbon to the girls, and the one knotted with red ribbon to the boys. From these baskets each one drew a paper heart about three inches long and wide in proportion. These hearts could be suspended by means of narrow pink satin ribbons, and each heart was slightly decorated with water-color paints. In the same basket no two hearts were alike, but their duplicates were found in the others. Each boy watched the heart he had drawn, and this decided whom he should take to supper. When all were arranged, Mrs. Morgan played a march, and Marion, with her partner, led.

The dining-room was beautiful. The chandelier was wound around with smilax, and ended in a profuse pink satin bow, which Marion afterwards learned was the sash

she had worn at every party she had gone to for the past two winters. The table was also decorated with pink satin ribbons that had a similar history. Where the ribbon was creased and spotted, Aunt Penelope had deftly covered the places with fern leaves.

The centre piece was found to be a mirror long since discarded on account of its frame. This was concealed by fern leaves, and on the mirror itself pink rose-buds had been irregularly dropped.

The house plants had made of the mantel a complete bower of green, notwithstanding those Aunt Penelope had saved for the parlor and hall.

The roses she had allowed herself to buy could also be found in the parlor and young ladies' dressing-room; but the chief decoration was given to where they had supper, and Aunt Penelope hopes she will always remember the sight of the happy young faces in that transformed room.

The menu was:

Sandwiches, Lettuce, Crushed Peanuts,
Tongue, Creamed Oysters, Chicken Salad,
Assorted Kisses, Cocoanut Balls, Macroons,
Ring Cake with Strawberry Icing,
Mixed Candy in Pansy Motto Papers,
Ice-Cream, Ribbon Blanc mange, Fruits,
Paper-shell Almonds, Lemonade, Ice-Water.

Sandwiches of whatever filling had all the crust removed, then rolled and kept together by narrow pink ribbon tied in a bow with short ends.

The ring-cake was cut in as many pieces as there were guests, and one of the girls was fortunate enough to find in her piece a gold love-knot ring, which just fitted her little finger.

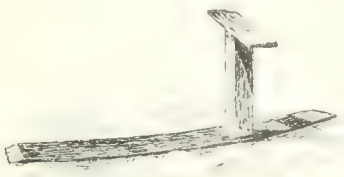
## A YOUNG CANADIAN HABITAN BOY'S SLED.

BY G. M. FAIRCHILD, JUN.

AMONG the young habitan boys of the mountainous district of Quebec, Canada, a little sled is used which is so novel and simple in construction, and affords such famous sport on the steep mountain roads, that I am certain its introduction to the boy and girl readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be heartily welcomed. Any boy can construct one in a few moments, and the cost is practically nothing.

A good smooth stave from a barrel having been procured, an upright bunk about twelve inches high is securely nailed to it. On the top of this bunk a seat is nailed. This may be also a piece of barrel stave about fifteen inches long. The sled is now complete. The accompanying illustration will assist my description.

Now for a slide down some small hill to begin with. Seated on the bunk seat, both hands holding the ends of



THE SLED.

the seat, and both feet touching the snow to help balance the little craft and to steer it, away you go. Such an exciting run, such fun, so easily guided and controlled, no danger, for a firm pressure of the feet on the snow brings the little craft to a standstill at will, and as it weighs but a pound, it is so easily carried up hill.

I have seen these little sleds used by boys and girls of five or six years of age on the roughest and steepest mountain-sides on the snow-crust, and they were always



LOOK OUT OF THE WAY!

under such perfect control that I never heard of an accident.

Twenty or more of these little craft can be made from one barrel with a pound of three-inch nails.

## NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

KING CHARLEMAGNE fell on the Paynim horde,
And scattered them off the land.
"The faith of our Lord shall live!" quoth he,
"I swear by this good right hand!"
So he rode wherever the fray was hot,
And charged with his righteous lance.
Now, what shall the boys of America do
To follow the King of France?

Sir Philip Sydney, on Netherlands field,
Lay wounded and racked with pain;
Yet when they brought him a cooling cup,
He put it aside again.
"Thy need is greater than mine," he said,
To a man of mean degree.
Will the lads of America copy fair
That flower of courtesy?

Sir Richard Grenville was captain of one
Good ship on the western sea;
And he fought ten thousand Spanish blades
For a losing victory.
"I die for religion and queen!" he cried,
Ere his soul took splendid flight.
Now, how shall the boys of America serve
Their country, like that good knight?

In stately line stand America's kings,
And greater than all are three—
George Washington, Lincoln, and old King Ben
(Of the printers' guild was he!)
And every boy who reveres her soil
Is heir to the throne and crown;
And his the joy to uphold her flag,
Should jealousy pluck it down.

Emblazoned forever in starry light
Are the paths of the living dead;
What one of us would not follow them,
With sounding and valiant tread?
And when our Mother demands her sons,
To the summons shall come the cry,
From loyal hearts and from passionate lips,
"America, here am I!"

ALICE BROWN.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN THE TROPICS.

MOTHER. "Fred, why don't you write your composition lessons?"

FRED. "I haven't got a lead pencil."

MOTHER. "What did you do with the one you had this morning?"

FRED. "Baby chewed it to pieces, and now I suppose she's crying for another."

"I WISH, oh, I wish," said dissatisfied Tim,
"That I were a fish, and how hard I would swim!
And now, every time that I leave solid ground,
Mamma's in a panic for fear I'll get drowned.

"And yet, I suppose that's a venturesome wish,
Because, just as soon as I turn to a fish,
I'd have a fish mother and aunts by the score
Who'd fret just as much lest I'd drown on the shore."

SISSIE. "Jack, how do you feel this morning?"

JACK. "Oh, I feel well enough to eat some of those bonbons that Mr. Thayer sent you last night."

### A PARTICULAR DOLL.

KITTIE. "My new doll has been very naughty."

LOUIE. "What's the matter?"

KITTIE. "Well, I don't think she likes to be called Mary Ann Jane, after the cook and nurse."

### GREAT PROGRESS.

AUNTIE. "Are you learning to skate, May?"

MAY. "Yes, 'm; and I'm doing very well. I've got along far enough not to cry any more when I fall down."

TODDLES. "Papa, can't you [illegible] talk very crooked sometimes?"

PAPA. "Crooked? No, not usually. Why do I don't know. How?"

TODDLES. "Why, for one thing, they say the wind roars through the trees, and it *don't*. I've been watching, and the wind goes along quietly by itself, so it can't roar, and then they begin to get scared for fear it keep it from going through. They make all the fuss."

PAPA. "But how about the trees my boy? Weren't they very still and quiet, too, before the wind came? The wind seems to me to be like a great many people I know, and even some small boys. It goes along quietly and noiselessly so long as it has things its own way, but just as soon as it meets any opposition, there is trouble."

Papa stopped here and looked at Toddles, expecting an answer, but the little boy seemed to be thinking.

TEACHER. "Well, Johnnie, I hope you have been doing as I told you: not only talking but *thinking* in French."

JOHNNIE. "Yes, sir; I've thought a good deal in French."

TEACHER. "I'm very glad to hear it. Now tell me some of your thoughts."

JOHNNIE. "Oh, I cannot do that, because when I think in French *I don't understand myself*."

### THAT'S WHY.

"I'd like to be an Eskimo boy," said Archie.

"Why so?" asked his father.

"Because in vacation when a fellow has lots of time to go skating and coasting there isn't any ice or snow nearer than the arctic regions."

### CONUNDRUM.

WHY is a painful tooth like Sunday? Because it objects to being worked on.

MARJORIE went into the pantry, and reaching up to a high shelf, tipped over a milk-pan.

"What business are you up to in there?" said Maggie, the girl, when she heard the clatter.

"I'm in the milk business," said Marjorie.

### NOTHING LIKE IMAGINATION.

TOM (*to Dinah, who is grinding coffee*). "Aunt Dinah, don't you wish that coffee-mill was an organ, so you could enjoy the music?"

DINAH. "No, indeedy, honey! Dat I don't! Ef a pusson grinds a street-organ he's 'bliged to take any sort o' music it's a mind to give 'im; but when I turns my coffee-mill I 'magines any sort o' chune I wants, an' grinds accordin'."



"WOODMAN, SPARE THIS TREE!"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE SIEGE OF SETTLERS' ISLAND.

BY H. G. PAINE.

## CHAPTER V.

THE foremost boy was Jimmy Atwater, and if he had been standing still, the tramp's hatchet must have struck him a serious if not a fatal blow. But Jimmy and the rest of the reconnoitring party had been skating at top speed, and were unable to check their onward course at once. Jimmy saw the hatchet coming and ducked, and the missile passed harmlessly over his head, chipping a great piece out of the ice about twenty feet behind him. The boys' impetus carried them almost under the guard-rail of the boat before they fully realized what a hornets' nest they had aroused. But it did not take them long to turn in their tracks and start in the opposite direction. It was one thing to have a snowball fight with a crowd of Bluffton boys, and another thing to engage in mortal combat with a gang of burly ruffians.

It will not be laid to the boys' discredit that they made the quickest time skating that they had ever made in their lives, to get away from the unhealthy neighborhood into which they had unwittingly ventured. The



more so, since the entire pack of tramps took up the cause of their aggrieved companion, and began firing anything that came handy after the retreating boys.

A sharp piece of coal struck Abner Goodwin just back of his ear, making a slight cut, not serious, though quite painful. It made him so angry that, regardless of consequences, he stopped, turned around, and fired a snowball at one of the men who had jumped from the boat to the ice. The man not expecting such an act on the part of the boys was unprepared for the attack, and the snow ball struck him fair in the eye. With a howl of rage he started in pursuit, and was followed by eight or ten of his associates. Abner did not stop to fire any more snowballs, but turned and quickly followed the rest of the boys, who had gained quite a distance on him. The men, of course, did not have the advantage of wearing skates, but the boys in their anxiety to get away had made a bee-line for the point around which they had left their companions, and in doing so had come upon a piece of rough snowy ice which greatly retarded their pace.

"To the left! to the left!" shouted Jimmy, as soon as he realized that the rough ice was as much an advantage to the tramps as it was a disadvantage to the boys. And setting the example, he struck off at right angles to the original course in order to get on the smooth ice again.

The boys followed him ; but now the men drew rapidly upon them, and it was a question which would reach the smooth ice first. Panting and with aching ankles the boys sped on.

Abner fortunately saw the point of their manœuvre in time, and changed his course before striking the rough ice.

The entire *dramatis personæ* met almost in a bunch as the boys felt the keen edges of their skates take the smooth glassy surface of the river ice, and with long steady strokes they drew rapidly away from their pursuers. Their shout of triumph was echoed by a yell of baffled rage on the part of the tramps in language which may be better imagined than described. The boys made quick work of turning the point and getting back to the reserve. The tramps halted, looking after their retreating figures.

Breathless the boys rejoined their anxious friends, and gasped out in broken sentences the bad news of the unwelcome intruders who had taken possession of the prospective camping-place.

"Well," said Jack, when he had gained the whole of the story, "I suppose there is only one thing for us to do; that is to go back."

"Yes," said Abner. "We don't want to waste any time about it, either." And he began to take down the sail of his cruiser. "Thunderation!" he added, "I don't relish rowing all the way back against this wind."

"What's the matter with going down about a couple of miles," suggested Sam Wilbur, "and making camp on the shore?"

"Well, you can if you want to," said George Graham; "but those tramps are likely enough to be prowling around as far as that, and if they should come across us at any time, you can bet they would make it hot for us."

"Anyhow," said Jimmy, "we'd better be getting away from here."

"Yes, and mighty quick too," broke in Fénélon. "They're coming after us this very minute."

It was indeed as Fénélon had said. The tramps had sauntered on far enough to discover the hiding-place of the boys, and were now coming on a dead run for them in order to intercept them before they could get away.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Jimmy, "we can never row home in the teeth of this gale fast enough to escape from those fellows. There is only one thing to be done, and we must do that quicker than we ever did anything before. Everybody jump aboard and set sail at once up the river. Keep on the west side of the island. Jack, keep them off with the cannon as long as you can. Abner, you and Larry and Horace get your mast and sail up again. Frogsy, come help me raise sail in the ammunition car."

The boys fell to with a will. Jack trained the cannon on the approaching roughs with such good aim that the first shot doubled up the leader with a well-directed blow in the region of his waist-band. The tramps paused for a minute around their winded companion, unable to imagine what could have struck him with such violence, as he was well out of range of any school-boy's throw.

But another shot from the cannon, which whizzed harmlessly but ominously between two who were leaning over their prostrate companion, showed that these swift and dangerous projectiles were indeed coming from the boys' direction. With shouts and curses they rushed to the attack.

Jack, George, and Boyce Barker served the cannon with nervous haste, and most of their shots took effect on the approaching ruffians, but without such serious results as the first.

Meanwhile eager hands were setting the sails of Abner's boat, and in the ammunition car, and pushing the other boats out where they could feel the force of the strong southwest wind.

"Quick, Jack, quick!" shouted Jimmy, when all the preparations were completed and the cruisers were ready to start. "All aboard!"

Not a moment too soon had the order been given. The now infuriated men were close upon the boys, as jumping on their sleds they let the wind fill the sails, and bear them rapidly up the river. The cruisers with their lighter loads would evidently sail faster than the men could run. But the cannon-boat was not so well adapted for sailing, and its heavy load of ammunition retarded its speed. It was impossible to serve the cannon under sail, so Jack navigated the craft, while his two companions proceeded to throw out the accumulated supply of snowballs. And as every snowball took the direction of the tramps, their rapid fusillade kept the angry men at bay as the craft gathered headway, and gradually drew away from them.

The cheer which the boys sent up at the success of their manœuvre proved a trifle premature, for their course now took them within a short distance of the wrecked steamboat which lay at the extreme northerly point of the island. The other tramps, nearly as many in number as those who had followed the boys, had seen enough of the encounter to understand its general results, and rushing out upon the ice they sought to obstruct the passage of the boats. But quickly realizing the danger of meddling with an ice-boat at full speed, they fell back and contented themselves with sending a shower of stones and chunks of ice at the boys as they sped by.

The young voyagers replied with vigorous broadsides of snowballs, but were glad that the increasing gale was rapidly carrying them away from so unequal an encounter.

As it was, the casualties amounted, in addition to the damage to Abner's head, as follows: Jack Prall, one very black eye; Will Halsted, one cut lip; Sam Wilbur, an abrased forehead; Joe Hickey, one mashed finger, beside several painful bruises to other members of the party.

"Where shall we go now?" asked Boyce Barker, as the squadron came to anchor about three miles above the island, to repair damages.

"To Bluffton," answered Jimmy Atwater.

"To Bluffton!" shouted several boys at once. "What for?"

"To get the Bluffton boys to come down and help us clean out that gang."

"You needn't do that," remarked Jack, "for here they come now."

CHAPTER VI.

THE boys looked up the river and saw a large party of lads about their own age skating toward them, dragging their sleds behind them.

"Those are the Bluffton High school boys," said Jack. "That's big Tom Ryley ahead."

It turned out to be just as Jack had said. And though the Bluffton and Hamilton boys were great rivals in all athletic sports and contests, the rivalry had always been of a friendly nature. The Bluffton boys were ready enough to fall in with Jimmy's plans when they had heard his story, which he told frankly and without reserve.

"You come along with us and we'll drive out those brutes together," said Jimmy, "and then we'll have a big snowball fight to see which of us shall have the steamboat."

"No, you don't," said Tom Ryley, speaking for the Bluffton boys. "Not while you've got that cannon we won't. Besides, there wouldn't any of us want to live in that boat right after those tramps. Let's get rid of those fellows down there, and then hold the boat and the island in partnership. Between us we can easily keep all other intruders away, and we can always arrange our camping-parties so as not to interfere with each other."

Tom's proposition was so straightforward and reasonable that it was readily agreed to. And all set their wits to work to devise a plan of campaign.

Dinner occupied their thoughts first, however, and the Blufftonians were loud in their admiration of the Hamilton boys' forethought in bringing provisions which had been partly cooked. In less than half an hour the down-river boys were discussing a good hot meal, while their friends from up stream were eating ice-cold pie waiting for their frozen beefsteaks to cook.

After dinner a long pow-wow was held, in which about as many opinions were expressed as there were boys.

"It seems to me," said Jack Prall, "that even if we succeed in driving out the tramps, and I believe we can do it with my new mortar battery—"

"Your what?" asked George Graham.

"Oh, a new snowball-firing machine that I have just invented," said Jack, nonchalantly. "I'll explain it later. I say, even if we drive them out, we'll never be sure that they won't come back and set fire to the boat, or do us up in some other way—perhaps shoot us. They're pretty mad, and I think they would hardly stop at anything. Now, if we could only drive them out and *keep* them out, there would be some fun in doing it. I believe we could have those fellows arrested."

"No, you can't," said Tom Ryley; "they're safe on that island. The Sheriff of our county has been after those fellows for two months, but whenever he tried to get hold of them they'd slide over into Iowa. And then, as soon as his back was turned, they'd slide back again. Now they've probably got into trouble in your State, so they have taken up their quarters in the old *River Sprite*, where they have a retreat which is perfectly secure from the authorities on both sides of the river."

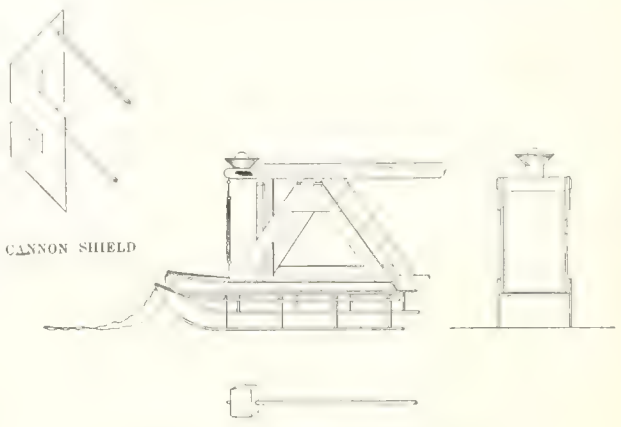
"Tell me," said Jack, "would your Sheriff arrest those fellows if he could catch them in Illinois territory?"

"Yes, indeed, he would," said Tom; "there are rewards offered for some of those fellows for burglaries. And they'd run the whole lot of them in as vagrants, anyhow, just for luck, so as to get rid of them."

"Do you know the Sheriff?" asked Jack.

"Well, rather," said Tom; "he's my uncle."

"Well, you go and tell your uncle to be down opposite Settlers' Island to-night with a big posse, and we'll have the tramps right on the Illinois shore, where he can get them; and if there are any rewards to be got, we can




SIDE AND END VIEWS OF THE MORTAR.

spend the money in fixing up the steamboat as a camping-place."

Tom was incredulous at first, and loath to believe that Jack was in earnest; but when the latter had unfolded his plan, he could hardly wait to get his skates on and be off.

"Oh, don't bother to skate," said Jimmy; "Frank Allibone will take you up in his cruiser." And in a few minutes the two boys were rapidly disappearing in the direction of Bluffton.

Jack now explained the scheme of his mortar battery. He drew the plans on a box cover, and explained how the mortars could be constructed so as to be transported on hand-sleds. "But for what we want to-night," he said, "something less fancy will have to do. For instance, some of the carpenter's horses that those men are using who are building that new house a quarter of a mile down the river. They've got a lot of loose lumber lying around, and I guess they'll let us rig up something that will suit our purpose, and we can return the horses in the morning."

A mortar, Jack explained, was used for throwing projectiles into the air so as to describe a curved line, and fall within the walls of a fort, or into the interior of a city or other place, which could not be reached by ordinary cannon-shot. Here are the directions:

Make two triangles of boards as shown in the diagram. The bottom strip should project far enough below the two legs to permit of screwing it firmly to the edge of the bottom board, which is the width of the top of the sled, and is attached to it by straps as in the ice-cruisers.

The pivot bar, or axle-tree, rests in grooves cut in the points of the triangles. The propulsion bar is a stout piece of oak fastened securely to the pivot bar, and at right angles to it. Two uprights fastened to the bottom board by screws or nails driven from underneath and braced to the legs of the triangles support a cross-piece, which keeps the propulsion bar horizontal when the spring is attached. A small tin basin is secured to the extreme forward end of the propulsion bar.

To use the mortar, place a snowball or other missile in the basin, and strike the other end of the bar a hard blow with a long-handled wooden mallet.

The range may be regulated by the force of the blow and by moving the sled to and fro and right and left. Dimensions of mortar shown in diagram: Length of bottom board, 3 feet 10 inches; length of legs, 2 feet 6 inches; uprights, 2 feet 3 inches; propulsion bar, 4 feet 2 inches by 2½ by 4 inches; width of frame, 13 inches.

Should the snow be too dry to make compact snowballs, a small piece of sheep-skin or cotton batting should be inserted in the breech of the gun or the basin of the mortar, and tacked in place. This will tend to prevent the snowballs from breaking.

Jack's plan was to go down the river to a point on the Illinois shore directly opposite the wreck of the *River Sprite*, where the bank of the river formed a sort of natural levee, behind which he proposed to establish his mortar battery. There, quite out of sight of any one on the steamboat, and entirely protected from any missiles which might be fired from it, they could pop snowballs upon its deck if they cared to use such harmless ammunition, or stones and pieces of ice if it proved necessary to resort to extreme measures to rouse their late antagonists to renewed action. The distance between the eastern shore of the river and Settlers' Island was further than any man, except perhaps a very expert ball player, could throw, but quite within the range, Jack calculated, of his new device.

The idea was for the Bluffton boys to keep out of sight of the men on the island, making a long detour so as to reach the place where the battery was to be established from the shore, carrying with them the mortars which Jack was to construct at the new house. The Hamilton boys, however, would proceed down the river past the *River Sprite* at about dusk, as if anxious to return home, but directly after passing out of sight they were to land on the Illinois shore, and to join the Bluffton boys at the point selected.

This plan was faithfully carried out. Jack found the carpenters ready enough to help him when they understood what game he was up to, as they themselves had been victims of the tramps' attentions, and had lost a great deal of lumber, which they had ascribed to their thieving. They turned to willingly, and helped the boys, with the result that in a short time four mortars had been made in accordance with Jack's original design, and all were delighted to find, on trying them, that they exceeded even Jack's expectations in the matters of range and the weight of the projectile which they would carry.

At six o'clock the Bluffton boys and the carpenters set out with the mortars, and the Hamilton boys made their feint down the river past the island, taking care as they did so to attract the attention of the tramps, while at the same time they appeared to be trying to get by as quickly as possible without being seen.

They then rejoined the rest of their party behind the natural levee, and Jack arranged his mortars so as to focus on the deck and the roof of the cabin of the old steamboat, and awaited further developments.

These soon came in the persons of Tom Ryley and his uncle, the Sheriff. Tom explained that he had found it hard to persuade his uncle of the feasibility of Jack's plan, but had finally succeeded, and the Sheriff himself confessed that a fear that the boys might get themselves into trouble if left to their own devices had had more influence with him in bringing down a party of deputies than any real expectation that he would bag any tramps. But when he saw Jack's preparations, and understood his scheme, he announced himself ready to act in concert with him.

Accordingly, he went back to where he had left his posse, which numbered thirty armed men, mostly anxious fathers, uncles, and big brothers of the Bluffton boys, and disposed twenty of them in among the thick bushes that grew along the river shore under the shadow of the bank. The other ten joined the boys at the mortars. Jack now began the bombardment of the old steamboat, and a perfect hail of icy snowballs, chunks of ice, and stones began to descend upon its deck. As often as a head would appear, the Sheriff and Tom Ryley's father would shoot at it with the cannon, which they served behind a screen, which Jack had contrived, from the top of the bank.

It was not long before the bombardment began to have the desired effect. The tramps, convinced that the boys in revenge for their defeat in the morning had returned to annoy them, soon became so exasperated at the futility of their efforts to reach them with stones or bits of ice, that they determined to punish the lads severely for their temerity; and the entire outfit, armed with whatever was handy—axes, bludgeons, pistols, and two or three with shot-guns—jumped from the boat, and rushed towards their irritating young assailants. They soon reached the Illinois shore, and began clambering up the bank. They had just about reached the top when a shrill whistle was heard behind them, and turning around they beheld twenty determined men facing them with loaded Winchesters; another shrill whistle from the top of the bank, and they saw a crowd of about forty people confronting them, the front rank, at least, fully armed.

Resistance was out of the question, and the tramps, seeing themselves fairly trapped, surrendered, and were soon safely lodged in jail.

At the invitation of the Blufftons, the Hamilton boys spent the night with them at their homes in Bluffton, and the following day the Bluffton boys accompanied the Hamiltons down the river to their town, and spent the night as guests in their turn. The next day was Saturday, and the boys made an early start for the island, accompanied by a large party of their friends of both sexes. At Settlers' Island they met a similar party from Bluffton, and a great out-door winter picnic and barbecue was held. Thus in fun and frolic and mutual good feeling ended the now famous siege of Settlers' Island.

THE END

## ROYALTY ON RUNNERS.

BY HENRY W. FISCHER

THE unhappy Ludwig of Bavaria, who was drowned some years ago, was the first King of modern times who made a business of reviving the splendid trappings of royalty used in olden times on so extensive a scale. With him everything in the line of furnishings had to be gilt, or of the most precious material obtainable for the purpose. His passion for erecting fantastic castles and villas made him a bankrupt, and these buildings are now used for show purposes only.

Some of the finest specimens of this sort of decoration built by the order of King Ludwig are the various carriages and sleighs designed for the King's use on state occasions. Among them is the sleigh represented here, which attracts the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. It is a very gorgeous means of conveyance, rich with precious metals, splendid furs, and all the modern improvements money can command.

Seated behind its high glass windows, enveloped in



KING LUDWIG'S COURT SLEIGH.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S STATE SLEIGH.

stately robes, the half-crazy monarch used to ride over the dangerous passes of the Alps before daylight. His horses wore a string of small electric lights on their collars. Electric lights were also fastened to the helmets and caps of the cavalrymen that galloped in front of the sleigh.

"The mad King is coming," the poor peasants used to say, for they had learned to expect him on any extremely dark night, if the moon were not shining.

The German Kaiser also owns a highly decorated sleigh; but it need hardly be said that his Majesty neither uses it to frighten his subjects nor for purposes of lonely reverie. The young and vigorous Emperor of Germany invites pleasure-seekers to have a good view of him when he starts out to enjoy himself.

The Kaiser's sleigh is used only on state occasions, and is then drawn by five horses, three in front and two behind, in the Russian *troika* style. The middle horse of the first "Zug," as they call it in German, bears on his collar a splendid set of silver bells that jingle merrily. A very tall animal is selected as the bell-bearer. To secure the best possible effect it should be three or four hands higher than the other horses.

During my recent residence in Berlin I frequently met Americans in the famous avenue called Unter den Linden gazing at the spectacle of the Emperor being driven to the park or the country. They all wanted to see the extraordinary young man who holds the armies of Europe in check, and, besides, the splendid horses and fine vehicles compelled their admiration. One can learn a thing or two about people's queer notions on such days. An American boy, who had doubtless read a great deal about crowns and sceptres and other regalia, once asked me, as the Kaiser passed by us in Unter den Linden:

"What sort of a crown is he wearing to-day? It doesn't look at all like the one I saw him in last week."

"That is not a crown," I answered; "it is a *Pickelhaube*, such as every infantry soldier wears."

The boy looked at me in a disgusted manner. Possibly I had destroyed one of his pet notions.

Oscar II., King of Sweden, is very democratic in his tastes and opposed to extravagance of any sort. He is a fine scholar, a writer of merit, and a lover of athletic exercises that develop the muscles and keep the brain active. His favorite sleigh holds only one person, who must be his own driver, and a good one at that, for the vehicle is rather top heavy. The figure rising in front is that of the Centaur of northern mythology, a fabulous being, half-man and half-horse, in the act of shooting an arrow at an imaginary enemy.

This driving in fancy sleighs is not what it used to be. In many parts of the world heavy falls of snow are of less frequent occurrence now than a century or so ago. A London boy told me he had never seen a sleigh in the fifteen years of his existence, and doubtless there are many children in New York, living away from Central Park and Fifth Avenue, who make the same complaint. But it is not the scarcity of snow alone that interferes with sleighing. It is no longer thought good manners for people to make displays of their money in this way. Of course, we have flower and coach parades, and all that, but they are very mild shows indeed compared with the sleighing parties of the times of Louis XVI., Frederick the Great, and Maria Theresa.

None of these powerful monarchs knew the pleasure of an enjoyable ride into the country beyond the limits of their own parks, for the roads were so bad, so full of holes and pitfalls, that their carriages had to be very cumbersome things to withstand the constant strain, and travel meant not only discomfort, but real danger. The celebrated Margravine of Baireuth tells us that her coach was overturned twice within eight miles of Berlin, when she was on a journey to her brother the King, "who had done everything in his power for her safety and comfort." The number of people who perished in the period I am speaking of while travelling by mail-coach or private conveyance, in "break-downs" and accidents of all kinds, was much larger than the percentage of fatal railway accidents at the present time, considering, of course, the increase in travel.

The preparations for the old-time sleighing parties were very elaborate. More often than not they developed into masquerading parties, especially in France and Germany, where the courts set the fashion in all matters of public and private merrymaking. There are numerous records of spectacular pageants of that kind. Thus a French chronicler says that at one time the court resolved to represent an astrological exhibition on sledges for the entertainment of the people of Paris. The King rode in a sleigh decorated to represent the sun, followed by a long line of planets, and attended by the moon and other heavenly bodies.

On a similar occasion a German Duke constructed sleighs similar to the designs on his coat of arms. In the procession there were lions "passant" and "rampant," a unicorn, birds, swords, crosses, and flowers.



OSCAR II.'S CENTAUR SLEIGH.

The Empress of Germany, Maria Theresa, had a large number of sleighs built to represent the different wild animals found in her realm—deer of many kinds, wolves, bears, foxes, eagles, wild bulls, etc. Each sleigh was horsed according to the character of the animal it represented, and at a given signal all participants, many hundreds in number, started off on a merry chase in the snow-clad plain.

In those times sleighs offered accommodation for one person only—the lady. The driver sat behind her on a narrow plank shaped like a saddle, with his feet resting on the runners ends. Both lady and gentleman were dressed to emphasize the character imputed to their vehicle; in fact, they were part and parcel of the show.

## JIMSEY'S MASCOT.

BY SOPHIE SWETT

Part I.

WHEN Prudence and Jemima Weatherbee were left a pair of forlorn young orphans, Prue not quite seventeen and Jimsey only thirteen, in the old house which had once been the pleasantest in Professors' Row, all Poppleton wondered what was to become of them.

Their father had been a professor in the little college which was Poppleton's only claim to renown before the lumber-mills and the paper-mills and the wooden-ware manufactory caused it to be called "a manufacturing town," and he had spent all his life among books, and known too little of the practical affairs of life to take care of money.

The situation was talked over at the sewing circle of the First Parish Church a fortnight after the professor's death.

"The girls have practically nothing but that old house; I have it on the best authority," said old Mrs. Paine, whose son had announced himself in the Poppleton *Eagle* "the administrator of the estate of the late Abiel Weatherbee."

"Prue must teach, and some relative must be found who will care for Jemima," said Mrs. Farnham, the political-economy professor's wife, who prided herself upon being prepared with advice in every emergency.

"It will be hard for them to be separated," said little Mrs. Plumtree, the mathematical professor's wife, who had china-blue eyes and a soft voice, and was not altogether approved of by the other faculty wives.

"They must learn that hard things are good for people," said Mrs. Fyffe, the Hebrew professor's wife, severely. She was a large, angular woman, with a harsh voice, and although she had come to Poppleton less than a year before, she was already usurping Mrs. Farnham's position as supreme dictator in the social affairs of the town. "I think I shall go at once and tell them what I think would be best for them."

"We will all three go," said Mrs. Farnham, with decision. "I heard this morning from my friend Mrs. Berkeley, at Lenox, who wants a governess for her young children."

And so it happened that within half an hour after the sewing circle broke up the faculty wives were seated in a line on the hair-cloth sofa in the old house in Professors' Row. In fact, the room was in such disorder that there was nowhere else for them to sit. The carpet was rolled up in one corner; the ancient secretary, with its green baize doors, was dragged from its corner into the remorseless sunlight, which revealed all its shabbiness; and the old portrait of the girls' great-grandfather, the first minister of Poppleton, was taken down from the wall, and frowned darkly at the change and confusion from its place on the floor, in a corner.

Prue leaned against the mantel, looking very tall and pale in her black dress, and Jimsey sat upon the roll of carpeting, which happened to be in the most distant corner. Jimsey never could get along with the faculty wives.

"I trust that you haven't made any plans without consulting us," said Mrs. Farnham, sternly.

"I quite commend your haste in moving away from here," interposed Mrs. Fyffe. "Now that the Arcade Building, full of stores, almost touches the house on one side, and mill overseers have begun to move into the Row, of course it would be impossible for you to stay here, even if you had anything to live on."

"They can't touch our dear back garden, sloping down to the river, with the old summer-house and the crooked pear-tree that has a seat in it, and the crab-apple-trees; and there never were such currants and raspberries; and there's our old boat; and it's *home*, and we won't leave it; so *there*, now."

This was from Jimsey, on the roll of carpeting in the corner; and although she was fierce, Jimsey strangled a sob.

"Jemima!" came in horrified chorus from the advisers, even the mathematical professor's wife's soft little voice adding its mite.

And "Jimsey!" said Prue, appealingly. Nevertheless, Prue's face had a spark of color in it, and she turned with a little air of dignity to her counsellors. "We have thought over very carefully what we can do," she said. "We have a real knack at—at making preserves and candy. And I have a trading bump—"

"*I* have to count on my fingers sometimes; but Prue! why, she's like the lightning calculator at the show, and she can make a dollar go so far! Jerry Critchett can't sell her strawberries with all the big ones on top! And she's *never* short!" cried Jimsey, fervently.

"And we couldn't bear to be separated, Jimsey and I, nor to leave our home; and so we thought we would open a little store."

"Open a store!" cried Mrs. Farnham. "Think of the position for a professor's daughters!"

"Only a man can keep a store," said little Mrs. Plumtree, conclusively.

"There was old Mrs. Simpkins!" Jimsey burst forth. "She is so rich she has retired to a farm; and she gave six caramels for a cent, and couldn't see very well to make change; and if she liked you she always threw in a handful of peanuts."

The political-economy professor's wife and the Hebrew professor's wife argued strenuously, and the mathematical professor's wife had tears in her eyes; but Prue remained firm, and Jemima irrepressible.

"It's all in their bringing up!" said the Hebrew professor's wife, as they went dejectedly homeward. "How can children be expected to turn out well who have had only a father to train them?"

She stopped suddenly, and a trace of color appeared on her high cheek-bones. Mrs. Farnham and little Mrs. Plumtree had looked at each other significantly. "Don't you remember the story we heard about young Erastus Fyffe, her only child, who ran away to sea because she was so severe with him? His old father wasn't so harsh, although he wanted him to be a minister, or a Hebrew professor, when he had a taste for mechanics. Oh no! if there had been only his old father the boy would have been at home now." That was what the look meant, or at least the Hebrew professor's wife read all that in it, and she walked on grimly erect and silent, but more conscious than ever of the dull ache at her heart—an ache that was always there.

In less than a fortnight from that day every one who passed along the main street of Poppleton stopped to gaze at a brand-new glittering sign, "Toys and Confectionery," which appeared above a brand-new door beside the bay-window in the old-fashioned house in Professors' Row.

And the astonished sun, that had never discovered through that bay-window anything more interesting than ancient dilapidated furniture and musty old books, was blinking delightedly at an array of gayly colored candies, and gayly dressed dolls, fascinating jumping-jacks, and jacks-in-the-box, stuffed cats and elephants, with marbles and tops and skipping-ropes galore.

"I hope we haven't put everything in the window, Jimsey," said Prue, looking a little ruefully at the show-cases.

"Your lovely jellies will show off all the better if there's nothing else in the cases," said Jimsey, cheerfully. "I'm afraid of only one thing," she added, her bright face clouding a little—"that we are a trifle old-fashioned. We had to buy so much of old Mrs. Simpkins's stock, and her ideas were not new."

Jimsey was developing store-keeping ideas in the most astonishing way. She knew just when certain toys would be in demand, how many marbles should be sold for a penny, and insisted upon firmness in the matter of caramels; it would never do to follow old Mrs. Simpkins's lax example. She also showed great tact in managing their first customer, Tommy Buckle, who was of an unstable mind, and after spending his penny returned and demanded to have it refunded that he might buy Billy Driver's five-cent whistle, which Billy's unfortunate financial condition induced him to offer at this recklessly reduced rate.

On this opening day Prue was convinced that Jimsey's trading bump was likely to cast her own into the background, in spite of the fact that Jimsey kept a slate and pencil under the counter, and furtively availed herself of its aid in making change. And so when in the watches of the night Jimsey appeared at her (Prue's) bedside, like a ghost in her white night-gown, and said, plaintively, "I can't sleep, Prue, I'm so full of ideas," the elder sister felt it to be quite worth the while to lie awake and listen to Jimsey's ideas.

The result of that midnight council was a plan that Jimsey should go to the city and buy some greater novelties, and what she called "attractions," than the remnants of old Mrs. Simpkins's stock or the travelling confectioner's wagon afforded. They could not both leave the store, for Cousin Lucinda Winch, who had come to live with them, and keep the house while they kept the store, had no trading bump whatever; and Prue really thought that Jimsey understood "attractions" better than she did herself. Cousin Lucinda would go with Jimsey; in fact, she said, when the subject was broached, that she "had thought some of going to the city, for her ideas of a best bonnet were different from the Poppleton milliner's."

So it happened that bright and early on a spring morning two people with ideas which Poppleton could not satisfy set out for the city. Jimsey had a wrinkle of responsibility between her brows and a long memorandum in her pocket. They had drawn upon a very small hoard of savings in the Poppleton bank to make the projected purchases, and Jimsey felt that the occasion was one which demanded great wisdom.

There were perplexities. Little Luella Pease shrilly demanded harmonicas, because old Mrs. Simpkins had always kept them; and Luella being, in some sort, a social leader, others echoed the cry for harmonicas. But as Luella's set possessed an unbounded appetite for peanut taffy, it seemed doubtful whether there would, after all, be any sale for the musical instruments. Mrs. Prendergast, who lectured, and Mrs. Carker, who belonged to a great many societies, came in to remonstrate upon the sale of chocolate cigars with a spark of red isinglass in one end, as promotive of bad habits; and old Miss Philura Dennett warned them, as a friend, that no candy store could ever take a proper place in the community without sugar



DEAR OLD PROFESSOR FYFFE, WHO CAME IN ALMOST EVERY DAY.

hearts and conversation lozenges. Most of the servant-girls in the neighborhood had been highly disdainful because "an 'east cake" was not to be found in that store, and old Mrs. Simpkins had written from her farm expressly to warn them that although "pickl'imes" did not pay, "pickl'imes" must always be on hand.

Most of their old friends had been kind, although unpleasantly apt to give advice that was calculated to remind them of their youth and inexperience; and the college people held aloof from them—all except dear old Professor Fyffe, who came in almost every day, and went away with his pockets crammed, although it was evident that he did not know one flavor from another, and was suspected of disapproving of sweets.

"It's a great pity that the professor should have married Mrs. Fyffe, for then, you know, Erastus might not have run away," said Jimsey, absently, from the depths of her reflections over the long memorandum, as the train whisked them onward.

"Don't talk such foolishness," said Cousin Lucinda Winch, aroused from the severe contemplation of the rival merits of pea-green ribbon with a dot and lilac silk with black lace. "You must learn to concentrate your mind. I expect nothing but what you'll waste your money."

Jimsey accompanied Cousin Lucinda Winch to a milliner's when they reached the city as meekly as if there were nothing in the world more important than best bonnets. But when it became evident that Cousin Lucinda's purchase was to be a work of time, involving the canvass of half the milliners' shops in the city, her patience gave way.

"Spending money is a solemn reality," said Cousin Lucinda Winch, when Jimsey rebelled, "and a best bonnet is a thing you can't slight. But if you want to get Malvina Carver's half-sister Floretta to go with you, why, you may, for Floretta's father made flavoring extracts, so I expect she is some experienced."



ALTERNATELY HE DRANK COFFEE FROM A PORCELAIN CUP, AND DREW WHIFFS FROM A LONG-TUBED PIPE.

Jimsey did not wait for any explanation of the somewhat mysterious connection between Floretta's father's flavoring extracts and her value as a counsellor, but hurried as fast as she could to the house of Malvina Carver, who had once lived in Poppleton. Floretta had the mumps on both sides, and any experience in the toy and confectionery line which she may have had was in total eclipse. Jimsey tried hard not to think the mumps a special providence. Poor Floretta was miserable, but for a person of ideas to be really *obliged* to replenish that stock alone was certainly an opportunity.

She made her way speedily to a street where were several wholesale toy stores; but the clerks in each, whether surprised or patronizing or indifferent, seemed to have as great a lack of new ideas as old Mrs. Simpkins herself. Jimsey ordered a few tops and balls and marbles, with a discouraged sense of the futility of ideas in such a commonplace world. At one store they had phonographic dolls, but the salesman evidently regarded her as merely a small girl with a large bump of curiosity rather than a possible customer, and declined to make them talk for her benefit. And, after all, a phonographic doll was no more attractive to look at than any other, and would never draw to the old bay-window the delighted throngs of gazers upon which Jimsey had set her heart.

Here was a throng of gazers at the window of a very unpretentious toy store. Jimsey pressed forward eagerly to discover the cause, and saw the most bewitching little figure that her eyes had ever beheld. It was a Turk, turbaned and bearded, seated cross-legged upon a yellow satin cushion; his languid, long lashed Oriental eyes wandered from one to another of the spectators; he opened and closed them sleepily. Alternately he drank coffee from a dainty porcelain cup, and drew whiffs from a long-tubed pipe, and it was all done so naturally that even those most familiar with mechanical toys could hardly believe, for a moment, that he wasn't alive.

Jimsey drew a long, long breath of delight; and a boy, a tall, somewhat shabby boy, who had politely made way for her that she might see the wonder, smiled as he met her gaze. "He's *great*, isn't he?" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, evidently carried beyond all boyish bashfulness by his delight.

"Oh, oh, did you ever!" returned Jimsey, feeling it a comfort to share her admiration with some one. And he was a "nice" boy, she said to herself, although he was shabby, and had a pinched and dejected face. "I suppose that he is very expensive, don't you?" Jimsey's tone was eager and anxious. The boy nodded.

"There's good work in him," he said, with an air of critical approval. "And he's probably imported."

"He would be a great attraction in a small store in a country town, wouldn't he?" pursued Jimsey, eagerly. "I suppose he would really pay, if one could afford him."

The boy gave an emphatic assent. After a while he walked over to the other window of the store, where some toy elephants were lumbering around the saw-dust ring of a miniature circus tent.

"Perhaps I might afford an elephant," Jimsey said to herself, as her gaze wandered to the other window.

But how uninteresting were elephants compared to this Oriental wonder, who looked at one so much as if he were alive!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

## CHAPTER XVI.

TIME flies at the Point even in the hardest year of the four, as McCrea had called that of the Second Class. What with mechanics and chemistry, "tactics" and drawing, riding and drills, winter was upon them before our boys fairly realized it. Every day seemed to make Graham feel more assured in his position, and to strengthen the esteem in which he was held. The cabal of the few First Class men had reacted upon the originators like a boomerang. Jennings was in hospital a full week, and Curry walked punishment tours until January. Now while Jennings was probably not the best man, pugilistically speaking, whom they could put up against the first sergeants, the better men were as sound morally and mentally as they were physically. Some of them expressed regret that Graham felt it his duty to make such serious reports against their classmate, but it was conceded by every soldier and gentleman that Curry had brought it all on himself. As for Jennings, he richly deserved the thrashing that he had received, and a more humiliated and astonished fellow there was not in the corps. There was no more trouble in Company B. Geordie ruled it with a hand that never shook, yet without the faintest bluster or show of triumph. The First Class men, as a rule, were a very pleasant set, with a pride in their company, a pride in the corps, and a readiness to sustain Graham; and so he and his fellow-sergeants were spared further complication of that description. "In time of peace prepare for war, however," laughed Con. "There's no surer way of keeping the peace than being ready for anything that may turn up."

Almost before they knew it the short days, the long, long evenings were upon them again. Mechanics and chemistry seemed to grow harder, but Graham had gained confidence and his instructors wisdom. They found that by digging under the surface there was much more to Geordie's knowledge of a subject than was at first apparent, and his mind as well worth cultivating as many a quicker soil. As for the corps, it is remarkable how many there were who knew all along that Jennings was a vastly overrated, overconfident fellow, whose fame was based on victories over lighter weights, and whose condition had been running down as steadily as Coyote's had been building up. In his own class, Geordie was now the object of an almost enthusiastic regard, while the plebes looked upon him with hero worship most extravagant. He had his enemies, as strong and dutiful men must ever have, but they were of such a class as Curry and Frazier and Jennings.

"And what decent man in the corps cares for the ill will of such as they?" asked Ames. "It's proof of a fellow's superiority."

Midwinter came, and one day Frazier was "wired" for suddenly. "Bad news from home," said Jennings, in explanation, when the battalion was gathering between the first and second drums for dinner. This time the superintendent did not deny a leave, but extended it a few days to enable the boy to remain for his father's funeral. Benny came back looking years older, sallow, and unhealthy. The broad deep mourning band on his left arm was explanation of his non-appearance at the Thanksgiving hop. Geordie, Ames, and Connell went over to look on and hear the music.

"We'll have to be doing this sort of thing next year, Pops," said Connell, "so we may as well go and pick up



ENFORCED TRAMP IN THE AREA ON SATURDAY AFTERNOONS

pointers." There were not many girl visitors—at least not enough for the cavaliers of the Senior Class, so that many of the corps did not dance at all. About ten o'clock Graham decided he had seen enough, and would go home to study awhile. The wind was blowing hard from the east. There was a mild, pallid moon vainly striving to peep through a swift sailing fleet of scud, and throwing a faint ghostly light over the barracks and guard-house. Out from the shadows of the stone wall back of the mess building suddenly appeared a figure in the cadet over coat with the cape thrown over his head. Catching sight of Graham and recognizing apparently his step and form, the figure slipped back again whence it came, but not so quickly that Pops did not know it was Benny Frazier. Half a minute later, as he sprang up the steps of the fourth division, he came upon two plebes standing just within the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Graham," said one, "the officer of the day is inspecting for men in confinement, and Mr. Jennings and Mr. Frazier are both out."

Not an instant was to be lost. Pops could hear the clink of the cadet sword and the slam of doors in the second division. In two minutes the officer would be over in the fourth, and "Benny and Jenny," as the pair were occasionally termed, would be "hived" absent. Arrest and heavy punishment must surely follow. Pops never stopped to follow the chain of thought. Back he sped on the wings of the wind. Five seconds, and he reached the corner. Not a sign of the recent prowler, yet Geordie felt sure he had seen Frazier dart back behind that wall barely half a minute before—engaged in some clandestine bargaining with one of his messengers from the Falls probably—and Jennings with him. Not a sign of the party down the dark narrow lane behind the wall, not a sign of them up the grassy slope to the west back of the area retaining wall.

"Frazier! Jennings! Quick!" he called, loud enough to attract their attention if they were near at hand.

No answer.

It was off limits if he ventured either way, west or south, from the corner where he stood, and "off chevrons" if caught. Why risk his prospects for First Class year to save men who had ever been his enemies, and never would have lifted hand to save him? Only the swaying of the branches and the sweep of the wind answered his excited hail. Not an instant to lose! Bounding up the westward path he ran until beyond the guard-house, and there came suddenly upon a shadowy group of four.

"Back to your room, Frazier! Inspection!" he gasped, halting short.

Two cadets rushed at the word. The other two forms slunk away, as though seeking to hide themselves among the trees up the hill-side. One was a civilian, a stranger to him; the other the drummer with whom Frazier had had the altercation more than a year previous. What were they doing now? Graham never stopped to have a word with them. Quickly he retraced his steps, and succeeded in regaining the area unnoticed. The officer of the day was just coming out of the fourth division as Geordie went in.

"Hello, Coyote! Tired of the light fantastic? or didn't you hop to-night?" he jovially asked.

"Had to come back to bone," was the reply.

It was evident from the cheery manner that nothing had been found amiss. The pair had managed to reach their den in safety, then, yet only in the nick of time. Geordie went to his room and to work, yet the thought of that unseemly stolen interview between Frazier and Jennings, the drummer and the stranger, kept intruding itself upon his mind. Presently a stealthy step came down the stair, and to his door. Enter Frazier, still pale, still nervous, and palpitating.

"Graham, you did me a great service—me and Jennings—to-night. I—I know—we haven't got along as well as we should, and I suppose I am partially to blame, but I don't want you to think I can't appreciate the risk you ran to save us, though either of us, of course, would have done as much for you—any time. You know that, I hope. We had some business out there, and-d— Did you see the others—so as to know them?"

"I knew the drummer well enough," said Graham, his blue eyes full on Benny's nervous face.

"We-ll, the other one's a cit, who's doing something for us. Say, one good turn deserves another. Don't tell anybody about where you saw us, or who were with us, will you? I wouldn't like it to get out on Jennings's account. He's got to work like a dog to graduate, as it is."

And before Graham could answer, in came Ames, astonished at sight of Frazier, and to him Benny began a hurried explanation of how Pops had heard the inspection, and had rushed down to warn him. Then saying, "Remember what I asked you" to Graham, he awkwardly let himself out.

"How are the mighty fallen!" soliloquized Ames, as Benny disappeared. "They say he's going 'way down in both phil. and chem. in January. He has no French to help him now. Benton thinks he'll tumble into the low thirties. What did he want of you?"

"Nothing to speak of," answered Pops, with that quiet grin of his. "He-e—said he came to thank me for giving that warning."

"Oh, thanks be blowed! He never came to thank you, Pops. That was only a pretext. He came to ask you to do or not to do something on his account, and I know it."

So did Geordie, by this time, but could not say so.

Four days after this episode leave of absence from 9.30 A.M. until 11 P.M. was granted Cadet Frazier on urgent personal business. A letter from an executor of the Frazier estate was the means of getting the order. It was known in the corps that, being now twenty-one, Benny was master of some little property, though nowhere near what he had expected would be his own. Making all allowances for the sadness and depression naturally following the loss of a loved parent, it was remarked that every day seemed to add to the trouble and dejection in Frazier's sallow face. He took little exercise, except the enforced tramp in the area on Saturday afternoons. He smoked incessantly. He seemed petulant and miserable in Jennings's society, yet Jennings was his inseparable companion. Wherever he went, there was Jennings. "What in the world is the tie that binds those two?" was the question often asked. They were utterly unlike. Their antecedents were widely opposed. Frazier had been reared in luxury and refinement; Jennings in nobody knew just what. He was the representative of one of the "toughest" Congressional districts, originally known as the Sanguinary Second, in a crowded metropolis. He was smart in a certain way that spoke of long association with the street arab and saloon sports. He was useful in plebe days when his class was standing up for what few rights a plebe is conceded to have, but lost caste as rapidly as his comrades gained wisdom. Only among the few weaklings of the Curry stamp had he a vestige of influence left before the long-expected fight with Graham, and after that and his utter and unlooked-for defeat his name seemed held only in derision. Yet he lorded it over Frazier. "You can hear them snapping and snarling at one another at any hour of the day or night," said their near neighbors. "If Frazier hates him so, why on earth doesn't he 'shake' him? They're getting enough demerits between them to swamp half a dozen men." These comments were almost universal.

By this time Frazier's downward course had brought

him, both in philosophy and chemistry, into Geordie's sections. Once in a while he would rouse himself, and make a brilliant recitation, but as a rule he seemed apathetic, even reckless. Time and again the young fellow's dark-rimmed eyes were fixed upon his old plebe roommate's face with such a hungry, wistful, woful look that it haunted Geordie for days. Every time the latter surprised him in the act, however, Benny would turn quickly and dejectedly away. But more than once Graham almost made up his mind to go and beg the boy to say what was his trouble, and let him help him out.

At last the opportunity came. It was just before the January examination. Going one night to Frazier's room to notify him of a change in the guard detail, he found Benny alone at the table, his head buried in his arms, his attitude one of utter hopelessness and despair. He sprang up the instant he heard Geordie's voice.

"I—I—thought it was Jennings," he stammered. "What's wanted?"

"I came to tell you Ewen would go on sick report, and you'd have to march on guard in his place."

This was said at the door. Then, impulsively stepping forward, Graham laid a hand on his shoulder.

"But, Frazier, I hate to see you looking so miserable. If you're in trouble, can't you let us help you out? There are plenty of fellows left to be your friends. It doesn't become me to say anything against your roommate, but lots of us think you would do well to cut loose from him."

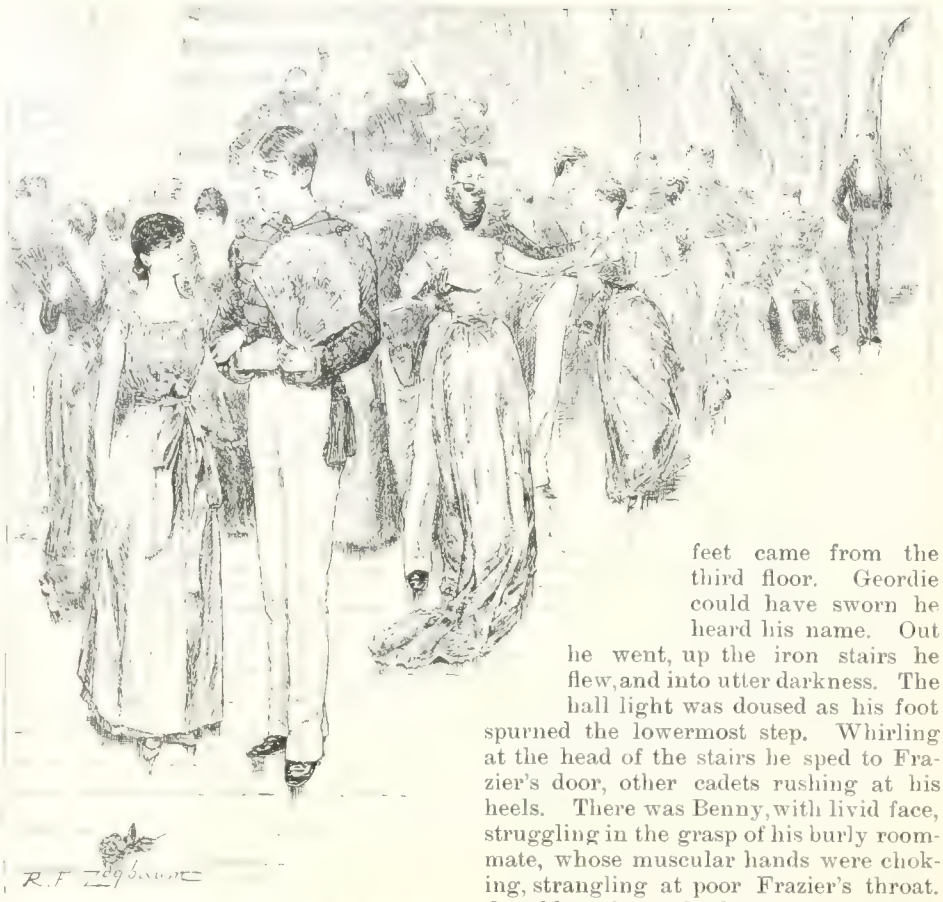
"Cut loose from him?" wailed Benny, wringing his hands, and turning to Geordie with a look in his dark eyes Pops can never forget. "Oh, if I only—" But there he stopped abruptly, and turned quickly away. Jennings came frowning in, his angry eyes full of suspicion as they glowered at Pops.

"To what circumstance do we owe the honor of this visit?" asked he, in attempted imitation of the theatrical heroes of his acquaintance.

Geordie calmly looked him over a moment, but never deigned reply. Then he turned to Benny. "Frazier," said he, as he moved quietly to the door, "any time you feel like dropping in on Ames and me, come, and be sure of a welcome." Then, with another cool glance at Jennings, but without speaking one word to him, he left the room.

That night—a bitter cold December night it was—Pops had just finished telling Ames of the strange state of things as he found them on his visit to Frazier; the tattoo drums were hammering through the area and drowning other sounds; the inspector of the upper subdivision had come down into Bend's room to have a chat with his fellow-officer, when the drums stopped with one abrupt and unanimous slam, and as they did so Graham's eyes dilated, and he sprang to his feet.

A gasping, half-articulate cry and the sound of scuffling feet came from the third floor. Geordie could have sworn he heard his name. Out he went, up the iron stairs he flew, and into utter darkness. The hall light was doused as his foot spurned the lowermost step. Whirling at the head of the stairs he sped to Frazier's door, other cadets rushing at his heels. There was Benny, with livid face, struggling in the grasp of his burly roommate, whose muscular hands were choking, strangling at poor Frazier's throat. One blow from Graham's fist sent the big bully reeling across the room; while Benny, suddenly released, fell all of a heap on the floor.



GEORDIE AND CONNELL WENT OVER TO LOOK ON AND HEAR THE MUSIC.

"You brute! How dare you grapple a little fellow like that?" was all Pops had time to say before Bend and his Lieutenant came bounding in behind him.

"Back, Jennings! *Down* with him!" ordered Bend, as the maddened "tough" sprang to the arm-rack and seized his rifle. Half a dozen hands collared him before he could draw the bayonet. He backed into a corner, his young Captain facing him.

"Stand where you are, sir," was the stern order. "What does all this mean? What has he done to you, Frazier?"

Geordie and Ames were raising Benny by this time. He was faint, bleeding at the mouth and ears, speechless, and out of breath.

"Give him some water and lay him down on the bed. Don't crowd around him. He needs air. Get out, all of you!" turned Bend on the rapidly increasing crowd. "Back to your quarters!" And then the rattle of cadet swords could be heard against the iron stairway; the sergeant of the guard racing to the scene, followed by the officer of the day.

"He insulted and defied me," growled Jennings, glowering about on the circle of hostile faces. "He insulted my people, my kith and kin. I dare him to deny it or to tell what led to this. Take your hands off me, you fellows. I'm no criminal. If you're laying for a thief, there's your game yonder," he said, indicating his prostrate roommate.

"Shut up, Jennings," ordered Bend. "That's cowardly."

"Cowardly, is it? You'll rue those words, my fine fellow. I thrashed you well once, and I've just been praying for another chance, and now I've got it. Cowardly, is it? You'll smart for that!"

And then, calm and dignified appeared the officer in charge, Lieutenant Allen. A glance at Benny, still livid and gasping, was sufficient. "Go for Dr. Brett," he said to Ames. Then he turned on Jennings, still backed into the corner, and confronted there by his cool young Captain. "There seems to be no reasonable doubt that you are your roommate's assailant, Mr. Jennings. You are placed in close arrest, sir."

Another night, hours later, the wires flashed a message to the widowed mother bidding her to come to the bedside of her only son.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A FORTNIGHT IN NO. 31.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

A TRIM little black-hulled schooner was sailing out of the Narrows at ten o'clock on a June morning. A fine, honest westerly wind was blowing over her starboard side, and heeling her a little as she stood towards the south. Every sail was set, and every inch of canvas was drawing. Next to her handsome lines and dainty rig the most noticeable thing about her was the number "31" that was fixed in black figures, four feet high, upon her mainsail. Two boys stood on the schooner's afterdeck beside Pilot Thomas Fairfield, who had the wheel. Their eyes danced as they saw the endless ribbon of milk-white froth that floated away from under the schooner's counter. The breeze made a merry humming tune in the rigging. At times they could hear the ripples breaking on the schooner's bow with a sort of tinkling laughter that was very pleasant to the ear.

"Well, sonnies, you're taking your first trip on blue water on a much better day than I took mine," said the pilot, as he smiled reminiscently. "Ran away from home in '61, and shipped on the old brig *Canton*, bound for Greenland to kill whales. We weren't six hours out o' New Bedford when we fell in with the worst storm I ever saw. And where was I, do you think? Away out on the weather fore-yard-arm, doing all I knew how to help furl her, which was mighty little. I thought a dozen times that I'd be shaken off the foot-ropes, for the old tub was tumbling and pounding like a crazy horse. Then I made up my mind to quit going to sea as soon as I could. I suppose that's why I'm still at it, eh?"

"Do you think we'll run into a storm to-day?" asked Harry Henderson.

"Not with this westerly breeze," answered the pilot. "It 'll be a nice steady blow. See those white clouds that look like big bowls of whipped cream sailing over New Jersey? Whenever you find them, you'll have fair weather."

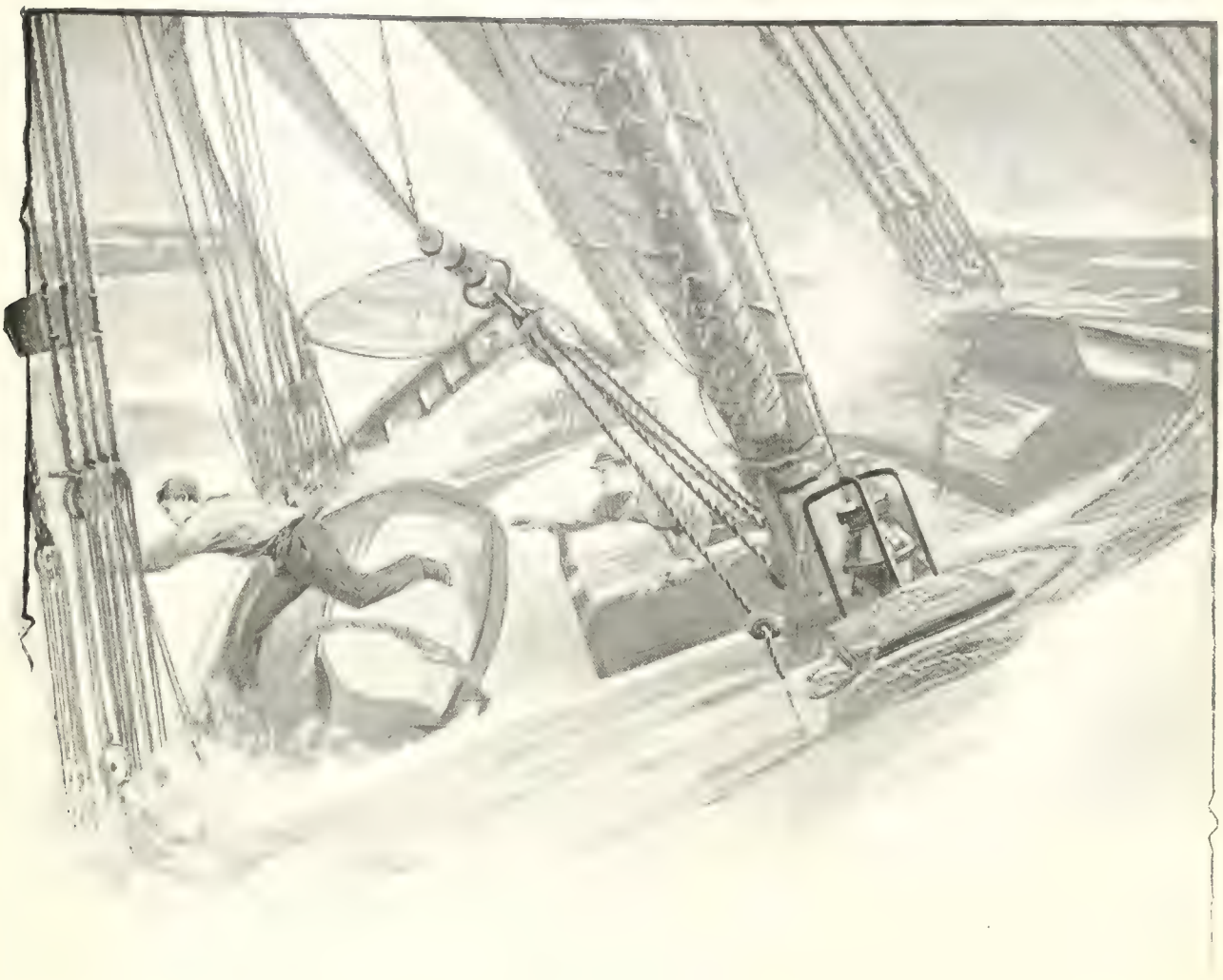
Harry Henderson and his cousin, George Romaine, felt like dancing as briskly as the black schooner that carried them. She was the *Arrow*, the newest and swiftest of the fleet of Sandy Hook pilot-boats. The boys could hardly believe their good luck was real. For two years they had begged to be allowed to make this trip, but their fathers would not let them go until they had passed their fifteenth birthday. Now that they had actually begun the cruise, the last week seemed like a dream. Captain Donelson, of the *Arrow*, had invited them to sail just then, because two of the six berths in the cabin were empty. Such a chance might not occur again in years. Of course, the lads would not be permitted to pay their way, so they had brought a big box of canned jellies and plum pudding and other delicacies aboard with them.

"There, Manuel," Mr. Fairfield had said to the Portuguese cook, as the box was lifted aboard, "you won't have to make any manavelins for a month."

How tiny the *Arrow* seemed after the ride from the Battery to St. George in a stout ferry-boat! The boys climbed over the starboard rail in short order. Every-



PETERSEN'S BROWN PAW FELL ON HARRY'S COLLAR AND WHIPPED HIM ABOARD.



ONE OF HIS FEET HIT THE RAIL AS HE SHOT PAST INTO THE SEA.

thing about the tidy craft suggested yachting rather than business. Her deck was as white as holystone could make it. Her cabin was upholstered in dark blue plush, and the dainty white ceiling, set off with thin lines of gilding, was pretty enough for anybody's pleasure-craft. Every bit of brass-work was gleaming. All the surroundings were new to the boys. They sniffed the bracing odor of tar as they climbed down the cabin companionway. It was so nautical, so like what they had read of seafaring life. They gazed in wonder at the cavernous cockpit, stowed full of spare sails. The *Arrow* was well past Scotland Light-ship now, and bowing graciously to the surges, so the boys were thrown against the cabin table. Mr. Fairfield introduced them to his three comrades, and told them that now they were regularly in the "ship's company." They learned how to use their sea-legs, walking with feet wide apart, and bending whichever knee happened to be up-hill as the deck pitched and rolled beneath them. They soon caught the trick of it, but when they grew careless from over-confidence they found themselves stumbling. Mr. Fairfield opened a door and led the boys through the galley, where black-eyed Manuel was cooking pea-soup that gave forth a most appetizing odor. Then into the forecastle, which was simply the forward part of the same deck. There were the sailors' berths, funny-looking little shelves that hung from the timbers. On the biggest beam were carved the figures $63\frac{71}{100}$, which showed the tonnage of the *Arrow*, as registered in the Custom-house.

Harry Henderson was proud of the ladder-climbing ability he had developed in the gymnasium, so he thought he must tumble up the fore-hatch just as he had seen a sailor do. When he started he wondered what made the climbing so hard. The *Arrow* was at that moment rolling toward him. He made a tremendous effort, and had hoisted his plump body almost clear of the hatch-coaming, when down rolled the schooner to port, and out shot Harry head first, like the man who plays the human cannon-ball in the circus. His hard climbing and the sudden impetus of the vessel hurled him almost clear of the deck. There was nothing but a low wooden railing between Harry and the green water. One of his feet hit the rail as he shot past. He plumped into the sea.

"Man overboard!" bawled boat-keeper Hans Petersen, as he rushed toward the starboard yawl, which was lashed fast to the deck. George Romaine had followed Harry, and deliberately dived in after him. He had kicked off his shoes before he clearly saw his cousin's black head bobbing up on a yeasty crest three waves away. The schooner seemed to have utterly disappeared, she rushed past so swiftly.

Half a dozen good strokes brought George to Harry's side. George knew Harry could swim a little, but he feared he might be seized with panic.

"Put your hand on my shoulder, old fellow," he said, as cheerfully as he could.

"Br-r-r-r-r! isn't it cold, though!" cried Harry, as well as his chattering teeth would let him. He rested his left hand on George's right shoulder. Both boys began to tread water. All this had taken less than ten seconds.

Then the swimmers could hear leather-lunged Pilot Fairfield bellowing with a deep-sea roar

"Let go the jib-sheet and fore-sheet. Put down your helm, Svensen! Lively! Some of you haul away main sheet! Belay main sheet! Steady, Svensen, as she is!"

The schooner's sharp bow swung into the eye of the wind. She turned on her heel and stood still, bowing to the breeze which set all her sails a-shivering. The reef-points slatting on the canvas drummed a tattoo. Before the vessel's headway was fully checked, Petersen had cast adrift the lashings that held down the yawl. He held the painter while two of the sailor-men hove the yawl overboard. They jumped to their seats on the thwarts and each grabbed an oar. Petersen tumbled in astern and seized the steering oar.

The cockle-shell of a yawl came bounding over the waves. Within two minutes Petersen's hairy brown paw fell upon Harry Henderson's collar, took a large handful, and whipped the boy over the stern and into the bottom of the boat, where he lay shivering and panting. George was piled on top of him in the same summary fashion, and away went the yawl to where the *Arrow* lay hove to.

Two pilots lifted each boy up on deck and hustled him down into the cabin. What a clattering there was on the companion-steps! And how the swimmers did drip and splash over everything as they trotted into the galley! Mr. Fairfield, Jim Gayles, Jule Sadler, and John Goldie whipped off the wet clothes, rubbed the lads with rough towels, and popped them into their berths wrapped in blankets all in less time than you could tell it. Then in came Manuel, grinning broadly, as he handed each boy a steaming mug of fragrant coffee.

"I guess the walkin' iss cold out in the water," he chuckled.

There was a stamping of heavy-booted feet overhead and a succession of resounding thumps on deck as the yawl was taken aboard and lashed down. Mr. Fairfield strode up and down the cabin, his thick reddish-brown beard wagging angrily, and a threatening light in his fierce blue eyes.

"Harry Henderson," he growled, in a voice that seemed to come boiling up forty fathoms from the floor of the ocean, "if you ever do anything like that again, I'll spread-eagle you in the weather-rigging and give you twenty-four with the thickest rope's-end I can lay my hands on. What! You didn't think you'd fall overboard? I'll tell you now that I'll do all the thinking on this ship. Don't you dare to have any more accidents, or I'll load you with chains and keel-haul you. No more climbing for you, do you understand?"

Just then he broke off in a laugh as he thought of the way Harry went shooting to leeward. He gave both the boys a great deal of good advice about how to behave on a sailing vessel, but the only thing they could remember next day was,

"Never let go with your left hand until you've got twice as good a grip with your right." And you may be sure they faithfully obeyed this rule ever after, even in walking about the cabin.

By the time the sun was high over the maintop masthead and darting his yellow glances down through the cabin skylight, Mr. Fairfield decided that, as the boys showed no sign of catching cold, they might get up and dress. Then Manuel spread a spotless white cloth on the cabin table, which, by-the-way, hung from four iron straps —one at each corner. Next he fastened on the rack a wooden frame-work to keep the dishes from sliding off, and presently dinner was served. It took a long time to satisfy the appetites salt air and cold bathing had brought on.

"I felt as if my shoes were heavy cakes of ice," Harry remarked, presently.

"I was afraid a shark might nip our legs off," said George, "but I guess it's too early for sharks so far north."

When the ship's company got on deck again the *Arrow* was passing Long Branch, about four miles off shore. The boys could see fishermen working at their nets just outside the surf, and the bright sunlight made the tumbling waves that stretched to the westward look like a vast sheet of shining hammered silver. Eastward the sea was of a deep and vivid blue, save where the crests of the billows showed dazzlingly white.

"What is that sailor doing?" asked George pointing at one of the crew who stood at the foremast-head gazing southward.

"Looking for a customer," replied Mr. Goldie. He told the boys how eagerly all the pilot-boat's lookouts watched for ships, so that the pilots might find employment; how the pilot's fee was paid at the rate of so much per foot, according to the vessel's draught. The ship's company of each pilot-boat usually own her in equal shares. They keep an account of all receipts and expenses, and divide the net receipts with great exactness. The three sailors—or "boys" as they are called—before the mast are paid $20 a month each. Their chief, the boat-keeper, who takes charge of the schooner after all the pilots have been put aboard incoming vessels, receives $30 a month. The four men before the mast eat in the forecastle, but their food is the same as the pilots'. When a man has been boat-keeper three years, and has passed a searching examination, he is entitled to a pilot's license, provided he is a citizen of the United States and his character is good. Every vessel from a foreign port bound into New York is bound to take aboard the first pilot who signals her.

"I remember in the old days a big English ship, the *Koumar*, that we hailed half-way between Nantucket and Fire Island buoy," said Mr. Goldie. "She had all three stuns'ls set, and she was just smashing through it like an old-time Yankee clipper. As we luffed under her stern our Captain asked: 'Don't you want a pilot? We won't charge you any off-shore pilotage.'"

"'Wouldn't take you for a gift, free gratis,' said the Captain of the *Koumar*. He'd had his mainto'-gal'nt-m'st carried away the day before, and he was cranky. But Collins, our skipper, piled on two big tops'ls and a flying-jib as broad as a circus tent, and we just chased the *Koumar;* yes, and held her, too. Her Captain hung out his union jack for the No. 21, which was just coming out past the Hook, but Collins explained things to her skipper and he bore away. By this time the *Koumar* had almost reached the outermost buoy at the end of the ship-channel. Her Captain knew that if he went into New York Harbor without a pilot he'd lose all his insurance in case of accident. My, but wasn't he mad when he had to bring her up all a-shaking and take Collins aboard! I tell you there was mighty little conversation on that quarter-deck going up the bay. As the law stands now a Captain must take the first pilot who offers. If he refuses he has to pay the pilot the full fee just the same before he can leave New York again. Some of the pilot-boats go half-way to Liverpool to catch the big ocean liners, and they—"

"Ste'mbo't on the port bow, sir," came the sad monotone peculiar to Norwegian sailors, from the lookout aloft. "I t'ink she iss a big sugar-ship."

Mr. Goldie sprang to the head of the companionway and picked up a long telescope. Bracing his feet far apart he held the glass to his eye, pressing the fingers of his right hand close to the eyebrow, thus forming a shutter that kept the sunlight from dazzling him, and marring the sight. After a few moments' scrutiny he dashed down into the cabin, threw his cap and old pea-jacket into his berth, and began to array himself in his finest

shore-going clothes. The man at the wheel had headed the schooner across the steamship's course. All that the boys could see was a black cloud of smoke to the southward. Mr. Goldie was as excited as if he had just hooked a king salmon.

"Stand by the yawl," he cried, as he tumbled up on deck, and two sailors ran to do his bidding. "Show her the flag now, Cummings." A "boy" bent a big blue burgee to the signal halyards on the mainmast, and nimbly sent it aloft. Now the steamer had advanced so that her smokestacks showed distinctly against the blue background of sky. They looked like two unsharpened lead-pencils.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A BARK AT SEA.

OUT in the ocean, separated by ten miles of blue water from the coast of New Hampshire, rises a little group of rocky islands called the Isles of Shoals, so named from the shoals or schools of fish which congregate there. They are such diminutive islands, making such tiny dots on the map, that you would think they must long ago have been washed away by the constant lashing of the great white breakers which dash against them in the angry winter gales; but they present a stern breast-work of rough granite cliffs to the eastern storms which threaten to overwhelm them, and the mightiest waves are dashed into great clouds of white spray, and with the return of sunshine the great rocks gleam undamaged in its rays. Probably no islands on our great sea-coasts have a more interesting and romantic history than pertains to this little group. Captain John Smith is said to have landed on one of them in 1614, and in 1635 they were included in a grant of land given jointly to Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, and John Mason. Star Island, which, next to Appledore, is the most important of this little group, was, over two hundred years ago, quite a flourishing fishing settlement, and at its northern end was the little village of Gosport, and at one time all the inhabitants of Appledore moved over there to escape the depredations of the Indians, who camped on Duck Island and made plundering excursions to Appledore during the absence of the fishermen, carrying away their women and stealing everything they could lay hands on.

To-day, however, there is little left on Star Island to remind you of its early days. On one of its highest points crumbles the remains of Fort Star, with a quaint guide-board to tell you that it was "Erected about 1653 to withstand Foreign Enemies, and to protect the trade and commerce of these islands."

With this exception the island has a very modern although rather deserted look, and if it were not for the stone cellars which mark the spots where the fishing-houses once stood, it would be difficult to believe that it was once a prosperous little village. But on Star Island to-day stands a big wooden hotel, and that hotel is the home of Nero, a big black Newfoundland dog. During the summer a large excursion boat, the *John Brooks*, comes up from Boston loaded with hungry excursionists, and stops at the island long enough for them to have a fish dinner and explore the beauties of the place. Nero is always on hand at the landing to welcome the guests, and the captain, who is always on the lookout for him, never fails to give a salute of three whistles when he sees the big black dog on the string-piece of the dock. Then Nero barks with a loud joyous bark, and rushes impatiently up and down the landing until the gang-plank is put out, when he bounds on board and rushes to see his friend the captain. I had wondered at the great affection which the captain had for Nero, for I had never seen a big steamer so punctilious about saluting a dog before, so I asked him one day why he and Nero were such cronies.

"Well," said he, "me and Nero has been friends for years. Why, I brought him up here on my boat when he was nothin' but a puppy, and I always used to pet him when I come ashore, and he would come down to the wharf and wait for me as soon as ever we hove in sight. I never used to salute him until the day of the fog, but since then I give him just as much of a salute as I'd give the President of the United States, and he deserves it. Why, if old Nero had been a man instead of a dog, the government would have given him a gold medal for what he did.

"Two summers ago I started out from Boston Harbor with some five hundred passengers for Star Island. We were about fifteen miles from the island when a fog shut down so thick that you could cut it with a knife. There was quite a sea on, and I thought it was best to run her at full speed and keep on my course, so I could tell where I was. Well, we ran up until I reckoned we was within a mile or two of the island, and then I ran half speed and listened for breakers. We couldn't hear a sound. It was one of them dense fogs that shuts around you like a blanket, and so heavy that it killed the sound of the waves, and the screech of a steam-whistle would have sounded muffled at two hundred yards. We blew our whistle at intervals, but there was no answering sound, so we kept on. I had two men at the bow keeping a sharp lookout, but they couldn't see anything, when suddenly right out of the thick fog in front of us sounded Nero's bark. I rang the bells to reverse the engine quicker than I ever rang them before, and the engineer grabbed the throttle and had his engine reversed before the bell had stopped sounding; but it wasn't any too soon, for just as the boat lost headway a big rock loomed up out of the fog not twenty feet off, and there on top of it was Nero, barking away as hard as he could bark to tell us to keep away. Well, when I had backed her off a ways I lowered a small boat to pick out the channel, and we followed cautiously in, going along at a snail's pace, until we tied up at the wharf, and I can tell you it was a pretty well frightened lot of passengers that went on shore that day, and old Nero was blessed and patted to his heart's content, and well he deserved it, for his warning had saved hundreds of lives.

"So, you see, the least the old boat can do is to salute him when she comes into port, for if it hadn't been for him she wouldn't have been afloat to-day; and he understands it, and always answers our salute with his loudest bark, for he knows that the best friends he has in the world are right on board this steamer, and that there isn't anything aboard that he can't have if he wants it—is there, old fellow?"

And as the captain stroked the shaggy head of the big Newfoundland an answering wag of the dog's tail showed that the shaggy hero thoroughly appreciated the friendship that was extended to him.

ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

## A GREAT SAVING.

HERE is an amusing tale from Germany about a man who thought he was a very clever financier, and who yet does not seem to have had quite as much sense as the boy who knows enough to go in when it rains.

A barge was being towed up the Neckar from Mannheim to Heidelberg, and a shoemaker on the tramp, with a large knapsack on his back, came up and asked the bargeman how much he would charge him for a ride in the boat. The bargeman, who was a bit of a wag, replied: "Fifteen kreuzers; but if you help pull, only six." The shoemaker thought the matter over for a minute or two, and calculating that he would save nine kreuzers by helping to pull, threw his bag into the boat, and cheerfully tugged at the rope all the way to Heidelberg, where he forked out the six kreuzers, and shouldered his knapsack again.



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V.



VI.



VII.



VIII.

THE THREE CONFIDENT CUBS, AND THEIR COASTING CATASTROPHE.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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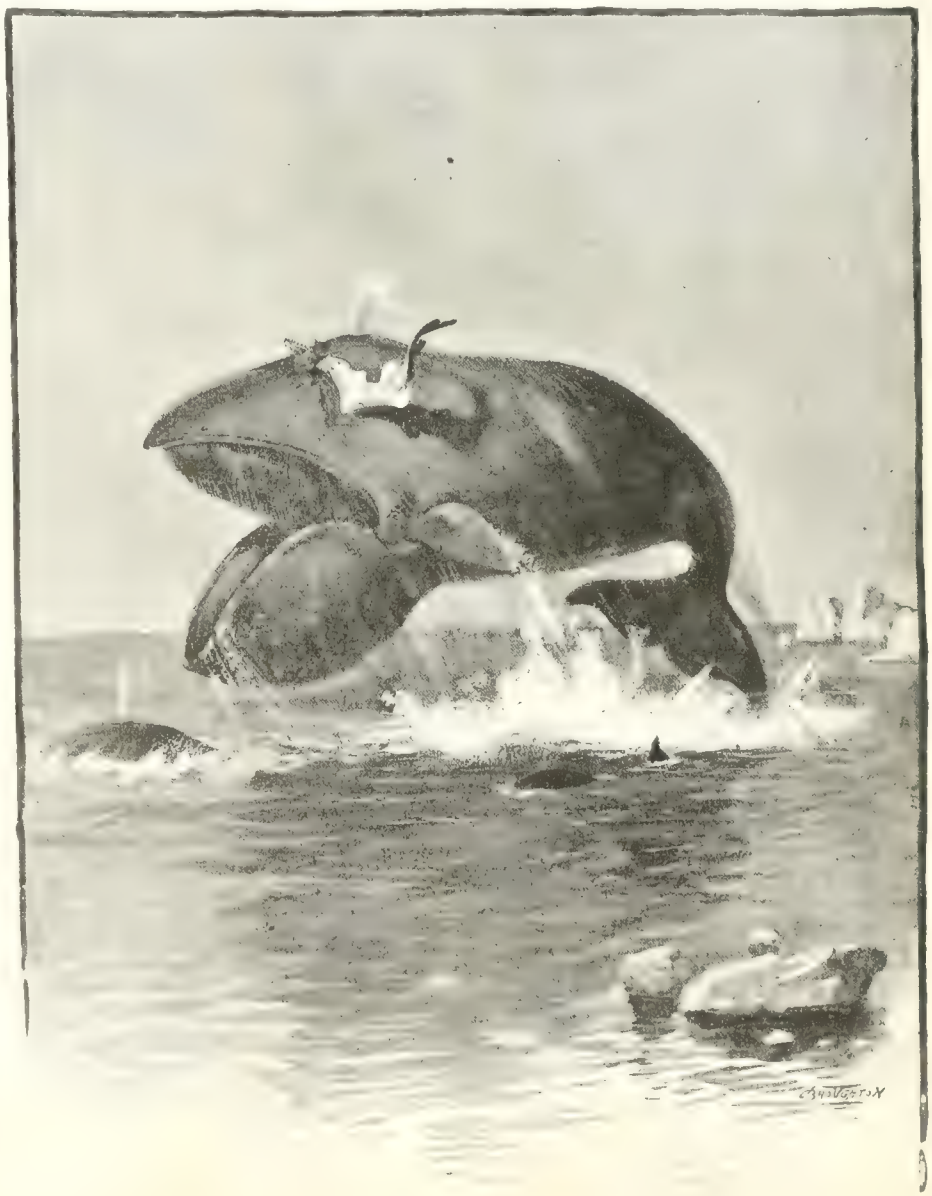
# THE CHAMPION WHALE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK

LATELY, with a friend who had been a purser aboard an exploring bark, I was looking at some engravings of sea-monsters, when we came upon the picture of a saw-fish. This set my friend describing an exciting scene once witnessed by him off the southeast coast of Greenland. Said he:

It was the morning watch, and our bark having been made snug and trim alow and aloft, officers and men had leisure for the time. We were becalmed, and our sails hung motionless. Off the port beam, the starboard quarter, and ahead were icebergs, some of them twenty feet high, and not more than thirty fathoms distant. The sun, like a red-hot globe of steel, had loomed above the cold waters, its radiance bathing us all and everything around us in a flood of crimson light. I was watching the brilliant red, amber, and emerald-green lines gilding the edges of the floating bergs, when suddenly the water near one of them broke into bubbles, then rolled back, foaming and hissing, as a large whale rose to the surface.

The monster swam in zigzag directions, seeming much frightened, frequently sending up the vapory jets from its two spout-holes with a sort of metallic roar, like steam from a boiler, and rolling from side to side its great barnacle-covered hump, which in the sunlight looked like a big rough lump of gold. Presently, under the water close to the bark, we saw a dim form slowly rising. When it reached the surface it proved to be a little calf-whale, and what a beauty it was! It measured about fifteen feet in length; the skin being smooth, shiny, and of a pale blue tint, the fins as yet imperfectly shaped, and the slabs of whalebone attached to its upper jaw not more than



seven inches long. Softly tinkled the ripples it made around its sportive young head as it gambolled, vainly trying to lash the water to foam with its partly formed flukes, that could only scatter the spray in gemlike drops. No wonder its mother—the cow-whale, as the larger of the two proved to be—was so fond of it, and that she now so lovingly urged her bulky form towards it. But, strange to say, though she had found her calf, of which she had probably been in search, she now seemed more concerned than ever, booming along, spouting furiously, and fairly hugging her little one to her side. We soon discovered the cause of her alarm: slowly and stealthily from under a berg not far off arose a long beak or snout with teeth attached to both sides, as to a double-edged saw.

How greedily shone the two little eyes, set so close together in the bony head just back of the snout, as the ferocious creature to which this deadly saw belonged rapidly cut the water toward its prey!

The monster, in fact, was a sawfish—that formidable enemy and destroyer of the whale. The cow had evidently espied the terrible foe a long way off, and her first concern was for her offspring.

Away she went, heading for an inlet that extended from the base of one of the bergs. The inlet was bordered on each side by pointed hummocks eight and ten feet high, and we could see that an icy shaft or platform sloped under its waters. Swimming to this inlet, with her calf still sheltered by her fin, the whale forced herself into the space as far as she could—two-thirds of her length, with her under part probably resting on the frozen floor beneath. Thus, in a measure protected by her position, she commenced to ply her nimble flukes against the attempts of the sawfish to reach her. One blow from that ponderous tail swinging in every direction, and beating the sea with thundering strokes, would have dashed the life out of her tormentor in an instant.

Obliged to dodge, and unable to overleap the pointed hummocks, the sawfish was the very embodiment of baffled rage. Darting and bounding to and fro, its small eyes flashing with wrath, it vainly strove to fasten itself on that part of the whale's body projecting outside the inlet. Every time the fish leaped in the air we could see its form through the flying spray twisting and bending almost double, with its fins above and below bristling, and its beak quivering convulsively. It was about eight feet long, the upper part of its body very thick, but it tapered to slender proportions toward the tail, and it was provided with four triangular fins. The evil head, the long bony double-edged snout, with which it cuts and tears its victims to death, gave it a truly diabolical aspect. As the cow-whale still fought against it, we fancied we could perceive in the plaintive roars of her spoutings an expression of the blended concern and distress she felt for her offspring.

One of our lieutenants suggested the lowering of a boat or the firing of a gun to drive away the sawfish, but the captain said this would frighten off the poor mother also, and the foe afterwards would find a chance to reach her.

Suddenly a cry of regret escaped us. The calf, either from alarm or from being tired of its constrained position, had left its mother, and now came up about twenty fathoms to the left of the enemy.

No sooner did the savage monster behold that pale blue form than he darted toward it. But the cow-whale, quickly backing from the inlet, kept the creature from her "little one" by interposing those ponderous swinging flukes, again divert to herself the attacks of the foe.

Having the whale now before him in an open space, the sawfish, avoiding her strokes, was about taking advantage of a chance to pounce upon her, and we all expected to see her become his victim, when another combatant appeared upon the scene.

With a rippling rush and roar the waters suddenly opened between the intended prey and her assailant, and shooting up from the sea, grim and terrible, arose the form of an enormous bull-whale.

Slantingly upward nearly his full length he leaped, and, for a moment, as the crimson sunbeams lighted his broad sides, flashing like gold, he hung as if suspended in air with only the tips of his flukes touching the water, we had a full view of that huge body, with its wide outstretched fins, its great rocklike hump, scared and scarred with many wounds, and its hundreds of slabs of hairy whalebone, drooping, archlike, from its upper jaw. Thus poised for an instant, down came that tremendous form, falling back upon the sea with an echoing crash and in a cloud of spray.

The bull had endeavored to fall upon the sawfish, so as to crush it with his mighty weight, but the enemy avoided him by darting to one side. Then the bull wheeled and felt for the foe with his thrashing flukes, but, dodging these, the sawfish made a flank attack upon his new opponent. With a side sheer the latter escaped him, then struck at him edgeways with his tremendous tail. So quick was the stroke that the sawfish barely escaped this blow, which would have cut him nearly in two had it reached him.

Nor was the cow idle all this time. She also took part in the conflict, assisting her consort, and both their flukes were soon being so skilfully worked that for a while the sawfish had a lively time of it.

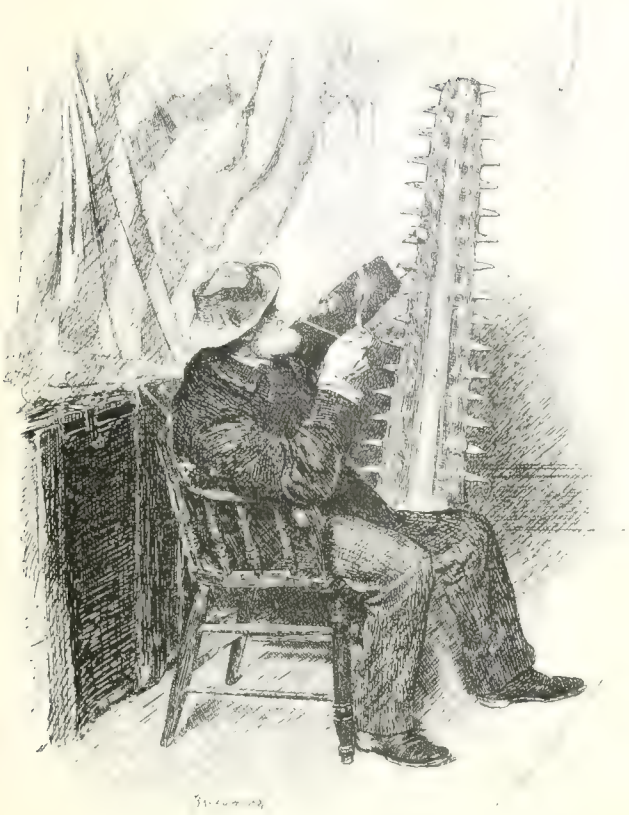
The whizzing and the crashing of the thrashers, the roars of the spoutings, the rush of the water, the hissing of the foam, and the whistling noise—almost a shriek—made by the sawfish, created a din such as I had never before heard. So thick was the spray that only at intervals could we see the beaked enemy, as he bounded to and fro, striving to get at the bull.

Manœuvring skilfully, he saw his chance at last. One quick leap brought him upon the whale just forward of the spout-holes. Then you would have shuddered to see how he went to work, hanging there over his intended victim's head, and sawing away like a carpenter at the bull's thick blubber with his long, double-edged, toothed snout. To and fro did he ply this death-saw directly over that most tender part of the whale termed the "life-spot," his big tapering back and sides throbbing and puffing horribly with his exertions.

The bull vainly strove to throw him off. He had thrust his saw under the skin, and the toothed edges enabled him to hold on. Rolling, tossing, plunging, and now and then breaching his full length from the sea, the maddened whale still struggled to free himself. The cannonlike reports of his flukes and the roars of his spouting set all the icebergs to trembling. The cow, in her anxiety for her consort, added to the din, swimming wildly and lashing the waters furiously, while the little calf, trying to imitate her, tumbled about, working its small stumpy flukes, and sending tiny fountains of vapor from its spout-holes.

It seemed as if the doom of the bull-whale was certain. Streaks of blood now flecked the sides of his head, showing that the toothed beak of his enemy was fast making its way to the centre of the "life-spot," and still, as he vainly struggled to free himself, did his awful foe swiftly yet with a fiendish sort of cool regularity saw away at his intended victim.

We had, in fact, given up all hope for that whale, when suddenly we were puzzled, not at first divining his purpose, to see him lower his enormous front and dash toward the wall of a perpendicular iceberg a few fathoms off. He went through the roaring waters like a thunderbolt, until at length, with a force tenfold greater than that of a battering-ram, he drove his head, over which the sawfish still hung, straight against the icy wall.



THE SAWFISH'S WEAPON.

There was a far-resounding crash as the frozen mass reeled before the stroke and split asunder above; a huge fragment dropped into the sea.

Recoiling from the force of the shock, the whale seemed half stunned for some moments, while his late tormentor, the sawfish, jammed to death by that tremendous blow against the iceberg, fell from him, with its useless broken saw projecting from the water.

The bull-whale soon appeared to recover himself, and side by side he and his consort, the latter with the little calf under her fin, swam triumphantly away, to dive into the ocean depths as the voices of the bark's sailors cheering the brave champion rang upon the air.

## JIMSEY'S MASCOT.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

Part II.

A VISION arose before Jimsey's eyes. This radiant creature was in their dingy old bay-window, his dreamy eyes wandering over such a crowd as Poppleton had seldom seen. People were flocking in from distant towns as if it were the county fair or the cattle show. There had been an editorial about him in the Poppleton *Eagle* the night before. He was not a common attraction. Even the faculty wives felt his artistic charm; little Mrs. Plumtree, who loved a fairy story almost as well as Jimsey herself, said that it was just as if he had come straight out of the *Arabian Nights* into Poppleton main street. Those who came to gaze remained to buy, and the store grew and grew; it took in all of the next house in the row; it was like the New York store in the Arcade Building, only larger—quite the largest store in Poppleton! There was a cashier—that was such a comfort!—and a bookkeeper, and there were a great many salesmen and saleswomen; and newspapers even away off in New York commented on "the enterprise and business capacity of the proprietor and manager"—Jimsey. Only Jimsey now, for Prue was a famous artist; she went abroad to study, but came home often—*very* often; in fact, this was the only point where the outlines of the vision were a little blurred and indistinct; the pang of separation ought not to mingle with this great success! But Jimsey always staid at home; perhaps it was strange for a person of so many ideas, but if Jimsey went away even for a night homesickness tugged at her heart-strings. She remembered, even as the panoramic vision passed before her eyes, how old Professor Fyffe had quoted to her "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits"; but yet she staid there in the old house always, and the gnarled pear-tree, with the seat in the crotch, was always the same, and the old summer-house didn't go to pieces, although it threatened to do so now, nor the old boat on the river; and the twin buff kittens were kittens still. The Filmer boys next door, who stole raspberries and stoned cats, had moved away; and there was one thing that had felt the touch of time—old Mr. Jowett's savage dog that shook their little terrier Dandy; he had died of old age! When one saw a shabby poor little girl, with her face glued to the pane, she was beckoned to—a little slyly, perhaps—because it was necessary to be businesslike, and her pockets were filled. And toys that were slightly disabled were not mourned over or mended, but sent down "Fore Street way"—that was where the poor people, the mill operatives, lived. All the salespeople were instructed to "throw in" a handful of peanuts, or even of caramels, with everything, and—

The delightful vision vanished suddenly at the sound of the opening door. The crowd was chiefly at the other window now, although the delightful Oriental was still dreamily drinking coffee and smoking. A little foreign-looking old man, with a skull-cap on his head, which made him look like a walnut witch at a fair, was looking curiously and smilingly at her.

"You lika heem?" he asked, with a nod towards the figure. "Come-a in. I lika show you."

"Will you tell me how much you ask for him?" asked Jimsey, following the little old man into the shop with a fast-beating heart. After all, this was a world in which dreams and visions sometimes came true.

It was a queer dingy little shop, but it was filled with fascinating mechanical toys; an ordinary-looking tin soldier beat a reveille on his drum, and another blew a bugle blast, puffing his cheeks as if they were of flesh and blood, and along the counter came a toad with such real toadlike hops that Jimsey jumped. From a great box under the counter the shopkeeper produced the counterpart of the bewitching Oriental. He wound him up, with a creaking noise, as one would wind a heavy clock, and immediately his languid eyes began to turn their almost human gaze about the shop; he drained his cup of coffee, and smoked with languid grace.

"Oh, will you please tell me how much?" cried Jimsey. And the little man named a price which caused all the joyful eagerness to vanish from her face. Even if she had not bought those insipid tops and marbles, there would not have been enough money; with every cent that they had in the bank they could not have bought him.

"Cheap, cheap; give-a away," said the little shopkeeper, earnestly.

Jimsey shook her head sadly and turned away. Instead of the heart-thrilling vision, a dull and commonplace future stretched before her in which one gradually sank to the level of old Mrs. Simpkins's ideas.

"Look-a here. I show you somesings," called the shopkeeper. Jimsey turned and saw that he had drawn from under the counter another box. Another of the bewitching figures appeared when he took off the cover; but he

wound the springs with difficulty and with doleful head shakings. This figure looked about as delightfully as the others, but the coffee-cup was drawn only half-way to its lips. "And no smok-a 'tall," said the little shopkeeper, mournfully.

"Is he—damaged?" asked Jimsey, hesitatingly.

Cousin Lucinda Winch had a great zeal for getting bargains among damaged goods. She had strongly impressed it upon Jimsey's mind that it was an act of praiseworthy thrift to buy a damaged article at a low price, as one always could, and repair it. And even if repair were impossible in this case, the Eastern gentleman's charms were still great enough to give fame to the little Poppleton shop.

"How much would you sell him for?" she asked, breathlessly.

"You wanta buy?" asked the shopkeeper, in surprise. It was evident that he had found pleasure in showing his wares to an appreciative visitor without expecting to find a customer. He leaned towards her and repeated, in a thrilling whisper, a price which he called "so cheapa as dirt." It was cheap; but it was two dollars more than Jimsey's purse contained, and she told him so, dejectedly.

"Take-a heem!—take-a heem!" he cried, with a dramatic gesture; and replacing the figure in the box, he tied a string around the box and handed it to Jimsey.

She emptied her purse joyfully; it was so small a price to pay for so great an attraction, and Cousin Lucinda Winch would lend her the money to pay her fare home. Cousin Lucinda would be sure to approve of a bargain.

The boy who had spoken to her was still at the window as she went out.

"You bought one of those figures?" he said, eagerly, looking with wide-open eyes at the great box.

"He is a little out of repair," explained Jimsey.

"What is the matter with him?" asked the boy, eagerly, and while Jimsey explained, two spots of color came upon his high cheek-bones, and his blue eyes sparkled as if it were a delightful thing to have the fascinating Oriental out of repair.

"I wish I could see him," he said. "But of course I can't in the street."

"If you will come with me to the railroad station," answered Jimsey.

The boy glanced hastily at his shabby clothes. "I could carry the box for you, couldn't I?" he said.

And so they walked along together, and Jimsey's new friend told her about some curious mechanical toys which he had seen in Germany; and except for a misgiving which began to grow and grow in her mind, Jimsey would have been very agreeably entertained.

"Do you really think he can be repaired?" she asked, anxiously, as she uncovered the box in the railroad station. "I'm beginning to be a little afraid that I've been like Rosamond and the Purple Jar."

"Oh, I know that old story!" The boy laughed, and suddenly his rugged homely features struck Jimsey with a strange familiarity. "My father used to tell it to me. He was a minister and a college professor, but he liked stories. Mother didn't; she thought they were foolish." The boy's face had grown grave again, and the puzzling familiarity was lost. "Rosamond was silly to buy the chemist's jar that had only a purple liquid in it, wasn't she? But, I tell you, the 'go' is all in this fellow still—if I can only find out how it works."

They had found a secluded corner in the station and taken the figure out of the box. The boy had outgrown his jacket, and on a long gaunt arm that extended from the sleeve Jimsey saw roughly tattooed in India ink, after the sailor fashion, the initials "E. F." She was scarcely conscious that she saw them, so intent was she upon the prospect of restoring the "go" to the wonderful figure, but when the boy suddenly looked into her face with that strangely familiar smile again, they flashed across her memory.

"Did—did you live about here before you went to sea?" she asked, breathlessly.

"No, not near here," he answered, with the sensitive flush that always came to his face when he spoke of himself. And Jimsey lacked the courage to ask him any further personal questions.

"If you would come home with me to Poppleton—it's only fifteen miles away—perhaps you could fix him," she suggested suddenly.

The boy looked at her with surprise and eagerness. "I should like to have a chance at him, and—and I have a little money; I could pay my way," he said.

There was Cousin Lucinda Winch, looking warm and tired, but carrying a bonnet-box triumphantly. Jimsey hurried to meet her, and poured out the story of the fascinating Turk.

"You don't mean to tell me, Jemima Weatherbee, that you've spent all that money for a broken jumping-jack!" exclaimed Cousin Lucinda Winch, sinking heavily upon a cushioned chair.

Jimsey breathlessly but hopefully told of the prospective repairs, and of the boy who was to make them, and then Cousin Lucinda Winch was so unsympathetic that she felt obliged to go on and tell of the initials on his arm and of the striking likeness which had so puzzled her.

"It's all your flighty imagination, Jimsey; he is more likely to be a pirate or something. Abby Ellen Richards took a boy home from the city, and he ate up all her preserves and set his bed on fire. It all comes of a child like you being left to her own devices, and I shall never take a mite of comfort with this bonnet. I did think you had a little discretion."

Cousin Lucinda refused to look at the broken jumping jack, and she eyed the boy with scorn and severity, and insisted upon having him sit several seats away from them in the car; and she kept saying that she washed her hands of the whole affair, which was almost as bad, Jimsey felt, as if she had absolutely refused to allow the boy to go home with them. Perhaps it was worse; for Jimsey was growing faint-hearted. She *was* like Rosamond who had bought the purple jar, and saw chance resemblances everywhere, and the letters "E. F." were, as Cousin Lucinda Winch said, the commonest of initials.

Moreover, Cousin Lucinda had asked him what his name was, and he had replied that it was Edward French. He had blushed and stammered, but he was evidently a diffident boy, and Cousin Lucinda had not an ingratiating manner.

Perhaps the hardest thing Jimsey had to bear was the dismay that came over Prue's bright, expectant face when she heard of the stock that Jimsey had bought. She admired the Turk very much—Jimsey was a little afraid that she pretended to admire him more than she really did—but she evidently doubted whether he could be mended, and Jimsey suspected that she even shared Cousin Lucinda Winch's opinion that he was "a terrible piece of foolishness."

She was kind to the boy; it was Prue's way to be kind to every one; but she looked a little askance at him, and Cousin Lucinda Winch locked up the preserves and the matches, and then locked herself in her own room.

The boy's whole mind was intent upon the mysterious little wires and knobs and wheels which formed the inner mechanism of the Oriental figure. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to go to bed, and he arose in the morning before any one else, and when Jimsey appeared he showed her with modest triumph that the languid Turk could now carry his coffee cup quite to his lips.

"But I'm afraid I can't make him smoke," he said, dejectedly. "Some of the wires which move that arm are gone, and it is a little different motion from the other."



THEN MRS. FYFFE CAME SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE BOY.

"Perhaps it's just as well if he doesn't smoke; so many people disapprove of smoking," said Jimsey, cheerfully.

Jimsey felt that it was a great moment when they placed the figure in the window, and the long-lashed Oriental eyes wandered slowly up and down Poppleton's main street.

One mill-hand on his way to work called to another. Luella Pease, coming out early for her morning pennyworth of peanut taffy, gazed with open-mouthed wonder for an instant, and then there was a small noisy whirlwind of pink gingham and tow-colored locks, and Jimsey knew that she had gone to summon her clan. Then the crowd—almost the crowd of Jimsey's day-dream—was there as if by magic.

To Jimsey's disappointment Prue scarcely seemed to like it, and Cousin Lucinda Winch said that it made her feel like the lady that rode on the giraffe at the circus.

Jimsey felt that the boy was her only real sympathizer; his strong rugged features fairly glowed with satisfaction. But he said, suddenly arousing himself as if from a pleasant dream, that he must go; he must not miss the morning train.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Jimsey. "Not until to-morrow—or until this afternoon at least," she added; for she suddenly remembered that it would never do to give Cousin Lucinda Winch another night of anxiety about the preserves and the matches.

Jimsey was racking her brain for a pretext to send for Professor Fyffe, when Fate took the matter into its own hands, and sent in not the mild old professor, but Mrs. Fyffe, breathless, to express her disapprobation of what she called "that squatting pagan." "Strongly as I disapproved of your store-keeping, I never expected it to come to this, Prudence, never to such impropriety as this—" and then Mrs. Fyffe came suddenly face to face with the boy.

She turned white, and seemed to swallow something chokingly, but her irate voice went on in the same key, "And you, Erastus Fyffe—" And then suddenly her strong face worked convulsively; her harsh voice broke. "Rasty! oh, my boy Rasty!" she sobbed.

They were in each other's arms, and even Cousin Lucinda wiped her eyes. She said she should have known the first minute she saw him that he wasn't a common boy, even if she hadn't seen the resemblance.

Prue, who always remembered to do just the right thing, despatched Luella Pease for Professor Fyffe, and when he came—well, Prue said the little store was christened with the tears and smiles of great joy.

"I tell you a fellow finds running away from home a worse cheat than Rosamond's purple jar!" confided Erastus Fyffe to Jimsey from the depths of his experience.

The mild-eyed "pagan" still looks out upon Poppleton main street, although, sad to say, his eyes are sometimes fixed, sometimes rolled up in his head, and occasionally he jerks his coffee-cup back in a manner which arouses fresh interest in the minds of the children to whom he has become an old story. Rasty Fyffe means to restore him to perfect condition, even to the smoking of his hookah, at the very next vacation; he is studying engineering, and is very busy.

Jimsey declares that the Turk is a mascot, anyway, the little shop thrives so finely. But the prosperity is generally ascribed to other causes—to the great interest and support of the college people, to Prue's faculty, and Jimsey's trading bump and "ideas."

And there are still some old-fashioned people who believe that home love and simple courage are all the mascots that any one needs.

## A FORTNIGHT IN NO. 31.

BY WILLIAM HEMINGWAY.

Part II.

AT first the steamship's body appeared as a mere black dash on crest on the top of each wave that played beneath the funny little lead pencils that were marring the horizon with smoke. But by bit that crest grew higher. Soon a tiny spot of white showed steadily before it—the foam that was dashed up by the sharp iron prow. Then the boys saw the ship gradually enlarge and take its proper shape as it came nearer. George Romaine held a telescope to his right eye. Mr. Fairfield showed him how to keep it steadily pointed at the ship, but in spite of all his efforts the rolling of the schooner made his aim uncertain. The steamship would dance out of view, do what he might, until he rested his elbows on the top of the cabin. Then she stood revealed to him. It was like looking at a model barely six inches long, but perfect in every detail, and instinct with life.

"Good enough! She's hauling for us!" shouted Mr. Goldie, exultantly. "Give me half a dozen of those newspapers—no, I guess three will be enough. She's only a sugar tank from Cuba."

In a wonderfully short space of time the yawl was cast adrift just as the pilot schooner was hove to, and stood, or rather bobbed up and down, at ease, with her idle mainsail and foresail flapping small thunder, that was broken only by the sharp slatting of the reef-points. Mr. Goldie stepped into the stern-sheets of the yawl, and cried, "Give way!"

The steamship had stopped as near at hand as possible, and two bareheaded sailors had tossed a rope-ladder over the side. Mr. Goldie stood up as his bow oarsman seized a painter and held the yawl steady. Awaiting a favorable moment, the pilot took hold of the ladder and began to climb. The iron ship loomed high above him, like a vast black mountain. She had fallen off the wind, and was rolling heavily. Mr. Goldie was not nimble. He was too corpulent for swift climbing. Down lurched the great ship's hulk, and into the ocean Mr. Goldie was plunged up to his middle.

"George is getting so fat, his weight pulls ships over," laughed Mr. Fairfield, as he saw his dripping partner ascend the ladder. "It's no fun to be dipped like that in January," he added. "Pretty hard work it is too to get aboard dry in the winter. Most of the captains are in such a hurry to get to New York, they won't stop for a pilot—just slow down a little, and let us take chances."

Soon the steamship was sinking upon the horizon, and just as Manuel called all hands to supper the boys began to enjoy the appetite that sea-air gives. It would not be kind to tell how much strawberry jam they ate.

Before turning in that night the pilots held a council, and decided to cruise eastward. Around went the little vessel, and stood for Block Island, more than one hundred miles away.

"George," whispered Harry into the next berth, after he had tried hard for ten minutes to sleep—"George, I'll never be able to doze while these waves are washing against the side of my bed. Hear them! They keep splashing and pattering within six inches of our heads." Nevertheless, the tired boys were fast asleep very soon.

The sun had gone down in an angry humor behind curtains of sullen red clouds. At midnight the wind freshened. The boys were awakened by a conversation carried on in hoarse whispers.

"Glass is falling, too," they heard Mr. Fairfield say. "We'd better reef pretty snug."

Then Jim Gayles went softly up on deck and relieved the man at the wheel, sending him forward to call the crew. Within a minute there was a rush and stamping of boot-heels on deck. Then came the gruff and bawling commands of the pilot, always followed by "Ay, ay, sir!" from the sailors.

A resounding crash that jarred the whole fabric of the schooner awoke both boys at four o'clock. They lay in silence for perhaps ten minutes. Jim Gayles came below and roused the other pilots.

"Did we hit a piece of a derelict?" asked Harry. He was proud of his sea knowledge.

"No; that was only a big sea that slapped her on the bow," answered Mr. Gayles. It seemed to the boys that they had never before moved in so many directions at once. The pilot-boat was still holding her course against the wind. She swooped down the side of one wave only to plunge head-foremost into the next. Then, after the long slow ascent of a big sea, she would apparently drop off its crest as if all the ocean had been suddenly sucked out from under her. The cabin lamp swung violently from side to side, or forward and back. Occasionally it darted off in the most erratic way. The cabin stove, which still stood abaft the mainmast, for there had been chilly nights in June, was rattling and shivering uneasily.

"Is this—er—is this a storm? I mean—is it a gale?" asked Harry.

"Oh, it's coming out of the northwest, about half a gale," replied Jim, smiling reassuringly. "We're carrying only the forestay-s'l, reefed fores'l, and double-reefed mains'l."

Harry and George put on overcoats and started from their berths. They were curious to see how the ocean looked with half a gale vexing it. Now the schooner seemed to plunge and pitch worse than ever. Cautious George held on to the side of his berth. Harry started confidently toward the companionway, but while taking his second step, he slid down to leeward, and brought up with a bang against the opposite berth. Then she pitched, and away he sprawled forward, just in time to collide with Mr. Fairfield.

"What 'd I tell you about holding on?" he asked. "If I hadn't caught you, you'd have skated right through the bulkhead into the galley."

After much labor George and Harry gained the top of the companionway. They could see nothing but the gleam of the binnacle light on the wheelman's face. Then they began to distinguish through the blackness vague hints of the masses of foam that were racing madly to leeward. Not a star was out. There was a wild dance of light at the maintopmast head, where the pilot lantern was dangling and leaping with every crazy plunge of the schooner.

The boys crept back to their berths, but not to sleep. There were the smashing of surges on the bows, the hiss of foam against the planking beside them, the tumbling of spare gear in the cock-pit, the rattling of crockery in the galley, and the groaning and creaking of the ship's timbers. Above all the other noises rose one that never ceased—a shrill and plaintive peeping.

"It sounds very much like a young turkey that has lost its mother," said Harry. "What do you think it can be?"

"I have it," said George, after long thinking. "It must be the wind whistling through the key-hole of the cabin door." And as a matter of fact, that is just what did cause the mournful sound.

Two shaky young mariners dressed for breakfast at seven o'clock. There was no denying it. They felt giddy. All they could do was to sit up and smile dolefully when Mr. Fairfield asked them if they were sick. He ordered tea for them and toasted pilot-biscuit. He patted their heads.

"Come, sonnies," he said; "you've got the stuff in you

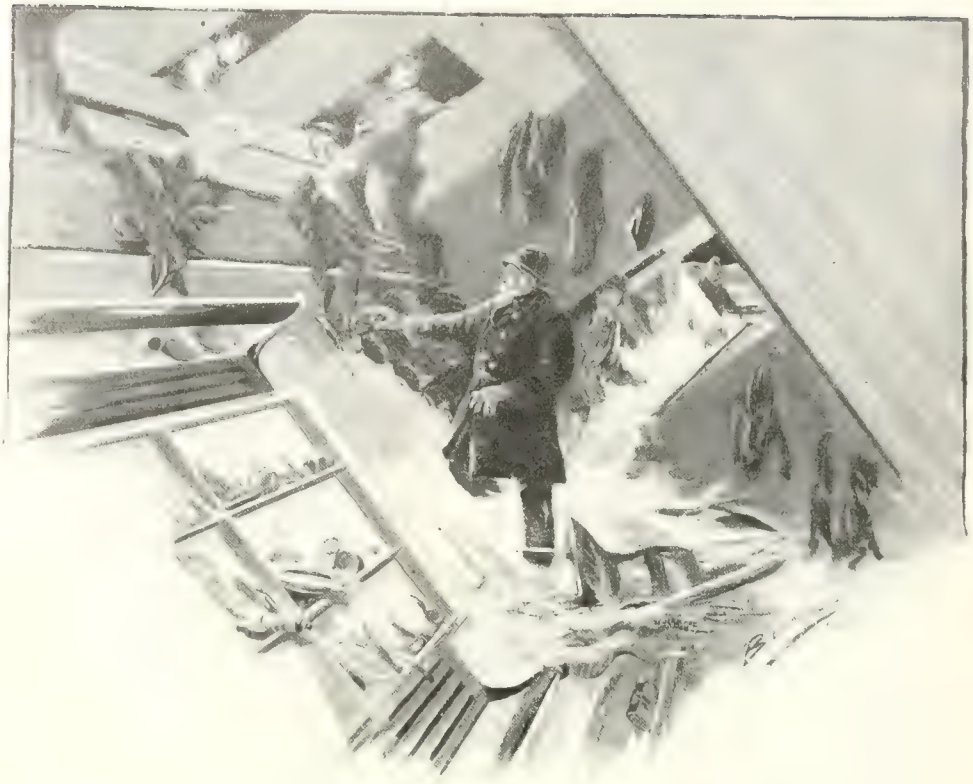
that makes good sailors. You've cheerful hearts."

George wanted to go on deck after breakfast, but Mr. Fairfield said no.

"Hear that!" he exclaimed, as a grating, rasping sound swept overhead. "Hear that! There went a foot of green water, raking her deck from bow to stern. If one of those seas caught you, my lad, you'd be overboard before you knew what did it, and then what would you say?"

"Mightn't we just as well heave to?" asked Jule Sadler. "We couldn't board anything in this blow. It's your next turn, Tom. What do you say?"

"Trys'ls it is," said Mr. Fairfield, sipping his third cup of coffee. Because he was the pilot scheduled next to leave the schooner, he was in command of her. "Petersen," he added, as he went on deck, "bend on the forrard storm-trys'l."



AT THAT INSTANT ANOTHER WAVE TOPPLED HER OVER ON HER BEAM-ENDS.

"Ay, ay, sir," cried the boat-keeper, as he put down the helm and threw the schooner's bow up in the wind. The foresail had been double-reefed and the forestay-sail struck long before. Silently and cautiously the sailors set to work with a little triangular sail, which they tried to hoist at the jaw of the fore-boom. The tackle fouled, and after twenty minutes' hard work they gave up the effort.

They had better success with a similar little sail on the mainmast. Then the mainsail was furled and securely stowed. With a sharp cannonlike crash the foresail parted at the leech. For a moment the canvas fluttered wildly. Then it ripped from gaff to boom in the twinkling of an eye, and presently the sail was whipped to rags, that went dancing and scurrying to leeward like mad.

"I tell you the glass fell two-tenths of an inch in the last half-hour," said Jim Gayles, as he looked on the holosteric barometer. The needle pointed at 29.60. "It was 29.80 a little while ago," Mr. Gayles continued. "There's dirty weather coming. We may as well make up our minds to be idle for a while."

Thereupon everybody turned in. There was little light from the sky, a mere feeble and ghostly illumination that hardly crept through the cabin skylight. The cabin lamp was wagging more giddily than ever. The ship was plunging and rolling tremendously. With a rattling like volleys of shot gusts of rain and spray swept over her. For a while there was talking in the cabin. Then every one began to doze.

There was a stunning, deafening shock at a quarter to twelve o'clock. A gigantic wave had struck the No. 31 on the port bow, and made her rear high in air. At that instant another wave rushed at her, and toppled her over on her beam-ends. Down, down she sank, with an accompaniment of direful noises. Everything loose fell to leeward with a crash. Jim Gayles was thrown across the cabin head forward, and fell upon Jule Sadler, who had rolled out of his berth on the starboard side. Harry Henderson had closed the sliding-door of his berth, and now found himself sprawling upon it. George Romaine's door was open. When the schooner reared upward his legs shot up in the air, and as she rolled down upon her beam-ends his body was hurled outward. He caught instinctively at each side of the berth, and hung there as if he were in a gymnasium performing on the parallel bars.

The sea poured in at the fore-hatch, and came boiling aft. A green torrent was tumbling down the cabin companionway. The two floods met and frothed. George Romaine observed all these things in one moment. Then he saw Jim Gayles leap to his feet, and fight his way toward the deck through the knee-deep cataract of horrid green. Jule Sadler was close behind him. Mr. Fairfield ran and stumbled aft.

"Let go the fore-sheet," he roared.

"Ther *ain't* northin' ter let go!" shouted Jim Gayles, in reply.

Slowly the schooner righted herself. With a dismal clatter the raffle of loose stuff fell into new positions. The boys were alone in the cabin. They kept tight hold of their berths, which were high on the windward side.

"Maybe this is a hurricane," suggested Harry.

"It's a regular cyclone," said Jim Gayles, as he came below for a moment. "One more hard crack that time when we were on our beam-ends, and we'd have 'turned turtle.'"

"And then what?" asked George.

"And then nothing more in this world," replied Mr. Gayles. "But we're all right now. Old 31 is as safe as a house."

But George and Harry were exceedingly frightened. They knew how near death they had been, and every few minutes an awful heeling over to leeward would show them how likely the schooner was to fall once more upon her beam-ends. The pilots entered the cabin, and had consultations. They spoke of rigging oil-bags on a boom, and thrusting them to windward to smooth the crests of



DOWN LURCHED THE GREAT SHIP AND INTO THE OCEAN PLUNGED MR. GOLDIE.

the waves. They talked about passing an anchor over the bow at the end of sixty fathoms of cable, so as to form a drag which would hold the ship's head up in the wind. The oil-bag plan was tried, but the boom was soon swept away.

There were many anxious moments in that little cabin. For thirty-six hours the cyclone raged. At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day Mr. Fairfield called the boys to the cabin-door. He pointed westward and upward.

"Do you see enough blue sky up there to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches?" he asked. And sure enough there was a rift in the scurrying clouds through which could be seen a patch of pale blue.

"Fine weather to morrow," said Mr. Fairfield. He felt so happy that he allowed the boys to go to the top of the companionway and look at the sea. The waves were of stupendous size, of a dark, dull, leaden gray, treacherous looking, with ragged white crests that the wind was still tearing away, and driving swiftly in stinging spray. Small black birds a trifle larger than swallows were skimming over the surges.

"They're Carey chickens," said Mr. Fairfield. "Poets call them stormy petrels, and some folks say they're Mother Carey's chickens; but we call 'em Carey chickens. You always find 'em playing around in a storm. Rough weather brings their food to the surface of the sea."

How good it was next morning to see the golden sunlight playing joyfully upon the cabin carpet, advancing and retreating with the schooner's movements!

"Isn't it fine to be alive!" shouted Harry, as he ran up on deck.

All sail was set. The mainsail was furled, however, for the main boom had been snapped off short at the traveller when the schooner arose from her beam-ends. The weight of water upon the boom had been so great as to break it.

The pilots took soundings at intervals of twenty minutes. Upon comparing with the chart the number of fathoms they found, and the bits of sand or mud that stuck to the lead, they concluded that they were twenty-four miles south-southeast of South Shoal's lightship, Nantucket. They headed the schooner homeward for repairs. Half-way to New York the No. 31 was once more hove to. Mr. Fairfield and two men went off in a yawl and rescued a fisherman who was clinging and lashed to the fragments of a dory upon which he had lashed fast a buoyant swordfish cask. For half an hour after being tenderly lifted aboard the schooner the man was too weak to talk. Then he told his story, a commonplace story enough among fishermen. He was the sole survivor of a crew of seven. Their smack had been knocked down on her beam-ends and sunk in the cyclone, and he had been afloat on the wreckage twenty-six hours.

"I don't think I'll go out in a pilot-boat again," said Harry Henderson, as he walked up Dover Street pier after saying good-by to the pilots.

"No; not until next year," replied his cousin.

THE END.

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

## CHAPTER XVII.

JANUARY examinations passed by without material change in the standing of those in whom we are most interested, except in case of Benny Frazier—too ill to appear before the Board. For weeks he had been "running down," and the assault at the hands of Jennings proved but the climax that brought on a violent and dangerous siege of fever. For days the devoted mother, aided by skilled nurses, was ever at the side of her stricken boy. Volunteers from his class, too, were always in readiness as night watchers; but almost from the first the one for whom he called, and of whom he moaned in his delirium, was Geordie Graham. No one saw the meeting between the heart-sick, almost hopeless, woman and her son's earliest friend and roommate, but that she had been deeply agitated was plain. From their interview she came forth clinging to his arm, leaning on his strength, and from that time she was never content to have him far away. Each day, between retreat parade and evening call to quarters, there were hours he could spend at Frazier's bedside, and they were the only hours in all the twenty-four that the feeble, childlike patient looked forward to with anything but apathy. For days his life hung in the balance; but when at last the crisis came and went, and left him pitiably weak in body and spirit, the one thing he seemed to cling to in life was Graham's brown and muscular hand.

"I wonder I am not jealous," said Mrs. Frazier to the doctor's kindly wife, "but I thank God my poor boy has such a friend left to him after all his trouble — all the misery into which that — that awful person has led and held him."

And the awful person was Jennings, who, shunned like a pariah by the corps, was again awaiting trial by court martial as soon as Frazier should be able to testify. For days it looked as though Benny never could appear before an earthly court, and that this case, like the other, must go by default. So long as it appeared that the fever would prove fatal, Jennings kept up his air of bravado and confidence. The evidence of Graham and Ames, the first to reach the scene of the assault, would be sufficient to convict him of that offence, but even they could prove nothing beyond a personal row, said he. It was fully understood, however, that back of all this trouble was the old case of Benny's plebe camp, and that the assault on Graham when a sentry, the stealing of Graham's rifle, and the desertion of musician Doyle were all matters in which Jennings was a prime mover, and though now "outlawed by the statute" — more than two years having passed since the occurrence of these offences, during which time the alleged offender had in no wise sought to secrete himself from military justice, and therefore a case no longer triable by court martial—there is no two-year limit to the contempt of the corps of cadets. They could send him to coventry at any time, and even though he were graduated, it might be impossible to obtain a commission.

But when it was noised about the battalion that Benny was on the mend, and that day after day he looked forward to nothing as he did to Geordie's visit, it became known that he had made a full and frank confession, and that Jennings was deeply implicated. Interviewed on this subject, Graham refused to say a word; but Mrs. Frazier had been less cautious. It seemed as though she could not do enough to undo her coldness and injustice to Geordie in the past, or to express her affection and regard for him now. In the overflow of her gratitude and joy when at last her son was declared out of danger she told the story to sympathetic lady friends, wives of officers stationed at the post, almost as it had been told to her by Benny, and it was not long in leaking through to the corps. The pent-up wrath of the battalion is not a thing to see and forget. The story flew from lip to lip.



HE IS LIFTED ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND BORNE DOWN THE ROAD.

"Tar and feather him!" "Kick him out!" "Turn him loose and let him run the gauntlet!" were some of the mad suggestions, but Bend and cooler counsels prevailed. Realizing his peril, Jennings implored the protection of the commandant, and was given a room in the officers' angle. Then the commandant and Adjutant went with Doctor Brett to the convalescent's bedside, and Benny's statement was reduced to writing.

A few days later the police of Jersey City laid hands on a precious pair. One of them bore the name of Peter Peterson; the other was Doyle, ex-drummer—both wanted for blackmail and other offences, and Doyle for desertion. The news of this capture reached the corps late in the afternoon, and was the talk of the whole mess hall at supper. Next morning at breakfast came a sensation still bigger—Jennings had fled.

Some time during the night he had packed up such things as he could carry, and stolen quietly away. A sentry said he saw a young man in civilian dress with a bag in his hand going down towards the south dock about eleven o'clock. He boarded a night train at Cranston's Station, and that was all he knew. It proved the easiest settlement of a vexed case. The court martial turned its attention to Doyle, the deserter, and Doyle pleaded guilty, for his was a case that was still triable because he had absented himself ever since the desertion occurred.

Throwing himself upon the mercy of the court, the boy made his statement. He said that one evening in camp, three summers back, Mr. Jennings was sentry on Number Three, and told him he wanted him, Doyle, to do an errand. Cadets often employed him and paid him money to carry notes, or to buy cigars or the like. It was arranged that he was to be there, back of Company A, about ten minutes before tattoo, and going there, he found a rifle leaning against a tree, and this Mr. Jennings directed him carry out to a point near the east edge of the dump hollow, and look there in the weeds, where he would find, half hidden, another one. The drummers were allowed to cross the post of Number Three without question. He had no difficulty in finding and fetching in the rusty rifle, and left the new rifle in its place, as he had been told, supposing that it was only some trick they were playing. Mr. Frazier was there, inside the sentry's post, on his return, and received from him the rusty gun.

That night, later, when he heard the Adjutant and the cadet Captains talking, he saw the matter was serious and got scared, and went out next day, and "found," as he expressed it, what he had left there and carried it to the Adjutant. He was closely questioned, got more frightened, and wanted to tell all he knew, but Jennings swore he would be tried and sent to jail as a thief, and warned him the only safety lay in secrecy. Mr. Frazier gave him ten dollars then to buy his silence, and promised him more, but when Jennings was put in arrest and court was ordered to convene, both Jennings and Frazier were badly scared, and told him there was no hope for him at all if it came to trial, as they'd have to testify to his part in the thing, and that meant the penitentiary. Then old Mr. Frazier came and had a talk with him down at the Falls; told him he must get away to save himself, gave him fifty dollars, and promised him employment and immunity from arrest if he would go at once. Doyle told Reilly, another of the boys, of his trouble, and Reilly said he'd better go. He got away all right, but the place Mr. Frazier gave him in Pennsylvania among the miners was too hard; he could not stand it and asked more money, and until Mr. Frazier died he paid him. Then there was no way but to turn to the cadet, through Reilly, saying he was starving, and would have to come and give himself up, and tell all about how the old man had bribed him to desert. Then all of a sudden he was nabbed and that ended it. No! Cadet Frazier had never suggested desertion. It was all Mr. Jennings and the father.

And Benny's story corroborated much of poor Doyle's. Jennings had halted him down by the water tank that wretched night in camp, pointed out how Pops was being shown too much favoritism, and getting the "big head." Jennings put him up to getting Graham's rifle—a matter that was easily accomplished in the darkness and the deserted street of Company B—but he never meant it for anything more than a joke, though he was jealous of Graham's success, and did think that he was having too much partiality shown him. Then when Jennings told him to take the rusty rifle to the tent in place of the new one, he wanted to back out, but it was too late. Jennings bullied and threatened him with exposure and dismissal for stealing, etc., threatened even then to call the corporal of the guard and have him taken to the guard-house, caught in the act. He was bewildered and terrified, and ended by doing exactly as he was told. Then came that dreadful day of investigation, followed later by Jennings's arrest, and then Jennings told him of their desperate plight, and bade him wire for his father to come at once. Jennings told him what to say to his father, and wrote a letter setting forth what would happen if the drum-boy could not be "fixed," and suggesting how to fix him. His father was utterly dismayed at the scrape that Benny was in, and accepted all Jennings's statements. He did not, of course, consult any of the officers, but carried out everything proposed to the letter. For the time being the boys were saved, but within another year Benny learned from the other drum-boy, Reilly, the one with whom he had had the trouble, that Doyle had let the cat out of the bag. Then he had to bribe Reilly. Then Jennings, too, levied on him and his father later on, while on furlough, and after his father's death poor Benny's life was one succession of torments. Doyle, Reilly, and Jennings too, "bled" and threatened him time and again, until in his desperation he sought to make a clean breast of it all to Graham. That night Jennings suspected his object, overtook him in the hall, seized and choked and carried him back, and nearly finished him by strangulation before rescue came. Benny was ready to stand trial, suffer any punishment; but by this time the poor fellow's prostration and penitence, his mother's tears and anxiety, and the fact that he had been throughout the entire history of the affair only a cat's-paw, coupled with the reports of the surgeons that he was in no condition to face a trial, all prevailed. It was late in February before he was sufficiently recovered to be moved about, and then sick-leave of absence was granted, and he, with his devoted mother, left for Nassau. He had parted company with the old Class for good and all, and was ordered to report in June and join the Class below.

March; spring drills, spring rides, and the election of hop managers for First Class camp, all were upon them again before Benny and his strange and unhappy experiences had ceased to be the universal topic of conversation. Geordie had wonderful letters to write that month, and there had been an interchange of missives between two grateful, prayerful women, one letter leading to another, until now Mrs. Graham's weekly budget to her big boy was full of Mrs. Frazier and the sweet, womanly, motherly letters she wrote. April came, and despite his modest declination of such an honor, Geordie found himself chosen among the foremost of the nine hop managers for the coming camp. More than that, while study had become so habitual to him that he had risen slowly but steadily even in the most difficult portions of applied mathematics, his progress in chemistry and kindred topics had been still more marked. But, better than all, he was now in the midst of a course wherein no one in all the class was more thoroughly at home. From boyhood, drill and drill regulations, as they are called in this day,

"tactics," as they were in his, were matters of every-day acquaintance. He knew cavalry drill "from A to izzard," and the infantry tactics through the school of the battalion thoroughly and well. But all the same he left no stone unturned, no paragraph unstudied before each day's recitation. Here at least were subjects in which he could "face the music" week after week and fairly triumph. And to the delight of Connell, Winn, Ames, Ross, and the First Section men generally, it was seen that Geordie was "maxing" steadily through, never losing a single tenth in infantry.

"Go it, Coyote, go it!" said Con. "By jimminy, there isn't a man in the class that would begrudge you the first place if you can get it!" It was even queried whether Ames, to whom maxing in anything now came as easy as failure to some boys, had not deliberately "slouched off" a couple of points, so as to secure to Graham first mark in infantry; though, just to make sure of his own place in general standing, he stuck to a solid line of 3's in artillery, Pops following close behind. So far as marks were concerned, therefore, Geordie was certain of high rank in the general subject, for he was as thorough in cavalry as in infantry. Battery books alone presented any novelty to him, and it was conceded that the June examination could not change his prospects.

Meantime, too, as the spring wore on the members of the graduating class seemed to feel that it was due to themselves to behave towards Graham with marked cordiality and regard; anybody failing in this respect might render himself liable to suspicion of being in some way connected with the old Jennings clique, and no greater shame attached to any member of the corps now than that he had at any time been an associate of that fellow, or even been guided by his opinion. On the other hand, to be pointed out as the one man in the corps who had "knocked out" that redoubtable middle-weight was honor that overtopped the chevrons of half the Senior Class. No one doubted that there were other fellows who could have "bested" the representative of the "Sanguinary Second," but he had wisely refrained from giving them opportunity. Feeling sure of Pops, he ventured once too often, and down went the star of his glory.

May, with its sunshine and showers and long languorous days, "the days of spring fever and spring fights," as the cadets used to say, found the relations between Geordie and his company more and more cordial. All through the year, with absolute impartiality and quiet force, he had done his duty to the best of his ability; and Connell, with all his pride in "old D," was the last to claim for it a superiority over the color company. Bend declared he never had to bother his head about it at all. He marched it out to parade or inspection, but his first sergeant looked to the discipline. Among the officers of the tactical department, too, there was no lack of appreciation of the way in which "McCrea's plebe" had won his way up the ladder of promotion, and the relative position of the cadet officers for the coming summer was already a problem over which the corps was indulging in much speculation, and the commandant in no little thought.

The two finest positions, as has been said, are those of first Captain and Adjutant. The former commands the battalion in the mess-hall and on its way to and from the same, while the latter has the most conspicuous part to play at parade, guard-mounting, and the like. The first Captain is assigned to the right-flank, Company A, and his responsibilities are great. He requires dignity and strength of character beyond the other officers. The Adjutant should be a model in bearing, carriage, voice, command, but his duties are more picturesque than formidable. As a rule, these high offices, the captaincies, adjutancy, etc., are given to cadets whose scholarship and class standing are also high, for in the greater number of cases soldierly ability and character are there to be found. Yet it often happens that the head of the First Class is only a private in the ranks, and the senior Captain or the Adjutant comes from the other end of the line. When graduation is close at hand, however, the commandant makes out a list of the recommendations for the coming year, and this he submits to the superintendent. His wishes generally carry all possible weight.

It rarely happens that the first Captain is selected from outside the first sergeants of the previous year, and in four cases out of five the office goes to the first sergeant of Company A. The sergeant-major in the same degree is looked upon as a sort of legitimate heir to the adjutancy. He has served as senior non-commissioned officer for a year, and yet has had no opportunity of command other than the few seconds required in forming the guard. He may never have given the command "Forward, march!" He may turn out to have little or no voice, and voice is something an Adjutant must have. The first sergeants, on the contrary, have constant use for their lungs and larynx and faculties of command, and it used to happen quite frequently that to one of these, instead of the sergeant-major, the prize of the adjutancy was given.

But there was no room for doubt in Benton's case, said the corps. He was a soldier in every word and action; stood one of the five, *sure;* had a rich resonant voice that was good to hear in the cadet choir, and a delight at the entertainment given the fag end of February, "One Hundred Days to June." No doubt the plume and chevrons and sword-knot of the adjutancy would be his, "and no one," said Badger and Coyote, "would better grace or deserve it." On the score of the first captaincy they had less to say; but the battalion said a good deal. No one quite understood why, when Ames was dropped from third to sixth corporal, Wright had not been dropped from second to eighth, or even below. He was a fine, tall, dignified fellow, massive of voice and slow of movement, and a very hard student. He was "dad" of the class, but no longer stood in the 5's. He was a fine-looking corporal, and would have made an admirable color-bearer, but his impressive dignity was what lifted him so high at the start, and, acting as first sergeant of Company A in their yearling camp under a famous Captain, he made no serious failure, but could not compare with either Graham or Connell or Winn as a drill-master. He was made first sergeant of Company A, however, at the outset, and as he was methodical and massive things looked all right, but it soon became apparent that all manner of "breaks" could happen before his eyes, and Wright never see them. More than that, roll-call with him was a very perfunctory affair. Time and again he faced about, and reported "All present, sir," when one, two, and even, as once happened, six of his company had slept through reveille. Discipline couldn't help running down in Company A, and when recitations in tactics were about half over, it became evident that Wright was nowhere compared with Graham and Benton, Ames and Connell, and a dozen more of the class.

If Wright's made first Captain, he'll go to sleep some day, and the corps will march right away from him," said his own cadet Captain, who was a frequent sufferer from his sergeant's lapses. "Still he has the prestige of being first in Company A right along, and nobody can say what Colonel Hazzard or the Supe may do."

But it was decided soon enough.

Back from the beautiful grove one exquisite June morning marched the jaunty battalion, each graduate bearing in his white-gloved hand the diploma he had just received in the presence of the revered old General-in-Chief, who for the last time addressed the eager audience in cadet gray. Once more the line reformed in the

shade of the massive elms in front of the barracks. Gray and white and motionless it faced the tall plumed figure of the cadet Adjutant unfolding the last order. Eagerly, impetuously a throng of visitors, men and women, girls and boys, came scurrying after and grouping breathlessly among the trees, all eyes on one form, all ears on one voice. Though he win the highest honors in the highest corps in the army of the United States, not for many years will that young gentleman be again the centre of such absorbed and universal regard. Quickly he rattles through the orders for the dispersal of the graduating class. Who cares for that? They all know that beforehand, anyway. They'll be out of cadet uniform and citizens in ten minutes from the word "Break ranks." Here's what all ears are striving to hear—listen:

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, NEW YORK, June 1, 188-

*Orders No.*

I. All appointments hitherto existing in the battalion of cadets are hereby annulled, and the following substituted in their stead:

To be Captains—Cadets Graham, Connell, Ross, and Winn.

To be Adjutant—Cadet Benton.

To be Quartermaster—Cadet Ames.

And now Pops is conscious that the trees are swimming, and he is getting dizzy. First Captain! First Captain! *He?* What will not mother say? What will not Bud say? It is almost incredible. But he gathers himself as the Adjutant runs down the list. He sees the smile on Bend's kind face as his loved friend and Captain faces about and for the last time says, "Dismiss the company." Mechanically his hand snaps in to the shoulder in salute as for the last time he jumps the old rifle up to the carry, then steps to the front, and faces to his left, and finds a frog in his throat as he gives the order for the last time to the company he has so well handled throughout the year, "Carry arms! Arms port! Break ranks! March!" and then is swallowed up in the cheering, handshaking, uproarious rush of the whole battalion; is lifted on the shoulders of a squad of stalwart fellows, faithful Con. among them, and borne triumphantly down along the road, and a lane is made through the gang of tossing shakos, and suddenly a lithe, little dark-eyed fellow, in natty suit of summery cits., sends a white top-hat spinning up into the overhanging elms, and clasps Geordie's right in both his dainty kid-gloved hands. "Pops, dear old boy, nobody's gladder than I am."

And, indeed, Frazier looks it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE BOOMERANG.

BY HORACE BAKER.

SINCE the memorable time when Captain Cook sailed into Botany Bay in 1769 and saw the naked native Australian poising erect to hurl his peculiar weapon, the boomerang has continued to excite the curiosity and amazement of the civilized world; and truly the finding of such a scientific weapon in the hands of this so-called lowest order of mankind is an astonishing fact, to be simply accepted as another oddity of this odd, topsy-turvy corner of the world.

This novel weapon became an intensely interesting object to me very soon after arriving in Australia; and for the purpose of studying it, I went persistently among the black fellows, whose friendship I cultivated in different ways, and so succeeded eventually in learning how to make and throw the boomerang. So far, well and good; but of its history I could learn nothing. Of the origin of the crooked stick there is no knowledge; one can only conjecture. It is possible it may have been born with the race itself from the accidental throwing of a flat stick; for from childhood the black fellow shows a natural bent for throwing things, as you can see by watching him use his only other weapons, the spear and club. The bow and arrow, so common in other lands, is not used, except in the extreme northern portion of the great island continent, where there is a mixture of the race with the Papuan of New Guinea.

There are the war boomerang, hunting boomerang, and amusement boomerang. This last is used for light hunting, such as killing ducks, cockatoos, and parrots, and is the one that is referred to when speaking of the boomerang. These sticks measure from a foot and a half to three feet and a half in length, the fighting and hunting ones being the largest and heaviest. The hardest and toughest wood is selected, and the form of the weapon follows the grain of the wood; thus, if the crook of the root or limb is little or much, so is the form of the boomerang. You will find that nearly every one is of a different shape. In my collection I have them varying from almost straight to a shape like that of the letter V.



WAR BOOMERANGS

Nearly straight, curved, plain, ornamented, some with strange carvings, and all varying according to different sections of the country and individual tribes, each having its own make or style, showing respectively rough crudeness or considerable finish, and being especially characteristic in the ends or points—all of which a boomerang connoisseur will distinguish at once, and locate as to tribe and section.

In the black fellow's humpy, where he keeps his collection thrown down in a corner with a pile of spears, clubs, rags, bark, and skins of kangaroo and wallaby, I have seen very rare and curious specimens.

The nomad black fellow makes his primitive humpy, or hut, in a location chosen temporarily, according to his necessities for hunting, fishing, and the like, by cutting a young sapling half through about four feet from the ground, and bending it over to a horizontal position, thus forming a ridge-pole, against which boughs and strips of bark are laid. The covered side is always against the wind, and before the open front a fire is always burning or smouldering. He does not like the wind, and if it changes, presto! the humpy, too, is changed in a twinkling.

Down in this humpy corner, underneath the pile of bark and skins, he will burrow like a rabbit when he goes to sleep, and from the same place he will provide himself with a weapon when starting off for a hunt.

I have been with him at various times and in sundry places, but remember particularly one tramp with a tall bushy-headed fellow, whom somebody had appropriately named Long Green.

Starting from the humpy we crossed a little stretch of scrubby country, and struck into the sunfretted gum-tree forest, locally known as "the bush." The black fellow is always on the alert for crooked boughs or roots, and as we trudged on Long Green in his quiet way kept his keen eyes on duty. Nothing escaped the observation of this child of the bush—bird or animal, crooked stick, stripping bark, or foot track, all were so many letters on the familiar page of his only book, the book of Nature.

However, finding nothing near, he led the way in and out to a spot where he was sure of getting crooked roots. When a suitable one was found and cut away by Long Green's hatchet, we turned our faces humpyward.

Arrived at the camp, fresh fuel was put on the smouldering fire, the embers were blown into a lively flame, and then the black fellow began operations by splitting the crook into slabs, cutting them thinner and thinner until of the required thickness. This was the first step in the making of a boomerang. The next was to put the slabs on the fire, where we watched them roasting and sizzling, for they were green and full of sap. In this state the wood is very pliable, and from time to time he took a crook off, held it between his toes, knees, and teeth, and twisted out all its inequalities. I have noticed that these people use their teeth with great dexterity.



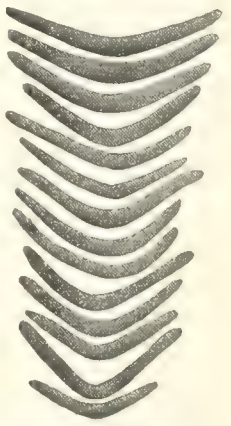
BLACK FELLOWS OF THE BUSH AND THEIR HUMPY.

More chipping, then more roasting, and the growing boomerang was now and again tossed carelessly on the ground just to see how it would act, while he glanced at it sideways, gave it a poke with his foot, and reminded me of a sedate old tomcat playing with a mouse. At last he gave it a gentle shy along the ground; then a stronger motion. It was buoyant; satisfactory. For the finishing off, it was scraped with a piece of broken bottle, the edges sharpened all around, and it was done—the boomerang was made! "White fellow, boss, chuck!" he said, handing it to me. It weighed about half a pound; the under side was rather flat, yet not entirely so, and the upper side slightly rounded, with the ends a little thinner than the centre. It was about half an inch thick and two and a half inches broad. After having amused myself while he was making another, I handed it back to him and told him to "chuck." It proved to be a very good one, and he entertained me with it for a long time. It is held with the flat side down and the concave edge forward, and is thrown from over the shoulder. At the moment when it leaves the hand it must be in an upright or perpendicular position.

The black fellow, with a short run and a grunt, sent the thing with a sudden jerk at an angle of some twenty-five degrees. After whirling through the air for nearly two hundred feet it began to rise, and its flight curved towards the left, taking in a circle of a hundred yards or more in diameter, and fell close to our feet, while throughout its whole course of nearly a thousand feet it kept up a harsh whirring sound, like the wings of a partridge in full flight, the rotary motion giving it the appearance of a ring or wheel moving through space. He caused it to form in its course the figure 8 a hundred yards in length, then again he sent it off in a horizontal direction for a hundred feet or more, when it quite suddenly turned and flew upward to a great height. It would wheel along the ground in a straight course and also in a circle, apparently possessed of some power in itself, and the black fellow would jump up and down, talking and ejaculating to it as though it understood him. He was an excellent thrower, and made it perform two and even three circles before falling to the ground. At his will it went from right to left, and from left to right. Most all boomerangs go but one way, being made for that purpose only.

Now all this seems contrary to the laws of nature and mathematics; but it is all right, and all the eccentric movements of the boomerang can be accounted for on scientific principles. Projectile force, rotary motion, and gravitation do it all, and though these are big words they mean something. You must not expect to throw it successfully without long practice. It is dangerous, too, in the hands of a beginner, for it is then that it "shows off," and is liable to run wild and chase some bystander in a most vigorous manner. It is all very amusing to see a man running to escape, but he invariably runs the wrong way; and if hit, it might be a serious matter for him.

There were several other humpies near by in the bush, and whenever my black fellow threw the boomerang the other black fellows would shout "kout kout!" meaning "look out!" and the women would seize the little naked blacks, and cuff them, and tumble them into the humpies in a most unceremonious manner; notwithstanding, their little black heads were soon peeping out again. The larger boys, of some six or eight years, were not interfered with, and they would run about and bring back the boomerangs which fell at a distance, for before we got through there were several black fellows with their boomerangs in the game. It was great fun. They stood in a row, I among them, and we sent the boomerangs chasing through the air. Some were thrown in one direction, some the opposite, passing each other in their flight; and as they began to return I had to hop about in a lively way. The black fellows ditto.



HUNTING BOOMERANGS

The boomerang has a favorite trick of hiding itself in the grass or bushes, and I have looked for one in vain in an open field and given it up as lost when on returning the next day, it was found at once. But not so with these little black fellows. They have most wonderful eyes, deep set in their heads, and their sight is perhaps keener than that of any other member of the human race. When a boomerang fell at a distance they would run as fast as they could until near the place, then stand perfectly still for a moment, like a hunting dog, make a dive into the bushes, and reappear with the boomerang in the hand. One little fellow was hit in the calf of his leg while standing thus. It was a bad cut, and bled freely. He disappeared among the humpies without a whimper, soon coming out again with a bandage of rags around his wounded leg.

It was now late afternoon. I knew the blacks liked to get in under cover before dark, so, with a half-crown to Long Green, some cakes for the little bushy heads, and good-byes, I walked off like a veritable savage, grasping firmly my newly made aboriginal boomerang.

## JO'S TOBOGGAN.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Wait a moment: careful — steady —
Take your breath. All right?
Good-by, earth and trudging people,
We are off for flight!

Hearts, for half a slipping second
Sunk in chill and fear,
Kindle with the joy of fleetness,
Answer cheer with cheer!

See the hill-side falling from us
Up in a balloon!
See slide down the sky beside us
The little yellow moon!

If the earth had any edges
We should soon be there,
Cold and sweet and dark and headlong
Bounding through the air!

All alive the winds go by us,
Whistling wild and far;
Tell me, now, is this a comet
Or a shooting-star?

## HOW AN OFFICER WON HIS PROMOTION.

THE scene of a pleasant little story of a young man's quickness of wit is laid in Egypt. It appears that when Kassim Pasha was Minister of War for Egypt, he issued stringent orders that his officers should never appear unshaved in public. One day he met in the street a Lieutenant who had "hearded" the Pasha and disregarded his order.

"To what regiment do you belong?" demanded the indignant minister.

"To the —— Regiment, at Abassueh."

"Get into my carriage at once, so that I can carry you to the encampment and have you publicly punished."

The Pasha soon stopped his carriage and entered a shop for a few moments to make some trifling purchase. Seizing the opportunity, the culprit darted into a barber's stall, and, minus his beard, regained his post before the return of his gaoler.

For the remainder of the route the officer buried his face in his hands and seemed the picture of apprehension. Abassueh was reached at last, and all the officers were assembled to witness the degradation of their comrade, who all the while kept well in the rear of his chief. "Come forward, you son of a dog!" cried the irate Pasha. His Excellency gave one long look of blank astonishment at the shaven face, and then, with an appreciative smile breaking over his war-worn features, turned to the assembled officers, and said, "Here, gentlemen, your old minister is a fool, and your young Lieutenant is a Captain!"

## EASTER TOYS.

ONE of the prettiest customs of the year is the giving of Easter gifts. Unlike Christmas, these presents at Easter-time are never supposed to be expensive. They are rather a little reminder of the happy Easter-time, and a sign from the giver to the receiver that the one is thinking of the other.

Of course there are many different kinds of gifts, and perhaps the most conspicuous are those prepared in the shape of eggs. These are not the only gifts that you can appropriately make for this time of the year. The different presents described here are all easily made, with almost no expense, and you will find that they will be very acceptable to those you decide to send them to, because they will be the result of your own labor and thought, and that is the best part of giving.



SAFETY PIN HOLDER.



THE FLATIRON.

A handy trifle for the sewing-table, and a most friendly little article to take into the country for the summer outing, is a simple flatiron. Gild the upper part, but leave the face untouched. Wind the handle with a woollen strip covered by a ribbon, or bias strips of fancy silk. In one end of the bow-knot stitch a thimble-case, in the other end a place to hold blunt scissors. Choose a heavy iron, and it will be always in use. It will have sewing pinned to the handle for swift running and hemming, or else it will be engaged in pressing sea moss or flowers, or holding papers together. But very often it will have thimble, scissors, and needles removed, and it will be heated to smoothe out ugly wrinkles in



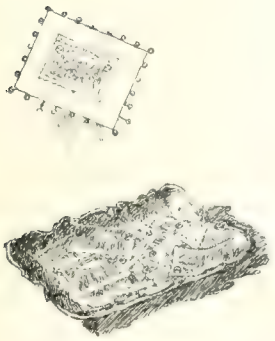
THE DOLL BONBON-BOX.



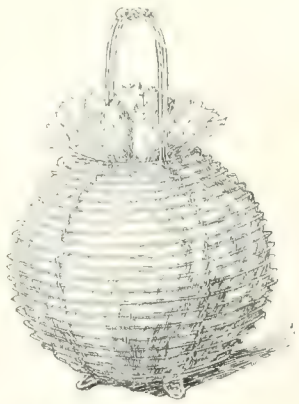
FOR STICK PINS AND HAT PINS.

cloth, or to dry and press a sponged spot. It will absolutely renovate twisted whalebones by dry pressing the bodice or corsets on the wrong side. Use in tailor fashion—that is, bang down the iron firmly, and bear upon it.

To make a pretty bonbon-box get a small wire egg-boiler and a tall round box with a flat circular lid. This box must fit inside the opening of the egg-boiler, reaching from the bottom to the top, so that the box lid lies level with the top of the wire opening. Before placing the box inside, take a sheet of pale green crimped tissue-paper, cut it in half lengthwise, and tie the strips into the form of a Maltese cross. Fasten the tie to the centre of the bottom of the wire frame inside. Spread out the strips inside, pressing them against the wires lightly with cotton-wool; in the centre of the wool put the box. Clip the ends of tissue-paper and paste them narrowly inside



POSTAGE-STAMP TRAY AND PIN-HOLDER.



THE EGG-BASKET BONBON-BOX.

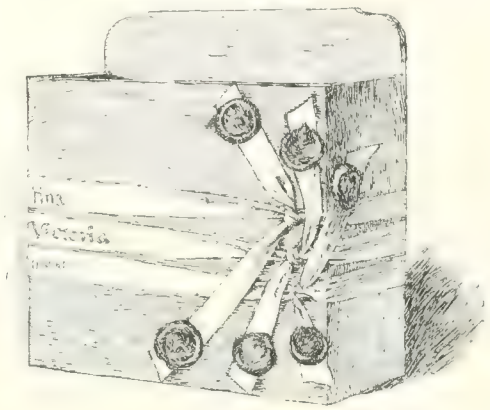
the box. Sew a pompon of the tissue-paper on the lid, and finish with a narrow hinge of ribbon. Fill the box with bonbons.

The box for stationery is made from a flat cigar-box. Take off the lid and front part, fasten them both on in place of the lid, curve off the projecting corners, and sand-paper the box carefully. Set it up on its back, and put in a few lead moulds and sachet powder, covering them with a false bottom of silk-covered pasteboard. Ornament the box with pyrography, or a cluster of postage-stamps varnished, or tie three or four cigar ribbons around the box, fasten their ends with red sealing-wax.

When postage-stamps are pasted very smoothly, "crazy-quilt" fashion, and varnished, they make a fine enamel-like "all-over" decoration, like those on the *small tray* of china from the Young Women's Christian Association Salesrooms. From the same pretty rooms came the postage-stamp *pin-holder*. A two-cent postage-stamp of the Centennial issue is mounted on a small oblong of card-board, covered with lavender silk; the front and back are alike. Black pins set off the tints very well.

Will you make another bonbon-box? Take a paper-doll's head and bust, and stitch on a strip of card-board about five inches high, making the figure about eight inches in all. Cut in half a sheet of crimped tissue-paper, gather the crimps together in the middle of each piece, and lay them over each shoulder, hanging even back and front. With a stout thread draw the drapery in like a girdle, just under where the arms belong, stuffing a morsel of cotton under the folds to give roundness. Paste the breadths of the skirt together, paste on the arms, catch the skirt lightly to the fingers, and in a fold or two around the front. The candy box is fastened to the pasteboard strip at the back.

A new holder for safety-pins is a china doll with two



A STATIONERY BOX.

strips of flannel hanging from its waist, stuck with pins; a satin ribbon covers these strips, suggesting an infant's robe.

For stick-pins and hat-pins a cushion may be ornamented by a china doll fastened to a circular piece of pasteboard. Around the "sitting-down" doll is a soft ring of curled hair, and this is placed in the centre of a piece of soft gay-colored silk. The silk is then drawn up lightly and gathered like a Loie Fuller gown around Miss Dolly's breast.

The iron-work which is now in such favor is really artistic and durable. The big toy-shops and sporting-goods shops keep outfits for this fancy-work. These patterns are not elaborate. Do not let the curves degenerate into circular curves; keep them "catenary" curves, and you can easily make an inkstand such as is represented in the illustration.



AN IRON-WORK INKSTAND.

THE SEASON'S ADIEU.

MINNIE. "Mamma, what do the letters P. P. C. mean in the corner of Mrs. Jones's card?"

MAMMA. "They stand for three French words, my dear—*pour prendre congé*—which mean, 'to take leave,' and such a card left at the door or sent by mail is said to be 'paying a parting call.'"

MINNIE (*after long thought*). "I've just been looking out at the trees, mamma, and they are all shedding their leaves. Look! the air is full of them. Don't you think maybe the summer is sending us P. P. C. cards? Maybe the red and yellow marks upon them are P. P. C. in tree language."

MAMMA (*kissing her*). "Maybe they are, dear, and maybe some day, when she grows into a woman, my little Minnie may be a poet."

---

OWEN Moore left town one day
Owen Moore than he could pay;
Owen Moore returned to-day, Owen Moore

---

JOHNNIE (*to little sister*). "May, can you tell me when mamma's a papa?"

MAY. "No. I don't see how."

JOHNNIE. "When she's a sigher (sire)."

A MISTAKE.

WILL. "Have you ever been abroad?"

REGINALD. "Why, I'm abroad *now*. I'm [illegible]."

---

SAMMY'S STYLE.

SAMMY. "I wish I could eat corn on the cob all the time, instead of out of a can."

MAMMA. "Why, Sammy?"

SAMMY. "Why, because on the cob it seems just like a turkey drumstick."

---

WALTER (*to chum*). "Did you ever hear that a pigeon can eat its own weight in meal?"

LOUIS. "Yes; but that's nothing: my canary takes a *peck* at every mouthful."

---

WHEREFORE.

ROBBIE. "Mamma, are apples ripe when they are green?"

MAMMA. "No, Robbie."

ROBBIE. "Then, mamma, how is it some apples are green when they are ripe?"

---

TODDLES. "Papa, I've found another word that's all wrong."

PAPA. "Well, Toddles, what is it?"

TODDLES. "Why, it's *butter-milk*. The idea of taking all the butter *out* of the milk, and then calling it *butter-milk*! When it comes from the cow it's butter-milk, seems to me."

PAPA. "Well, and what would you call it afterward?"

TODDLES. "*Butterless* milk, of course."

---

A GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

TEACHER. "Now who can tell me how many Americas there are?"

ELDEST SCHOLAR (*aged ten*). "Three."

YOUNGEST SCHOLAR (*aged five*). "Four."

TEACHER (*astonished*). "Four? Where do you find four?"

YOUNGEST SCHOLAR (*joyfully*). "North, South, Central, and the one at the Opera house."

---

STARVATION RATIONS.

"WHEN we was at Chicago," said Mrs. Wetherby, "we had a new bill of fare at the hotel table every day."

"At the hotel at which I stopped," said Aunt Jemima, "there wasn't no change, an' the bill of fare *was* a bill of air without no question, for 't seems to me 's if nothin' we hed to eat was a bit more solider than wind puddin' or blizzard cookies."

---

A SNOW MAN.

THAT snow man standing on the knoll
Smiles sweetly in the storm,
His eyes are great big lumps of coal
That keep him nice and warm.

---

LLOYD. "Papa, do you know what prevents the river from running away?"

PAPA. "No, my son; what is it?"

LLOYD. "Why, it's *tide* up."

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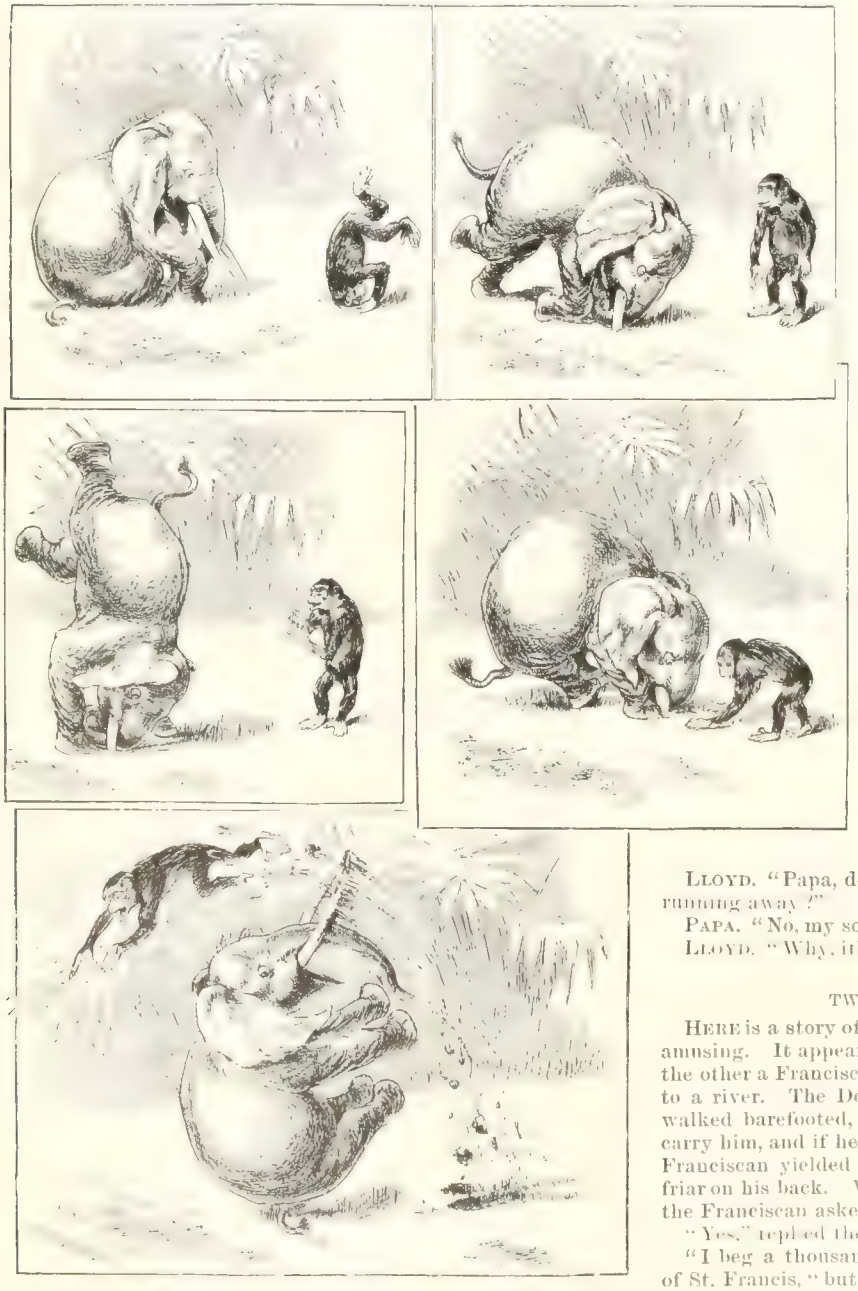
TWO CONSCIENTIOUS MONKS.

HERE is a story of a conscientious friar which is certainly very amusing. It appears that two monks, the one a Dominican and the other a Franciscan, were travelling together when they came to a river. The Dominican said to his companion that as he walked barefooted, he was bound by the rules of his order to carry him, and if he refused he would commit a great sin. The Franciscan yielded to this representation, and took the other friar on his back. When they had got to the middle of the ford the Franciscan asked the other if he had any money about him.

"Yes," replied the latter, "I have two rials."

"I beg a thousand pardons, my father," replied the disciple of St. Francis, "but my order forbids me to carry money."

And with these words he flopped his rider into the water.



SPORTS IN THE TROPICS—GYMNASTICS.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
VOL. XV—NO. [illegible]

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, MARCH 6, 1894.

FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.


## THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.


BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.


### CHAPTER I.

### PHIL AND SERGE.

ALTHOUGH the sun was shining brightly over the pleasant little British Columbian city of Victoria, and the air was filled with the flower scents and bird notes of late spring-time, at least one of the strollers along its busy streets was so decidedly unhappy that he paid no attention to sunshine, birds, nor flowers. Life just then seemed a very serious and perplexing affair to Phil Ryder, and to quote an expression that he himself had often used in regard to others, he looked as though



he had lost his last friend. "If any one in all that strange foreign city had been intimate enough with him to suggest this to Phil," he would have replied, "And so I have, for I have lost my last dollar, and in a strange country I don't know of any better friend than the good old Yankee dollar."

How it all happened was this way: Phil was a New England lad, and hailed from the quaint old Connecticut town of New London. He was freckle-faced and curly headed, not very tall, but so broad shouldered that no one ever thought of asking him if he was travelling for his health. What with rowing, paddling, and sailing, skating and coasting, playing football until he became centre rush and captain of his school team, going on long delightful outing trips to the Maine woods with his father, who had been the most painstaking of teachers in the useful arts of shooting, fishing, and camping out, this boy had early developed into an all-round athlete of more than ordinary attainments. With each added pound of strength had come an increase of self-reliance, until at the age of seventeen he was about as independent and manly a young fellow as one would be apt to discover in a long day's journey.

But this very independence often led him into trouble. Like most self-reliant boys he was inclined to place an undue value upon his own knowledge and acquirements, and to make light of those of his elders. All except his own father, whom Phil regarded as the very wisest and best of men, and whose example in all things he was most anxious to copy.

And yet from this very father the boy inherited his worst fault, which was that of carelessness. Although his aunt Ruth, who had brought him up from the babyhood in which he lost his mother, made a point of providing him with a place for everything, and had almost hourly during his whole life impressed upon him the importance of keeping things in their places, he never yet had learned the lesson she strove so earnestly to impart. He would say, "Yes, Aunt Rue, I'll remember," give her a hearty kiss, and rush away with an instant forgetfulness of all she had just said. He lost and mislaid not only his own things, but those of other people, until at length no one who knew him would lend him anything of value. He forgot messages, and could not be trusted to go on errands. He was forever in hot water on account of broken engagements, and though naturally a bright student, was always in trouble over his lessons on account of having to spend most of his study hours in searching for mislaid books. Generally they were found flung into a corner of the stone wall bounding the football field, tucked carefully under the steps of the boathouse, or hidden away in some other unlikely place that no one but he would have thought of, and any one but he would have remembered.

His son's heedlessness was Mr. Ryder's greatest trial.

"Philip! Philip! why won't you overcome it for my sake, if not for your own?" he would cry; and the boy would answer:

"I do try, Pop; indeed I do, but it's no use. I was born that way, and I expect I shall be that way so long as I live. After all, I am the one who suffers most from it."

"Hold hard, Phil! There's where you are wrong. No one can truly say that, for no one can ever know how far-reaching may be the consequences of his own actions. With every single act of carelessness you cause more or less anxiety and inconvenience to those about you. Sooner or later, just so sure as you fail to conquer this wretched habit, it will lead you, and probably others with you, into some unhappy predicament, from which I pray you may escape without the accompaniment of a life-long sorrow."

After a talk like this Phil would reform for a day or two. He would present himself to his astonished school mates as a model of punctuality, and would show an attention to trifles that was painful in its minuteness. These efforts of reform were always accompanied by such an unnatural restraint of manner, so severe an expression of countenance, and so stern a refusal to engage in any of the frivolities of life, such as football or even the minor sports of the season, that there was always a general rejoicing when in some sudden excitement the young *penitent* forgot his vows, and relapsed into his old jolly, heedless self.

Even to Aunt Ruth these brief seasons of austere reform were periods of trial and anxiety lest by some unguarded act or word she should fail to set her nephew a proper example. So she, too, secretly breathed a sigh of relief when the day of penance was ended, and she could resume her accustomed way of quietly picking up and putting things to rights, after one of Phil's sudden inroads through the house in search of something that must be found at once, because all the fellows were waiting. He knew he left it right here! and what could have become of it?

Phil's father, Mr. John Ryder, was a mining expert, whose business of examining into the condition of mines, and reporting upon their value for the information of capitalists or stockholders, kept him travelling pretty constantly to all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world. Phil considered it the most delightful business in which one could engage, and longed for the time to come when he might follow in his father's footsteps. He even thought it a little hard that the latter would never allow him to go as his companion upon any of his distant journeyings, but insisted on his attending strictly to school and his studies.

Mr. Ryder always so arranged his affairs as to spend a part at least of every vacation with his boy, and then they took those long trips into the woods that, up to this time, had formed the most delightful episodes of Phil's life. At other times, when he was at home, Mr. Ryder devoted himself so entirely to his son, and entered so heartily into his pursuits and plans, that a very strong bond of sympathy existed between them, and the boy was never so happy as when in his father's company.

Now it happened that the very year in which Phil was to graduate from the New London High School found his father engaged on an important and prolonged survey of mining property in the distant and little-known land of Alaska. It was a great disappointment to both father and son that the former could not be present at the latter's graduation. At the same time there were compensations in a promise of glittering possibilities held out by Mr. Ryder.

"If you will only graduate within five of the head of your class, Phil, you shall come out and spend the summer with me in Alaska," he had said, and the boy knew that he meant it.

What a prospect was thus held forth! and what boy in his senses would refuse to work hard for such a reward as that? A whole summer in the distant wonderland of the far north, amid Eskimos and Indians, volcanoes and glaciers, wolves and bears, seals and salmon! Every fellow in school, and nearly every boy in town, for that matter, knew of the splendid prize for which Phil was striving, and they watched him either with feelings of mean envy that secretly hoped he might lose it, or with an honestly outspoken hope that he might win it, according to their dispositions.

These New London lads knew, or thought they knew, a great deal about Alaska; for had not Serge Belcofsky, a young Russo-American from Sitka, attended one of their schools for a whole year? He had come on an arctic whaler that had touched at Sitka on her homeward voyage. With an uncommon perseverance, and a longing

for a better education than he could obtain at home, the lad had worked his way to New London on this whaler, had with infinite patience and self-denial worked his way through a whole year of schooling, and was now working his way back towards his distant home on a fishing-schooner that had been purchased in New London by parties in Victoria, British Columbia, for use on the Pacific coast.

During his whole year of schooling Serge Belcofsky had been terribly homesick, and his intense longing for his far-away northern home had made it seem to him a veritable paradise. Thus from the outpourings of his full heart the other boys had learned that, while in certain portions of Alaska there were such things as cold weather, ice, snow, fogs, and in summer-time incredible swarms of the most blood-thirsty mosquitoes, and other unpleasant features, these were almost unknown in Sitka, which was by far the loveliest spot on the face of the earth.

There, according to Serge, for some reason not made quite clear, though probably on account of the heat from surrounding but perfectly harmless volcanoes, perpetual summer reigned, flowers bloomed incessantly, and the woods, always green, were filled with the most beautiful birds. Sitka itself was a great and wonderful city, containing a castle, a cathedral, a fort, a parade-ground for the troops always stationed there, a battery of heavy guns, a Governor's residence, stately men-of-war in its harbor, Indians in its suburbs, and a thousand other attractive features. Besides all this, there were gold mines of fabulous richness on every side; in fact, the lofty mountains rising just back of the city were full of gold.

This last was the statement that the boys most doubted until it was confirmed by Phil Ryder, who happened to overhear both it and their incredulous exclamations. He knew, of course; for was not his father acquainted with all the gold mines in the world? and had he not even now gone out to set the seal of his approval on those of Alaska?

Phil did not know Serge Belcofsky very well; for though the latter was of about his own age, he was so far behind in his studies as to be in a lower class, and so infinitely removed from a fellow of the former's high attainments. At the same time, as the young Russo-American did not understand any of the games played by the Yankee boys in whose company he found himself, and was far too busy earning his daily bread to learn them, the leading athlete and ball-player of the school regarded him with a sort of pitying indifference. He did not altogether ignore him, and even on occasions listened with the smiling indulgence of a superior to the young Sitkan's marvellous tales of his native place.

For this, Serge, who regarded Phil with an admiration that almost amounted to reverence, was deeply grateful, and when the young hero of the ball-field went so far as to back up his most doubtful assertions, and so establish them as truth beyond further question, his gratitude knew no bounds. In a vague effort to express it, he ventured to present Phil with his most valued possession—it was the ivory tooth of a fur seal exquisitely carved that had been given to his father many years before, as a token of highest esteem, by a chief of Chilkat Indians—one of the most powerful and warlike of Alaskan tribes.

Phil deigned to accept this gift, and even went so far as to wear it attached to his watch-chain to the unfeigned gratification of his sincere admirer and would-be friend. Although Phil's watch was but an inexpensive one in a nickelled case, and its chain was of steel, this new ornament attracted so much attention from all who happened to note it, that the lad at length began to value it rather highly himself, and to study with interest the curious devices with which it was so beautifully carved.

## CHAPTER II.

### WINNING THE PRIZE.

SERGE BELCOFSKY had departed early in the year, and Alaska was lost sight of by most of the New London boys amid the throng of more immediate, and to them important, interests that crowded thick and fast into their lives. These were Billy Bow's birthday party, the opening of the gymnasium, the launch of the new yacht, theatricals for the library fund, the last skating match of the season, and a score of other things demanding their undivided attention. Phil Ryder managed to take some part in all of these, though he was by no means so active nor so much of a leader as formerly. That Alaska trip was to him a living reality, and he was striving for it with all his might. Some of the other fellows were provoked that he should neglect sports, in which he had so excelled, for the mere purpose of studying, while there was still so much time left in which to attend to that.

"There are two whole months yet before graduation," argued Al Snyder one day, when he was vainly endeavoring to persuade Phil to undertake the coaching of the nine. "Two whole months! And yet here you are grinding away as though examinations were to begin to-morrow. Catch me working like that!"

"Oh yes, you would," laughed Phil, "if you had the prize held out to you that I have."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Al. "You know you can go on that trip no matter where you stand. Your governor only put it that way to try and make you work a little harder. It's just one of his tricks. They're all up to them."

"It is nothing of the kind!" retorted Phil, hotly. "And you don't know what you are talking about when you speak in that way of my father. He never said anything in his life that he didn't mean. If I am *inside* of number five I'll go to Alaska, and if I'm not, I won't. That's all there is about it. But I mean to be inside, and as I can't make sure of that and watch the nine at the same time, you see it is impossible for me to do what you want."

So Phil stuck to his books, and all of a sudden there came a letter from Mr. Ryder stating that, as his work was drawing to a close sooner than he had expected, and as he was more desirous than ever of having his son visit the wonderful country in which he was located, Phil might come out to him at once, without waiting to graduate, provided he stood better than number five in all his classes.

Here was a startling proposition! Did he stand better than five everywhere? The boy rapidly ran over his position in his several classes. He was within the magic number everywhere except in mathematics, and there he stood at exactly five.

"I could have stood better than five there too, if I had not given my chance to hump-backed Jimmy, the other day," he reflected, though he was too honorable a fellow to even have hinted at such a thing aloud. He knew it, and he thought Jimmy himself knew it, for he had seen a quick flush rise to the cripple's pale cheek when it happened; but he didn't believe any one else did, nor did he intend they should. Still, what could he do under the circumstances? He was not *inside* of number five in *all* of his classes.

The struggle was too hard a one for the boy to make alone, and he carried his perplexities to Mr. Blake, the head-master of his school. After the latter had read Mr. Ryder's letter, and listened attentively to Phil's presentation of the facts, he laid his hand on the lad's shoulder, and said,

"Philip, do you remember the sentiment with which you headed your final composition of last year?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "of course I do. My father gave it to me, and I shall never forget it."



IN FACT THE MOUNTAINS BACK OF SITKA W[illegible] FULL OF GOLD.

"What was its exact wording?"

"'Regard honor as more precious than life itself; for without the former the latter is valueless,'" repeated Phil, in a low tone.

"You would hardly care to sacrifice your life for the sake of this trip?"

"No, sir, nor my honor either!" cried the lad, with a brave tremble in his voice. "So, as I cannot say with perfect truth that I am inside of number five in all my studies, I will write to father to-night, and tell him the proposed trip must be given up."

"Spoken like the honest, true-hearted Yankee lad that you are, Phil Ryder!" exclaimed Mr. Blake, grasping the boy's hand, and holding it tightly clasped. "Stick to that principle through life, and you will have mastered the secret of all true success. But let us look into this matter a little further. I happen to have noticed a private transaction between you and lame Jimmy the other day. If you had not, as I believe purposely, made the same mistake that he did you would have gone above him, and would now stand number four instead of number five in geometry. Now, on account of that I have a proposition to make. While I am sorry not to have you graduate with your class, I know that your father has good reasons for wishing you to visit Alaska this summer, while with you the desire to join him there is very great."

"Indeed it is, sir!"

"Well, then, if you will give me your word of honor not to divulge a word of their contents, I will place the forth-coming examination papers of your class in your hands. If you can satisfactorily answer ninety per cent. of their questions, you will stand safely within the number named by your father, and I will give you a certificate to that effect."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Phil, with such a revulsion of feeling from deepest disappointment to brightest hope, that even the sunset seemed suddenly to have taken on a new and more radiant splendor. "Of course I promise! and, of course, I shall be only too glad to try the examinations!"

"Very well," said Mr. Blake. "Come to my study to-morrow evening directly after tea, and we will make a beginning with English literature and Latin. In the mean time don't mention to any one, excepting your aunt, what you are doing."

How thankful Phil was that he had so used his time as to be able to approach this trial with confidence, and how hard he did work during the next three days in revising his studies of the previous year! What anxious minutes he spent at the conclusion of the third evening of ex[illegible] while Mr Blake looked over and marked the last paper, the one in mathematics, that he had just finished [illegible]

"It is all right, Philip!" the head master finally announced, "and I do [illegible] congratulate you on your [illegible] This last paper brings your average up to ninety-three per cent., which, as compared with the class standings of the past ten years, lands you well within the limit named by your father. I therefore feel no hesitation in giving you that rank, and you may, with a clear conscience, start on your journey just as soon as your preparations can be made. Good-by! God bless you! I trust you will have the glorious time you expect, and which you have so honestly earned. I also hope that in the autumn you will return to us with a richly increased knowledge of our great country, and particularly of that vast Northern territory concerning which there is still so little general information."

If the last three days had been busy ones for Phil, they had been equally so for his aunt Ruth, for in that short time she had been compelled to do all the making ready and packing, for which she had expected to have as many weeks. In these few days, during the infrequent intervals that her nephew spared from his studies, she felt it her duty to stock his mind with stores of good advice and oft-repeated warnings against his besetting fault. He listened with what patience he could command, but finally laughingly declared that it would be necessary for him to live at least a hundred years to put all her precepts into practice.

"Oh, but, Phil!" she exclaimed, pausing in the packing of his trunk to emphasize her remarks, "you are so young and so careless, and the journey before you is so filled with terrible possibilities! I declare I don't know but what I ought to go along to take care of you."

"Nonsense, Aunt Rue!" retorted the young athlete, at the same time picking up the slight figure of his anxious relative and swinging her, ruffled and indignant, into his father's great leathern arm-chair; "if I'm not old enough and big enough now to take care of myself, I never shall be. Of course I know that I have been careless at times, and heedless, and all that. I can assure you, though, that my careless days are things of the past, and that hereafter no graybeard of your acquaintance will afford a more perfect model of prudence than your humble nephew. As for you! well, the mere idea of a dear little thing like you wandering away out there among the Siwashes to protect a fellow of my size is prodigiously absurd. It surely is."

"Absurd or not, Master Impudence, you'll see the day more than once, before this trip is ended, that you'll wish your old aunty was at hand with a little of her common-sense to help you out of some reckless scrape or other. Mark my words, you will."

"All right, Aunt Rue, I'll mark down your words as you suggest; mark 'em down to half price. I'll also make a note in my log-book of every time I get stranded for want of your counsel. Then when the cruise is over I promise to make a full confession, and humbly beg for those chunks of wisdom that shall enable me to steer clear of all such rocks in the future."

"Get away with your foolishness, you young scapegrace!" cried Aunt Ruth, jumping down from the arm-

chair, and attempting a box on Phil's ear, which the boy skilfully dodged, as a preliminary to resuming her packing.

At length all was in readiness, the last lingering good-byes were spoken, and the boy was fairly launched on his travels. All his young friends, and apparently half the town beside, were assembled at the station to see him set forth. His trunk was checked, he carried an overcoat on his arm, in his hands were a stout travelling-bag, and in a canvas case the beautiful Winchester that had been his father's last birthday gift.

There was a grand shout of farewell from the fellows as the train finally moved out from the station, and Phil answered it with a wave of his hat from the rear platform of the last car. Then going inside he sat down to reflect upon his glorious prospects that seemed to stretch away in a limitless haze of exciting adventure and daring exploit. If he could have had but one real glimpse of the varied hardships and bitter experiences held by the immediate future, I am afraid he would have shrunk from them as did the poor little bear who found himself alone in the world with all his troubles before him. Fortunately for our hero's peace of mind, his vision was just as limited as is that of every one of us, who can have no possible inkling of what each coming day may bring forth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PETER WALKING ON THE WATER.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D.

I ONCE spent a day in an open boat on the Sea of Galilee. For a while the water lay as smooth and as blue as if it had been a patch of the sky that had fallen. The high hills stretched themselves along the shore like sleeping giants guarding some sacred fountain. But suddenly the wind rose; perhaps I should say that it fell, for it seemed to tumble over the tops of the hills, and roll down the slopes, and dig the water into gullies, and pound it into spray, so that we were glad to get into a little cove and land.

Our boatmen shrugged their shoulders, and said that this was only "a little breeze." As we watched the water, ravelled into shreds, I thought what a turmoil there must have been here when old fishermen like Peter called it, as the Bible says, "boisterous," and "contrary," because of a "great wind that blew."

The scene in the picture occurred at night. Did you ever watch a night storm at sea? No matter how dark it is the spray seems white, and hisses along the waves as superstitious people fancy ghosts glide about in their shrouds. But the disciples in the boat, as they peered through the gloom, and tried to keep the bow "head on to" the waves, saw something which they knew was not a mere spray sprite, for it kept its shape, and came steadily toward them. They were afraid, and cried out, "It is a spirit!"

Then another wonder occurred. They say that a sweet musical note can be heard above a noise that is a great deal louder. The sound of the fife penetrates the roar of the guns and the shouts of the soldiers in the battle.

So the disciples heard a sweet voice that floated along the waves and above all the roar of the storm. It said: "It is I. Be not afraid!" They knew that it was the voice of their friend Jesus, and they knew, too, that Jesus was God, for their Bible taught them that God "alone spreadeth out the heavens and treadeth upon the waves of the sea."

No doubt they all felt like not speaking a word, for the Bible also says, "Be still, and know that I am God." All must have been overcome by their awe of so great a miracle; all but one. He was Peter, who intruded upon the silence with the cry, "If it be Thou, bid me come to Thee on the water."

This makes us think of two things we know about Peter. He was a very *impulsive man*. That is, he often acted without thinking much. Once he was fishing in his boat, and saw Jesus walking on the shore. He could not be patient and let the boat come to shore, but jumped into the sea and embraced the Master with his dripping garment. On another occasion he drew his sword, and cut off the ear of a servant of the High Priest, without stopping to think that the little band of disciples could be no match for the crowd of enemies by which they were surrounded, and that the Master did not want any such defence of himself.

Now we all like to see people act quickly from noble and brave impulses, provided that, at the same time, they show good judgment. But quick impulses without judgment often get us into trouble. I have in mind a boy who will make a grand man; but he will have to get some hard knocks to teach him more discretion. In the class-room, if a question is asked of another scholar, this fellow cannot help snapping his fingers and calling out the answer. In playing football, he cannot keep his own place and guard against his proper antagonist, but rushes pell-mell after the ball, and often spoils some fine play that his side is making by getting in the way of better runners than himself. The teacher calls him the "Irrepressible." The boys call him "Fresh." I should call him "Little Peter."

During the war a company was ordered one night to move in perfect silence so as to secure a position of advantage without alarming the enemy. A soldier in advance, seeing some gray coats in the distance, but within range of his rifle, could not resist the impulse to fire. The noise, of course, put the enemy on guard, and spoiled the plans of the general. He was a brave "Peter."



HE LOST EVEN HIS ORDINARY FISHERMAN'S COURAGE.

A good engineer keeps his hand just as ready to use the air-brake as to put the throttle and let on steam. A strong sense of propriety is the air-brake for an impulsive disposition. Unless you learn to use it you will be apt to jump the track.

But Peter was a *presumptuous man* as well as an impulsive one. He was officious, pushing, self-asserting, presuming that he was wiser, stronger, and of more consequence than he really was. While the other disciples looked with awe at the Lord's miracle, so fitting the character of Him who came to represent the Godhead to men, Peter presumed upon the propriety of his taking part in the stupendous deed. He, too, a man, would walk on the sea! He would add his little annex to the House Wonderful.

Our Lord did not suggest this; He only permitted Peter to try the experiment that He might teach him his folly.

And how miserably Peter failed! He not only could not walk on the water, but lost even his ordinary fisherman's courage. I doubt if there was another man in the boat who would have been frightened if he had fallen overboard. But Peter, a strong swimmer, lost his presence of mind, became frightened, and cried out, "Lord, save me!" I wonder if some of the disciples did not whisper, "Served him right!" when they took him from Jesus' hand and lifted him back into the boat?

Somebody who reads this will say, "If Peter had only had faith enough he might have walked on the water," for Jesus rebuked him, saying, "O thou of little faith!" True. But Jesus did not help him have any such faith. On another occasion He said to Peter, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." This time He let it fail.

A man said that he was going to live alone by faith and prayer, so would not work. His clothes became seedy, his home was mortgaged, he began to sink financially and socially, and but for the "helping hand" of a friend, would have "gone under." You see, this man was presumptuous in thinking that God would feed him, when God has said of everybody else, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." Ravens fed Elijah when there was no other way of his getting food. And if you are doing God's service, and come to want, He will help you through. But the only ravens that come to a man who will not try to earn a living are such ravens as come to men dying in the desert, to pick their bones.

A young man of my acquaintance was very fond of the company of a set of wild and dissipated fellows. I advised him not to go with them, for the rule is, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." But he said, "Oh, *I* am able to take care of myself wherever I am." He was presumptuous. He sank in the waters of dissipation before he was twenty-five years old.

It is a grand thing to trust in God when you are sure you are doing a thing that is necessary, or that is on the line of His commandments. But it is a foolish thing to trust that He will help you carry out your mere whims or conceits.

Peter afterwards did things as wonderful as walking on the sea would have been; but they were things that were helpful to others, as when he healed the sick; or they were miraculous deliverances when he had got into trouble while doing his duty, as when the prison opened. Be afraid of nothing if you are sure you are humble and right.

One of the grandest characters in old English history was Saint Cuthbert. Once when he was on his mission of mercy to the poor people, a storm drove his little boat on the coast. His comrades were disheartened, and cried: "The snow closes the road along the shore, and the storm bars our way over the sea. What shall we do?" The brave man replied, "There is still the way of heaven that lies open." On they pushed, and somehow made their journey in safety. But if Cuthbert had tried to show how heaven would help him to work a miracle by walking on the raging billows of the North Sea, the world would never have heard any more of him. Says the Psalmist, "Trust in the Lord, and do good." But there is no use trusting in Him if you are doing anything else.

## MARCH

"HO!" he" said young March, and he grinned,
"Look out for your clothes if they're pinned,
For I'll blow them and tear them
Until you can't wear them,
And your noses and hands shall be skinned
With my boisterous, boisterous wind."

But his grinning in tune proved a grind,
When he couldn't unpin us, he pined;
For he found this young scion
Of the fierce, roaring lion —
He must go, like the lamb and its kind,
With a meek little, weak little wind.

ANNA M. PRATT.

## WINNING IN A CLOSE SEVEN SECONDS.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

THE Arcturus Club, of Freeze Bank, New Jersey, was an organization of twenty-five boys who had banded together for the better enjoyment of all winter recreations. On the bank of the river they had built for themselves a cozy frame dwelling, roomy enough for the purpose. It had a large open fireplace at one end, in which huge logs blazed every night during the season, and before which the members roasted apples and chestnuts, brewed pots of steaming coffee, baked oysters and clams, with which the river abounded, and in its cheerful glow concocted plans for the future.

This club-house had not been built without a good deal of trouble, for the boys were not rich. It was the result of a year's hard work of rigid economy, and of the saving of odd pennies. The girls of the village had lent them a helping hand by getting up a fair, which proved a regular bonanza. A lumber merchant sold them timber at less than cost. An architect and builder made plans for them free, and helped them with their work. A philanthropic property-owner gave them a ten years' lease of a plot of ground for the sum of $1 a year.

It took the boys all their spare time one summer to erect their club-house, but when it was completed, thanks to the co-operation of several carpenters who lent a hand, it was just what they wanted. Its front faced the river, twenty-five feet distant at high water. The house was on rather high ground, which had never been known to be flooded, and the river was reached by broad wooden steps.

This was the second season of the club, and the members had decided that it should be a brilliant one. But the members of the Arcturus Club were not altogether happy. A certain sharp thorn was rankling in each member's side, and it was bound to stay there until the defeat sustained in their first season should be effaced by a victory.

On Quince Lake, on the west bank of the Hudson, not far from Newburgh, there was a club of boys known as the Polaris Ice-Yacht Club. These young fellows had gone down to Freeze Bank with their smart boat *Jack Frost* the winter before, and had beaten the *Icicle* over

her own course in a most ignominious manner. The Arcturus boys took their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner, and surrendered the beautiful silken challenge pennant for which they had raced. They also feasted the victors at their club-house, and sent them away rejoicing. The silk pennant in question was highly prized by the Freeze Bank boys, for it had been presented to the club by the committee of girls who had got up the fair, which proved almost indispensable to the prosperity of the youthful organization.

As a matter of fact it was no wonder that the Freeze Bank Club was forced to succumb in the contest. Their antagonists brought down a regular racing craft, built for them at considerable expense by an expert professional, while the New Jersey boys' boat was crude in comparison. Moreover, the Quince Lake men by long practice had learned the art of handling an ice-boat to the best advantage, while, on the other hand, the members of the Arcturus Club had had fewer opportunities.

Immediately after their defeat, the Arcturus Club duly challenged their opponents, informing them that next season they would make an attempt to win back the pennant. By the terms of the contest the challenging club was compelled to sail over the course of the club holding the trophy, and this necessitated the sending of a racing ice-boat and a crew to Quince Lake. The Arcturus Club selected Jack Foster as their captain, and Jim Fortescue and Pete Bailey as the crew of the boat.

During the summer they had a new and improved *Icicle* built for them, with a suit of racing sails that did honor to the man who cut them. The club made a good many sacrifices in order to build the boat. But they were determined to pay spot cash for her.

It was a proud day for them, therefore, when, last November, the new *Icicle* was delivered to the club. She was pronounced a beauty and a marvel of lightness and strength. After gazing on her for fully an hour, they unbent the sails and stowed them carefully away. Then they hauled her into the club-house, and covered her up with burlap to keep her varnish bright.

And there she remained until the ice on Quince Lake froze hard and the ice-yachting season began. Then Captain Foster called a special meeting of the club to make arrangements for the coming race. How to transport the *Icicle* to Quince Lake and where to house her until the day of the race, so that their rivals might not "catch on" to the "wrinkles" in the rig, was the great problem to be discussed.

All hands seemed to be in a quandary, when Peter Zabriskie, the son of a farmer who owned a large tract of land in the vicinity, said he was sure his father would lend the club one of his large wagons and a team of his strongest horses to cart the boat to the lake. A deputation was appointed right away to secure the consent of Farmer Zabriskie, and while absent on this errand the question of where the *Icicle* should be kept until the time of the match was debated.

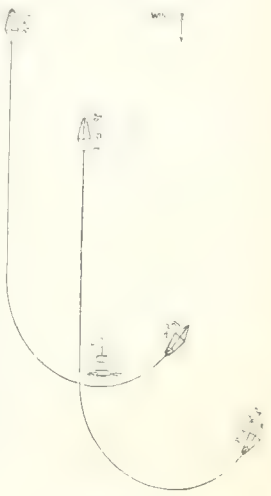
At last it dawned on the mind of one of the members that his uncle, Andrew Hopper, had his country home at Guysborough, about four miles from the lake, and he "guessed the *Icicle* would fit into his barn." He was asked to write to his uncle, and then the meeting was adjourned for a week.

Farmer Zabriskie gladly lent the wagon, and Mr. Hopper promised to find room for the ice-yacht. All was done as they had planned.

At last the day arrived when the yachts of the competing clubs were to race for the silk flag. It was a great occasion for both organizations, and early in the morning a crowd gathered round the Polaris Club House on the border of the lake. The Polaris boys thought that their old *Jack Frost*, which had won so easily the previous year, was quite good enough to defeat any yacht that their New Jersey opponents might bring along, and there she was in front of the club-house, looking as spick and span in a new coat of varnish and with her steel runners glittering like a brand-new sabre. The girl friends of both clubs were present in force, and while preparations for the match were being made they amused themselves by skating or coasting.

And now two great wagons galloped up from Guysborough. One contained the *Icicle* and her crew, the other was manned by the members of the Arcturus Club, all wearing tasselled toques of blue and white. In a few minutes the *Icicle's* sails were hoisted and she was ready for the fray. To say that the Polaris boys were surprised at her splendid appearance feebly expresses their feelings, and when she took a preliminary spin on the ice, with Captain Foster at the tiller, she moved with such speed and grace, and answered every touch of the helm so swiftly, that it seemed almost as if she were alive.

Captain Miller, of the Polaris Club, held a conference with his mates. "Our only chance," he said, "to beat that Jersey boat is to wait for more wind. If it keeps as it is now we haven't the ghost of a show. Thank goodness, the breeze is piping up every minute. The *Jack Frost's* best point is with a reef turned in, while the *Icicle* seems to be built for light weather. So we need not be in any very great hurry to start."



TURNING THE STAKE.

Then he turned away and offered Captain Foster and his fellow-members the hospitalities of the club-house, and explained that the *Jack Frost* was not quite ready, as some of her running-gear needed attention. Meanwhile the keen nor'wester was fairly humming and whizzing and freezing ears and noses. It was going to be a rattling race of five miles dead before the wind, to and round a flag-staff, and a beat back right in the teeth of the breeze to the starting-point, which was just in front of the club-house.

Captain Foster, knowing how fast and powerful the *Jack Frost* was in a stiff breeze, determined not to reef the *Icicle*, but to depend on her strength of construction. He had little doubt that in the run to leeward he would be beaten, but in the beat back he thought the sails of the *Icicle*, which set much flatter, and were of a more scientific cut than those of the *Jack Frost*, would win him the race.

Charley Miller laughed when he saw that Foster had no intention of reefing. He was satisfied that his fragile and flimsy-looking opponent with her immense sail area would be sure to carry something away when she struck one of those savage gusts that swept across the lake.

It was noon when the starting-gun was fired, and both yachts darted forth for the lee mark five miles distant. Miller, who was at the tiller of the *Jack Frost*, got the best of the start, and in a few minutes was more than a hundred yards ahead. Sailing an ice-boat before the wind is very different from sailing a sloop or cat-boat with the breeze aft. An ice-boat's boom is never eased off until it makes a right angle with the keel, as the craft always sails fastest across the wind. Thus the sheets are always trimmed flat, and the boat pursues a zigzag course partly with and partly across the wind. When beating to windward an ice-boat is sailed in the same manner as a sloop, cutter, or any other fore-and-aft rigged craft.



BOTH BOATS WERE TEARING BACK AT A FRIGHTFUL PACE

Charley Miller was justly celebrated for his skill in making an ice-boat go faster to leeward than the wind itself, and he handled his craft so capably that she slid away from her opponent at a rapid rate.

"It looks as though we're going to get badly licked," said Foster to Bailey. "Just see how Miller is ramping his boat along." He clinched his teeth, and concentrated all his attention on the management of the *Icicle*. But all his efforts in this direction were in vain. Miller was too old and too cool a hand at the business to be defeated going down the wind, which requires quite expert work.

"I think we've got 'em sure," he said; "when that gim crack gingerbread affair of theirs comes to haul up on the wind something is sure to snap. To tell you the truth, I think the wreck will have to be carted home."

Foster took an opposite view of the situation, however, and said to Fortescue that in the beat back the *Icicle* was going to do herself proud. "I think I can teach Miller a thing or two about turning a mark," he went on. "Anyway, I'm going to try."

This was no mere brag on the part of Captain Foster. He had taken part in regattas on New York Bay and on the Shrewsbury River, and was up to many an old boatman's manœuvre that had stood him in good stead on more than one occasion.

By this time they were rapidly getting down to the turning-point. A barrel full of stones with a pole to which a red flag was nailed marked the outward goal. This had to be rounded, and then came the beat back.

Now, whether Captain Miller became too confident of victory or grew a little careless, or whether he lacked the necessary knowledge, I am not quite certain. At any rate, he headed his boat nearly straight for the mark, instead of keeping away from it at a sufficient distance to allow her to make a successful sweep round it.

When Captain Foster noticed this he chuckled, and so did the other two boys.

It was an exciting moment. The *Jack Frost* was close on the mark, passing so near that she almost grazed it. This was a fatal blunder, for before she could round it she was carried far to leeward.

Foster had guarded against an error of this kind by keeping quite a long distance outside his rival, and then making a close turn, thus securing a commanding position to windward. The diagram on preceding page shows how this was accomplished. It will be seen that the *Icicle* began to make the actual turn before the *Jack Frost's* helm was starboarded, and thus gained the advantage.

How everything cracked and rattled aloft as the *Icicle* spun round the mark, and close-hauled on the port tack, pointed up almost in the teeth of the howling wind, and began the homeward beat! Her weather runner was high in air, but in spite of the enormous pressure of the blast nothing carried away.

The crew of the *Jack Frost* were much surprised at the failure of the *Icicle* to collapse. They did not realize how well she had been built.

Now came the beat home. The *Icicle* had the weather gauge and meant to keep it. Foster was quite as expert at beating to windward as his rival was at running before the wind, and so well did he handle his craft that in spite of the biting wind, which blew as if a more vigorous hand had got hold of the bellows, and in spite also of the dogged courage and determination of the boys on the *Jack Frost*, the Jersey boat kept her antagonist under her lee.

Foster kept a sharp eye on Miller, and when he tacked, the *Icicle's* helm was also put down. Both boats were tearing along at a frightful pace, and the beat back to the club-house was only a question of a very few minutes, the ice being remarkably free from cracks and hummocks. The yachts finished in the sharpest squall of the day, the *Icicle* only seven seconds ahead of her rival, whose mainsail split from clew to throat as she crossed the line.

Then there was great cheering for both victor and vanquished. The prize pennant was hauled down from the flag-staff and was presented gracefully to Captain Foster by Captain Miller, who shook his rival's hand with a cordial grasp. "We shall try for it again next year, and are bound to get it," said the plucky boy.

"That you never shall," exclaimed in chorus the committee of Freeze Bank girls.

# CADET DAYS: A STORY OF WEST POINT.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING," "BETWEEN THE LINES," "CAMPAIGNING WITH CROOK."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT a wonderful summer was that of Geordie's First Class camp! To begin with, even the graduates had helped shoulder him through the sally-port after the announcement of the new appointments, and then turned out in their civilian dress with canes and silk umbrellas and all manner of unaccustomed unmilitary "truck," and cheered him as for the first time he swung the battalion into column, and marched it away to the mess-hall, and the new yearlings sliced up the white belts he wore that day, and divided them among their number "for luck," and many an appeal came for the old first-sergeant chevrons. But Pops shook his head at that. They went off by mail far out across the rolling prairies to Fort Reynolds, where, in his letter to mother, a few modest words told of the high honor conferred upon him, and that he "thought it should go to Con."

Buddie never waited to hear the end of that letter. He bolted hatless out of the house, and down the line of officers' quarters to tell McCrea, shouting the tidings to everybody he saw as he ran. And McCrea came over to the doctor's forthwith, and Captain Lane and his charming wife dropped in before the family were half through tea, and the Colonel came in later to congratulate Mrs. Graham, and so did many another wife and mother during the evening, and it was a season of joy and gladness not soon to be forgotten; and who shall say what volume of praise and thanksgiving and gratitude went up with the loving woman's prayer when at last she could kneel and pour out her heart all alone?

Indeed it seemed, especially to Buddie, an event of much greater moment to the friends on the frontier than it did to Geordie. His first concern was for Connell. Wright, of course—big ponderous fellow, moving slowly as big bodies always do—could not be expected to come at once to congratulate the comrades who had stepped over his head. He was "let down easily," however, and made First Lieutenant of the company instead of Captain, but he came over to shake hands with Graham, and tell him it was "all right," and found that Connell had never left his chum from the moment the battalion was dismissed. Brushing his way through the crowd, the loyal fellow had almost fought a passage to Geordie's side. He could



AND SEE HER BOY SWINGING HIS SABRE AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST PLATOON.

not bear the idea that Graham's triumph should be clouded by fear of Con's disappointment.

"Why, Pops, honest Injun, I'd hate to leave old D. now that I've got to know them all so well, and I told you candidly if I expect to land in the Engineers next June I want nothing to interfere with my studies meantime, and first captaincy is a powerful tax on a man's time and thought. But even outside of that, I believe you deserve it more and will honor it more than any fellow in the class."

And with such friends at his back what young soldier would not feel pride and hope and confidence? Then came the close of the examination; the announcement of class standing; and Geordie had clambered out of the twenties and well up into the teens, standing second in drill regulations, as they are called to-day, third in discipline, well up in drawing, though still in middle sections in the philosophical and chemical courses. Ames was easily head, Benton third, Ross fourth, and Connell fifth. And then came the order to move into camp, and our Geordie found himself, with his Second Lieutenant for mate, occupying the north end tent of the company officers' row — the tent which, three years before, bucket-laden, and with shoulders braced and head erect, he had passed and repassed so many a time, never dreaming he should become so thoroughly and easily at home within the white walls into whose depth it was then profanation to gaze.

Meantime what of our old acquaintance Benny? All through the months of his sojourn in lovely Nassau the boy had written regularly to the friend of his plebe days, and some of those letters were very characteristic, so much so that Geordie sought to read them to certain of his chums by way of preparing them for Benny's return, but he found all but a very few members of the class utterly intolerant of Frazier. He had "behaved like a cad and a coward," said many of their number, taking their cue from Connell. It was all very well to write and prate about its being the turning-point of his life, starting all wrong, needing all this discipline and distress to set him in the right road. When he had returned and shown by his conduct that there were grit and manliness in him, all right; but the corps never did and never will accept a fellow at his own valuation. He must prove his worth. Benny Frazier might come it over tender-hearted women like Mrs. Dr. Brett, and Mrs. Hazzard, and Mrs. Other Officials, and such dear old dames as Pops himself, but he must "hoe his own row in the corps" was the general saying.

And so even Benny's rush to congratulate Geordie and the impulsive sacrifice of that immaculate tile had softened few hearts. Donning the cadet uniform, and silently resuming his place in the ranks of Company B, Frazier strove to ask no favors and resent no coldness. He was not tall enough to join the grenadiers of Company A. There was something pathetic in the big dark eyes as he, a First Class man in years, but a no-class man in law, stood irresolute in the company street the day they marched into camp. Yearlings and all had their tents chosen. There was no welcome for him. It was just as well that Mrs. Frazier obeyed her boy's injunctions, and kept away until late that summer. For a fortnight or so until the plebes came into camp Benny lived all alone. Then, assigned to a tent with Murray and Reed, two cadet privates of the class with whom he had never had dealings, and by whom he was treated with cold civility, he made no complaint, nor did he seem to seek their better graces. But Pops never failed to hunt him up if a day went by without Benny's coming to the first Captain's tent for a chat. He got Ross to give Frazier a seat at his table in Grant Hall, and would have interceded in other ways, but Frazier himself said no. "I have head enough left to see that I have got to work out my own salvation, Geordie, and you can't make them like me."

And so the humbled fellow kept his own counsel, hearing some pretty hard things occasionally, but saying nothing. The former terror of the plebes in no wise meddled with them now. Mourning for his father was sufficient reason for not attending the hops, which, despite his managership, Pops himself very frequently failed to visit. It was lonely work going on guard as the sole representative of an absent class, but Frazier made no remonstrance. There were little points in which he could not overcome the slothful tendencies of his earlier days. He was sometimes late or unprepared, but he took his reports without a murmur, and walked post like a man.

The summer wore on. Up with the dawn, out in the sun and the breeze from morn till night, hastening from one brisk martial exercise to another, sometimes in saddle commanding a platoon in the roar and dash of battery drill, sometimes a division in the school of the battalion, sometimes at the great guns of the sea-coast battery, waking the echoes of the Highlands with the thunder of their report and the shriek of the shells towards Target Point, sometimes on the firing-line of the skirmishers, Geordie seemed to broaden with every day, and as first Captain he was vigilance itself. "Even in Rand's day you never saw better order or discipline in the hall or in the ranks," said Connell, "and the best of it is, the battalion wants to do as he wishes."

"Coyote & Badger's a close corporation," was yet the saying in the corps, and it was fun to the First Class to hail their senior Captains by these far Western titles. One thing that neither of them would stand, however, was that any under-class man should refer to Geordie as "Pops." That pet name was reserved for the family and very intimate friends.

Connell, to be sure, was one of the gallants of the corps all the summer through, and to Geordie's keen delight his Badger chum seemed to be universally popular in society, and though their tents were at opposite flanks, as were their posts in line of battle, they were seldom far apart when off duty. The two, with Benton, formed what Ames sometimes referred to as the Cadet Triumvirate. Benton made a capital Adjutant, and the parades attracted crowds of visitors that, as August evenings grew longer, could hardly be accommodated.

Benny stopped one evening in front of the tent to say that his mother would be up on the morrow. "I have been calling at Dr. Brett's this afternoon, and they expect their relief next week. They've been here four years, you know."

It set Geordie to thinking. Medical officers of the army are seldom, if ever, kept more than four years at any one station, and his father had now been at Reynolds fully five. Nearly all his professional life had been spent in the far West. Three or four years he had been shifted about so rapidly and continuously that it was in partial recompense he had been retained so long at this big and pleasant post. "It must be about time for him to be shifted again," thought Geordie, "and now it's bound to be somewhere in the Division of the Atlantic." Odd! not for a whole month had the subject been mentioned in any of his home letters. His father rarely wrote more than a brief note; his mother never less than eight pages, and Bud's productions, curious compositions, were ever a delight to his big brother. But none of these had of late made any reference to change of station. How Geordie wished they might come East, and visit the Academy now!

One week later and the 28th of August was at hand. Camp was crowded, for the noisy furlough-men returned at noon, and were bustling about, making absurd pretense at having forgotten how to get into their "trimmings," and calling for some generous-hearted Fourth Class man to come and aid them. Visitors were swarming all over the post. Hosts of pretty girls had come for the closing hop, and the hotels were crowded to suffocation.

"Your mother promised to 'sit out' three dances with me, Benny," said Pops, as he wound himself into his sash, cadet fashion, as the first drum beat for parade. "Tell her I shall come early to claim them." How he envied the boy his mother's presence! Frazier nodded as he sped away to get into his belts, but with a light in his eyes and a laugh in his heart very little like the Benny of the year gone by.

"Does Graham make as fine a first Captain as we thought he would?" asked a returned furlough sergeant of one of the seniors, as they stood watching him quietly chatting with Benton before the beat of the second drum.

"Tiptop! I don't think there ever was a better one. But from the instant he draws sword in command of that battalion he doesn't know anybody."

Again the long line stretched beyond the flank sentry-posts, and last parade in camp went off with the usual snap and spirit in face of hundreds of interested lookers-on. For the last time on that familiar sward the plumed cadet officers of Geordie's class marched to the front and saluted the commander, then scattered to their companies, while the visitors hastened to the waiting vehicles on the surrounding roads. No time could be lost this evening. It was that of the final hop. Ten minutes later, rifles, shakos, and equipments laid aside, the battalion reformed on the color-line, the officers sprang to their posts, the field music, still in full parade dress and white trousers, took station at the left of the long gray line. Geordie whipped the light cadet sword from its scabbard, and his voice, deep and powerful, rang out the commands.

"Continue the march. Companies, left wheel, *march!*"

Drums and fifes burst instantly into the liveliest quick-step. Eight beautiful fronts, each pivoting on its left, accurate and steady as sections of some perfect machine, came swinging around into column. "Forward, *march!* Guide right," and then "Column half right," as the leading subdivision completed the wheel. And now away they go over the level plain, heading for the leaf-embowered gap between the chapel and the old Academic, each subdivision led by its Lieutenant commanding, Connell, Ross, and Winn marching as field officers on the guiding flank, Geordie commanding all. Group after group the gayly dressed visitors opened out to let them through. The sword-arms of the young Captains brush close to dainty girlish forms those very arms have encircled in the dance, and pretty faces are smiling into the eyes of those swarthy, sun-burned young warriors, in whom it would be unmilitary to show sign of recognition now.

The head of the column reaches the cross-road at the foot of the plain, and, "Column half left," Geordie's voice rings out across the level, and comes echoing back from the gray walls beyond, and the groups of spectators fall further back, all but one, which, escorted by Colonel Hazzard and Dr. Brett, stands at the edge of the road at the pathway just under the beautiful elms. A lady with soft blue eyes is clinging to the Colonel's arm, and trembling despite her every effort. Close beside her stands a grizzled, weather-beaten, soldierly looking man in tweeds, one hand on the shoulder of a ruddy-faced young fellow who is evidently in high excitement. Just back of them, Mrs. Frazier, her dark eyes brimming, is resting on the arm of Dr. Brett. Company after company comes up to the wheeling-point and changes direction almost in front of them, and then, his eyes fixed on his leading guide to see that each sergeant in succession gets his trace the instant the wheel is completed, here comes the brawny blue-eyed first Captain. These returning furlough-men are apt to be a trifle careless in marching, and he means to bring them into shape without an instant's delay. He seems to see nothing outside his command; but when within a dozen yards, suddenly he catches sight of the uniforms, and of his Colonel. Instantly, as soldierly etiquette demands, the blue eyes are fixed on the commanding officer; up comes the gleaming blade in the first motion of the salute, and then—then— What wondrous light is that that all on a sudden flames, transfigures the brave sun-tanned face? What wild amaze, doubt, certainty, delight, all in a single second flash into his eyes! What pride and joy! What love and longing! For there, so close that he can almost hear the whisper of his name, and feel the spray of the joy-tears that brim in her eyes, there stands mother; there stands Buddie, fairly quivering with eagerness, and there stands his father, sturdily striving not to look proud. With every mad longing tugging at his heart, and tearing him from his duty to her arms, he as suddenly regains his self-control, lowers his sword in salute, as soldier should, and only quits his grasp upon the hilt and leaps to her side at the Colonel's smiling order, "Fall out, sir; Mr. Connell takes command."

"If that wasn't a low-down trick to play on Coyote, I never heard of one," said Harry Winn that night at supper. "Old Scad never evolved a harder test. Think of parading a fellow's mother at the saluting-point when he hadn't seen her for a whole year, just to prove that he's such a soldier he couldn't forget himself even then."

There were lots of boys in gray who believed the whole thing was a "put-up job" to settle a bet among the officers, but they couldn't prove it.

Over the details of that meeting we need not linger. Ordered to assume the duties of surgeon at West Point, Dr. Graham was urged by McCrea and others to give Geordie no warning, but keep it all as a delightful surprise. Neither he nor his gentle wife, however, ever dreamed of its being carried to the point it was. That night when Grant Hall was crowded, and pretty girls in the daintiest of gowns were dancing with cavaliers in gray and white, in blue and gold, or conventional black, when music and merry laughter and glad voices all conspired to banish care, there was one couple in whose faces—one so sweet, so tender, so full of pride in the stalwart son on whose arm she leaned—there shone a radiance that challenged, and then was reflected in every eye. "She makes me think of Ailie in *Rab and his Friends*," said Lieutenant Allen, as he and a group of his fellows stood watching them slowly circling the room. Man after man of Geordie's class came up to be presented by her big boy, whose cup seemed fairly overflowing, while Bud, painfully conscious of the rapidly liquefying state of his first pair of kids, followed his brother with adoration in his eyes, and Mrs. Frazier, still in deep mourning, could not deny herself the delight of peeping in from the arched entrance where she and Benny stood for half an hour, "Just to see how happy Mrs. Graham looked."

Bless the mother heart! How much joy there was for her after all the long exile of the frontier, and the three years' separation from her firstborn! Speedily they were settled in their new home overlooking the bright blue ribbon of the Hudson winding down between its bold and beautiful shores.

From her windows she could see the front of the gray mess-hall, and day after day hear the tramp of the battalion as it came marching down, and Geordie's deep voice ringing out the words of command. She used to drop her needle-work and bustle Buddie, all too willing, from his lessons, and trip away to the cavalry plain to watch the evolutions at squadron drill, and see her boy—no finer horseman among them all—swinging his sabre at the head of the first platoon, or, in the wintry days that speedily set in, slashing at the heads in the riding-hall, and, with his nimble fellows, wrestling, vaulting, leaping high hurdles, and easily accomplishing feats, bareback or in saddle, that made her often shudder and turn her eyes

away. She loved to stroll out under the arching elms to meet him for a few brief minutes between evening drill and parade, and then watch him and Connell putting their splendidly drilled companies through all manner of evolutions as they marched them out to the spirited music of the band. She soon learned the ways of the corps, and loved to have a whole squad of the seniors down to tea each Saturday evening, and was sure to secure the presence of such young damsels as lingered about the Point, so as to make it entertaining and joyous for his comrades. Perhaps she would have been less venturesome had she been less sure of Pops, but the class declared "Coyote is spoony over his mother and nobody else." She had dreaded the day that was to take him from her arms to the Point. Now it seemed as though all too soon the day was coming that would take him from the Point, and from her, back to the far frontier he loved so well. The winter fairly flew away. The spring tide came, and she almost wept the day the ice gorge went whirling down the Hudson, and the whole corps cheered it from the banks above. And the thunder of the guns at the April drills, the volleying of the skirmish-lines in May, were sounds that brought distress to her fond heart, for they told of still another week or month passed by, and only a little space reserved in which, every blessed sun, she could have her big boy at her side.

She went with many another to hear the June examinations. She would not confess it for the world, but if there were only a subject in which Geordie could be declared deficient, and turned back to go over the whole year, she would have heard the order without a tear. He had done so well, however, that her friends assured her Geordie would be recommended for the artillery, into which he had no desire, however, to go. She had Mrs. Frazier with her now, and at last Benny seemed to be coming into favor again. He had asked no clemency. He had gone on just as Geordie suggested, and, winning his rank in the 5's of the Second Class, he won what was worth far more—a gradual restoration to confidence in the corps of cadets.

And then McCrea came East on his first long leave, and, mind you, he, an old cadet Captain, never lost one point of Geordie's work as Commander of Company A. One exquisite evening the long line formed for last parade. Many and many a tear-dimmed eye could be seen among the ladies looking on. The strains of "Auld Lang-syne" were too much for Mrs. Graham; but she hung a little back, and by the time the brave bright rank of sixty young soldiers came striding to the front to salute the commandant and receive his brief word of congratulation to them as the graduating class, she was ready to smile up into Geordie's face as he hastened to seek her first of all, and then, with his comrades, stand uncovered to receive the salute to them as graduates tendered by the marching companies on their way to barracks. She sat well back among the throng of visitors and dignitaries on the flag-draped platform when, one after another, the class came forward from the throng of gray coats to receive the long-coveted hard-earned diploma. She saw Ames, "as head of the school," greeted with ringing applause by the whole battalion as he faced about to rejoin them. She saw gallant Con, third in rank and sure, as he hoped, of the Engineers, turn again to his fellows, for the last time, to be followed to his seat by a storm of hand-clapping that told of the faith and honor in which they held him. And then man after man received his diploma, none lacking kind and cordial greeting from the corps, but arousing no such clamor as that evoked by Connell.

Numbers twelve and thirteen and fourteen went back, each with his ribboned prize, and then her heart beat hard in the pause that preceded the next name. She knew just where it would come; but how could she dream what would follow? "Graham," called the secretary, and, plumed hat in hand, her Geordie rose, and with him as one man up rose the corps, classmates and comrades, furlough men, yearlings, and all. She never heard I doubt if Geordie could hear—the brief soldierly words of the superintendent in all the tumult that followed. Pops bit his lip and strove to control himself as he turned at the top step to "face the music," and to meet the eye of every member of his year's command and such a whirlwind of cheers as never he had heard before. Springing down, he strove to regain his old place in their midst; but there was Con, shouting with the rest, and Benny, stamping and clapping and pounding, and somebody grabbed him on one side and somebody else on the other, and away went his plume, and he threw up his hand, waving silence, only to be cheered the louder, for up on the platform were baldheaded members of the Board of Visitors, magnates of the staff, and McCrea and his friends all applauding too. For once and at last the corps defied their old first Captain, and would not down. Buddie fairly cried with excitement, and the tears, unfettered now, rained down the mother's cheeks. The doctor slipped away from the rear of the platform, and was found pacing up and down behind the library, just as they found him on the river-bank long years before, the evening of the last whipping he had ever given Pops. Geordie looked for him in vain when, a little later, the ceremonies over, he placed his diploma in his mother's hand and bent and kissed her cheek. "Keep it for me while I go to change my dress," he whispered. "You are the last to say good-by to the gray. Come close to the first division so that you may be the first to greet me in cits.: and, mother, don't you dare—don't you dare call me Lieutenant."

And so, leaving her with McCrea, laughing with a world of gladness, he broke away, his heart too full for further words, his eyes brimming at the thought of all the love and pride and blessing in her face, and up the steps he sprang, halting one instant to wave his hand to her, then into the cool depths of the hall he darted, and we have had our last peep at the gray-clad form of Corporal Pops.

THE END.

## A CANDY PARTY.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

THE party where there is nothing to do is usually a bore. The party where there is something to do is usually a success. And probably there is no party where there is more to do and more fun in doing it than a candy party.

Of course the ideal place for a frolic of this sort is a big old-fashioned kitchen, where there is plenty of room for a romp, with a bare floor that will not be injured by a splash of molasses or a sprinkle of sugar. This is the kind of kitchen in which were held the candy-pulls whereof we have heard our mothers and our grandmothers tell charming tales of how they pulled great ropes of candy from dark brown to gleaming whiteness, and never minded lame arms and blistered finger-tips. There are a few such kitchens left in the city—alas, that there should be so few!—and they are still delightfully plenty in the country and in country towns, where there is room to grow in some direction besides skyward.

Still, the people who live in cities may have candy parties—yes, even those who live in flats, and have kitchens no larger than elevators; for there is more than one kind of a candy party, and if one is a little less noisy than the other, it is quite as sticky, and there is just about as much fun in it.

In sending out invitations to either style of party, be

sure and tell the guests the sort of fun they are to expect, and warn them to come prepared for it. Even the boys will be wise if they tuck their dignity into their pockets for once, and put on aprons to save their trousers from sugar and molasses streaks.



EVEN THE BOYS WILL BE WISE TO PUT ON APRONS.

The first kind of party—the one that demands the big kitchen—requires but little preparation in advance. It is better, however, to have the molasses on and boiling some time before the girls arrive, for molasses is uncertain stuff, and sometimes requires a boiling that seems interminable to the eager waiters who are watching for it to reach the candying-point. No Silver Drip syrup for this, if you please, but the good old thick, stiff New Orleans or Porto Rico molasses.

The quantity you need will of course depend upon the amount of candy you wish to make, but for a party of twenty or twenty-five children you will find four quarts of molasses none too much. It need not all be pulled; part of it should be made into taffy. With this amount of molasses you will need to mix four cups of brown sugar dissolved in two cups of vinegar. Put all on the fire together in a big saucepan, and let it boil steadily until a little of it dropped from the spoon into a cup of very cold water will harden. Then stir into the molasses three good large table-spoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of soda, beat it hard with your spoon, and pour it into buttered platters, where it will become cool enough to pull. That which you wish to make into taffy turn into buttered pans, putting in only enough to make a quite thin sheet. As this cools a little mark it off into squares with a greased knife.

For the benefit of those whose taste inclines them to a variety upon the plain taffy, have ready picked out the meats of hickory-nut, walnut, pecans, or peanuts, and stir them into the candy reserved for taffy just before you pour it into the pans. The cracking of the nuts and taking out the kernels may be done by some of the guests while they are waiting for the candy to get done.

Molasses candy is not the only sort that may be pulled. If you like, you can prepare a smaller quantity of that and make some sugar candy also. Take for this three pounds of granulated sugar, a cup of water, and a cup of mild vinegar, and boil all together *without stirring* until a little hardens when dropped in cold water. It ought to take about an hour to reach this condition. Add to it then a table-spoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of baking-soda dissolved in cold water, and turn it out into platters for pulling, or into pans for taffy, as you did the molasses candy.

A little advice about the pulling may not come amiss, for in this, as in everything else, there is a wrong as well as a right way to do. Beginners often pull with the palms of the hands instead of with the finger-tips, with the result of keeping the candy warm and soft instead of making it hard and brittle. Do not attempt large pieces at first. It is better to take a small amount, not more than a table-spoonful, unless you are an experienced puller. Grease your fingers with olive-oil or butter, and begin pulling quickly and lightly, doubling the candy between the pulls. Take care that you do not begin until it is tolerably cool, or you will have blistered fingers.

The candy will soon begin to grow lighter in color, but if you do not work briskly it will harden before it has reached the creamy shade. Confectioners who pull large quantities of candy have an iron hook fastened in the wall and throw the rope of candy over this, drawing the extended sweetness to its full length, then taking it from the hook, doubling it and pulling again, being always careful to save their hands by making the candy move instead of the fingers.

It is not usually practicable in a private house to have a hook for such a purpose, but two people can pull between them a much larger piece of candy than either one could handle satisfactorily alone. When it reaches the proper state of whiteness—and the longer it is pulled the whiter and crisper it will grow—it may be broken into short sticks or coiled into rings, or braided or twisted to suit the fancy. The supply of oil or butter upon the fingers may have to be renewed frequently at first, but not after the candy hardens.

There are other kinds of candy that may be made at the candy party. One of these is that favorite of most lovers of sweets—chocolate caramels. For these put on the fire in a saucepan two pounds of brown sugar, half a pound of Baker's chocolate, broken into small pieces, and a small cup of cold water. Boil this until a little of it hardens in water, stir into it two table-spoonfuls of butter and two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, turn into buttered pans, and cut into squares. If you like the sugary soft caramels, stir the mixture hard for several minutes after you take it from the fire, but should you prefer the sticky variety, add four table-spoonfuls of molasses to your sugar when you put it on to cook, and do not stir it after it leaves the stove.

Maple-sugar candy is also delicious, and is less known than it ought to be. For this you must take two pounds of maple sugar broken into small pieces, and put it in a saucepan with a quart of rich milk—part cream is better. Let it boil until it reaches the stage where it hardens in cold water; pour it into pans, and mark it in squares as you would taffy or caramels.

Nougat is another popular candy, and the simplest, if perhaps the least scientific, way to make this is the following: Boil together a pound of sugar and half a cup of cold water until a little of it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Do not stir it after the sugar melts. Butter a shallow tin—a biscuit pan will answer—and cover the bottom closely with blanched almonds, the kernels of hickory, pecan, and hazel nuts, thin strips of cocoanut, split and stoned dates, bits of figs, etc. When the candy is done add to it a table-spoonful of lemon juice, and pour it over your nuts and fruits. Mark it into strips or squares when it is cool.

The mere thought of all the goodies that can be made over a stove is enough to cause one's mouth to water. Perhaps the young people who live in flats or in homes where the kitchens are cut on a small pattern may think that they are out of the fun. But it is possible to make delicious candies in a dining-room without ever going near the kitchen, except to secure your supplies. The sweets you will make under these circumstances will be French bonbons. You will require for them the very finely powdered sugar known as confectioners' XXX sugar. You will need three or four pounds of this if you are going to make a good deal of candy.

To prepare the paste that is the basis of this candy, measure the white of one egg into a bowl, and put with it an equal quantity of cold water, and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Beat hard, and then stir into it enough of your fine sugar to make a paste that you can handle with your fingers.

Now, if you wish to make chocolate creams, form of this paste a number of small balls the size and shape of the inside of the chocolate creams you buy at the confectioners'. As these have to stand awhile before they are dressed in their brown coats, it is well to make them the very first thing, and then leave the finishing of these until after you have made your other bonbons. By this time the balls should be firm, and you must melt half a pound of chocolate in a small bowl set in an outer vessel of boiling water. This can easily be done over a spirit-lamp. Into the melted chocolate you must dip the white balls, impaling each on the point of a nut-pick or of an olive or pickle fork. Have ready some sheets of waxed or oiled paper, such as confectioners use, and lay your chocolate creams on these. They will not take long to harden, and if you are very fond of chocolate you may give the balls a second dip in the brown bath.

To make the other candies you must have some dates, figs, and nuts of various kinds. English walnuts are especially nice, but almonds are good also, and you can make many delicious bonbons if you will provide yourself with a small stock of such crystallized fruits as cherries, angelica, pears, plums, and ginger.

Take the sugar paste left over from your chocolate creams, or make more if you need it, and form it into small balls, long, short, or flattened, as suits your purpose. Insert one of these in each date in the place of the stone you take out, pressing the sides of the date together just enough to show the line of white. Divide the kernels of an English walnut and put between the halves a section of your sugar paste. Put a bit of it in each cherry in place of the pit, and use your fruits with it just as you did the walnuts. Blanch your almonds, and put a whole one on each side of a ball of the sugar filling.

There is another way of making French candies, and some people prefer one and some the other. To make the second kind a little previous preparation is needed. You must boil together a pound of granulated sugar and half a pint of water, *without stirring*, until, when you dip a fork in it, long feathery sugar threads form on the tines. Or you may test it by dropping a little in cold water, and when you can make a soft ball of it that is neither sticky nor brittle between your thumb and finger it is ready to come from the fire. As soon as it is cool enough for you to bear your finger in it begin stirring, and beat hard until the sugar is a creamy paste. It is then ready for use.

You can flavor it with vanilla, lemon, raspberry, or what you will; color it pink with the cochineal they sell for this at drug-stores, or yellow from orange juice, or brown from chocolate. You can work into it raisins, currants, chopped nuts, and citron, and make of it tutti-frutti candy. You can mix grated cocoanut with it, and have cocoanut-cream candy. You may use it with nuts or dates, or in chocolate creams as directed for the uncooked French candies. If it becomes too hard to handle, put it in a cup set in boiling water, and let it soften a little, bearing in mind, however, that when it cools again it will be harder than it was before. You may cut it into cakes, triangle, bars, or squares. Indeed, there is really no end to the changes you may ring upon it.

To avoid too much confusion it is well to divide the candy-makers into groups, and let each set devote itself to one variety of candy. The chocolate creams may occupy the attention of one knot of young people, the cream walnuts and dates may be in charge of another, while the tutti-frutti candy or the cocoanut bars may fall to the lot of a third. It will be sticky work, and a provision of finger-bowls and napkins or hand-towels will be a boon. The fun may not be so noisy as when molasses candy is in process of pulling, but the French candy makers will have fewer lame wrists and sore fingers the next day than will those who engaged in the more old-fashioned sport.

But even the pleasures of candy-making pall after a time, and the fact that the young people have been nibbling sweets all the evening will not hinder their being eager for supper when the signal comes for that meal. They will all probably be glad to seek the seclusion that a dressing-room grants, and rid themselves of their aprons and of the traces of sugar and molasses that have withstood even the services of a finger-bowl. Only soap and water will remove the lingering stickiness that discloses itself in all sorts of places where it has no right to be.

A substantial supper that will include sandwiches, creamed oysters or croquettes, cocoa, and possibly a simple salad, is the best for such an affair. Ice-cream is never out of place, and if the young guests' digestions are warranted proof, lemonade will probably prove popular, for much consumption of candy usually induces an overwhelming thirst. Cold water is less likely to produce painful consequences, however.

There will be little need for planning entertainment for the guests at this stage of the proceedings. The fun and work in which they have been engaged all the evening will have made them feel wonderfully well acquainted, and they will require no urging to join in some merry old game like "Blind-Man's-Buff," "Going to Jerusalem," or "Fox and Geese," or to fall to dancing.

A number of small candy-boxes should have been provided, that each one may carry home a trophy of his or her evening's labors. They may esteem themselves fortunate if they have sufficient prudence in eating the work of their hands to have spared themselves other and less pleasant souvenirs. Even at the risk of seeming ungracious, the hostess should warn the young people against partaking too freely of the candy before it has been made long enough to be comparatively harmless.

## THE TRUMPETER.

CAN you hear it? Hark! it rings,
Merriest of trumpetings:
Sounding through the sunny weather,
Calling winged things together
To a feast of honey, found
In deep goblets red and round.
Belted is the trumpeter,
And he wears a gallant's spur.
His array is freaked with gold,
And his buoyant air and bold
Is his knightly birthright. Oh,
See him puff his cheeks and blow!

What strange trumpeter is he,
Do you ask? The honey-bee!
Where the climbing vines embower
Playing on a trumpet-flower.

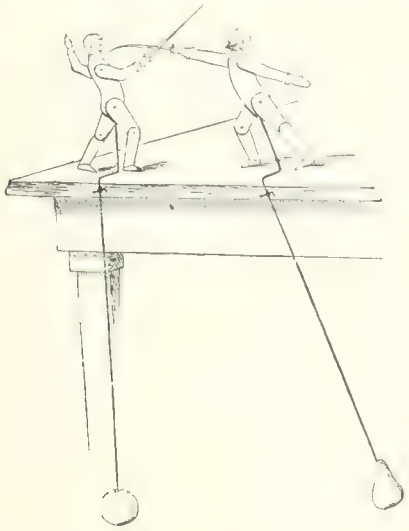
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## THE PAPER DUELLISTS.

IF you suspend two heavy bodies, say an apple and a pear, by threads near each other, and pull the apple back, so that when released it will in its oscillations come in contact with the pear, you will find that, in accordance with a well-known physical law, it will impart its momentum to the pear, which will take up the oscillation, and the apple will remain at rest, until the pear upon its return reverses the operation and the apple takes up the motion; then the pear remains at rest until the return impact again starts it upon its travels.

Now, to utilize this principle, let us substitute for the thread two pieces of wire, which shall pierce the apple and pear respectively so that they will remain suspended, giving each wire a double turn over a small nail or brad fastened on the edge of a table or board, having the nails near enough together to carry out the experiment. Bend the top end of the wire at right angles, making a horizontal arm, say an inch or an inch and a half long, and then turn up the end vertically, cutting it off so as to leave it about two or three inches high.

Then cut out of card-board a couple of figures of men in a fencing attitude, with swords extended and the left arms extended behind them in the attitude of delivering a thrust. Use some sealing-wax to fasten them to the upright arms of wire extending above the table. Now pull back the apple and start the oscillations, and you have an active duel in progress between the two figures, which

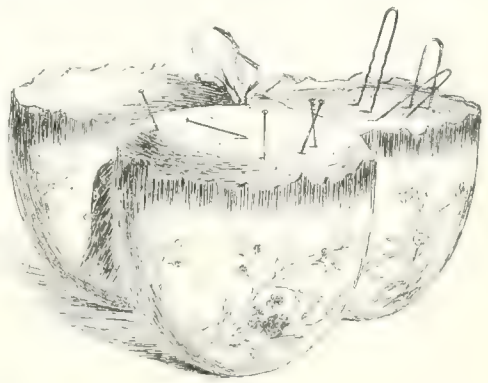


will continue as long as the weights keep in motion. But the battle is bloodless, as when one thrusts the other is continually getting out of danger.

By properly marking the figures with ink a lifelike representation can be made, and if a lighted candle or lamp is placed in front of them enlarged shadows can be thrown on the wall, or if a screen is placed in front of the candle, with the figures intervening, the spectators cannot tell how the effect of the shadow duel is produced.

## A GIFT EASILY MADE.

SOME one, a wise man, whoever he be, has said that the gift made by a woman's own hands is the best that she can offer; that objects purchased at a shop, while they may be tasteful and elegant in themselves, of necessity fail to embody that sweet sense of personality imparted to the product of her own labor, and that the simplest thing in which kindly thoughts are sewn is of more value than a costly object which has entailed ex-



penditure of money, but not of time. And as you are all young women, in the very sweetest, freshest part of your lives, the rule holds good for you, and applies quite as much to your Easter offerings as to your mamma's larger gifts. There is a sense of the personality of the giver which becomes a part of every gift of her own making that can never be imparted in quite the same way to any other sort. Therefore, if you make up your minds to do the work, and manufacture such a pretty trifle as the one the drawing shows, you may be quite sure it will carry safely the message of love, and will be doubly welcome wherever it may go.

The materials required are the shells of three ostrich eggs, some curled white hair, a bit of silk, a bit of coarse-mesh white veiling, and a bottle of gold bronze. Each of the cups is only half the size of the shell, or a very little more, but as you must use the same end for each, you will require the three shells. They are very beautiful both in texture and in the creamy-white color, and so strong that they will endure handling, and render quite as good service as china.

First chip off the smaller ends of the eggs till you have three cups of equal size with irregularly broken edges. Then stand them all upon the table, and carefully mark the points at which they touch. Drill small holes through the shells at each of the points marked, and tie the cups firmly together with narrow white ribbon. Or, if you prefer, glue them fast together with stratena or Japanese cement. In either case they will stand quite firm, and will perfectly support one another.

On the outside of all three shells paint, with the gold bronze, some simple floral design, and gild all the edges in an uneven border, if you wish to present the Easter colors, of pure white and gold. Or, if you prefer to use pink, blue, or yellow, paint the flower in its natural colors, and only gild the edge.

When the paint or the bronze is dry you will be ready to make the two cushions, one for pins, and one for hair-pins; the third cup you will leave just as it stands, to be used as a receptacle for rings and jewelled pins.

To make the pin-cushion cut a disk of card-board that fits in just below the edge of the cup, and in it make a cushion covered with soft silk. Then paste round the inner rim, and drop the covered disk into place to dry, after which that part of the work will be done, and you can make the hair-pin cushion for the third bowl.

Fill up all the space with the loose curled hair, and cut a disk of veiling slightly larger than the opening of the cup. Paste round the inner rim, and gently but firmly press the edge of the net into place. Then let it all become quite dry, and either fill the cushions with pins and hair-pins of assorted sizes, or leave them ready for use, as you may prefer.



A MAD MARCH HARE.

A WINTER GHOST.

THE winter wind is moaning now
So mournfully and sadly, that
I think it is the mourning of
The ghost of some old Thomas-cat.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

ROBBIE (*in a sober mood*). "Oh, mamma, I wish I only had all the money I've spent for candy."

MAMMA (*proudly*). "My boy would put it in his savings-bank, wouldn't he?"

ROBBIE (*deliberately*). "No, ma'am. I'd buy more candy."

NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.

HERE'S a story of the telephone as it is used, or abused, in Russia. The use of the instrument to intimidate prisoners is the invention of a police inspector at Odessa. A man was one day brought into the police station, charged with having committed a serious robbery. The inspector had some difficulty in proving the case, and had recourse to an ingenious stratagem. He went to the telephone in an adjoining room, and asked the clerk at the central office to speak into the instrument the following words, in a solemn tone: "Ishno Snchanska, you must confess the robbery; if you don't you are sure to be sentenced, and your punishment will be all the more severe."

He then sent for the prisoner and questioned him again, threatening to appeal to the "machine" to get at the truth. The thief burst into a laugh, but the inspector held the receiver to his ear, and gave the preconcerted signal. The result was as expected. The rogue, terrified by the warning uttered by the unseen "machine," at once made a clean breast of it.

AND OFF.

BOBBIE BINGO. "Say, papa, the little boy next door has a new bicycle, and he is learning to ride on it."

MR. BINGO. "How is he getting on?"

BOBBIE. "That's about all he does — is to get on."

NOT PARTICULAR.

WILLIE SHINSON. "My Sunday-school teacher wants me to repeat a verse from the Bible every day."

BOBBIE BINGO. "What did you tell him?"

WILLIE. "I said I wouldn't mind if it was the same verse."

NEITHER.

TEACHER. "Now, children, I want to explain the difference between lady and woman. Suppose one of either class should be seated in a horse-car, and should give up her seat to an old gentleman, what would she be?"

BRIGHT BOY. "I guess she would be a phenomenon."



A TIMID HERO.

I've a bull dog brave as brave can be,
He scorns with fear to run or flee,
Just like one grand old hero who
Could make or lead a charge in stable.

And yet despite this seeming, he's
A coward, so they say,
Who'll take to flight without a doubt
The first sunshiny day.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# HOW NEW YORK WILL BE DEFENDED.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

SEVERAL years ago, when an unpleasantness arose between this country and England over the Newfoundland fisheries, it was claimed by certain of our officers that one of John Bull's battle-ships could anchor off Coney Island, out of sight of the soldiers at Fort Hamilton, and with her long-range guns bombard New York city into ruins. This statement sent a thrill of alarm through the country, and awakened the people from their false dream of security to realize that the seaboard cities were at the mercy of any powerful foe who might invade them from the water. Immediately measures were adopted to so fortify the approaches to our harbors that a hostile fleet would find the gauntlet too hazardous to run.

Did our authorities at Washington decide upon building forts of unusual thickness of wall, with the expectation of resisting the masses of metal that might be hurled against them? By no means; because it was known that a modern projectile would bore through stone and mortar as though it was so much cheese. Another point that they thought of was that the platforms, called military-tops, on the masts of war-ships, as well as the rails of those vessels, bristle with rapid fire cannon and Gatling-guns, and that such an iron and leaden deluge would be poured through the port-holes of an ordinary fort that the artillerymen would be swept away as quickly as they gathered about the guns, leaving the fleet at liberty to knock the fortification to pieces or to sail past it into the harbor to sack and fire the city.



Under these considerations it became necessary to provide a system that would insure protection to the soldiers, and give the advantage to the coast defenders.

By the proposed plan three interesting kinds of ordnance are to be used, the first being that of a huge 16-inch breech-loading rifle, mounted within a revolving turret of steel built in the shape of an iron pot turned upside down, so that anything striking it may be deflected or turned away on account of its rounded surface. The second and most massive weapon is that of the 16-inch breech-loading rifle, mounted on a platform below the surface of the ground, and arranged so as to be raised to the level of the same by steam or hydraulic power. This platform is elevated when the piece is ready for firing, and immediately lowered out of sight after it has been discharged. The third and last device is a 15-inch dynamite gun mounted on what is known as a disappearing carriage, because as soon as it is fired it sinks from the view of those outside the fortifications. This tube, fifty feet in length, carries an awful messenger of ruin, in contact with which the mightiest iron ship that floats would be torn and mangled as though its sides were of paper and its ribs of card-board. The long barrel is raised into a position for firing by counterpoise weights, and its natural recoil after being discharged throws it back again below the top of the works.

All these guns are aimed either before the port-hole side of the turret is revolved toward the enemy, or the platform reaches its height, or the iron arms of the disappearing carriage lift the gun into view of the naval gunners.

The question might well be asked, how is it possible to point the guns when the target is hidden from sight?

The explanation of this is very interesting, and to make it perfectly clear we will begin at the starting-point of the theory, so as to trace it in an orderly way to the end.

The map of the waters within several miles of the entrance to the port is divided by imaginary parallel lines, forming a great number of small squares, so that the chart of the ocean in the vicinity of the coast looks like an enormous checker-board. The sides of every one of these squares measure one hundred yards, or three hundred feet, and the square that is the farthest from the fortification is called "No. 1," and from this the numbers increase, until each particular square has received this kind of distinguishing mark, and can be referred to immediately by simply stating its number. In addition to this, the army engineers calculate the distance from each and every one of these squares to each and every gun in the coast defence, and figure out the direction in which the guns must be trained (turned to right or left), and the amount that the muzzles of the pieces must be tilted skyward (which is called the degree of elevation), in order that the projectiles may fall into square 1, or 12, or 35, and so on, according to the block in which it is determined that the enemy's ship is situated.

But how is it possible at a distance of several miles to decide positively the square in question?

This is ascertained by what is known as cross-bearings; that is, two bearings of the same vessel taken at the same instant from different stations or points of view. Let us suppose that looking out seaward a ship is discovered bearing south 45° east from one place of observation, and north 45° east from the other. Now, if these two lines are marked on the map they will be found to run in such directions as to finally cross, and the point of crossing locates the square in which the vessel is.

For this purpose two places are selected in opposite directions from the fortifications which afford a clear view of all the squares on the map, and observing-towers are built to give shelter and safety to those on duty within. At each of these observatories army officers are stationed to measure the angle of bearing of any vessel indicated to them by the commanding officer of the coast defence, and to report the same to him either by telegraph or telephone connecting the two watch towers with the central station in the works. When these angles or bearings are received by the latter they are transferred quickly to the chart, and the square in which the vessel lies is at once ascertained and communicated to the captains of the turret and hidden batteries. These officers consult their gun-books, train the guns accordingly, elevate the platforms, then fire the pieces by pressing electric buttons, the wires of which are connected with the firing primers in the rear of the guns.

If, instead of the vessel lying at rest, she is steaming across the line of fire, her course and speed may be instantly learned by taking a second series of angles and noting the course and distance sailed in the interval between bearings. Then, instead of the commanding officer directing the guns to be fired at the square occupied at the instant, he calculates where the ship will be by the time the guns are trained, and gives orders conformably.

Should the ships of the enemy attempt to enter the harbor under cover of the night they would invite almost certain destruction, for the electric search-lights on the defences will sweep the ocean, and pry into every nook and corner of the coast-line from the time that darkness falls until the morning light. If a ship is discovered trying to steal in past the forts the electric light will be kept upon her, and she will thus become a glowing target for the gunners on the shore.

Let us imagine that war has just been declared against this country by England, which power, hoping to find us unprepared, sends a strong fleet of battleships from Halifax to capture the city of New York. We will also consider that the declaration of war having been made sooner than was anticipated by us, it has been impossible to assemble a white squadron for the protection of the port.

On a bright summer morning in his conning (directing) tower, overlooking the ocean in the vicinity of Sandy Hook, General Whipple, of the United States army, is talking with his Adjutant, Lieutenant Roberts, who has just turned away from the telegraph and telephone instruments connecting the two observing-towers with the commanding officer's station situated within and elevated above the defences.

"Both instruments are working satisfactorily, General," reports the Adjutant. Then, at the gray-haired soldier's invitation, he is about to seat himself, when an orderly ascends the flight of stairs leading from the room below, salutes, and presents a telegram.

The strong lines on the old General's face deepen and his keen eyes light up ominously as he reads the message.

"Roberts," he says, "the British squadron has just been discovered off Fire Island, heading for New York. We have two hours grace. Assemble the batteries for inspection and drill."

A few minutes later the commander of the fortifications is passing from one battery to another, critically inspecting the various mechanisms, and making suggestions to the captains of the guns. Then the drill commences. The cannoneers throw off their coats and roll up their shirt sleeves, so as to give sinew and muscle free play, for the working of these engines of war is no easy task. From the magazines and shot-sheds in the rear of the turrets and platforms small push-cars trundle along on the narrow-gauge tracks, carrying dummy charges and projectiles to the gunners. The artillerymen train the pieces, and lift them on high to point at imaginary foes. Telegraph instruments click and telephone bells ring from one end of the works to the other, as orders and messages fly to the different stations from the commanding officer's tower.

Later on, when the drill is ended, the men are sent to dinner, for General Whipple is too old and too experienced an officer to expect the best work from hungry soldiers.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the vessels of the enemy are made out from the Highlands of Navesink, approaching the coast in extended formation. Warning of the danger having been sent to several vessels anchored behind the Hook, these are now seen being rapidly towed in the direction of the city. Down in the southeast two American clipper-ships under full sail are standing for the harbor, unsuspicious of the fate lurking so near them, for they have been at sea for months, and know not that hostilities have begun. They cannot fail to observe the ten grim-looking vessels heading to the westward, but probably consider them "on a peaceful errand bent," so without fear hold to a course that will soon bring them under the guns of the southernmost vessel of the line.

The anxious patriotic thousands who have gathered from Brooklyn and New York and Jersey City, and who, defying the peril of their exposed situation, blacken the sands on the Coney Island shore, fiercely ask one another if it is not possible to signal to the ships. Those who are provided with marine glasses suddenly shout with joy and relief, for they see the nearest sailing-vessel spin around and bear away to the southwest, followed a moment later by the other. What was it that gave them such timely warning? At that distance from the land it was impossible for the vessels to make out the two white and blue flags of the international code signifying "You are in danger."

Out there between the two Yankee ships a column of black smoke shoots into the air, and from beneath it a low-lying something darts away with incredible speed in the direction of the beach. Almost hidden from observation by the lowness of her sides a torpedo-boat has stolen out from the cover of the land and warned the ships of their danger. A plucky deed, deserving the hearty cheers that honor it.

All this time the majestic men-of-war have pursued their course in the direction of the harbor mouth, but it is evident that they are coming on warily now, having learned from experience in days long past that Brother Jonathan is not a foe to be despised when he rolls up his sleeves.

The giant 16-inch rifle in the turret is loaded, but pointed toward the Jersey shore, waiting for the command that will swing it half-way around the circle to hurl its deadly missile at one of the black hulls coming so silently on. The 10-inch rifles and the dynamite gun are also ready, but the latter can only be used when the moving targets offer much nearer marks than at present.

It must be that at least one of the on-coming ships has drawn within the checkered surface, for the electric gong is sounded from the conning-tower, a signal for every man to take his place for action. Then to the turret comes the telephone order, "Square seven." The next moment the dome of steel turns noiselessly around until the barrel of the rifle points true for the indicated square. An awful shock and roar follow. Then the turret revolves again, and almost before the smoke has blown away the frowning muzzle is once more looking out across the Jersey hills.

From the conning-tower comes the message, "You are one hundred yards short and fifty yards to the left."

The captain corrects the elevation, makes a new allowance for the wind that is blowing across the line of fire, then gives the word, and the tower circles. A breathless moment, then a second mighty roar as the electric button is pressed that sends the iron greeting. Even in the turret, amid the echoes of the last discharge, the wild hurrahs of the multitude over on the Long Island shore are clearly heard. The great missile has struck the flag ship, tearing away the smoke-stack, and making a wreck of the light work above the deck.

Now the fleet opens a rapid fire upon the Hook, and the air is thick with iron bolts. The vessels flying the white ensign with the blood-red cross of St. George in the upper corner draw nearer Sandy Hook.

For the first time the long slender snout of the dynamite gun peers over the parapet. A wicked hissing, so sharp that it is detected above the infernal din, gives evidence that the charge has gone forth. Straight as an arrow it goes, and strikes the leading ship full and fair upon the side, bursting its way into the vessel, and leaving a gaping wound, through which the water rushes; then the great frigate plunges beneath the surface.

There are hearts of oak out there on those ships, for a minute later a dozen boats are being rowed over the fatal spot, dragging the survivors from the water, and although the firing continues, it is noticed that the guns within the defences are directed away from the place where the work of rescue is going on.

Leaving one ship to pick up the boats, the fleet now steam in a circle between them and the shore, pouring such streams of iron and lead upon the beach that the white sand is driven in showers over the crest of the breast-works and falls in clouds of snow upon the artillerymen below; but still with pendulumlike regularity the turret revolves, the platform rifles rear their threatening heads for an instant above the parapet, and the iron arms of the dynamite gun lift themselves into the air, then sink quickly back to rest again.

Brave men that those Englishmen are, they soon realize that they are fighting against hopeless odds, for both military masts of another ship have been blown away by the terrible dynamite gun that they cannot silence, and the rifled cannon are battering and piercing their devoted hulls; so a signal from the flag-ship directs the fleet to scatter and make their way out of range; but this they do not succeed in doing until two of them are so disabled that they are taken in tow.

When it is realized that the enemy is beaten off, shouts of thanksgiving and triumph roll across the water to where the soldiers are proudly talking over the battle they have won.

The excited multitudes have dispersed, the enemy's ships have sunk from view below the horizon to the eastward, and the night has fallen. Within the defences at Sandy Hook the soldiers are again standing by the guns, or at "quarters," as it is termed, and in the conning-tower General Whipple and several of his staff are discussing the fight. Outside, the electric search-lights on the two observatories are playing to and fro, penetrating the gloom.

Almost at the same instant both telephone bells start jingling, and when the General answers the calls, he hears, "One of the British ships to the eastward, within the range of the search light."

Under cover of the night the English fleet are making an attempt to run past the fortifications and gain the harbor, for if they can only once pass the batteries, New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the Hudson River will be at their mercy.

General Whipple presses a button in the key-board before him, and the clanging of an electric gong in the batteries down below starts the machinery of war into action.

"Give me the bearing of the ship," he directs over one wire, then instantly repeats the orders to the officer in the other observing-tower.

Lieutenant Roberts hangs over the checkered map, instruments in hand, and when the required information is received he quickly plots the angles, and calls "Square one hundred and twenty."



A LOW LYING SOMETHING DARTS AWAY WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED

"That's pretty near in," answers the General, as he communicates the number to several of the batteries, and the next instant an almost simultaneous outburst shatters the peaceful summer night.

The light is too uncertain to positively trace the course of the projectiles, or to determine the amount of damage done by them, but it is evident that the enemy is satisfied as to the watchfulness of the coast-defenders and the hopelessness of gaining the channel leading to the harbor, for the ship is turned quickly about, and is soon out of range.

All night the long beams of the search-lamps play over the waters, but nothing further is brought into view.

It is just before daybreak in the conning-tower. The General, his lieutenant, and another officer, are all sitting upright in their chairs, silently waiting, as they have been waiting all night long.

"What's the time, Lieutenant?" asked the General.

"Twenty minutes to four, sir."

"Very good, sir. It must be near day."

"I see light breaking to the eastward now, sir," replies the other officer.

"Try the H—h ands on the line, sir, and see if they can tell us anything," says the commander.

There is a ringing of bells, a moment's delay, and then a bright smile comes over the Lieutenant's face as he turns to his commander, and says, "Jackson says he sees to the horizon, sir, and there is not a sail in sight."

"Thank Heaven! It's over, then."

## DOG DAYS IN FEBRUARY.

BY JOSEPH LAMMOND.

PERHAPS it is because dogs cannot speak, perhaps it is because they have such great fine eyes, but for some reason or other everybody loves them; and though the particular dog in question is a bedraggled fellow you find on your door-step coming home from school, you cannot help saying a kind word to him, even if you drive him away while saying it. Boys sometimes do tie tin cans to dogs' tails, but I don't remember ever seeing a dog so treated; and usually if any little fellow looks up at you and says, with his eyes or with a pathetic little wag of his tail to give him a bone, you do your best to find him one, or something that he will like pretty nearly as well.

In the Madison Square Garden last week there were no sad specimens of doghood, but the fifteen hundred carefully brought up fellows were quite as interesting as the dogs any of us had ever seen. The Garden is a huge place, like two old Roman amphitheatres joined together, and on the floor, arranged in little lanes, each in his own particular house, were the dogs, all classified in their different families. Around the sides of the hall on the raised tiers of seats was another row of little houses, containing the smallest dogs — the poodles and the Skyes, and the other fellows that come under the head of "pet dogs."

As you came in from the street, down below on the floor of the Garden, there were right in front of you the St. Bernards, the mastiffs, and the other giants of their race. Poor old "Major McKinley" hadn't been measured for his compartment. It was like all the others, built to a scale — a scale that did not take into account his size. He kept getting up and turning round and round, trying to make the place big enough to lie down in, and then giving it up finally he would lie down with a disgusted slump, put his great tongue out of his mouth, and look up with an expression that said very plainly: "There's no use trying. The place is wretched, and I might as well accept it." And then in a minute, with grunts of vexation, he would get up and begin again.

Every dog had his own particular discomfort, but they all agreed in consulting the boys and girls and men and women who came along or patted and spoke to them. Here and there one big fellow was too anxious to make the acquaintance of his next-door neighbors, or get up a little quiet fight on his own account. The keepers had put in a double wire partition and stuffed the space in between with straw. But among the big fellows there was



"GOD KNOWS I DIDN'T COME HERE OF MY OWN ACCORD"

too much natural dignity and too much good-nature to give any cause for these straw walls.

In the centre of the Garden, with its little alleys or dog kennels on every side, was an open space where the par-



"MAJOR MCKINLEY" AND HIS MISTRESS

ticular class of hounds or poodles or mastiffs were brought in a body to be judged for the first, second, and third prizes, or for honorable mention, and when any one of them had the "blue ribbon" — the emblem that showed he was the best of all in that class—tied in his collar, he looked as proud as could be. At other times this central ring was the scene of an exhibition given by the trained dogs, and, most comical of all, by the trained cats. The trainer had a table of ordinary size, on which these two cats were set, each having a pair of tiny boxing-gloves fastened on his paws and tied up at his shoulders. At a signal from their master they rose up on their hind feet and went through the sparring motions, now and then giving each other a quick but light tap, then all of a sudden "closing" in regular combat, but breaking away at once to take up the careful sparring again. It was all very scientific, and neither was so undignified as to lose his temper, though finally the white champion knocked his black opponent completely off the table, and the fight was over.

Then came the long slim jumping greyhounds, who leaped over a table, some chairs, and a straw basket, one set on top of the other, and there was a little shaggy trained poodle who did the wrong thing every time, and was continually getting into trouble. He went about tipping over chairs which his master had carefully put into a certain position, and just as the man was going to pounce on him to punish him, he would turn so many beautiful back somersaults that no one could think of being angry.

Perhaps the most interesting dogs, and certainly those who considered themselves the most interesting, were the tiny Japanese poodles and King Charles spaniels up on the upper row around the great hall. They felt that they ought to be on a higher plane than all the other commonplace dogs. Some of them had little Japanese houses of glass, with branches and twigs for roofs, and great red tassels hanging down from the corners. "Tootsie," who had the cherished "blue ribbon" about her neck, sat up in a very sniffy way, as if she were inclined to say: "Goodness knows I didn't come here of my own accord. I never saw so many common vulgar dogs in my life." Tootsie was very famous. She had the best prize the Japanese poodles could possibly win, and besides that she had two little fuzzy-woolly sons near by, who looked out upon the people going by and down upon the rest of dog-kind in a sleepy way that seemed to show they would take great interest in everything if they could only get their eyes fairly open; but that was bound to come in time.

Down below Tootsie and across the Garden was a little space set aside for some Eskimo men and women, who were there to sell some furs and to exhibit their Eskimo dogs. Poor thick-coated dogs! They were fearfully hot and tired, and they had to bark all the time, and were become hoarse by the end of the exhibition. Some of them, I am sorry to say, had to be walled around with the straw partition, because they were too anxious to pick a quarrel with the hounds and the bull-terriers that were near them. Every one liked to watch them, but when you got over into their corner it was impossible to resist the temptation to stand a long time watching the huge heads and big under jaws of the bull-dogs.

For a famous dog I suppose, to the average girl or boy, a bull-dog is about the homeliest thing that can be imagined, and yet they look so fierce, so reliable if you happen to be a friend of theirs, so dangerous if you are only a stranger, that you *must* like them, whether you will or



IN THE CENTRE OF THE GARDEN THERE WAS AN OPEN SPACE WHERE THE DOGS WERE JUDGED

not. In Cat-dog's corner it was as interesting because of the peculiar dogs as the other end of the Garden was because of the magnificent beasts of prey. For next the bull-dogs were the Dachshunds, with their short bow legs, their flat little paws that can dig so quickly into the ground, and their long, thin bodies and pointed noses. These



strange little beasts will go into a ploughed field and discover the hole of some little earth animal. One will begin to dig away with his forefeet down into the hole. Gradually his head gets further and further into the ground. Then part of his body disappears, until he is completely inside the earth, and you can only see his wagging tail, and watch the earth come shooting up from beneath. Then his companion begins to dig away in his tracks, throwing away the earth that he throws up out of the hole, and by-and-by out they come with the poor little earth mouse that thought himself so safe in his home. And the great mastiff, who hardly considered the Dachshund worthy of his notice before, begins to see some use in those tiny legs, and wishes he had been able to get the mouse himself.

A great many people refuse to let their little pets, no matter how sure of a prize they may be, go into these big dog shows, for they say that their dogs will catch some disease from his neighbors. And it is quite true that some of the poor fellows are not well. It was an interesting part of the show to watch one of the big St. Bernards take his medicine. His "pill" was as big as an egg, and the poor chap didn't like it at all. The keeper forced him to take four of them by holding the dog's mouth open with one hand, and thrusting the pill way down his throat with the other, till old "Bruno" had to swallow. As a rule, however, the dogs keep pretty well, because they are well taken care of, and because each particular dog is watched so carefully that even if he catches the distemper, or anything else, he is removed so soon that there is no danger of his neighbors catching it from him. Over by the bull-dogs and the queer little beagles there was a beautiful hunting hound, who seemed very sad and ill. He sat looking out over the people's heads with his big eyes, his ears hanging down in a very depressed way, and, of course, everybody thought he was ill. Suddenly, without any warning, he began to bay—the long bay of a hound that you sometimes hear in the night. It sounded strange there in the Dog Show, but the keeper said the hound was perfectly well, and that he was often taken that way.

All these and a lot more were in this Garden. Each year the Westminster Kennel Club has its exhibition of fine dogs, and every year there are better specimens, and the treatment and training of dogs improve just because people want to show what beautiful specimens they have and can raise; and so, like the Chicken Show and the Horse Show, the Dog Show encourages the care, the kindness, and the training of these animals that we all love to have around us and does so much good because they make us kind and thoughtful of dumb animals.

## TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

THIS little girl is very poor;
She has troubles, she finds, she can scarce endure:
And yet, my dear, she has plaything pretty
Dolls as many as two and twenty,
Houses and arks and picture-books
Something pretty wherever she looks,
But half the time she's puzzled to know
What to do with the wonderful show.
Fleet of clothes two and twenty,
And bored with her various toys aplenty.

That little girl is very rich,
With an old doll like a perfect witch,
A broken chair and a bit of delf,
And a wee cracked cup on the closet shelf.
She can play with only a row of pins:
Houses and gardens, arks and inns,
She makes with her chubby fingers smart,
Yet she never asks for a toy at all
Lest around her the fairies stray,
Giving her bright thoughts every day.

Poor little girl and rich little girl,
How nice it would be if as Time's swift whirl
You could — perhaps not change your places —
But catch a glimpse of each other's faces:
For each to the other could something give,
Which would make the child life sweeter to live,
For both could give and both could share
Something the other had to spare. M. L. SANGSTER.

## MISS TEAZLE'S TRUNK.

### A FARCE

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

*CHARACTERS:*

Mr. Peter Primrose, *a bachelor of sarcastic propensities.*
Tom Primrose, *his nephew, a boy of fifteen.*
Flora Primrose, *niece of Tom.*
Lydia Teazle, *cousin of Tom and niece of Mr. Primrose.*
Mary, *the maid.*
Two Men.

SCENE. *A sitting-room in* Mr. Primrose's *house.* Mr. Primrose *discovered reading.*

*Prim.* There! (*signs his name with a flourish*) I flatter myself that this letter will have the desired effect. Tom will stay where he is for the holidays if *I* have anything to say about it. As for having that great romping roaring school-boy home for two weeks, it is quite out of the question. (*Reads over his letter, pushes up his spectacles, and rubs his hands with satisfaction.*) This settles it. The fact is the whole thing is an imposition. That I should be saddled with the care of three noisy nieces and nephew is preposterous. I am thankful to say that Lydia is out of the way for a time. Gone to her father's relations to make a visit. Why under the sun wasn't she left to them, anyhow? Why was I made her guardian, I'd like to know?

*Enter* Flora, *with open letter.*

*Flora.* Good-morning, Uncle Peter! I've just had a letter from Lydia, and it has such good news in it! She is coming home to-day.

*Prim.* (*starting up*) To-day! She sha'n't do any such thing. Telegraph her! Stop her! She went for two weeks.

*Flora.* She's changed her mind, and it's too late to stop her, for she must have reached the city by this time. Aren't you glad, Uncle Peter?

*Prim.* I'm not at all glad. [*Grunts.*

*Flora.* And, oh, Uncle Peter, Lydia wants Tom to come home for the holidays. She says he must come.

*Prim.* Must indeed! And who is Lydia that she says "must" to me? Tom is not to come home, and I have just written him to that effect.

*Flora.* But Lydia wants him.

*Prim.* (*walking up and down*) That let Lydia want. (*Angrily.*) I would have you know that Lydia can want a great deal that she won't get. (*Aside.*) The worst of it is she always does get it. I never knew Lydia to want anything yet that she didn't get it in the end. (*Aloud.*) Now not another word. I have some letters to write. [*Sits at desk and begins to write.*

*Flora* (*aside, looking over her letter*). Lydia says her trunk will get here before she does, and it must be taken to her room, and I must unlock it at once, but on no account to look in. She sends me the key (*holding up key*), and this letter did not come by mail, but by messenger, so Lydia must be in town already. She has it all underlined. (*Reading.*) "Unlock my trunk, but do not open it. I have something in it to surprise you. And shut the door of my room when you come out." It's the oddest thing I ever heard, and I'm simply devoured with curiosity. (*Loud ring at the door-bell heard.*) There's the trunk now.

*Enter* Mary.

*Mary.* Miss Teazle's trunk, sir.

*Prim.* Miss Teazle's trunk indeed! Miss Teazle!

*Mary.* Shall the men take it up stairs, sir?

*Flora.* Oh yes, uncle, have it taken up.

*Prim.* Pray who asked for your opinion? (*To* Mary.) No, have the trunk brought in here.

*Flora.* But, Uncle Peter— [*Exit* Mary.

*Prim.* (*shouting*). Not a word! Do you suppose I am going to pay extra for having it carried up stairs? She can unpack it here. (*Enter two men carrying trunk.*) Put it here—no, here.

[*Moving furniture. Trunk finally deposited back of centre. Exeunt men.* Primrose *fusses about, then returns to desk and resumes writing.*

*Flora* (*aside, approaching trunk*). I do wonder what the surprise is? How furious Lydia will be when she finds it in this room! I'll unlock it, anyhow. (*Unlocks it, then looks at it from all sides.*) I wish I dared peep in, but Lydia wouldn't like it.

*Prim.* Flora, I have written to your brother to tell him that he is not to come home for the holidays.

*Flora.* Oh, Uncle Peter! I am so disappointed, and Lydia will be too.

*Prim.* Lydia indeed! What difference does it make to me what Lydia thinks? [*Again becomes absorbed in writing.*

*Flora* (*aside*). A great deal. Never mind; Lydia will manage somehow to get him here. (*Advances front. Arranges flowers in bowl, etc., or dusts a table, so that she does not see the lid of the trunk slowly rise and* Tom's *head appear. This is done several times, and is plainly visible to audience.*) I wish Lydia would come. It seems to me she is very late

[*Violent ring at the door-bell.*

*Prim.* Of course that is Lydia. She makes more noise than a dozen boys. What possesses her to come back so soon?

[*Sound of laughing and talking heard without.* Flora *listens eagerly.*

*Enter* Lydia.

*Lydia.* Hollo! Here I am, unkie! Aren't you glad to see me? I know you are. (*Runs to him and kisses him. He draws back.*) You dear old unkie, I'm so delighted to get back to you! I simply couldn't stay away another minute. Flora, you angel! (*Throws her arms around her. Aside.*) Has my trunk come, and have you unlocked it?

*Flora* (*aside*). I've unlocked it, but it is not in your room. There it is, over there.

*Lydia.* Horrors! I can't have it there. How unfortunate! (*Aloud.*) Uncle, can't my trunk be taken up stairs?

*Prim.* Not until you have unpacked it.

*Lydia.* But it's not so very heavy.

*Prim.* Let me try it. [*Advances toward trunk.*

*Lydia.* Oh, uncle, don't you try to lift it!

[*Tries to prevent him.*

*Prim.* Nonsense! (*Lifts one end.*) It is pretty heavy. Take out the trays. [*Is about to raise the lid.*

*Lydia* (*screaming*). Oh, Uncle Peter, don't! (*Sits on trunk.*) I—I don't want any one to see what's inside. It's—it's a Christmas present.

*Prim.* Then you can take care of it yourself. The trunk must be unpacked here. [*Returns to his seat.*

*Lydia* (*aside to* Flora). What shall we do? (*They advance to front.*) Flora, I shall have to tell you. Now don't show any surprise. There is something queer in that trunk. Flora, now be careful! It's—Tom.

*Flora* (*starting violently*). Lydia, what do you mean?

*Lydia.* Just what I say. Tom—your brother Tom—is in my trunk. I had it taken to the Winterblossoms', and packed him there, and sent it around. We had such fun over it. Of course I was going to have him home for the holidays, let Uncle Peter say what he likes. We'll break it to him later. And now the great thing is, how to get Tom out.

*Flora.* I am afraid he is suffocating.

*Lydia.* No, he isn't. We bored holes in the back for air. It's a great lark. But we had better keep near him. (*She lays aside hat and coat, and sits near trunk.* Flora *does likewise on the other side.*) I'll have to think up some way of getting rid of Uncle Peter. (*Aloud.*) It's a lovely day, uncle. Aren't you going out?

*Prim.* Not this morning.

*Lydia* (*aside*). Oh dear, I'll have to try something else.

[*Thinks.*

*Tom* (*in loud whisper, raising trunk lid*). Say, I'm awfully hungry.

*Lydia* (*aside*). Hush! hush! (*To* Flora.) Get him some crackers. (*Exit* Flora. Lydia *thinks.*) I have it. (*Aloud.*) Uncle Peter, have you seen the morning papers?

*Prim* (*shortly*). No.

*Lydia.* I read them on the train.

*Prim.* And ruined your eyes, no doubt.

*Lydia* (*opening and shutting her eyes*). No; my eyes are all right. There were lots of paragraphs about people I know.

[*Enter* Flora *with crackers. Prim* (*laying down his pen, and leaning back in his chair*). I've no patience with that sort of thing. Any man who will allow his name to appear in the papers, or be talked about and interviewed, is not worthy the name of man.

*Lydia.* I had no idea you felt that way, Uncle Peter. Why, that is too bad, because I am sure—yes, I am very sure—that I saw something about you.

*Prim.* About me? (*Starting up.*) Preposterous! Pre—posterous! What could they have to say about me? I'll sue them for libel. I'll— What was it?

*Lydia* (*appearing to think*). I can't exactly remember.

*Prim.* Which paper was it in?

*Lydia.* I can't remember that either. You see, I had a lot of the morning papers, and I was suddenly attracted by seeing your name.

*Prim.* (*excitedly*). Why didn't you bring the papers home? What extravagance to leave them in the train! Was it—was it anything desirable?

*Lydia.* Desirable?

*Prim.* Yes. What one would wish to have said about one.

*Lydia.* Why, I think it was; and yet I can't exactly remember. But as you don't care to appear in the papers, let us try to forget all about it, and talk about something else. Uncle dear, can't Tom come home for the holidays?

*Prim.* No, he can't, and that's the end of it. This time you shall not have your own way.

*Lydia* (*aside*). Sha'n't I? (*To* Flora.) Now is our chance.

*Prim.* (*walking up and down*). It is very strange that you cannot remember what that was in the paper.

[Lydia *stands in front of trunk, while* Flora *slips in the crackers. They then sit on either side as before.*

*Lydia.* Yes, it is strange. How would it do to send out and get them?

*Prim.* It would be a good plan to know what it was. Not that I have any curiosity on the subject; not at all. But I would just like to know what they've chosen to say about me.

*Lydia.* You'll go yourself, uncle, won't you? You will know what to get.

*Prim.* I shouldn't know at all. I shall send Mary.

[*Rings the bell.*

*Lydia* (*aside to* Flora). Oh dear! He's not going, after all. We are in for it now.

*Enter* Mary.

*Prim.* Mary, just step to the corner and buy me a copy of every morning paper they have— Lydia, you are sure you don't know which it was in?

*Lydia.* I really don't, uncle.

*Prim.* Most inexcusable negligence. Then get every one—*Herald, Tribune, World, Times, Record* (*naming long list of local papers*). Here is a dollar. (*Gives* Mary *the money. Exit* Mary. *Silence for a moment, save a loud crunching and crackling in the trunk.*) What's that noise?

*Lydia* (*alarmed*). What noise?

*Prim.* It sounds like a mouse.

*Lydia.* I suppose it is a mouse in the wall.

*Flora.* A mouse? Oh dear me!

*Prim.* It's not in the wall at all. It is right here in the room.

[Flora, *very much frightened, jumps on a chair;* Primrose *begins to look about, under tables, etc.*

*Lydia* (*aside to* Flora). It is Tom eating his crackers. How can you be so foolish? (*To* Tom, *through lid of trunk.*) Be quiet!

*Prim.* (*excitedly, approaching trunk*). Here he is. I'll get him. He's in your trunk.

*Lydia* (*aside*). He is indeed. (*Aloud.*) Uncle, don't open my trunk. There is a Christmas present in there. (*Sits on trunk;* Flora *descends from chair.*) The mouse couldn't possibly be there. Listen! [*All listen. Not a sound heard. Pause.*

*Prim.* You have frightened him away. (*Enter* Mary, *carrying with difficulty an immense number of newspapers.*) Ah! here comes Mary.

[*She drops the papers on the floor at* Primrose's *feet. They spread in all directions.*

*Mary.* Here's your change, sir. [*Gives change. Exit.*

*Prim.* Now we'll go to work systematically. (*Picks up two or three papers and distributes them.*) We will each look carefully through from beginning to end.



"YOU ARE NOT HALF LOOKING. TAKE ANOTHER PAPER."

*Flora.* Uncle Peter! All these papers! I thought you didn't care about—

*Lydia, aside.* Sh! It's the very thing. (*Aloud.*) Yes, Uncle Peter, that is a very good paper. I think the paragraph was inside somewhere in the middle of the sheet.

*Prim.* I am glad you know that much.

(*Opens paper. Sits L., turning and re-turning, holding large newspaper in front of him. Lydia whispers to Flora, and they stand behind him. Primrose at last finds himself comfortably established. They open their papers very wide.*

*Lydia, aside, towards door.* Tom!

(*Door opens. Tom's head appears through his shoulders. He strikes first one attitude, then another.*

*Prim.* I can't find a word about me.

*Lydia.* Nor I.

*Flora.* Nor I.

(*Primrose rises and throws aside paper. Tom disappears. Lydia gently closes trunk.*

*Prim.* I will take another.

*Lydia.* So will I.

*Flora.* So will I.

(*He gives them each a paper. All search for the paragraph. Tom appears again. Finally stands upright in the trunk, stretching himself. Lydia and Flora draw nearer to him.*

*Prim., thus taken aback.* Why don't you sit down?

*Lydia.* We both love to stand, especially when we are reading the papers.

*Prim.* Humph! Never knew it before. I thought you were both very fond of easy chairs. It's not in this paper.

(*Throws it aside and takes another. Tom presently steps out at front. Lydia and Flora keep fast hold of him, and Primrose is absorbed in his paper.*

*Prim., looking up suddenly.* What are you doing? You are not half looking. Take another paper.

*Lydia.* No, no, Uncle Peter! We haven't finished these.

(*Lydia, Flora, and Tom move towards door, L.*

*Prim., returning to paper.* Of course I haven't the slightest curiosity about the matter, as I said before; but it would be just as well to know what has been said about me.

(*Reads, and the girls and Tom move slowly. When he looks around they stop. This is continued for some time. They finally reach a settee, L.*

*Prim., starting up excitedly.* Tom hides behind screen. Ha! What's this? (*Takes off his spectacles, rubs them violently, replaces them, clears his throat, and, with an air of satisfaction, reads.*) "Mr. Peter Primrose, well known in our town, has contributed the generous sum of five dollars to the support of our new Free Library. Mr. Primrose's benevolence is well known, and this only serves to prove it." Um! Ah! Very nice, very nice indeed! Lydia, my dear, what shall I do for you to repay you for having seen this pleasant little bit? Name your price. Ha, ha! Name your price.

*Lydia.* Uncle! Do you really mean it?

(*Advancing and throwing down her paper.*

*Prim.* Of course I do. (*Sits.*

*Lydia, aside.* Nothing venture, nothing have! (*Aloud.*) Well, then, Uncle Peter—*dear* Uncle Peter (*kneeling beside him*)—all I want is to have Tom home for the holidays.

*Prim., in great good humor.* Well, my dear, your request is granted. The letter I wrote Tom shall not be sent. (Tom's *head appears from behind screen.* Flora *silently claps her hands.*) But, on the contrary, I will telegraph Tom to come home. There! What do you think of that? A great expense to telegraph, but still you are a pretty good little girl, Lydia, and I'll do it for you!

*Lydia.* Uncle, what an angel you are! And now I'll tell you something—I knew you'd relent and say Tom could come, you're such a dear, and so I brought him myself! And you'll be saved the expenses of telegraphing.

*Prim.* Brought him yourself! (*Rising.*

*Lydia.* Yes, in my trunk, and he's in the room now. Tom, come say how d'ye do to Uncle Peter.

(Tom *advances from behind screen.*

*Prim.* Well, I declare, Lydia, you're a smart one! It's enough to make me very angry, but somehow I don't feel so. Tom, my boy, how are you? (*Shaking hands.*

*Lydia.* And you don't really mind, uncle? (*Taking his arm.*

*Flora on the other side, taking his arm.* Dear Uncle Peter!

*Tom, giving a huge stretch.* I'm glad I don't often have to travel in a trunk.

*Lydia.* We'll all be just as good as gold, Uncle Peter, and solemnly promise not to make any more noise than—we can help!

*Prim.* I knew you would get what you wanted in the end, Lydia, even though you had to bring it in your trunk.

*L.* TOM. LYDIA. PRIMROSE. FLORA. *R.*

*Curtain.*

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER III.

### AN UNDESIRABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

ACCORDING to the plan laid out by Mr. Ryder, Phil was to make his long journey across the continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which not only offers the most direct route to Victoria and a connection with the Alaska steamers, but passes through some of the grandest and most interesting scenery in America. Mr. Ryder's letter contained explicit instructions concerning each step of the journey, and Phil had read these over so often that he knew them by heart. It had also contained a bank check for $200, which formed an ample allowance for the proposed trip. In regard to this Mr. Ryder had written: "Above all, my boy, take care of your money, and never display it before strangers. You know we are not wealthy people, and though the sum enclosed is not a large one, its loss and replacement would cause me a real inconvenience."

"Of course I will take care of it," said Phil, when he and his aunt Ruth read this paragraph over together, and she added her caution to that of his father. "I may lose some other and less-important things now and then, but money is something I'm likely to keep a pretty solid grip on, and I'd like to meet the man who'd dare try and take it from me."

Here the sturdy young fellow glared about him as fiercely as though the room were filled with robbers, with whom he should take the greatest pleasure in trying conclusions.

In New London, Phil's ticket could only be procured as far as Montreal, at which place he was to purchase another that would take him to Victoria, check his trunk to the same destination, and engage his sleeping-car berth as far as Vancouver. This latter city is the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific, is situated on the mainland bordering Puget Sound, and is seventy miles by water from Victoria, which is on the island of Vancouver.

Before leaving home, Phil's money, in the shape of bank-bills, was placed in the new alligator-skin pocket-book, which was Aunt Ruth's parting gift, and thrust carefully into the young traveller's inside vest pocket. There, in spite of his remonstrances, his aunt fastened it securely with two stout safety-pins.

Phil had taken the journey to Montreal so often with his father that he felt entirely at home in the Canadian metropolis, and knew just what to do when he reached there early on the following morning after leaving New London. With quite the air of an old traveller, and a slight feeling of contempt for the fluttering anxiety of those who were about to undergo their first experience with customs officers, he handed both his check and the key of his trunk to the Windsor Hotel porter, requested him to send it to the Canadian Pacific station after it should have been examined, and stepped into the waiting hotel 'bus, with his mind relieved of all further anxiety concerning that portion of the business. As the overland train would not leave until evening, he now had the whole day before him, and was consequently free from hurry or worry of any kind.

After a capital breakfast, to which he devoted an hour of his ample leisure, he strolled into the great rotunda. Here he wrote a note to his aunt Ruth on the hotel paper, and felt imposed upon by being obliged to pay three cents for a Canadian stamp with which to send a letter out of the country, into which a two-cent American stamp would bring it. This was so clearly an extravagance that Phil decided to deny himself the luxury of letter-



"I ONCE SAID THAT IF YOU EVER SPOKE TO ME AGAIN I WOULD KNOCK YOU DOWN."

writing until he should come once more within the lines of the United States mail-service. Having settled upon this plan for saving money, he purchased a silver souvenir spoon, the handle of which was surmounted by the Canadian beaver, and mailed it, together with his letter, to his aunt Ruth.

Phil argued that though this might appear extravagant it really was not, for in return for all her kindness he owed something to his dear aunt, whose hobby was the collecting of souvenir spoons. Besides, if he neglected this opportunity for the securing of one of those beaver spoons, he probably would not meet with another.

This transaction had hardly been finished when the hotel porter, with a touch of the hat that drew a quarter from Phil's pocket, handed him the key of his trunk, and announced that it awaited him in the Canadian Pacific station. So Phil strolled down to the superb building that rears its massive granite front like that of a mediæval castle a short distance below the Windsor, bought his ticket, and checked his trunk to Victoria. Then, for twenty dollars more, he engaged a lower berth in a sleeping-car that would run to Vancouver without change.

These expenditures reduced his available cash to a one-hundred dollar bill and a twenty. As the latter would be needed for meals, etc., *en route*, he tucked it into a vest pocket, but the larger bill he restored to his pocket-book, which now looked so flat it was hard to realize it was not empty.

While he was struggling to recommit this to the security of its safety-pins, and the sleeping-car clerk was watching him with a slight smile that caused the lad's face to flush, he became conscious that a young fellow, apparently a few years older than himself, was standing near, and regarding his precautions for securing his money with something very like a sneer.

Instantly Phil was seized with a hot indignation, under the impulse of which he blurted out, "Well, sir! I trust that I afford you sufficient amusement to excuse your rudeness."

"Excuse me," said the young man. "Were you addressing me? I am glad you spoke, for I see by your ticket that we are to be travelling companions together across the continent. My name is Goldollar — Simon Goldollar—and I am from New York. I presume you also are from the States?"

Completely disarmed by this polite speech, and feeling heartily ashamed of his own, Phil accepted the stranger's advances, and allowed himself to be drawn into a conversation. At the same time he was not at all prepossessed by the other's appearance or manner. Still, he reflected that if they were to be shut up in the same car together for the next five or six days, it would be much pleasanter that they should be on friendly terms than otherwise. So he told Mr. Simon Goldollar his own name, confided to him that he was on his way to Alaska, and they walked out of the station together.

"Going to Alaska, are you?" asked the stranger. "Taking the regular tourist trip, I suppose?"

"I don't know what the regular trip is," answered Phil. "I am going as far as Sitka."

"Oh yes, just to the edge of Alaska, and then you'll come away thinking that you know it all, like the rest of the tourists. If you'd studied the country as I have, you'd realize that Alaska is a mighty big place, and that you must spend months and thousands of dollars in travelling over it before you know much about it."

"Have you done that?" asked Phil, simply.

"Well, no, not exactly; but I'm expecting to in the near future—that is," he added, with a slight air of confusion, "I have particular reasons for wishing to take the trip, and if things work out all right I hope to be able to do it. By-the-way, I suppose you've laid in your supply of hardware?"

"Hardware?" repeated Phil, in a puzzled tone.

"Yes, wet goods, you know. Montreal's the very best place for providing the stock."

"I can't imagine what you mean."

Again a slight sneer flitted across Mr. Simon Goldollar's face as he explained that "hardware" and "wet goods" were but polite terms for liquor, with a flask of which every "travelling gent" should provide himself before going aboard a train.

"I don't see why liquor should be more necessary on board a train than anywhere else," said Phil.

"Nor I," replied Simon Goldollar; "for to me it's just as necessary in one place as another."

"And as I am not a 'travelling gent'," continued Phil, "and have never touched liquor in my life, and don't ever intend to, I can't see why I should provide myself with a flask of it."

"How about being ready for your friends?"

"I am always ready for my friends, and glad to see them, and willing to treat them to the best of everything I may happen to have; but none of *my friends* have any more use for liquor than I have."

"You and your friends must be a precious spoony lot," muttered Simon Goldollar to himself; but aloud he said: "Oh, well, you are young yet, and not rid of your Yankee notions. Wait till you've been out on the coast a few months, and you'll sing a different tune."

"I guess not," replied Phil, stoutly. "For I'm singing the same tune now that my father sings, and he has been out on the 'coast,' as you call it, for a good many years, off and on."

"Well, you must admit that it's a mighty good medicine to have along, and a fine thing for sickness."

"Yes," replied the lad, dryly, "I have often heard my father say that liquor was one of the best things in the world for sickness; but that he would rather not be made sick in that way."

"I suppose your father doesn't smoke either?"

"Oh yes he does; he smokes a cigar every evening after dinner."

"Then of course you follow his example, and do the same thing?"

"Then of course I do nothing of the kind. I don't know what I may do when I become twenty-one years of age; but I gave him my promise long ago never to smoke even a cigarette until that time. Besides, I'm on a football team, and a fellow who smoked would be fired out of that quick enough, I can tell you. Now, as we are at my hotel, I think I will go in and write some letters."

Phil said this with the hope of shaking off the companion whose presence was anything but agreeable to him; but the other remarked:

"Oh! you put up at the swell hotel, do you? Well, I guess I'll go in and write a letter too."

"I didn't know you were stopping here. I didn't see you at breakfast," said Phil.

"No, nor you won't see me at dinner, either, unless some of my friends happen to give me an invite. All the same, I write my letters to the firm from here, and send in my expense bills from here. That's the only way to make money on the road nowadays. Charge up first-class hotel prices, live at restaurants, and pocket the difference. See? That is the reason I'm going West by this route, too," continued Simon Goldollar, who seemed anxious to show off his smartness before this new and evidently very verdant acquaintance. "The scheme is to charge up the highest possible railroad fares, and travel on scalped tickets. Oh, it's a great racket! and the sooner you get onto it the better for your pocket-book."

"Thank you," answered Phil, in a tone that expressed as much of disgust as he could throw into it. "Whenever I find it necessary to make my living by turning 'road-agent,' which is what I suppose you mean by 'go-

ing on the road,' I will remember your advice; but now you really must excuse me if I leave you for a while."

With this, and without giving the other a chance to reply, the lad turned and left the hotel. He took a long walk through the city, and when he returned for dinner was thankful to find no trace of his late companion. "I've almost a mind to stop over and take to-morrow's train in order to avoid him," he said to himself; but reflecting that this would be cowardly as well as extravagant, he decided to adhere to his original plan.

### CHAPTER IV.

### ACROSS THE CONTINENT

In his journeyings thus far it may have been remarked that our careless hero had been a model of prudence and forethought. About this time, however, his old habits began to assert themselves. Thus, before the end of the first day out from Montreal his belongings were so scattered from one end of the sleeping-car to the other, that its good-natured black porter was kept constantly on the alert gathering them up and restoring them to their owner. At the same time, by his cheerful disposition and obliging manners the young fellow made himself a universal favorite. Especially was this the case with the weary mothers whose restless children he was always ready to amuse and entertain.

To these children the quaintly carved tooth that dangled from his watch-chain was a source of never-failing delight. It was also considered a great curiosity, and examined with interest by the older passengers, while Simon Goldollar, who managed to maintain an appearance of intimacy with its owner, asked many questions concerning it. "Was it not a witch charm? Did its engraved figures represent totems?" etc., to all of which Phil had to plead ignorance.

One day he detached it from its chain to give it to a fretful baby as a plaything. At the same time he gave his watch to another child. Then, attracted by a bit of scenery that was best visible from the smoking-room at the rear end of the car, he went off and forgot all about them.

A few hours later one mother returned his watch to him; while the other said that, after her infant had nearly choked himself in trying to swallow the fur-seal's tooth, she had taken it from him and laid it on the window-sill of Phil's seat. In the mean time the berths had been made up for the night, and it was nowhere to be seen. Its owner good-naturedly said, "No matter, it will turn up again somewhere," and thought no more about it until the next day. Then a vigorous search was instituted for the missing trinket, but with no avail. It was not to be found, nor was it again seen during the remainder of the journey.

Phil felt badly over the loss of the fur-seal's tooth, because the universal interest it had excited led him to believe it more valuable than he had at first supposed. Also because of Serge Belcofsky, of whom it had been a constant reminder, and whose good qualities grew more and more apparent to our hero with the lapse of time and distance. He wondered if any one could have stolen the bit of carved ivory; but being of a singularly honest and unsuspicious nature, he dismissed this thought almost before it was formed.

So the eventful journey wore on, with each day more full of strange and wonderful interest than its predecessor. The scenery of the first day was an almost unbroken forest with queer settlements at wide intervals. It was rather monotonous, and to beguile the time Simon Goldollar induced Phil to join him and two others in a game of cards. The lad did not care much for the game, and only entered it rather than appear ill-natured or disobliging. When at the end of an hour he expressed a wish to withdraw, Simon Goldollar informed him that he could do so upon payment of the two dollars he had lost, as they had been playing for a shilling a point. At this Phil sprang from his seat in a sudden fury.

"So you are a gambler, are you! And I have been led blindfolded into your trap?" he cried. "Very well, sir; there is your wretched money; and now, if you ever mention cards to me again, or in fact if you dare speak to me on any subject, I will knock you down." With this the lad flung two silver dollars upon the table, and left the room, almost choked with the tumult of his feelings.

He heard Goldollar's sneering laugh and his remark of "Pretty loud crowing for a bantam, eh?" and he heard one of the other men say something about its being too bad; but he did not wait for anything more.

Afterwards both the strangers apologized to him for their apparent share in the deception, saying that Goldollar had told them before the game began that it was understood by all they were to play for money. The author of this unpleasant scene did not, however, see fit to offer any apology for his share in it, nor did he and Phil exchange aught save black looks for several days.

Our lad was too manly a fellow to allow an incident of this kind to affect him for long, and he was soon enjoying the trip as keenly as ever.

The second day was passed amid the rugged scenery of Thunder Bay and the northern shores of Lake Superior, greatest of fresh-water seas. It was followed by their arrival in the early morning of the third day at Winnipeg, the old Fort Garry of fur-trading times. This fort had played so conspicuous a part in the stories of Phil's boyhood that he gazed about him on all sides with an eager interest, and was disappointed to find the Hudson Bay Company's post of romance grown into a fair and widespread city.

Here, with the crossing of the Red River, the forest country ended, and the treeless plains of Manitoba, once the range of countless buffalo, but now one of the greatest wheat regions of the world, began. As the train rushed across the vast breezy levels at an accelerated speed the far-reaching view with its myriad objects of interest was exhilarating in the extreme, and Phil gazed upon it for the greater part of two days without a trace of weariness. Here were old buffalo trails and wallows; there a fleeing band of antelope or a skulking coyote. Now a party of mounted Blackfeet in all the bravery of savage decoration would dash up to some little station at which the train was stopping. A few minutes later it would whirl past a cluster of their tepees looking exactly like the pictures of Indian camps he had pored over so often in his books. He saw cowboys, too, and great herds of cattle. He saw a vast wheat ranch, containing one hundred square miles of land, divided into fields of such size that in them the ploughing of a single furrow was a day's work for a man and team.

At length, during the morning of the fourth day, soon after leaving the brisk little city of Calgary, Phil caught a glimpse, far ahead, of something that caused him to rub his eyes and look again. It was high up and of dazzling whiteness. It could not be a cloud. No, it must be snow. Yes, it actually was a snow-capped peak of the Rocky Mountains. As the discovery burst upon him in all its magnitude Phil uttered a shout of delighted wonder that attracted the attention of every one in the car, and all the passengers crowded to the windows to look.

From this on all was excitement, which, as the wondrous panorama of glistening peaks was unfolded and uplifted, until finally the train plunged into their very midst, increased with each moment. Now an open observation car was attached to the train, and as it sped up the narrow valley of the Crystal Bow, the ever-changing and ever-fascinating view was unobstructed. On they hurried, past



A STREET IN VICTORIA

Banff, with its sky-piercing peaks, its boiling springs, and its stately hotel, and past Laggan, the point of departure on horseback for the marvellously beautiful lakes of the clouds. Ten miles further on the Great Divide was crossed, and with a thrill our young traveller realized that the rivulet flowing beside the track was the head-waters of the Kicking Horse, a tributary of the mighty Columbia, and the first Pacific waters he had ever seen.

From here, for a hundred miles down the western slope of the Rockies, and over the majestic Selkirk Range, the scenery was so indescribably grand, so filled with lofty mountain peaks, fathomless gorges, gleaming glaciers, and foaming cataracts, that no words can tell of it, and even the enthusiasts of the observation car were awed into silence. As for Phil Ryder, who had never even imagined anything so marvellous, he sat and gazed alone, and with swelling heart, at the wonders unfolded by each succeeding moment. The majesty of that day's scenery was so overpowering that he was actually glad when night came and hid it from his wearied eyes.

On the following day, which was to be his last on the train, the strange grandeur of the mighty Fraser Cañon was almost as bewildering as that of the mountains already left behind, and the lad drew a long sigh of relief when the train finally emerged from it, and entered the comparatively level country that stretched away to the western ocean.

At one pretty little station where the train stopped for dinner, Phil, having exhausted his change, was obliged to take the one-hundred-dollar bill from his securely hidden pocket-book. Simon Goldollar watched him, and when, in the haste of departure, the lad thrust both his wallet and the wad of bills he had just received in change into one of the pockets of his overcoat, instead of putting it into the place where his treasure had been kept, the former noted this action also. A minute later the overcoat was carelessly flung into a seat of the sleeper, while its young owner joined a group of passengers who had called to him from one end of the car.

At the last stop before reaching Vancouver, Simon Goldollar approached Phil, who was walking beyond the end of the platform. "Let's make up and be friends," he said, extending his hand. "I don't bear no hard feelings, and to prove it I'll put you onto a big scheme by which you can double your money in no time. Buy opium in Victoria, run it into Alaska, and—"

"Mr. Simon Goldollar," interrupted Phil, regarding the other with blazing eyes, "I once said that if you ever spoke to me again I would knock you down, and I never [illegible] on my word."

With this the [illegible] athlete stepped forward with so threatening and determined an aspect that Mr. Simon Goldollar, with one terrified glance, sought safety in precipitate flight, nor did he pause until he had gained the shelter of the train.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE LITTLE "MYSTERY."

BY EARLE TRACY.

"YOU'RE back in the nick of time, Bascom. Where's the little *Mystery?*"

Mr. Martinez looked up from his desk as he spoke, and smiled at the hardy sunburnt boy who had come into the office. "I've worried about you-all since the wind's been rising."

"We're all right," answered Bascom: "but we ain't in yet. Captain Tony thought we'd better anchor in front, and bring her round in the morning. Sent me across to tell you we was safe."

"You'll not be going back to-night, will you?"

"Oh yes. They'll need me in the morning. Captain Tony thinks the gale's going to last."

"They'll need you, will they?" repeated Mr. Martinez, amused at Bascom's sense of importance. "You must be a great sailor. Well, tell Tony to make it round as soon as he can, we're getting short of oysters."

"All right, sir; but we didn't get no oysters. It was too rough out by the Marsh, an' we've been a-beatin' back," and with a nod for every one, Bascom went out.

"Dat little chap t'ink he's de *Mystery's* mains'l," commented Captain Lazaré, entering to report his own arrival. The dingy office of the canning factory was full of oystermen who had labored in against the southeast gale. The smoky lamps threw more shadow than light on their weather-beaten red and blue shirts and brown faces.

"He'll do," said Mr. Martinez; "it's his first trip to the Marsh, and it wasn't a slow one, but he's ready for more."

"'E ged tire' of it," prophesied Emil Georget, spinning his shapeless felt hat on a restless finger; "'is people was all lan'smen."

His people might have been landsmen, but as Bascom opened the door into the twilight and felt the blast of strong salt-air he was sailor through and through.

It was two miles across Potosi Point from the oyster factories on Back Bay to the Front, where more factories stretched their long piles of shell into Potosi Channel. With his hands in his pockets Bascom leaned over against the wind, and whistled gayly. For the first mile the hard-shell road was a white line through the pine woods. Only the occasional glimmer of a house light broke the loneliness. Bascom was glad that the wind was abeam, and he could lay a straight course from the station through the village to the place where the *Mystery* was anchored; he would have to tack from right to left, from left to right, against a head-wind. He did not merely think himself the mainsail, as Captain Lazaré had said, but felt and acted like the *Mystery* herself.

"You brung the little *Mystery* in, did you, Bascom, you 'n' Captain Tony?" It was Albert, the ship-chandler, who called out from the gallery of his store. Bascom belonged to nobody, but he was known wherever he went. There was only one boy in Potosi who tacked against a head-wind on shore.

"No," said Bascom, coming up into the wind a little to pause in the middle of the street—"no, we're not in yet. We're going round in the morning." And he started on.

"Beatin' back to the boat to night?" Albert called after him. "Why don't you cast anchor in town?"

"Can't sleep ashore," Bascom shouted back, making a trumpet of his hands. "I'm bound for the *Mystery*."

Out in the channel the lights of the little *Mystery* were tossing. The pier was deserted when Bascom reached it and put off in the schooner's tender. He wished that it were day-time, and that some one could see how well he made it take the big waves which threatened more than once to swamp him. But when he drew close enough to the *Mystery* he was seen; the three men on board of her were watching for him.

"I had ought to sen' Sonny, hyar," Captain Tony said, as he caught the painter that Bascom threw on deck.

Bascom did not hear. "It's gettin' to be a reefin' breeze," he announced, cheerfully, when he had clambered aboard, and stood shaking the spray from his dripping coat.

"Yaas," said Sonny Ladnier. "I reckon yo' lak to take reef in dat las' big wave, wouldn' yo', Bascom?"

"Shet up, Sonny," Buck McGuire, the third man, suggested, good-humoredly, and disappeared into the bright little hold, which was the *Mystery's* cabin. There was a lantern there, a charcoal furnace, and a fragrance of coffee. But even the coffee could not overpower the smell with which load after load of oysters had seasoned the hold. The fishermen did not notice that smell, they were used to it; what they scented through the coffee was the bacon that Bascom had brought, for Buck set it frying briskly. Captain Tony, Sonny, and Bascom made everything secure for the night, then they too came below.

"Right sma't watch us'es had ought to keep on a night lak dis," Sonny Ladnier said, after supper, crawling into his bunk, while the *Mystery* tugged at her anchors.

"I call yo' ad twelve," answered the Captain, "an' yo' call Buck ad fo'." Captain Tony went up for his watch; the crew dropped asleep.

Even afloat Bascom slept poorly that night, rousing every now and then to see the lantern swinging above him from the little cabin roof, and to hear no sound but the rush of the storm and the thud, thud, thud of the schooner on the waves. He knew when Captain Tony came down, and he drowsily envied Sonny Ladnier, who stumbled out for the middle watch.

"Captain Tony! De cable's broke! Captain Tony!"

The men in the cabin scrambled for the deck, carrying with them Sonny Ladnier, who was giving the alarm.

Captain Tony sprang to the helm. The *Mystery*, her forward cable parted, had swirled round to plunge and strain at her stern anchor. Bascom clung to the mainmast to keep his footing against the wind and the wash of the great waves across the deck. Rank after rank they were coming on him from the east, revealed by the lightning. To the west, across their tumult, shone the Potosi Light. Red and green will-o'-the-wisps darted out between flashes, the lights of other boats pitching at anchor, or already adrift. Then came a greater shock. The *Mystery's* last cable gave way, and she leaped forward into the trough of the waves.

Dropping on hands and knees, Bascom crept aft. Captain Tony and Buck were throwing their weight on the helm. Bascom caught hold too, and pulled himself up.

"Where d'you want me?" he asked.

"In yer bed," Buck answered.

"Keep yo'se'f below out de way," advised the Captain, gruffly.

"Where's Sonny?" persisted Bascom.

"Hold yer tongue an' git below, kid, or I'll kick ye overboard," cried Buck, pushing him out of the way. "Sonny's keepin' lookout forrud."

"No, he ain't," shouted Bascom. "I been there."

"Look faw 'im, den," ordered the Captain, impatient to be rid of the boy. "Wheah *is* Sonny?" he added, in Buck's ear.

"Overboard, where we's all goin', I reckon," answered Buck, bracing doggedly against the deck. There was silence between the men while the *Mystery*, obeying her helm at last, flew bows on before the wind. Now that there was no one in front they strained their eyes for anything they might be bearing down upon.

"Sonny's skeered." Bascom was between their legs again. "I went down to roust him out, but I couldn't; he's in his bunk with his head under the blanket a-groanin'. Sha'n't I go forrud?"

"Sonny in de cabin!" exclaimed the Captain, at once relieved and disgusted. "Go down an' tell 'im I say faw 'im to come up or I beat 'im out wid a belayin'-pin!"

"Tell him to come up or I'll cut his trifflin' hide off," Buck put in, angrily.

Bascom went down with the messages, but they had no effect on Sonny, who, cowering under the blanket, scarcely heard them through his own groans and prayers.

"He won't budge," Bascom reported, eagerly. "Can I go forrud?"

"Glad de deck's cleah of de rubbish," the Captain declared, with an oath. "But I budge 'im w'en I can go



"WHERE ARE WE?" ASKED BASCOM TAKING THE TILLER.

[illegible]

Bascom crawled forward again, holding tight to the rail; raising himself with an arm about the foremast, he peered intently across the wild whiteness of the waves. Dark shadows of boats fell behind them; lights showed for a moment and were lost. The men at the helm [illegible] *Mystery* and he were in [illegible]. He turned to the left, where he knew Deer Island lay, sheltering the channel. "We'll [illegible] the Point," he muttered, half exulting at the [illegible] of the open Sound.

Points [illegible] a flickering star to the east when the unseen Point [illegible]. With a pounce the *Mystery* buried her nose in the rollers, driven on by the terrible [illegible]. Bascom, carried clean off his feet, found himself hanging in the water, with his arms round the mast. A moment later he was flung on the deck. He caught a cleat between his knees, got a new hand-hold among the ropes, and became master of his wits again. At last he heard the Captain's voice exchanging orders to Buck.

"Chop away de foremas'," was the fragment that reached him above the din, but as he crept on Buck did not pass past him as he expected.

"If yo' raise one axe I shoot yo'!" Bascom heard again. Was Buck turning coward too? He fairly flung himself back, reaching the cabin-hatch just as Buck jerked himself free from the Captain and laid his hand on it. Bascom struck away the hand, only to be hurled aside. He felt himself rolling down the deck. The rail saved him, and he scrambled back to see Buck's dark figure drop into the [illegible] of the cabin and the hatch fall.

"I'll chop that mast," he shouted.

"Yo' can't," cried the Captain, springing past him with the axe.

"I'll hold her, then;" and Bascom, gaining the tiller, threw his strength upon it. Under headway, the schooner was not as hard to control as when Tony and Buck got her out of the trough, but Bascom's footing was washed away more than once, and the unrelenting pressure of the great tiller made him almost despair. When the little *Mystery* struggled against his hold, it seemed as if she was siding with the wind and the waves and the rain and the night. The sound of the Captain's axe came back to him faintly, until the foremast toppled and shot overboard into the foam. Bascom could feel the helm ease as the schooner's bows came up a little. The mainmast went like the foremast; the sails had gone long ago, while Bascom was at the bow. Captain Tony came back to the tiller.

"Go to de pump," he ordered, "she mus' ha' taken in a lot of water. You's de stuff."

The Captain's praise braced Bascom to the work, but his strained arms made slow progress at the leaky little pump. It hardly seemed worth while to be bailing such a poor dismantled hulk, with the pitiless wind sweeping it on. It hardly seemed worth while for Captain Tony to stay at the helm. They would never see daylight again, nor land. But Captain Tony had some one ashore to miss him; Bascom had no one but the *Mystery*, and they would go down together. A sob choked him and his head went down on his drudging arms.

A long time afterwards night lifted a little in the east, leaving the horizon gray. There was no trace of shoreline to the north; the water about them was full of floating wreckage, but the rain outlasted the night, and still walled them in. Day sifted slowly through it. From his place at the pump Bascom saw that they were bearing down on a sinking boat.

"Hard a-starboard!" he shouted, but the Captain had already seen it, and eased off the tiller not to run it down. It was a larger, better-built schooner than the *Mystery*, that with shattered masts and broken rudder rocked lower and lower in the trough. There was not a soul on board, but as the *Mystery* passed a man's arm was flung out to her from the water. Bascom leaned out to it, and the Captain, but a wave bore it under, and the *Mystery* swept on.

"Bascom!"

Sore and stiff and heavy-hearted, Bascom left his pumping and went aft.

"I reckon yo' pret' nearabrung up," the Captain said, "but I want yo' to hol' on to de til'an' [illegible] I go down last one of dose coward, and den' yo' can res'. Dean yo' see me wan' changed? Dis heah's gon' to stop to long."

"Where are we?" asked Bascom, taking the tiller.

"Can't tell—way we's somewheah," the Captain answered, as he went below.

Bascom could see by the chopped waves that the wind had really veered, and he felt a thrill of hope, not realizing, as the Captain did, that it was but taking them south to the open sea.

Presently Tony reappeared, white with rage, his dripping clothes torn, a red mark on his forehead.

"I finish killin' dem if I stay down dar," he hissed between his teeth. "Dey had ought to drown. I couldn't drag one up de dogs."

"Reckon I'd better keep on pumpin', then," sighed Bascom.

As the day wore on the rain stopped, and they could see the broad stretch of troubled water round them. From the crests of the waves they made out a faint line which the Captain thought was Cat Island to the east, but they could not steer for it; the fresh wind held them always south. Although the sea was wild and broken it was not as high as it had been in the night, and Bascom rested sometimes from his work at the pump. The Captain sent him below once for food. The cooking had always been Buck's province, and Bascom rummaged about for some minutes before he found what he wanted. Buck and Sonny did not hear him. Worn out by their terror they slept. The bunks ran from the sides of the cabin clear under the deck, and they had crawled in with their heads where their feet belonged in the reeking black hold. Bascom could not resist giving their legs some vigorous punches, but they paid no attention until the reviving smell of coffee pervaded the cabin. Then Buck's feet began to wiggle forward out of the bunk. Presently he ducked his head out and peered round.

"Git back," said Bascom, decisively, passing with the coffee pot. "This here's for me an' the Captain." As he opened the hatch to go out, the crest of an enterprising wave flopped in, and Buck crawled back.

"W'at d'yo' mek of dat ahead?" asked the Captain, eagerly grasping the big tin cup of smoking coffee, and the hardtack that Bascom brought. "If dat's an islan', I reckon we-all 'll git dar, faw de win's blowin' us straight at it."

Bascom waited until the sea lifted them, then took a long look. "It sure is land," he cried, and after that he felt neither the exhaustion nor the cold nor the ever-present danger.

By noon other low sandy islands were in sight, beyond the little key to which the wind was carrying them.

"Dem's Chandeleur," said the Captain, joyful at getting his bearings again. "Bascom, ole man, we's brung de little *Mystery* t'rough!" But not till the waves were yellow on the shoals did he send Bascom down again to rouse the men.

"Git out of this an' walk ashore," Bascom ordered, reaching under to tickle their ears with one of the long iron spoons Buck used in stirring jumbolai. "The *Mystery*'s comin' into port an' don't need no more ballast."

"Po't?" said Sonny, backing out suddenly and sitting up. "W'at po't? Potosi?"

"New Orleéns," replied Bascom; "an' a carriage is

awaitin' to take you gentlemens to a hotel. Hev you had a comf'table trip?"

"Shet yer mouth," said Buck, grumpily, getting to his feet, and stooping to avoid the low roof. "Where's that coffee I smelled awhile back?"

"Coffee at the hotel, gentlemens," answered Bascom, with a grin. "Them what don't work don't eat aboard the *Mystery*. Captain Tony sends you his compliments, an' says if you all 's rested an' it wouldn't disfurnish you too much, it would do him proud to see you. I've got business on deck myself; good-evenin'."

"They're tol'able peart, but a little bashful about makin' your acquaintance," he explained to the Captain, who shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Soon the *Mystery's* keel was grating on the sand of the tiny barren island. They had no anchor; there was nothing to tie to; but the layers of drift on the beach showed that the tide was falling, and the Captain saw that the danger from the water was past. Going into the cabin he gruffly ordered the men on deck, to watch while he and Bascom slept.

A week later Mr. Martinez and a neighboring factory-man sat comparing their losses in the great Gulf storm.

"Poor fellows," sighed Mr. Martinez, who had been numbering dozens of his men among the missing; "some trace has been found of every boat now, except the little *Mystery*. She ran in before it, but broke loose in the night, and must have been carried right out."

"Why, that waif Bascom was with Captain Tony," said the factory-man.

"Yes, with Buck McGuire and one of the Ladnier boys. Poor little Bascom! He was here that night, and he said they weren't in yet, and they weren't, sure enough."

"I remember," said the other. "I was up at Albert's as he went tacking down to the beach. The last thing he called back to us was that he could not sleep ashore."

There was a long pause. Finally the factory-man got up, saying: "Well, there hasn't been such a storm since '59, and I hope I won't see another. Railroads gone, telegraph gone, piers gone, and half the men and boats lost. Hello! what's Albert running for?"

Mr. Martinez looked out of the window. All the ragged leisure class of Potosi was following Albert toward them.

"The little *Mystery!* The little *Mystery!*" Albert panted, pointing toward the open where the draw-bridge had been.

"The little *Mystery!* The little *Mystery!*" echoed the crowd.

There was no mistaking her, maimed as she was. With a wobbling stick for a mast, an old tarpaulin as a sail, she came limping in, a fair wind behind her. Mr. Martinez caught up his field-glass. The crowd held its breath.

"All there," he said. "Tony at the helm, and Bascom holding up the mast."

"Ah, dat boy!" cried Captain Lazaré. "Come on! De little *Mystery* ain't beautiful, but we cand waid faw dat riggin' to bring 'er in!"

There were not many row-boats since the storm, but a rush was made for all that were left. The *Mystery* was soon captured, and they towed her in triumphantly.

"Where you been? What happened? How 'd you stay out so long?" were the questions that rained on the adventurers as the extra men from the row-boats clambered aboard the schooner.

"We been a-campin' near Chandeleur," answered Bascom, placidly. "That honey of a tide laid us up so high an' keerful on one of them little keys that we was three days diggin' a channel to let ourselves out. Then we found this here fishin'-pole an' hung our tarpaulin to it, an' we've been layin' a straight course home ever since. You didn't think anything had happened to us, did you, with Captain Tony?"

Mr. Martinez had been getting a more detailed story from the Captain. Now he turned to Bascom.

"Do you want to work for me or for Captain Tony after this?" he asked, jovially.

Bascom looked from one to the other in perplexity. Both were smiling.

"I allow I'll stay by the *Mystery*," he answered.

"Ah, right," said Mr. Martinez. "Then you'll work for Captain Tony. Boys," he added, addressing the crowd, "if anybody ever earned anything, Tony's earned the *Mystery*, and I'm going to give her to him when she's in shape again."

The whole crowd threw up caps and cheered. Then Captain Tony put his hand on Bascom's shoulder.

"Listen!" he shouted. "I've not earned her no mo' 'n dis boy has. Make de papahs out fo' bof of us, sah. Me an' Bascom's pa'dnahs aftah dis."

The crowd hurrahed more wildly than before; but Bascom steadied himself by the wiggling mast. The little *Mystery!* She was the only thing he had ever belonged to. "I—I'll stick by her!" he said. And the crowd hurrahed again.

## AN EASTER BONBONNIÈRE.

EGGS have been considered symbolical of Easter since a time so remote that no man seems to know just when they first came into use, nor how the practice of decorating them arose. In the books that give information about all such things we read that the origin of the egg as an Easter emblem is obscure, and that all sorts of devices for coloring and beautifying it have been in use since the earliest Christian times; but just why it is held as an emblem or how its use arose it is very difficult to find out. So when I tell you that the pretty bonbonniere made from an ostrich's egg is both dainty in itself and well suited to the day, you need not puzzle your pretty heads with trying to find out the why, but may rest content with the statement as made by many wise men.



The ostrich's egg is specially well adapted to the making of bags and the like, for the reason that it is so strong that its shell can be used just as fine china, and with less fear of its coming to harm.

To make a bonbonniere like the one the illustration shows, select a shell of good pure color, such as can be found at the dealers in Oriental goods, and break off one end so as to leave an irregular edge.

With gold bronze gild all the points and irregularities, and make a border all round the upper edge. Then on the shell itself paint sweet, tender forget-me-nots or any other small flower you may prefer.

Make a bag of soft silk the color of the flower, and fit it neatly inside the shell. Paste round the rim for the depth of half an inch, and press the silk gently but firmly against it until it sticks fast.

Make a frill at the top of the bag, and stitch in a double casing, through which run drawing-strings of narrow but handsome ribbon. When the paste is quite dry the bag will be complete, and when you have filled it with bonbons it will be as charming a little gift as any girl need wish to make.

The sweets are quite sure to disappear with startling rapidity, as we all know how dear they are to a school-girl's heart, but the bag will last a long time, and will make a pretty ornament for the dressing-table of your friend.




"Howdy do, Miss Seal" said the Polar Bear,
"Do you keep quite warm on your ice-cake there?"
"Oh yes Mr Bear for I've on my back
A very snug-fitting, warm seal skin sack."

AN IDEA.

BOBBIE. "Papa, I've been reading a story about an elephant drawing up a lot of water, and then squirting it all over a man he didn't like."

BOBBIE'S FATHER. "That wasn't a very nice thing to do, was it?"

BOBBIE. "No. I should think he would have made him check his trunk."

EASY ENOUGH.

"MAMMA, I gave that boy next door a cold in the head this morning."

"Why, Robbie, how could you do that?"

"I hit him in the head with a snowball."

THE DIFFERENCE.

WILLIE. "There isn't any difference between the bluebird's drumstick and the turkey's drumstick, is there?"

MAMMA. "Only in size, Willie."

WILLIE. "Oh yes, mamma; and the turkey's ought to be called a bass drumstick, oughtn't it?"

A HAPPY IDEA.

VISITOR. "How did you happen to name your dog Pantry, Jimmie?"

JIMMIE. "'Cause papa says he holds so much food."

OLD JACK TELLS ANOTHER STORY.

"HOWDY, boy," said Old Jack, as Bobbie and Tommy poked their heads in at the door. "Howdy. Glad to see ye, Tommy. How's your pa? Well? Good. It's always nice to be well. Yours is the same, Bobbie? Good enough. Tell ye story? Waal lemme see. Don' know as I got any; but, come to think on't, I do remember how oncet I won a prize at school, an' you'd never guess what fer. *Yer sawy! sawy!* Yes, sir. Usin' slang! It come about like this. Det'mination class was up, an' th' teacher says to Bill Tompkins, 'Bill, what's rodents?' Bill, he didn' know, but he made a guess. 'Rodents,' he says, 'is dents in shad roes.' Th' teacher laughed like mighty. 'Next,' he says to Jim Atkins. 'What's rodents?' 'Dents in roads,' says Jim, likewise not knowin', and makin' a guess. Teacher laughed again. 'Next,' he says to Sallie Perkins. Now Sallie she stood next to me, an' I didn't know what rodents was any more'n a man in th' moon. If Sallie missed, I was a goner an' Sallie missed. 'Rodents,' says she, plain and simple, 'oh, I know,' says she, 'but jest at present I can't think.' Then teacher he set his eye on me. 'What's rodents?' says he. 'Lemme think,' says I, an' then, seein' 's how thinkin' wasn't goin' to help me remember suthin' I didn't never know, I sorter forgot myself, an' impatientlike I says, 'Oh Rats!' an' th' teacher nodded his head. 'That's right,' says he. 'Go up head, an' Bill Tompkins, you give him the medal.' Nobody knowed why I warn't punished for usin' slang until we got home an' looked up rodents an' found out. Rats was rodents sure enough. Nevertheless, boys, slang's a bad thing, an' you mustn't never use it less you find your word collection's run out, an' you've got to say suthin!"

NEVER SATISFIED.

HE sighed for skating all last summer-time
When happy swallows in the blue were winging,
And now while skating's at its very prime,
He yearns for ball and swimming.

BETTER STILL.

BESSIE. "We had a new cook come to our house last week."

LOTTIE. "That's nothing, we had two."

TRACING THE RECORD.

TEACHER. "And Lot's wife——"

PUPIL. "Was turned into a pillar of salt. Say, teacher, that's the best pillar-case mentioned in history, isn't it?"



MY FIRST LION.—EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF AN AFRICAN EXPLORER

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## EASTER-LILIES.

BY JANE SMILEY

"HERALD, *Globe*—extra!" cried a shrill voice at my elbow, and looking down I saw, not a newspaper boy, but a newspaper girl.

"Why, how did you get here?" I exclaimed in astonishment, for in all my years as superintendent of the delivery room I had never seen such a queer little figure.

"On my feet," was the quick reply, with all the pertness of the street gamin.

"Oh, Mr. Ainsley, she's all right; she's my sister," cried a boy's anxious voice, and beside me stood "Spud."

What his real name was no one knew. I think the lad himself had almost forgotten. Judging by his sister's it must have been something very fine; but as "Spud" we knew the brightest, merriest, dirtiest boy on Newspaper Row.

"Your sister, Spud? Why, I thought you were alone



[illegible]

"Oh, it's a kinder a longish story, an' I've got my extras to sell. Maud Is'belle she's [illegible] the true little Yankee he is.

"Well, Spud, I will [illegible] when they are gone I will be in the delivery-room, [illegible] like to tell me the longish story," I replied, eager to hear, but knowing well that over-questioning would only render Spud as dumb as an oyster.

It was eight o'clock that night, and the office people were just lounging about waiting for election returns, before the issue of fresh extras, when from my high desk in the delivery-room I looked over the heads of a hundred newsboys to see Spud and his sister enter the doorway together. What a queer pair they were! He much the same as our ragged, dirty, bright-looking paper boy that patrols our city streets. But she—truly she was a character.

The child could not have been more than ten years of age, and small for her years. From the waist down she was girl, with a pair of women's shoes fastened to her feet by an elaborate net-work of twine, a short red-brown skirt, and a pair of ancient kid gloves on her poor purple hands. Then the boy part began, for the little girl wore an old jacket and cap that were unmistakably Spud's.

Straight across the room came the two, and I could see wrath in Spud's eyes.

"Mr. Ainsley," he began, "we've come, me and Maud Is'belle an' [illegible] going to report Maud Is'belle for selling papers, I

"But, Spud," I interrupted, "I never thought of reporting Maud Isabelle; but," with tact worthy of a diplomat, "if you tell me all about yourself and Maud Isabelle, perhaps I can fix it so that no one else will have a chance to report her."

Spud looked at me thoughtfully for a moment. "Mr Ainsley, you're a brick," he said.

"Sit down," said I, motioning to the steps of my platform, and down they both sat, and Spud began his story. Perhaps it will be as well to ignore the idiomatic expressions, as my poor pen could never do them justice.

"Well," began Spud, clasping his knees with his hands, and watching his foot swing slowly to and fro, "first, father got killed by an engine running over him, and then Kate—she was my stepmother—got arrested for throwing a flatiron at a woman in our street, and 'bout two months ago there came a big letter from the Island to say she and the new baby was dead, and then the cop he took me and Maud Is'belle down to the Island on a tug, an' we was chief mourners at the funeral. Oh, I tell you it was larks! Maud Is'belle she cried some 'cause she's a girl and got scared, but we had just a bully time, an' a dinner a woman they called Matron gave Maud Is'belle an' me. Then they took us home in the tug, an' we never went back home, 'cause a cop was going to take her to a 'sylum, an' I don't want her to go to no 'sylum."

"But, Spud," I exclaimed, "where do you sleep?"

"Why, right here in the delivery-room, and down at the place where the beds is five cents, an' we get our meals in Pie Alley, same as I used to when she was to home," and Spud looked at me with such bright, trustful eyes that I could not find it in my heart to say the little girl ought to go to an asylum. No harm had come to the child of this queer way of living, and the new responsibility had evidently awakened the latent manliness in the careless boy.

"Spud," I said, very gravely, "you must know that if you told about Maud Isabelle to any one else they would see that she was sent to the asylum. Now I am not going to do that, my boy, but we must make some other arrangement, for she cannot rough it as you can. It is going to get colder now, and she must not sleep in the delivery-room with the boys. Suppose she comes into my office every night and sleeps in that chair till you have sold the evening papers. Then you can take her to her own bed in some boarding-house, and come back yourself."

Spud only said, "That's so Mr Ainsley," and walked soberly out of the office, leaving his sister to play jackstones with the boys; but in an hour he was back to tell me he had found a boarding-house where Maud Isabelle could have a bed and her breakfast for seventy-five cents a week.

So it was arranged, and every night Maud Isabelle slipped into my office and silently curled herself up in the big chair for a couple of hours' nap. Then Spud would come to the door and give a sharp clear whistle, and the sleeping child would spring up and silently slip away.

Night after night this little scene was repeated, until Spud's whistle became as much part of the night's happenings as the striking of the clock.

So the long winter passed, and I began to think great wisdom had been shown in not having Maud Isabelle sent to an asylum, when, on reaching the office one evening, I found the boys gathered in silent groups about the delivery-room. There was little or no response to my greeting, and thinking a more than usually exciting row had just taken place, I silently mounted the steps to my desk. Once there, I commanded a view of the room. Over in one corner was a group of boys surrounding Spud, whose face was stern and white under its mask of grime.

"Spud," I called, and the boy looked up and crossed the room. "What's the matter, Spud?" I asked, as he stood beside the desk.

"It's Maud Is'belle, Mr. Ainsley; she's been run over by an electric, and she's took to the hospital, and they won't let me in to see her."

"Won't let you in? There must be some mistake, Spud. Wait a minute and we'll fix it all right."

But it was many minutes before the evening edition was distributed and I found some one to take my place for a time. Then Spud and I went to the hospital. There was no mistake. Maud Isabelle had been hurt by an electric car, more badly hurt than we dreamed; but a word to the house physician opened the way for us to her bed in the long ward.

There lay the little girl, her tangled hair already clipped off, her face very white and drawn; but the awful work of the car wheels was hidden under the white coverlet, at which the thin brown hands were pulling incessantly.

Like the little Indian she so resembled, Maud Isabelle greeted us with a faint little smile, and throwing up her arms caught Spud by the neck and kissed him passionately. It was a pathetic little scene, and leaving the two alone I turned to the house physician with the question, "Can she live?"

"Yes, she may live, for she has the constitution of a savage, but she will be a cripple for life," was the reply.

Poor little Maud Isabelle, with her once nimble feet and birdlike movements to be chained to a chair for life! If we could only place her in an asylum now. The truth was too cruel to tell the boy, so with promises of admittance on the morrow, Spud and I stole away.

Early next morning Spud was at the hospital, and there he staid all day. It was strange to see the noisy lad transformed into a motionless figure sitting by the little bed and holding his sister's small brown hand, which he gently stroked as she moaned with pain.

So good was he that the nurses let him remain, and Maud Isabelle seemed to suffer less when he was by.

Only at night did Spud appear in the office, where he sold papers "like fury," as the boys said. He lost little by the day's idleness, for there was never a rival paper-boy to be seen on the section of street that Spud selected.

It was the day before Easter, raw and chilly.

Spud was at the hospital as usual, and Maud Isabelle seemed almost like her bright self, until the house physician on his visit gravely ordered absolute quiet for the little patient.

"All right, sir," said Spud, and he refused to listen to or even look at Maud Isabelle.

Then the child's large eyes restlessly searched the ward for fresh amusements. Far down at the other end of the long room she spied a tall graceful woman carrying a basket on her arm. Nearer and nearer came the lady, pausing at each bed in turn to smile and give something to the occupant.

"What is it, Spud?" asked the child, eagerly.

"Wait and see, Maud Is'belle," said Spud, sternly, and he looked like a graven image.

Maud Isabelle did wait, and saw. The lady was distributing splendid white flowers, and from each bed smiles greeted and thanked her as she passed on her mission. The stranger was so near now that Maud Isabelle could see the lilies, and their perfume was wafted to her. Then the lady paused, and laying down the basket, gathered the remaining flowers in her hands. Nearer and nearer she came, and smaller and smaller grew the bouquet. Maud Isabelle's eyes were bright and her cheeks were flushed with excited anticipation, and she almost sat up in her eagerness.

Suddenly Spud was startled from his daydreams by a sob from the bed, and turning saw the visitor pass empty-handed through the doorway.

Love had made the boy quick-witted, and it needed no words to tell him of the bitter disappointment.

"Don't cry, Maud Is'belle, I'm going to get you a flower," and like a whirlwind he rushed out of the ward. Through the streets Spud ran, and burst into the delivery-room. It was between editions, and the boys were scattered about, resting.

"Which of you fellers will lend me a quarter," called Spud from the doorway, and a score of boys sprang to their feet and gathered about him.

"What's the matter, Spud?"

"Lost your money, Spud?" asked several.

"I want it for Maud Is'belle," gasped the breathless boy.

"Ain't they treating her right in the hospital?"

"Don't they give her enough to eat?" demanded the listeners.

"No," cried Spud, "it ain't that; but there was a lady up there a-giving away big white lilies, and Maud Is'belle wanted one, and they didn't give her any, and Maud Is'belle cried."

"What," muttered the boys, "didn't give Maud Is'belle any? Ain't they muckers!" and a grimy hand went into every pocket.

"Fellers," shouted a big rough boy, mounted on a pile of yesterday's papers—"fellers, let's not lend Spud any tin. Let's send Maud Is'belle some flowers. Let's show the folks at that hospital that we don't care for their old flowers, an' Maud Is'belle can have more than anybody. Come, fellers, let's go to Stanton's," and with a wild yell the boys rushed pell-mell down the stairs.

On the marble counter lay the mound of blossoms, and the florist entered into the spirit of the purchase.

"No, yer don't!" cried the big boy, as the man was about to produce paper and twine. "We don't send ours in any paper. Now, Spud," said the self-constituted spokesman, filling his arms with lilies, "you just hustle onter a car; don't stop ter walk, 'cause Maud Is'belle is waiting, an' give her the flowers with our compliments."

In twenty minutes Spud was at the hospital, and standing by his sister's bed. "Maud Is'belle," he said, speaking very low in order that nurses and patients might not hear, "Maud Is'belle, here are some flowers, with the compliments of your gentlemen friends. It's the fellers in the office," he whispered by way of explanation, but Maud Is'belle did not hear. At the first word she had turned to Spud, and opening wide her thin arms, clasped the great bouquet in speechless happiness.

"Sha'n't I put them in water for you, right here by your bed?" asked the nurse of the ward kindly, and Maud Isabelle assented with a nod.

"Won't the smell be too strong for the poor child?" asked the nurse of the house physician.

"No, let the flowers remain by her; nothing can hurt her now," was the grave reply.

All day Maud Isabelle lay blissfully happy, her hand in Spud's, gazing at the lilies. All day Spud sat beside her, casting scornful, triumphant glances at the single blossoms of the other patients.

"How glad the fellers will be!" he thought, as the child's eyes grew bright.

Toward evening they drew the boy away from the little bed, feigning the child needed quiet, and as Easter dawned little Maud Isabelle fell asleep amidst her lilies.

## EASTER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

WHEN Easter comes the violets lift
Their shyly hooded faces,
Where late the frozen snows adrift
Heaped high the woodland spaces.
When Easter comes the sunbeams dance
On green leaves all aquiver,
And grasses rally, spear and lance,
By rippling brook and river.

When Easter comes the lilies haste
What time the bells are ringing,
To bring their perfumes, pure and chaste,
From hallowed censers swinging.
Shine dim church aisles on Easter day
Beneath their serried whiteness,
And happy children kneel and pray
Amid the lilied brightness.

When Easter comes, a merry train,
The robin, wren, and starling,
With song and wing are here again,
And many another darling.
The bluebird and the oriole,
The martin and the swallow,
"Away," they chant, "with grief and dole,
Here's spring, and summer 'll follow!"

When Easter comes, when Easter comes,
Then winter's spell is over!
Erelong we'll hear the elfin drums
Where bees are deep in clover.
After we catch the swaying lilt
Of winds among the daisies,
And see the rosecups' sweetness spilt
Among the garden mazes.

When Easter comes, ah! happy day,
E'en tears like dewdrops glisten,
And songs climb up the heavenward way
While angels bend to listen.
For love and life and joy untold
Are in the age-long story
That spells itself on harps of gold,
And thrills with endless glory.

## A CARRIAGE THAT NEEDS NO HORSE.

BY H. C. PAINE.

"WHOA! whoa! Help! help!"

A powerful team of bay horses were dashing along the crowded drive in Central Park, dragging behind them a T-cart, which swayed menacingly from side to side. A lady crouched, clinging to the dash-board, and called for help. A little way back a gentleman lay stunned on the grass by the road-side, and by his side knelt a lad of about fourteen years.

It was only another runaway accident, that would scarcely merit a few lines in the morning papers. For the gentleman, Mr. Ransom, was not seriously injured, and Officer Burke, of the mounted Park police, galloping bravely alongside the frightened team brought them to a standstill before any further damage had been done.

In fifteen minutes after Mr. Ransom's handsome pair had taken sudden fright at no one was able to tell what, and had started so suddenly to run away that their owner and his nephew, Frank Haliburton, had been thrown violently out, Mr. and Mrs. Ransom were riding home in a Fifth Avenue stage, and Frank, who had fortunately sustained only a few unimportant bruises and scratches, was riding back to the stable in the T-cart, which was driven by a stalwart Park laborer.

But the accident was more far-reaching in its consequences than the ordinary observer would imagine, and what worried Mr. Ransom was not that his expensive new team must be disposed of at a sacrifice, or that his wrist was sprained, or that his nephew's coat was split up the back.

Mrs. Ransom had been an invalid for several years, owing to injuries received in another runaway accident, and it had been hard work for Mr. Ransom to get his wife to go out in a carriage again. However, she had finally yielded, and her daily drives had been of the greatest benefit in restoring her health. Now her husband felt it would be impossible for him to persuade her ever to drive behind another pair of horses.

It turned out just as Mr. Ransom dreaded. His wife positively declined to go driving again. She would never ride behind any animal that walked, crept, flew, or swam, she asserted. And that was her final word.

Frank Haliburton chuckled audibly when he heard her say that, but his uncle looked troubled.

"What 'll you give me, uncle, if I get Aunt Flo to drive in the Park, afternoons, with me?" asked Frank.

"I'll send you to college," said his uncle.

"Do you mean it?" inquired Frank, seriously.

"I do," asserted Mr. Ransom.

"There, you hear that, Aunt Flo," said Frank. "You couldn't refuse to go driving with me now?"

But Mrs. Ransom only sighed and shook her head. Her nervous strength had given out. Not even to give her sister's son the college education for which he longed could she overcome her fear of horses.

Frank lived in a small town where there was a large boys' boarding-school, which he attended as a day scholar. But he usually spent the Christmas holidays with his uncle and aunt in New York. It was one of his father's greatest disappointments that he could not afford to send his son to college.

"Uncle," said Frank, after a short pause, "will you put that in writing? It is not because I doubt your word," Frank hastened to say, "but—but to provide for any possible accident."

"Yes," said Mr. Ransom, "I'll write that down with pleasure, and, what's more, your aunt will witness the signature. Won't you, Flo?"

Mrs. Ransom smiled sadly as her husband wrote, in his strong business hand, the brief agreement, and a tear quivered in her eye as she realized Frank's earnestness and the impossibility of her ever being able to help him in that way.

No sooner had Frank secured the document than he said he thought he would better run over to the Thornes'. Mr. Thorne was Mr. Ransom's partner — and tell them about the accident, lest some exaggerated report in the morning papers should unnecessarily alarm them. The fact was that Frank was nearly crazy about electricity, and read nearly everything written on the subject. In one of the foreign papers he had seen something which suggested an idea.

"I wondered how long he could wait before calling on Gussie," laughed Mr. Ransom, as the front door closed.

The Thornes were glad to see Frank, and very much interested in his story, especially in the "agreement."

"Do you think you are going to fulfil your part of the contract?" asked Mr. Thorne.

"Yes, sir," said Frank.

"Oh, won't that be splendid!" cried Gussie.

"How are you going to work it?" Mr. Thorne inquired.

"With your help, I hope, sir," Frank replied.

"Certainly, if I can help you, my boy," said Mr. Thorne, heartily. "Not only for your sake, but for Mrs. Ransom's. How do you think I can help you?"



IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY WERE DASHING ALONG IN THE PARK.

As Frank outlined his plan he was constantly interrupted by Mr. Thorne, who had a great many keen inquiries and sharp businesslike comments to make. But for each Frank had an answer ready. The result was that before Frank went back to his uncle's he had succeeded in enlisting Mr. Thorne's co-operation, with some modifications. The Thorne family were sworn to secrecy.

Frank finished his vacation with the Ransoms without making further allusion to the paper his uncle had signed —at least to his uncle; but he held several long conferences with his aunt Florence while Mr. Ransom was downtown, though what was discussed on those occasions is only matter for conjecture. Two days after New-Year's he went home. One Saturday morning in March Mr. Ransom was astonished to see his nephew Frank walk into the dining-room where he was at breakfast.

"Why, my boy, I'm glad to see you! To what do we owe this unexpected pleasure?" exclaimed his uncle.

"Oh, I just came down to see if you and Aunt Flo would take a drive in the Park," replied Frank.

"Why, I shall be delighted to," said Mr. Ransom. "How do you feel about it, Flo?"

"If it's in the carriage Frank told me about I shall be charmed to accompany you," declared Mrs. Ransom.

Her husband looked astonished.

"Oh, by-the-way," said Frank, "I have been to some expense in getting this carriage. I presume, if it suits Aunt Flo, I may count on your taking it off my hands, may I not?" He was addressing his uncle.

"Why, certainly; yes, if it suits your aunt; most certainly; why, of course, yes," replied his mystified uncle.

"Well, then, if you've nothing better to do, you might step around to Mr. Thorne's stable and look at it."

His uncle could not put his hat on quick enough.

"What do you think of that?" asked Frank, indicating the handsome new phaeton in Mr. Thorne's stable.

"It's a good, solid-looking trap," replied his uncle; "a little heavier than I should have selected, perhaps; but if it suits your aunt, I'm perfectly satisfied. But let's see the horses she's willing to ride behind."

"Oh, well, you see, there aren't any horses," said Frank. "Just climb up in front, and see how you like it."

"No horses!" began Mr. Ransom. And then, "What's this wheel for?"

"To turn on the electricity," said Frank.

"The *what?*"

"The electricity to make it go," shouted Frank.

Just then Mr. Thorne and Gussie stepped in from the harness-room and joined in the fun. Mr. Thorne explained how Frank had told him about the new electrical carriage that had been invented by Mr. Paul Pouchain, in France, and how he had inquired into its practicability through a French correspondent, and having found it in every way satisfactory, had purchased it, and imported it on Frank's account. First, however, it had been necessary to get Mrs. Ransom to say that she would ride in the carriage if it were brought over for her. This had been comparatively easy to do. At first she had shown some hesitation, but when she understood that the power was contained in a storage battery, and could be regulated by the touch of the hand to give speed varying from two to ten miles an hour; that it could be directed or steered by another touch instantly in any direction, and could make a complete turn in a width of street of less than twelve feet; that it could be slowed up, stopped completely, or backed at will; and that it could never take the bit in its mouth and run away, she enthusiastically accepted Frank's invitation to go out in it as soon as it could be brought over.

Mr. Ransom was delighted. He turned on the three electric lamps and helped lift off all the upper part, so that he could inspect the accumulators and the motor. The former he found contained in six harmless-looking boxes. The motor was placed in the centre. He was glad to learn from Frank that it was a series dynamo, of Lechnewski system, of a normal power of 2000 volts, but capable of producing twice that power, and actuated a differential movement through the intermedium of a pitch chain.

At Frank's invitation Aunt Flo and Mr. Ransom got in, and went up through the Park. The ride proved a success, and Aunt Flo was not the one who was the least pleased. Her days of terror were now over. On their arrival at the house Frank asked his uncle if he could not take Gussie out for a "drive" in the carriage, and he consented on condition that they should take one of the stablemen with them in the back seat of the phaeton. In a few moments they were dashing along in the Park. As they turned a corner, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne appeared in their victoria. Mr. Thorne laughed as they drew near.

"Where are you going?" he called, as they passed.

"To college," shouted Frank.

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## THE BOYKING ISLANDS.

### ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS

BY W. J. HENDERSON.



IT was a hard winter day—one of those days when the horizon seems to have been cut out of cold steel and thrust up against the sky just to make the clouds look far, far away. The Old Sailor walked briskly out on the pier, catching the nails on the soles of his shoes with sturdy digs into the little ovals of ice that gleamed here and there where the salt spray had whirled through the biting air and frozen almost as soon as they touched the planks. The two boys spied their old friend as he beat to windward from the outer end of the pier, and with glad shouts ran to meet him.

"Come up to the house," called Henry; "you must be half frozen."

"Waal," answered the Old Sailor, with a quizzical smile, "I ain't edzackly wot ye might call half frozen, nor I ain't parb'iled nuther. It are right properly cool this 'ere day, an' I don't mind ef I do drink some more o' your mother's b'ilin' hot coffee, w'ich the same it are o' the werry finest."

The three friends walked briskly to the house, and the Old Sailor, having divested himself of a huge "comforter," which went round and round his neck, for all the world, as he described it, like a "gasket around a Irishman's reef," sat down and warmed his heart with the ready coffee.

"Now," he said, peering through the window at the hard blue sea, "look at that 'ere barky out there a-stag-

gerin' along under her royals in this 'ere breeze o' wind w'ich he must 'spect would be made to [illegible] an' down as many knots an hour. But [illegible] but bless you, some cap'ns 'ain't got no sort o' hearts fur their [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



"STOMACHACHES, WICH THE SAME RAGES WERRY BAD AT ALL SEASONS OF THE YEAR"

"'Wot are the principal manufacture o' these islands o' yourn?' sez Captain Silas.

"'Candy,' sez King Bucky the Seckind.

"'Do you export much?'

"'Not a stick. We eats it all ourselves. But you must come an' see the royal candy factories afore you go. They are run by the governmint, an' are directed by the Princes o' the royal blood.'

"'Then I s'pose candy's putty high-priced?'

"'Oh no,' sez the King; 'candy's werry reasonable. The price is fixed by law, ye see. O' course, it wouldn't do to let it be dear, 'cos w'y, that 'd make the governmint onpopular, an' then there'd be plots to try an' git the King out o' power. O' course, sometimes the people does git a little restless, but we allus fixes that.'

"'How?' sez I to him, sez I.

"'W'y, the royal family gives a circus.'

"'Oh, do you keep a circus?'

"'Keep one? No; we *is* one. See here.'

"An' the King he got down off the throne, an' did a row o' back hand-springs, windin' up with a twistin' somerset. I tell you he were jess great at it.

"'There,' sez he to me, sez he; 'any feller wot can't do that with all his clothes on 'ain't got no show to be elected King o' the Boyking Islands.'

"'I bin a-thinkin',' sez Cap'n Silas to him, 'that you can't live on candy. Don't ye have somethin' else to eat?'

"'Oh yes,' sez the King; 'there's cake, an' pie, an' plum puddin', an' several other sich things as them.'

"'Don't ye make any bread?' sez I.

"'Sure,' sez the King; 'lots o' that. Fathers an' mothers ain't allowed to have no cake, nor candy, nor pie, except at Christmas. They has to eat bread, an' b'iled pertaters, an' fried fish, an' things. Sometimes they gits into the pantry an' steals cake an' jam, an' gits spanked an' sent to bed early.'

"'How early?'

"'Six o'clock. Their reg'lar bed-time are eight. No grown-up folks is allowed to sit up arter that, 'cos they has to git up an' go to school.'

"'Oh, does they go to school?'

"'O' course. Does ye think we're a lot o' ignoramuses here? Everybody has to go to school wot's passed the age o' twenty-one.'

"'How many years do they go?'

"'Twenty years. Most on 'em don't live much longer than that. Say, you want to understand that we got things fixed jess right here fur boys.'

"'Are the grown-up folks allowed to vote?' sez the Cap'n, as if that idee jess struck him.

"'No, siree!' sez the King. 'W'y, they'd be a-tryin' to upset the governmint. Nobody kin vote wot's passed the age o' twenty-one.'

"'But,' sez I to him, sez I, 'I don't see jess how you keep 'em under. They're bigger 'n' stronger.'

"'Waal,' sez the King to me, sez he, 'there's twicet as many o' us as there is o' them, an' then most o' them has sich poor digestions that they ain't werry good fur much at all. Sometimes their children brings 'em to the circus jess to try an' cheer 'em up a bit, but it don't seem to. Grown-up folks ain't much good, anyhow. Boys is better. Even gals is better.'

"Waal, you may be sure that Cap'n Silas 'n' me was doin' a good deal o' thinkin'. It seemed like a downright shame to us that all them fathers an' mothers was a-workin', an' the kids havin' all the fun, an' at the same time a-ruinin' their innards with candy an' pie an' sich. I said somethin' o' the sort to the King, an' he laffed.

"'Oh yes,' sez he; 'I know wot you think. You ain't the fust strangers as 'a' bin here. But ain't it all square? Byme by I'll get too old to be King, an' I'll git to be growed up an' married, an' my boy 'll come along an' have all the fun I bin a-havin'. An' he'll have his fun w'en he's a boy, an' fun *is* fun; not w'en he's a head o' a family an' ain't got no time to have fun, an' are too old to turn hand-springs or play football. This 'ere kingdom are run accordin' to common-sense, an' all the other countries in the world is dead wrong. We knows our business, we boys does; an' we means fur to go it while we're young, 'cos w'en we gits old we can't.'

"Waal, nothin' pertikler occurrin' to Cap'n Silas or me, we kep' our mouths shet. But jess the same it didn' seem edzackly a square deal on the old folks. So that night, w'en we was aboard the ship again, we talked it all




EVERYBODY HAS TO GO TO SCHOOL WOT'S PASSED THE AGE O' TWENTY-ONE.

over, an' detarmined that somethin' ort to be did fur to rouse up the grown-up folks on them islands to strike fur liberty. Cap'n Silas sez he to me, sez he, 'I'll go ashore in the mornin', an' talk to the old man who lives down by the well w'ere we gits our water.' An' me bein' mate an' him Cap'n, I couldn't say nothin' 'ceptin' 'All right,' w'ich the same I said, jess like that. The next mornin', sure 'nuff, the Cap'n did go an' have a talk with the old man, but he come back in about half an hour a-shakin' his head. 'It ain't no sort o' good,' sez he to me, sez he; 'the old man says that the boys kin lick their fathers every time. The fact o' the matter is that, so far as I kin see, by the time these people git growed up their innards is so destructified with eatin' candy an' cake an' pie an' sich truck that they ain't got no strength nor no courage.'

"Waal, that weren't the end o't. About an hour later a company o' boy sodjers, headed by a drummer playin' on a toy drum an' a ossifer carryin' a tin sword, an' they themselves a-carryin' little wooden guns with tin bar'ls, come a-marchin' down to the shore. The ossifer he salutes, an' sez he to Cap'n Silas, sez he, 'The King wants to see you.' So off went the Cap'n. In an hour he come back, an' he were a-laffin' 'most fit to bust hisself. 'Wot d'ye think?' sez he to me, sez he. 'I don't think nothin' till you tells me wot to think,' sez I to him, sez I, me bein' mate o' the ship an' him Cap'n. 'Waal,' sez he, 'some one's bin an' told King Bucky the Seckind that I bin a-talkin' treason to the old man, an' his Majesty's give us three hours to quit the islands.' 'Then,' sez I, 'we'd better stand by to slip our cable.' 'Not much!' sez he, 'but I guess we'll heave short an' be ready to git under way quick. There's no tellin' wot he'll do.' Waal, sure 'nuff, we didn't go at the time we was ordered to, an' putty soon we heerd a tremenjous beatin' o' toy drums an' blowin' o' toy trumpets. Down comes the King at the head o' his army o' boys—six hundred o' 'em, there was—an' they opened fire on us."

"With what?" asked Henry.

"With toy cannons loaded with gravel by way o' grapeshot; with bow-guns firin' bolts wot had pins stickin' out o' the ends; with blow-pipes, an' bean-shooters, an' sling-shots. Say, ef ever you git under fire o' three hundred bean-shooters at oncet you'll wish you'd never bin born. Cap'n Silas danced an' hollered, an' the sailors danced an' hollered, an' couldn't man the capstan-bars. So I slipped the cable, an' let the old hooker drift out o' the channel starn fust. An' we made sail onto her, an' got out o' that country jess as quick as ever we knowed how."

"And you've never been back?"

"That are the queer part o't. I tried to go back oncet, an' made the latitood an' longitood right; but the islands wasn't there; an' no one's ever bin able fur to find 'em sence."

And the Old Sailor looked so solemn and mysterious that the boys did not dare to ask any more questions.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER V.

### FIVE BULL'S-EYES IN SIX SHOTS.

"IT doesn't seem exactly the thing to frighten a fellow half to death just when he is making friendly advances to you," reflected Phil, as he watched the flying figure of Mr. Goldollar, "but what else could I do? I had to try and keep my promise. Besides, how dared he to insult me with such a proposal? The idea of suggesting that I should turn smuggler!" At this thought the lad's blood boiled with such indignation that he felt inclined to follow Mr. Goldollar, and still further impress upon him the lesson he had just received. Before he could carry out this intention, however, the train started, and he was obliged to let well enough alone, at least for the present.

As for Mr. Simon Goldollar, his feelings had received a much greater hurt than that with which his body had been threatened, and as he slipped into a seat in the smoking-car, as far as possible from the one occupied by Phil, his dark features were distorted with rage.

"I'll pay you for this outrage, very suddenly and with compound interest, you canting young hypocrite you!" he muttered, at the same time shaking his fist vaguely in the direction of the sturdy lad, against whom in a fair fight he would have stood no better chance than an infant. He did not re-enter the sleeper until after the train reached Vancouver, so that Phil did not see him again, and wondered without much caring whether he had not been left behind.

During the last few miles of that eventful overland journey Phil was so busy gathering up his belongings, repacking his bag, and bidding farewell to those of his fellow-passengers who were to stop in Vancouver, that he forgot all about the scenery. Consequently when the train stopped for the last time, and the porter called out: "Vancouver! Change here for Victoria, Japan, and China!" it seemed incredible that the sparkling waters visible through the car window could be those of the Pacific Ocean.

They were, though, or rather they were the waters of Burrard Inlet, an arm of Puget Sound, on which the new but rapidly growing city of Vancouver is located. Just across the wharf, at one side of which the train had stopped, lay a great white clipper-bowed steamship, bearing the name in letters of gold *Empress of India*. She was one of the fleet of superb ocean flyers that form the Canadian Pacific's connecting link between America and Asia. The mere sight of this beautiful ship, and of the Japanese stewards and cabin-boys clustered on her snowy decks, made Phil feel as though he had indeed joined the great army of "globe-trotters."

There was but scant time, though, for romantic reveries concerning the Orient, for near the *Empress* lay the *Premier*, another though much smaller white steamer, waiting to convey to Victoria such passengers and mail as the train had brought.

This boat had hardly left the wharf, with Phil comfortably seated on deck, his bag and gun beside him, and his overcoat lying across his knees, before the excitable lad sprang to his feet, and ran to the opposite side. He had caught a glimpse as the steamer swung of what he believed to be a canoe. Yes! it was—a genuine Haida dugout with projecting beaklike prow, and an Indian crew who were wielding queer-looking sharp-pointed paddles. It was precisely like the pictures in books of British Columbian travel, and Phil recalled at once that it was fashioned out of one of the huge straight-grained logs of yellow cedar that are only found on that coast. He remembered too that after it had been laboriously hollowed out, and shaped with fire, adze, and hatchet, it was steamed by means of hot stones and boiling water, until its sides could be flared out so as to give it beam



"IS IT PHILIP RYDER OR HIS GHOST!" CRIED SERGE BELCOFSKY.

and stability. They are held in this position by means of [illegible] the process rendering the wood so supple as to [illegible] for any weight of fruit to a not small [illegible] upon a bough the latter must be covered with mats or blankets, and water in use [illegible] every now and then be sprinkled over its sides to keep them damp.

While Phil was watching this canoe and wishing he were in the stead of on board a pretty every day steamer, a gentleman approached him, holding something in his hand, and saying: "I believe this is yours."

It was a pocket-book.

"I don't think it can be mine, sir," began Phil, politely, at the same time clapping a hand to the side where he was accustomed to feel every now and then for his precious money. An expression of comical dismay overspread his face. "Good gracious! yes it is, too!" he cried, extending his hand for his property.

"I thought it must be," replied the gentleman, with a smile, "for I saw it drop from your overcoat as you left your seat to come to this side of the boat. It seems to me, though, that an overcoat is hardly the proper place for carrying a pocket-book. One is so apt to leave it lying round."

"That is just what I think, sir," answered Phil, with a laughably rueful expression of countenance. "I didn't mean to leave it there, I can assure you, and didn't know that I had. The sleeping-car porter picked it up from the floor while I was doing up my things, and as I had my overcoat on I just stuck it into one of the pockets for a second, meaning to place it where it belonged directly afterwards. Then we got in, and with the confusion I forgot all about it. But I will put it away safe enough now, and I am awfully obliged to you, sir, for I couldn't well afford to lose what it contains."

Thus saying, Phil restored the wallet that his carelessness had so nearly lost to his inner vest pocket, and after a prolonged struggle succeeded in securing it there with his aunt Ruth's trusty safety-pins.

The gentleman watched this proceeding with an amused smile, but with words of commendation for the safety-pin plan. "I am glad to see," he said, "that you are, after all, an unusually prudent and careful lad, for I feared you might be one of the heedless tribe, and might thereby get into trouble. May I inquire if you are going to stop in Victoria?"

"Only until the Alaska steamer comes along," answered Phil. "I am on my way to Sitka, where I am to join my father."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then we shall see a great deal of each other, for I, too, am on my way to Sitka. In fact, that is my home. If you will allow me, I will hand you my card."

On the card which Phil thus received and then thrust into a pocket of his own card-case was engraved simply "Mr. Arthur Ames," and of course the lad had no means of knowing that his new acquaintance was one of the most eminent and best-known men in the whole Northwest. As he handed out his own card in return, Mr. Ames said: "I wondered if I should not know your father, and now I see that I do. That is, if he is Mr. John Ryder, the mining expert."

"Yes, sir, that is his name," replied Phil, delighted at this recognition.

"Then I am doubly glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Ryder, and am obliged to the fortunate incident of the pocket-book that led to it."

Phil was greatly pleased with this new friend, who was able to point out everything of interest, and was possessed of such stores of information concerning Alaska, that the lad looked forward with pleasing anticipations to travelling in his company.

It was long after dark before the electric lights of Victoria were sighted, and Phil expressed disappointment that he could see nothing of the city.

"You will have plenty of time to-morrow," suggested Mr. Ames, "for our steamer is not due to arrive here from Port Townsend until about this time to-morrow evening, and she will remain here an hour or so after getting in. So you will have an opportunity to visit Beacon Hill Park, Dunsmuir Castle, the museum, and go out to 'Squimault as well. I wish I might act as your guide to the city, but I cannot, and shall not even see you at your hotel, as I must stay at the house of a friend, with whom I have an amount of important business to transact that will occupy every moment until the steamer leaves. After that we shall see a great deal of each other, I trust."

"Indeed I hope we shall, sir," replied Phil, heartily, as he mentally contrasted this new travelling acquaintance with the one made in Montreal.

"By-the-way," continued Mr. Ames, "if you have a trunk, and care to intrust your check to me, I will have it put aboard the Alaska steamer with mine, and will guarantee its safe delivery in Sitka. By that means you will be saved a tedious trip down to the outer wharf to-morrow, and will gain at least two hours of extra time for sight-seeing."

The stranger had already inspired our hero with such perfect confidence that he handed him his trunk check without the slightest hesitation, at the same time expressing his gratitude for the kindness thus shown him.

A few minutes later the *Premier* was made fast to her wharf at the inner end of a tiny but perfectly protected harbor, at the head of which stands the capital of British Columbia. Here the newly made acquaintances parted, with promises of again meeting on the following evening. Mr. Ames was driven away to the house of his friend, while Phil took a carriage for the Driard, the hotel at which his father had instructed him to stop so long as he remained in Victoria. Here he found a letter from Sitka, that had been brought down by the last steamer. It was such a loving epistle, and was so filled with the joyful anticipations of a speedy meeting, that Phil was moved to sit down and answer it at once, regardless of the fact that his reply could only reach its destination by the same steamer on which he expected to travel.

Having thus got himself into the mood for writing, Phil also indited a long letter, descriptive of his journey thus far, to his aunt Ruth. In this he made the triumphant assertion that his pocket-book was still securely fastened in its proper place by the safety-pins to whose sturdy clasp she had intrusted it, and that up to date he had not lost a single thing. In making this assertion the boastful lad entirely forgot the fur-seal's tooth, though he was soon to have ample cause to remember it.

Both these letters being mailed in the hotel box before he went to bed, Phil slept the sleep of him who has a clear conscience, and awoke the next morning as light-hearted and happy a lad as could be found in all British Columbia. After breakfast he took a stroll down Government Street and into the Chinese quarter, with the queer sights of which he was intensely amused and interested.

On his way back he stopped for a few minutes in a rifle gallery that presented an open front to the street. Here he was tempted by the bad marksmanship displayed by a group of sailors to show them a bit of Yankee shooting, and was lucky enough to make five bull's-eyes in succession out of six shots. This performance was greeted by a round of hearty cheers from the sailors, and these were repeated when Phil distributed among them the prize of cigars by which his skill was rewarded.

In the afternoon he rode by electric car out to Esquimault, or '*Squi*mault, as the splendidly fortified harbor and British naval station of the Pacific coast is called. Here he went on board the *Royal Arthur*, one of the

finest cruisers in her Majesty's navy, and was shown all over the ship by a marine especially detailed for that purpose. Then he made the acquaintance of a middy, who invited him to dine with the steerage mess, and he had altogether such a fine time that the sun set long before he thought it ought to, and it was dark before he finally returned to his hotel.

Learning, by inquiry, that the Alaskan steamer was in, and that he had barely time to catch her, he ordered a cab to be in readiness, rushed up stairs for his things, and then back again to the office, where it only remained for him to pay his bill and be off.

### CHAPTER VI.

### PHIL'S SAD PREDICAMENT.

As Phil stood in front of the hotel desk striving to unclasp the bewildering safety-pins that held his pocket-book so firmly a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a stern voice asked if he was Philip Ryder.

"Yes, that is my name," replied Phil, looking around inquiringly.

"Very well," said the owner of the voice; "then I shall have to ask you to come with me."

"I haven't time," replied the lad, "and, besides, I wouldn't go anywhere in a strange city at this hour of night with a person whom I do not know."

"I guess you'll come," retorted the man, with a grim smile, "when I inform you that I am an officer with a warrant for your arrest, and that you are wanted at the central police station."

"Nonsense!" cried Phil, stoutly; "you've made some mistake and got hold of the wrong party. I haven't done anything to be arrested for. I'm an American citizen on my way to Alaska, and I've only barely time to catch the steamer now. So I must request you not to detain me any longer with this foolishness, or you may have cause to regret having done so."

"I'll risk it," was the self-contained reply, "and I doubt very much if you will start for Alaska to-night, or for some nights to come. You know me," he added, turning to the hotel clerk, who was regarding this scene as coolly as though it were nothing unusual to him, and as though the heart of the lad who a minute before had been so buoyant with hope and happiness were not near to breaking with an undefined agony of apprehension.

"Yes, I know you," answered the clerk, "and whatever you do is all right. You'd better go with him quietly," he added, turning to Phil, "for it won't do you any good to make a kick."

"But what am I arrested for?" cried Phil, with one more despairing effort to solve this horrible mystery. "Of what crime am I accused, and who is my accuser?"

"It is not my business to say," replied the officer, "but under the circumstances I don't mind telling you that the charge is an attempt at felonious assault, and that the complainant's name is Goldollar."

"Oh!" gasped Phil, as this light was thrown upon the situation. And then, eagerly, "But I can explain all that in a minute."

"Not here," said the officer; "this is neither the time nor the place. You must come with me, and at once too," he added, sternly, as he glanced at the little group of curious spectators gathering in the hotel office. "Now don't try to resist or make a scene, for it won't do the slightest good, and will only get you into further trouble."

So Phil Ryder went out into the night a friendless prisoner in a strange city, leaving his travelling-bag, rifle, and overcoat behind him, the clerk remarking significantly that he would take good care of them until they should be called for.

No word was spoken between the officer and his prisoner as they passed through the brilliantly lighted streets until they finally reached the police station, and the latter stood before the sergeant's desk, behind which that functionary was prepared, pen in hand, to enter a record of this case in his blotter. Then a torrent of words sprang to Phil's lips. He told his story with such evident honesty and pleading anguish of soul that even the grizzled sergeant, accustomed as he was to scenes of this kind, was moved by it. "It does seem hard," he said, when Phil paused, more for want of breath than anything else, "that a young gent like you should be compelled to pass a night in the cooler. If you had any one to go on your bail now, we might get the Justice to give you a private examination, late as it is, and perhaps he'd accept a bond for the night."

"But I haven't. I don't know a soul in the city," answered Phil, despondently. "How much do you think the bail would be?" he asked, with a sudden inspiration

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe not more than a hundred or so."

"I have that much right here with me!" cried Phil, eagerly, "and I'd gladly give every cent of it rather than pass a night in a cell. That would be too awful, and it doesn't seem as though I could bear it."

"Let us see your money," said the sergeant, with a caution bred of long experience.

With eager but trembling fingers Phil fumbled at the hateful safety-pins that seemed determined never to relax their hold of his pocket-book. At length he drew it forth, and opened it with an air of anxious triumph. At least one of his assertions was about to be proved true.

Suddenly his face turned to a deathly pallor. The empty wallet, in which no bill remained, dropped from his nerveless grasp, and he clutched wildly at the rail of the sergeant's desk for support.

"I have been robbed!" he gasped. "Robbed of every cent I had in the world. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

The sergeant and officer exchanged significant glances, and for a few minutes only the ticking of a big clock and the boy's panting breathing that closely resembled sobbing broke the painful stillness.

"You certainly seem to be playing to hard luck, young fellow," remarked the sergeant at length, "and I don't mind saying that I'm sorry for you. You appear to be an honest, well-meaning sort of a chap, too. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. Though appearances are often deceitful and I've been misled by them a many times, I'm going to trust 'em once more. So, if you'll give me your word not to make any disturbance, nor the slightest effort to escape, I'll let you occupy my room, where you'll find a bed that is fairly comfortable. You can spend the night there, and it will be better than being locked up in a cell, anyway. Maybe in the morning something will turn up that will straighten matters out for you."

Phil's gratitude for this favor was expressed more by looks than by words, though he did manage to give the required promise.

Then he was shown into a small bare room, where, flinging himself face downward on a little iron bedstead that stood in one corner, he lay for a long time motionless and apparently unconscious. At length he began once more to think, but his thoughts were of the most gloomy and despairing nature. Was ever a fellow in such a scrape? What should he do? Was there any way in which he could get out of it? He could not communicate with his father, for the steamer must already have left. He had no friends in Victoria. He had no money. No money! For the first time in his life Phil realized the full horror of being absolutely penniless. He had not even money to buy breakfast with in case he should be set free on the following day. Perhaps a prison would prove his only refuge after all.

Where could that money have gone to, though? Some one must have taken it; but who, and when? It wouldn't



YES, IT WAS—A GENUINE HAIDA DEGOE.

have been Mr. Ames, of course; nor the porter of the sleeping-car. No; his very face was a guarantee of honesty. Could it have been Simon Goldollar? It must have been; he was just the mean, low-down fellow who would do such a thing; still, what chance had he had? Phil couldn't remember that he had had any. Still, the money must have been taken by some one, and while the pocket-book was in some other place than the one provided for it by his aunt Ruth, too. Oh, why had he forgotten her warnings and neglected her advice! Dear Aunt Ruth! How much better she knew him than he knew himself. Well, this was a lesson that should last him his life-time. Never again would he get into such a scrape through carelessness. Never!

At length the unhappy boy fell asleep, and when he awoke it was daylight. An officer brought him a bowl of strong black coffee and a plain but plentiful breakfast of porridge. Phil drank the coffee, but could not eat. Then he waited, pale with anxiety, for the unknown fate in store for him. After a while he was summoned outside and conducted to a court-room. There he was placed in the prisoners' dock, together with the previous night's occupants of the station-house cells, men and women. He shrank as far as possible from contact with them, and they jeered at him. His case was one of the first called, but as no one appeared against him he was ordered to step aside and wait awhile longer.

Finally, last of all, Phil's turn came again.

"What is the charge against this prisoner?" demanded the Judge.

"It is a case of assault, your Honor," answered the officer who had made the arrest.

"Let me look at the warrant. H'm, yes. Well, is the complainant Goldollar here in person, or represented by counsel?"

To this no one made reply, but another officer whispered something to the Judge.

"H'm! Left the city, has he, without making arrangements to press the charge? Very well, then, the case is dismissed. You may go, young man, but I warn you that you have had a narrow escape, a very narrow escape, and you had better never let me see you here again."

A minute later poor bewildered Phil found himself out in the sunlight, once more free to go where he pleased and do what he liked. For a few blocks he walked mechanically, without taking note of where he was going. Then, with a forlorn hope that the steamer might still be waiting, he directed his steps toward the outer wharf. The walk was a long one, and at its end his worst fears were confirmed. The Alaskan steamer had indeed come in, and gone out again during the night. There would not be another for at least ten days. His trunk had gone, too, as he discovered by finding a porter who distinctly remembered seeing one marked "Philip Ryder, Sitka, Alaska," put aboard the ship. Mr. Ames—Judge Ames, they called him—had also departed for his northern home, as several persons could testify.

Now not a shred of hope was left. What would Mr. Ryder think, and what would he do when the steamer arrived in Sitka without the son for whom he was so anxiously watching? He was certain to meet Judge Ames and to see the trunk. How terrible would be his anxiety! Would he come to Victoria by return steamer in search of his boy, or would he wait for news of him by the next boat? In the former case he could not possibly get there in less than two weeks, and perhaps not so soon. At any rate Phil was thrown upon his own resources for many days to come, and during that time how should he obtain food and lodging?

While vaguely trying to form some plan, he walked slowly back into the city, blind to the beauty of the day, deaf to the singing of birds, and careless of the scent of myriads of flowers which form so beautiful and striking a feature of this far western city. Here was the situation with which this story opens and to which we have been so long in coming.

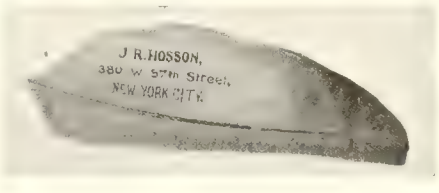
Hardly noticing the direction of his footsteps, Phil reached Government Street, and walked slowly down that busy thoroughfare. Suddenly there came a quick footfall behind him, a hand was clapped on his shoulder, and a hearty friendly voice exclaimed, "Is it Philip Ryder or his ghost? Why, old fellow! what on earth are you doing here?"

The poor lad's heart gave a great throb of gratitude as he turned and found himself face to face with Serge Beleofsky.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW THE MESSAGE CAME.

MANY a little hero is covered with fur or feathers, and dies as bravely while doing his duty as any soldier who ever laid down his life for his country or his king. Mr. Darwin tells of one such hero, an old baboon, which rushed out among some hunters who were shooting and capturing his companions, and rescued a little baboon which probably was a relative. But that now-famous animal was no more a hero than any brave dog that loses his life while defending the property of his master, or any bluebird that dies while trying to drive a snake from the nest of his young ones. Almost any animal will face death without a second's hesitation in order to save a creature that it loves. Such cases are so common that little notice is taken of them, but we have learned of an instance of another sort of heroism in which a bird gallantly lost his life last autumn while trying to do a service to a young lady.




ONE OF THE PIGEON'S FEATHERS.

Everybody remembers the races of 1893 between the *Vigilant* and the *Valkyrie* for the possession of the *America's* cup—the international yachting trophy. It

was during the first race that the feathered hero lost his life. Among the smaller craft that sailed down New York Bay on the morning of October 5th was the schooner yacht *Yampa*, and among the passengers on board were five carrier-pigeons. They belonged to a gentleman living in West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, and one of them was to be freed at each important point in the race, and bring the news back to the city to the daughter of the *Yampa's* owner. As a carrier-pigeon flies from fifty to one hundred miles an hour, it is the best possible messenger between a vessel and the shore, and if all went well, the exact condition of affairs in the regatta outside Sandy Hook would be known in West Fifty-seventh Street thirty minutes after every critical period in the race. It may not be known generally, but the name of a carrier-pigeon's owner is usually stamped on the bird's larger feathers, so that if he is wounded or lost, and falls into the hands of persons who know a carrier-pigeon when they see him, word may be sent to his owner.

The starting-point of the first international regatta last fall was the Sandy Hook Light-ship which lies out in the Atlantic beyond New York Bay. As persons interested in yachting may remember, the British yacht got away first, and as soon as she crossed the line a slip of thin paper bearing a message was fastened to the foot of a strong gray and white pigeon, and the bird was tossed into the air.

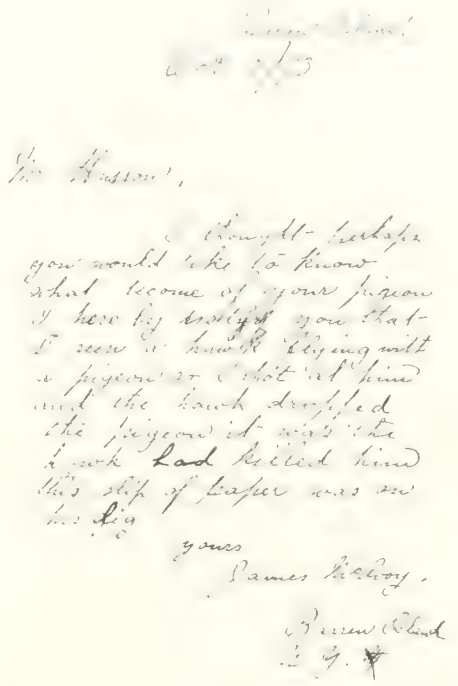
As may be seen by examining the photographs of the message printed with this article, one side of the paper read, "11.20—Wind light. N by West," and the other side read, "*Valkyrie* over first." If all had gone well, this message would have reached the house of the pigeon's owner sooner than any other news of the regatta. The pigeon rose high into the air, made several circles, each larger than the one before, and finally darted off like an arrow toward its home. Nobody has ever discovered how a pigeon finds out which way to fly on its return journey. If taken hundreds of miles from home in a basket, and then liberated, it will rise in the air, fly about in great circles for a few minutes, and then choose the direction which leads in a straight line to its cote. As the race progressed, changed into a drifting match, and the *Vigilant* overhauled and passed the *Valkyrie*, the other four pigeons were let loose from the *Yampa*, each with a message fastened to its leg.

When the passengers on the *Yampa* reached home late at night their first inquiry was for the pigeons. Four had arrived safely, but the first one released—the one



FAC-SIMILE OF THE TWO SIDES OF THE PAPER.

bearing the news that the *Valkyrie* had crossed the starting-line first—had not been seen. It did not reach home the next day, nor the next, and was given up as lost. But though the pigeon never reached home, one of his feathers and the message did arrive there safely, as the following fac-simile of a letter received by the bird's owner will show:



The pigeon evidently got his bearings correctly, and was hurrying home with his message when death in the shape of a hungry hawk overtook him. Barren Island lies in the middle of Jamaica Bay, off the southern shore of Long Island, and in a straight line between Sandy Hook Light-ship and Fifty-seventh Street, New York. It is one of the dreariest places on earth. On it are fish-oil manufactories and other devices for making bad odors, and to this ill-smelling place gulls and other birds of prey flock to feed on refuse. It was one of these highwaymen of the air that seized the carrier-pigeon and killed him before a shot from Mr. McAvoy's gun frightened the hawk so badly that he dropped his booty. The name on the pigeon's feather showed who his owner was, and so the feather with its stamped address and the blood-stained message reached their destination after all.

## THE FLAG OF THE FIRST CUTTER.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

"TURN out, old man, it's 'general quarters,' and I think we're going in." Harry was out of his bunk in one second, and clasping his sword-belt in the next. They slept ready for duty in those days, except side-arms, and in a twinkling all hands were on deck, and the starboard battery manned.

It was four o'clock of a warm August morning in the gun-room of the United States gunboat *Metacomet*. The light of dawn was already broad in the east, and the rest of the fleet lay heaving gently on the swell that came rolling in from the sea.

"The 'Flag' has signalled to come alongside," was whispered from man to man, and the watch on deck was already getting the anchor catted.

Everybody knew what that meant; some of them had been alongside the flag-ship before, passing the rebel batteries at New Orleans, Port Hudson, and Vicksburg. All around them on the other ships there was an air of suppressed excitement and movement. Signals were run up here and there to yard-arm or gaff. Orders were given to serve coffee and such early breakfasts as could easily be prepared, and then, one by one, the

smaller vessels began to steam quietly alongside their larger consorts. The little black monitors drew out from the lee of Sand Island where they had been anchored in readiness for protection against possible surprises.

To the Gulf of Mexico that stretched out to the southward horizon, and far, far more to the north, scarcely visible at this early hour, was the Alabama coast. Just here Iberville had planted the French tricolor more than a century and a half before. For these low wooded islands France, Spain, and England had fought, off and on, for a hundred years and more; and almost before the young American republic was out of its cradle it had to fight Spain and England in these very waters before it could read a clear title to the land. But now there was a still younger flag afloat over the grim bastions of Fort Morgan—a flag that for four years had replaced the Stars and Stripes, and had been most gallantly upheld, for its defenders were Americans.

But Harry and the rest of the young dare-devils on the gunboat thought not of any of these things, as the light grew brighter, and the two ships were lashed side by side. They only knew that there was lively work ahead. A channel thickly set with torpedoes; forts with a hundred big guns covering the approaches, and in the bay beyond a hostile squadron, and a huge iron-clad ram, whose commander had boasted that he could sink the whole Yankee fleet. The young fellows were very jolly over it all as they hurriedly swallowed their breakfasts on the gun-deck; but a little later, no doubt, many a heart sank a trifle under the blue tunics when the forts opened fire. They hardly realized exactly what was before them, that something like three hundred of their mates on the different ships would be either killed or wounded before ten o'clock in the morning; but even if they had realized it all, they would have gone on and done their duty just as pluckily as they did.

The *Brooklyn* led the column, and drew the fire of the fort at a few minutes after seven o'clock. Captain Alden waited full three minutes before replying to the compliment, then he let go his big rifle, and after that for several hours there was no interruption to the strain of disciplined excitement. But it is not the story of that famous fight that I am going to tell, only a little incident that might readily be overlooked by the historian.

Harry C. Nields, Ensign, U.S.N., was the full style and title of the young lad whom we have introduced as "Harry." He was on duty at one of the waist guns, and his ship, the *Metacomet*, and her big consort, the *Hartford*, were right in the thick of the fight, not five hundred yards from the fort, when the monitor *Tecumseh*, close at hand, was blown half out of water by a torpedo, and went down, carrying with her most of her crew. The Admiral, lashed in the main rigging of the *Hartford*, saw some men swimming about where the ill-fated craft went down, so did Captain Jouett on the *Metacomet*, and instantly gave orders to send a boat.

"Away there, first cutter! Nields, go and pick those fellows up."

The bluejackets swarmed over the side—the ships were moving so slowly that it could be done—and dropped one after another into their places in the boat. Harry was among the first, and jumped to his station in the stern-sheets. "Shove off! Oars! Stern, all!" And the cutter dropped astern, out from under the sheltering wooden walls, that did not shelter so very much after all, into the drive of shot that whipped up the smooth sea in angry little spirts, and tore through the air overhead in both directions between the ships and the fortress.

The young boy ordered his men to give way, and headed his boat, as nearly as he could guess, through the dense powder smoke toward where the monitor went down. Then he glanced astern. No, the colors were not stepped! Captain Jouett was watching him, although he did not know it. The flag lay on the stern-sheets of the boat in its water-proof case. Harry pulled the case off as coolly as if it had been his umbrella cover and he were in the quiet New England town where he was born. He shook out the folds of the flag, stepping it properly as he had been accustomed to do, and held the boat to her course through the battle smoke and shrieking missiles that flew back and forth over his head.

But the rest of the fleet knew nothing of all this. The men below on the gun-deck could actually hear the torpedoes bumping against the ship's side as she dragged over them. Naturally, under the circumstances, torpedoes held a somewhat prominent place in their thoughts at that time. The captain of the *Hartford's* bow gun caught sight of something through the drift. "Torpedoes!" thought he, and forthwith he trained his hundred-pound pivot rifle upon it. His practised eye glanced along the sights, and just as the great gun came to bear and the lanyard tightened in his grip, some one caught his sleeve and exclaimed, "For God's sake, Jack, don't fire; that's one of our boats!" And sure enough, the coolness of young Nields in unfolding the flag had probably saved his own life and that of his gallant crew.

On they went, nearer and nearer to the fort and its jumping tongues of flame, till they were among the survivors of the *Tecumseh's* crew. Ten men were all that remained afloat, though as many more saved themselves by swimming ashore. With these half-drowned fellows aboard, the cutter pulled rather heavily, and as the flagship was now well on past the fort, it was hopeless to try to overtake her; so Harry headed his boat for the *Winnebago*, put the *Tecumseh* men aboard of her, and reported for duty on board the *Oneida*, which, with the *Galena* lashed alongside, brought up the rear of the column.

More than once during that eventful morning he wished himself back on his own ship, which had the excitement of a successful running fight up the bay with the light-weight Confederate gunboats. The *Oneida*, on the contrary, was severely punished by the fire of the forts, and was towed out of range by her consort, with her starboard boiler crushed by a shell, her steering-gear shot away, and a third of her crew killed or wounded.

Thus crippled, she could only look on while the iron-clad *Tennessee* gallantly endeavored to make good Commodore Buchanan's boast that she could sink the whole Yankee fleet. At last, with her commander sorely wounded, her smoke-stack shot away, her rudder-chains gone, several of her guns disabled, she surrendered, and quiet once more reigned on Mobile Bay, although Fort Morgan was still pegging away with her landward batteries to repel the shore attack. As soon as Harry saw the *Metacomet* come to anchor he walked aft. Captain Mullany, of the *Oneida*, had been carried below early in the action with his left arm shot off, and Lieutenant Huntington, second in command, had the deck.

Harry looked very much as does the captain of a foot-ball team nowadays after a championship game. Some sort of a flying missile had grazed his head, and he had tied it up with his handkerchief till such time as the surgeons should have done with the serious cases.

Harry touched what was left of his cap. "May I go home, sir?"

The Lieutenant was absently watching two "jackies" who were setting up some damaged rigging. At this he turned and looked Harry over.

"Who are you, sir?" he asked, for in the excitement of the action he had forgotten the incident of the boat.

"Ensign Nields, sir, of the *Metacomet*."

"Oh, to be sure; I beg your pardon, Mr. Nields. Yes, you may go. How many of the *Tecumseh's* men did you pick up?"

"Ten, sir."

"It was very well done, sir! Very pluckily done!

You may give my compliments to Captain Jouett, and I take the liberty of adding poor Captain Mullany's, and tell him I said so."

"Yes, sir."

"Any of your men hurt?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

"Very good, sir; you may go."

So the first cutter was called away and went back to the *Metacomet*, where they were welcomed and complimented, and, what was more important, got a good square meal, and Harry had the pleasure and honor of having his name mentioned in general orders for especial bravery and coolness. He remained in the navy, and at the time of his death in 1880 had attained the rank of Lieutenant Commander.

## THE SACRIFICE OF NOAH.

BY THE REVEREND WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

AFTER weeks spent on board ship, how delightful to step on land! To feel solid earth beneath your feet is a joy in itself.

How different, too, are the smells! How pleasantly new are the sights! On every side brain and nerves are alive to fresh sensations.

I remember how happy I felt after being twenty-nine days on the Pacific Ocean. The land I stepped upon was full of mountains. How grand, solid, *fast*, they were! Nothing was rocking, swimming, tossing, or see-sawing. Even at night I could undress and go to bed without holding on by one hand to the door-knob or clothes-hook. I suppose Americans call their ship bed-chamber a "stateroom," because they are in so uncertain a state while in them.

Not so very different was the ark from an Atlantic steamer, for both floated on the same unstable element. Noah looked as long and as eagerly for land as a sailor in the tops. When the pilot-raven was sent out and came not back, Noah took it as a good sign. Land was near, yet not near enough for the pink toes of a dainty dove. After the messenger dove's second flight, a letter came from God addressed to Noah. It was not written with pen nor with ink on paper. It was an olive leaf, glossy green on one side, silvery-gray on the other. Noah examined it as eagerly as we look for our friend's handwriting. Yes, it was a live leaf, not a dead one of last year before the flood. Fresh as a postage-stamp can celled yesterday, it told the story of time. It was "pluckt off." The message read, in God's own words:

"Go forth out of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee."

How glad Father Noah and all the young folks were to breathe God's air, which is usually so much purer than house or ship air! The great floating chest was like a cattle-ship, for it was full of live-stock. After many months of wet and "nasty" weather—as sailors say—their cramped limbs enjoyed the climb up the hill-side. How sure and solid the ground felt to them! No wonder the Psalms are full of gratitude because God "setteth fast" the mountains.

First, they let free the beasts, birds, and creeping things out of their pens and stalls in the ark. What a scene of frisking, gambolling, and tail-whisking there must have been, as the animals regained their freedom, and scattered over the earth!

Father, mother, and children, led by Noah, hastened at once to thank God. The way to do this in early ages was to build an altar of stones, and with fire and clean animals laid on it to send up a costly smoke to Heaven. So worshipped all the ancient nations when the world was young.

High up on the mountain's crest, whence they could look off on range upon range of hills and peaks, and upon the water in the valleys, they halted. Quickly they laid the stones in shape. Fire was very hard to get in those days; but besides plenty of drift-wood lying around the ark they had dry pieces which they rubbed together. Soon a smoke, and then a spark, appeared. By blowing the spark, flame burst forth and kindled the fuel.



FLAME BURST FORTH AND KINDLED THE FUEL

Lonely places on the mountain-tops are very windy. The stiff breeze blew the loose hair of the men in front of their foreheads, turned the flame sideways, and swept the smoke towards the eastern sky. All in reverent expectation waited for some sign of the Divine favor, while they watched anxiously the cloud-covered heavens.

Still dark and gloomy was the weather, still black the sky. Why does not God speak as in the olive leaf sent by the dove?

Suddenly the west wind rends the clouds, and the afternoon glory of the sun bursts forth. How green and tender seem the grass and flowers! Even the snow-tipped mountain ranges in the far distance become rosy.

More glorious than all, see the rainbow—"a blazing band of dazzling dyes." All except the patriarch fall on their knees. They bow to the earth, while Noah lifts up hands and voice in prayer.

Pleased with His children's faith in Him, pleased with their gratitude, the Heavenly Father makes the bow the sign of His promise of continued favor and help. Soon a second bow of seven glorious colors—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red—delights their eyes, and the clouds wear the double smile of God. To Noah and his children it meant that the flood should no more destroy man and beast from off the earth.

Even to-day there are those whose hearts "leap up when they behold a rainbow in the sky"; for, as of old, it is a sure proof of the Heavenly Father's unceasing love and care.



HOW JOHNNIE'S GRIEF WAS TURNED TO JOY.

LOOKING AHEAD

WILLIE. "Mamma, may I have some of these green candies?"

MAMMA. "No, Willie; they would not be good for you now."

WILLIE. "Then I won't eat them now, mamma: I'll put them away until they get red and ripe."

THE REASON

BOBBY. "Do you know why I like this cake better than bread?"

MAMMA. "No, I don't, I'm sure, Bobby."

BOBBY. "Well, it is because molasses on it would be ridiculous."

MAMMA. "Why so, Bobby?"

BOBBY. "Why, because this is molasses cake."

FATHER. "Jack, where are my slippers?"

JACK. "I threw them at Fred Mason's dog."

FATHER. "What did you do that for?"

JACK. "Mamma said she was going to tell you I hit sister. So I thought I'd be on the safe side."

A REQUEST

WILBUR. "Isn't it the yeast that makes the bread rise until it is half a foot thick?"

BRIDGET. "Yes, Wilbur."

WILBUR. "Then I wish you would put some in the pies, and make them half a foot thick, too."

THE WEATHER

JIMMIE. "Isn't this a lovely day?"

MAMMA. "Yes, indeed, Jimmie."

JIMMIE. "I tell you, mamma, if it keeps on this way it will soon be vacation."

A QUEER FISH.

RUTHVEN. "The shad is a very singular fish, I think, mamma."

MAMMA. "What is there so strange about him, Ruthven?"

RUTHVEN. "Why, no matter how fat he is, he is all bones just the same."

IN THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

NEW TEACHER (*beginning the term, and undecided what lesson to give first*). "Can any of my little pupils tell me how their former teacher began the exercise?"

TOMMY JONES (*the worst boy in school*). "She generally began by giving us a good lickin'."

CONSISTENCY.

RUPERT. "Aren't the chickens hatched in March always considered very hard and tough?"

MAMMA. "Yes, my son."

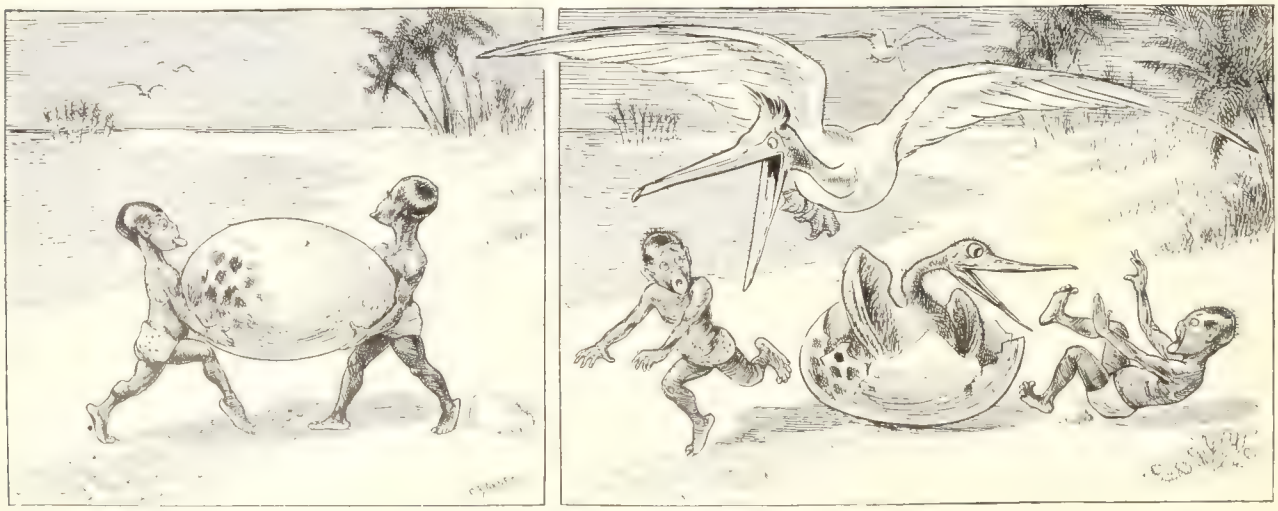
RUPERT. "Then, mamma, why is the spring chicken always considered tender?"

SHE SEES THE PAPERS.

MILLIE. "Mamma, I didn't know that Mrs. Sloper had been sick. What has she been cured of?"

MOTHER. "What do you mean by such a question, dear?"

MILLIE. "Why, here's her picture in the paper."



EASTER IN THE TROPICS.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER VII.

### THE VALUE OF A TRUE FRIEND.

THE meeting of Phil Ryder and Serge Belcofsky, who had parted months before in far-away New London, and who now so unexpectedly ran across each other in the busiest street of the westernmost city of the continent, was one of the happiest that ever took place in Victoria. Phil was so overcome by it that for a moment his voice failed him, and he could only hold his friend's hand in both of his, and gaze at him as though fearful that he might vanish as suddenly as he had appeared.

"Serge, old man," he said at length, "you have come to me like an angel from heaven, for never in my life have I needed a friend as at this very minute. I never half appreciated you before, but you may be certain that I do now. Oh, my dear fellow! if you could only know one part of how glad I am to see you!"

"Why, what is the matter?" inquired Serge, anxiously. "Are you in trouble? Is there anything I can do to help you? How do you happen to be here of all places? The *Seamew* got in two days ago, but I didn't find a single letter from New London, and I haven't heard a word of news from there since we started for the coast."



"Am I an horrible?" exclaimed Phil. "Well, I should say I was. I am in one of the very worst scrapes that ever a fellow got into. Can you help me? I rather think you can. I hope so, at any rate. You have helped me already more than I can tell. The mere sight of your face, the sound of your voice, and the clasp of your hand have banished half my troubles, and given me new courage to face the rest. Why, old man, a friend was what I needed more than anything in the world, and now that I have found one, everything seems possible."

"You in trouble!" cried Serge, in amazement. It was hard to realize that this young hero of his admiration, the one who above all others had seemed so strong and self-reliant and free from care of any kind could be in a position in which his humble aid could be of value.

"Indeed I am," replied Phil; "and to begin with I haven't a cent in the world, nor have I eaten a mouthful of food to-day. So if you have any money in your pockets, you will at once invite me to breakfast. After that I will tell you the whole story."

"You poor old chap!" exclaimed Serge, to whom hunger was of all things the most unpleasant. "Of course I've got money"—he had just one dollar, which represented his entire stock of wealth—"and the 'Poodle Dog' is just around the corner."

In another minute the lads were seated at a table in the best restaurant of Victoria, and Phil was giving the waiter a breakfast order that confirmed that individual in his previously formed opinion that Americans were not only the wealthiest people in the world, but were possessed of the most extraordinary appetites.

Although Serge, whose own breakfast had been eaten hours before, would willingly have shared another with his friend, a prudent regard for his finances compelled him to resist the temptation, and declare that he was not the least bit hungry. So he merely sat and watched with real pleasure Phil's demolition of the very heartiest and most thoroughly enjoyable meal of his life. As he ate, his courage and natural buoyancy of spirits returned to him so fully, that when at length he pushed away his plate, declaring himself unable to eat another mouthful, he was again the self-reliant, independent, happy-go-lucky Phil Ryder whom Serge had known and admired in New London.

The bill for that breakfast amounted to exactly one dollar, and as Serge paid it, Phil wondered why he did not also tip the waiter, who had been unusually attentive. He was too polite to mention the matter, and concluded that his friend's oversight must be the result of his early training.

Serge knew well enough what was expected of him, however, and felt uncomfortable until the restaurant was left behind and he was beyond reach of the waiter's reproachful glance. "Now," said he, as they gained the street, "let's have your story. You haven't told me one word of yourself and your troubles yet."

"Troubles?" repeated Phil, inquiringly, as though such things and he were but the most distant of acquaintances. "Yes, of course, I have had some troubles; but they don't bother me now half so much as they did. I'll tell you all about them, though; but this is a poor place for talking. If you don't mind we'll go up to my room. It is close at hand, and we can be there in a minute. Then we can relate our several adventures, and discuss plans without fear of interruption."

Why Phil had not returned to his hotel for breakfast the very first thing after being set at liberty he could not have explained; but hungry, friendless, and penniless as he was that morning, he could no more have entered the Driard dining-room than he could have begged for a meal at a private house. Now, however, the situation seemed to him so entirely different that he walked into the hotel office as coolly as a young millionaire, and with quite the air of one demanded the key of his room, ordered his bag sent up to it, and led the way to the elevator.

The clerk on duty, who happened to be the same who had witnessed his unpleasant encounter with an officer the evening before, regarded the young fellow with a mild surprise, but made no comment. He concluded that there must have been some mistake after all, but was too well trained in the hotel business to ask unpleasant questions of a guest. He did eye Serge a little curiously, for though the lad had on his best suit it was unmistakably the garb of a sailor.

As for the young Russo-American, he followed his friend into this swell hotel, listened to the orders that he issued, and which were so promptly obeyed, and finally accompanied him to his room with so comical an expression of bewilderment on his face that Phil noticed, and laughed at it.

"You are evidently thinking that my plea of poverty and these surroundings do not exactly match each other," he said.

"Well, yes, I must confess—"

"That I appear very much like an impostor. But really I am not one, old man. I was in such a desperate fix when you turned up, like a blessed angel to help me out of it, that in an hour more, if left to my own devices, I believe I should have jumped overboard."

"You would have done nothing of the kind," cried Serge, indignantly. "You are no such coward as that, and I know it."

"Well, perhaps not," replied Phil. "But it seems to me that hunger with no prospect of its relief can make cowards of the bravest fellows. And I was hungry, awfully hungry."

"I can well believe that," laughed Serge, "after seeing you eat. But tell me, why do you stay in this hotel?"

"Because I have no other place to go to, and have no money with which to settle my bill in case I wish to leave."

"But isn't it awfully expensive?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose they charge three or four dollars a day; but if it were only fifty cents a day I couldn't pay it, and so would have to stay on all the same. I think it's very lucky that I am stranded in so comfortable a place. But let me tell you the whole story from the beginning, and then you will see just what sort of a position I am in."

So Phil related his recent experiences, and when he had finished Serge only asked,

"What has become of the fur-seal's tooth I gave you, and which you used to wear on your watch-chain?"

"Lost it."

"Then that accounts for everything."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that, according to what the old chief who gave that tooth to my father told him, it is a most powerful charm for good or evil. He said that whoever gave it away gave good luck with it. Whoever received it as a gift received good luck. Whoever lost it lost his luck, and whoever stole it stole bad luck that would follow him so long as he retained it in his possession. According to this you who have lost it are suffering the consequences."

"Nonsense!" cried Phil. "I hope you don't believe in any such foolish superstition, or that a bit of carved ivory can possess the powers you claim for the fur-seal's tooth?"

"I don't claim it," protested Serge. "I only repeated what the Indian said. At the same time, almost every one in Alaska, or, at any rate, every one whom I know, believes in such things, and can tell you lots of stories about them."

"Yes. I've no doubt they can tell lots of stories, but the thing is to prove them. Now, I don't believe in su-

perstitions of any kind, and am very sorry for those who do. As for my present bad luck, it is entirely owing to my own carelessness and hot headedness, but for which I should be comfortably on my way to Sitka at this very minute. As it is, here I am up such a very tall stump that, as far as I can see, there isn't the slightest chance of getting down from it inside of several weeks. My chance of visiting Alaska is knocked higher than a kite, too, for the money that would have taken me there will now have to be devoted to paying my hotel bill here."

### CHAPTER VIII.

### ONE RESULT OF GOOD SHOOTING.

"WHY not go with me?" suggested Serge, at the end of his meditation on Phil's situation. "The *Seamew* sails for Alaska this very evening."

"For what part of Alaska—for Sitka?" demanded Phil, eagerly.

"Not exactly," admitted Serge; "but in that direction. She is bound on a fishing cruise to the cod and halibut banks off the Shumagin Islands; but there are always vessels running from there into Sitka, and Captain Duff has promised to set me on board the very first one of these he runs across."

"My! but that is a scheme!" exclaimed Phil, who, having no conception of Alaskan distances nor the slightest idea of where the Shumagin Islands might be, imagined that, once in those waters, it would be an easy matter to reach Sitka. In fact, to him Sitka meant Alaska, and Alaska was the same as Sitka, for he could not remember ever having heard the one spoken of except in connection with the other.

"That would suit me to a T," he continued, "for I have hated the thought of giving up my Alaska trip, and I have hated worse the idea of spending two or three weeks in this place with nothing to do. Do you suppose that your Captain would make the same arrangement with me that he has with you? My father would be glad enough to pay him my passage-money if he would only drop me at Sitka."

"I don't believe the *Seamew* is allowed to take passengers," answered Serge, doubtfully. "I am one of her crew, you know, only I am working without wages for the sake of getting home."

"No wages! Don't you get anything at all?"

"Oh yes! I get my passage and food, and I got an outfit of clothing to start with."

"Well, I should be glad enough to get a passage to Alaska on the same terms, and if your Captain will only take me, I'll ship with him in a minute. But look here, old man, if you don't get any wages, how do you happen to have money to spend on breakfasts at expensive restaurants for your pauper friends?"

"I haven't," laughed Serge.

"Do you mean to tell me that you squandered your last cent on me this morning?"

"I don't mean to tell you anything about it."

"Well, if that doesn't make me feel meaner than dirt! If I had known you were spending your only dollar for my breakfast I wouldn't have eaten a mouthful."

"And so you would have made me very unhappy, instead of giving me one of the greatest pleasures of my life," returned Serge, reproachfully.

"All I can say, then, is that you are easily pleased. And that was the reason why you wouldn't eat anything, was it? Why, you must be almost as starved by this time as I was then, for even I am hungry again. Now, you just come down stairs and take lunch with me in the hotel dining-room. After that we will visit the *Seamew*, and offer my valuable services to your Captain Duff."

Never in all his life had Serge Belcofsky eaten so sumptuous a meal as that set before him by the young pauper, who, with the air of a prince, played the host on this memorable occasion. Knowing the pecuniary circumstances of his entertainer as he did, Serge could not but admire, while he marvelled at, the nonchalant air with which course after course was ordered, while he was urged to partake of this thing and that until the resources of the Driard's larder were wellnigh exhausted.

After thus fortifying themselves for their anticipated interview with Captain Duff, whom Serge had not described as being a particularly affable man, nor one whom it was a joy to meet, the lads strolled down to the cove in which the saucy-looking schooner *Seamew* lay at anchor. When they finally got on board, Serge left Phil on deck, while he ventured alone into the cabin to make an application on his behalf.

For the space of a minute Phil heard through the open cabin skylight only the tones of an ordinary conversation, the words of which were undistinguishable. Then, all at once, came a thunderous roar of: "No, I tell ye! No! I'll have no more landlubbers aboard this craft at any price. So clear out and let me hear no more of it."

The next instant, Serge, cap in hand, appeared abruptly at the opening of the companionway almost as though he had been fired from it. He was closely followed by a big red-faced man with a stubby beard, who, the moment he set foot on deck, gave utterance to a snarl like that of a wild beast. Suddenly, as his eye lighted on Phil, he stood for a moment like one petrified. Then in a tone so soft and bland that Phil instinctively glanced around to see who was speaking, he addressed Serge and asked,

"Is this young sport the friend you was speaking of what 'ud like to ship for a cruise to the nor'ard?"

"Yes, sir," answered Serge; "this is my friend Phil Ryder, who is so anxious to get to Sitka that he is willing to ship for a voyage to the Shumagins without wages if you will furnish him with an outfit, and agree to set him aboard the same vessel bound for Sitka that you do me."

"Will he sign to them terms on a shipping-paper?"

"I think so, sir. Won't you, Phil?"

"Certainly. I will sign any paper that is required."

Looking this new candidate over from head to foot, and still speaking in the blandest of tones, Captain Duff propounded the following questions:

"Be you a sailor?"

"I can handle a small boat."

"Humph! Do you know the dog-star from the cat-star?"

"No, sir."

"Nuther do I. Do you know a bull's-eye when you see one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't ye plunk one yesterday five times out of six shots?"

"I believe I did, sir," replied Phil, greatly surprised at this turn in his examination.

"Could ye do it again?"

"I generally make six bull's-eyes in six shots at that distance with my own rifle," was the reply, not delivered at all boastingly, but as a simple statement of facts.

"So you've got a rifle of your own, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever get seasick?"

"No, sir."

"Can ye be ready to start in an hour's time?"

"I shall be ready as soon as I get an outfit," answered Phil.

"Very good; let's go ashore and get it at once. Hold hard, though! There's the paper to be signed first."

So Captain Duff re-entered the cabin, where with labored penmanship he added an article to one of the ship's papers, which Phil signed without reading it. His signature was witnessed by Jalap Coombs, mate of the *Seamew*, and by Serge Belcofsky.



THE COVE WHERE THE SAUCY-LOOKING "SEAMEW" LAY AT ANCHOR.

"You understand that this is a fishing v'y'ge?" demanded Captain Duff, at the conclusion of this ceremony.

"I understand very little about it, sir," responded Phil. "I only understand that for me it will end at Sitka, and I am willing to undertake whatever may be necessary in order to reach that place."

"Humph!" growled Captain Duff. Then in a voice that sounded like the roar of a bull he bellowed out: "On deck there! Lively, now, and have a boat alongside!"

So promptly was he obeyed that by the time the occupants of the cabin regained the deck a light whaleboat, sharp-pointed at both ends, and containing three oars men, of whom Serge was one, awaited them.

Motioning Phil to enter this craft, Captain Duff ponderously followed, and standing in the stern, with one brawny hand grasping a long steering oar, he ordered the crew to give way.

A few sturdy strokes shot the boat across to the landing, where the Captain ordered two of the men to await his return, and gave the lads to understand that they were to follow him.

He led them to a sailors' slop-shop, where in a very few minutes he had provided the latest addition to his crew with a heavy suit of duffle cloth, a pea-jacket, two flannel shirts, a pair of rubber hip-boots, another pair of stout cow-hide, a woollen toque, or sailor's nightcap, a long oil-skin coat, and a hat of similar material.

"There!" growled Captain Duff, viewing these things as they lay piled on the counter. "I call that an outfit such as mighty few shipmasters would pervide for a landlubber. But when I undertakes to do a thing, I does it. D'ye hear?"

Both lads agreed that they did hear. In fact, they would have been very deaf indeed not to have heard. Phil expressed himself as gratified for so complete a supply of everything that seemed needful.

"So ye should be, ye young 'vil.' I mean so ye should be!" roared Captain Duff. "Now give us a bag, ye swab, and make out your thundering bill, for I'm in a hurry. D'ye hear?"

This last was addressed to the shopman, who thereupon produced a heavy canvas bag of the kind known as a "sea-trunk," into which the two lads stowed all the recent purchases.

When the bill for these was presented, Captain Duff growled over each separate item, and after he had paid it, he said to Phil: "There, young fellow, I've invested fifty dollars in you, and you're bound to work it out afore your account is all squared. D'ye hear?"

"You are very good, I am sure," murmured the lad, not knowing what else to say.

"What! Me good! Who dares say I'm not good?" roared the Captain, glaring about him with a ferocious expression.

As no one replied to this outburst, he ordered the lads to carry the recent purchases down to the boat, and get back to the schooner with all speed.

"I must go to my hotel first to transact some business," suggested Phil.

"Go to a hotel? What business have you with a hotel? I thought you said you'd be ready as soon as ye had an outfit?"

"I have some things there which I desire to see to," began Phil.

"Yes, I know. Rifles and things. Well, hurry up; and mind ye, if you're not back inside of an hour, I'll have ye arrested as a desarter."

"I shall evidently get pretty well used to being arrested if I stay in this town long," thought Phil, as he hurried away.

In his room at the hotel he wrote three notes, two of which were to his father. They were both the same, and in them he stated that he was about to start for Sitka in the fishing schooner *Seamew*, and hoped to reach there before his father received this letter. In case he should be unexpectedly delayed for a few days, his father need feel no anxiety on his account, for he would surely turn up sooner or later. One of these he put in his pocket to mail for Sitka, while, with a forethought unusual in one generally so careless, the other was to be left at the hotel in case his father should come to Victoria in search of him.

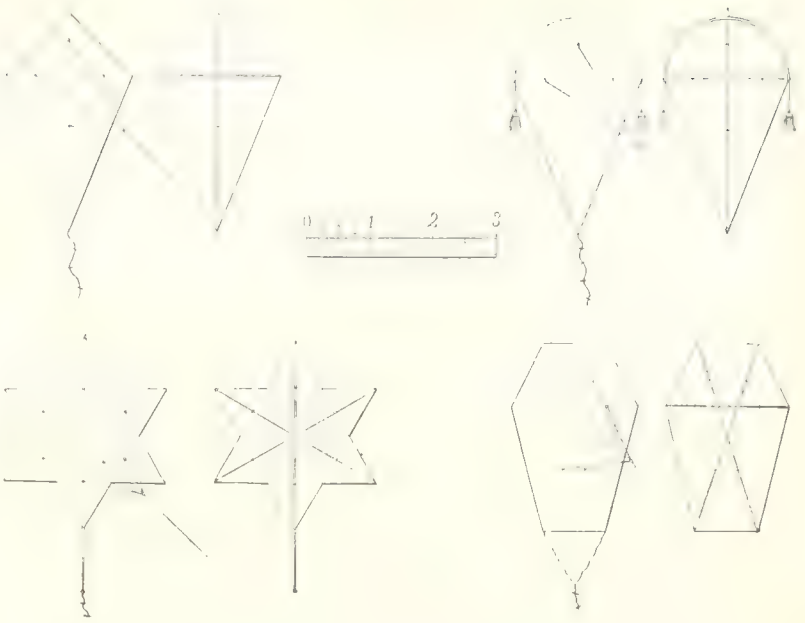
The third note was addressed to the proprietor of the hotel. In it Phil regretted his inability to pay his bill for two days' board and lodging, but stated that it would be settled as soon as he could rejoin his father, whom he expected to see in a very short time. In the mean time he left a rifle, an overcoat, and a bag worth many times its amount as security. This note, together with one of those to his father, he left on the table. Then taking a few small articles from his bag, he left the hotel and hastened to the landing-place. There he found a boat awaiting him. A few minutes later he had bidden farewell to the city in which his short stay had proved so fruitful in strange experiences, and again stood on the deck of the craft in which the second portion of his eventful journey was to be undertaken.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## KITES AND KITE-FLYING.

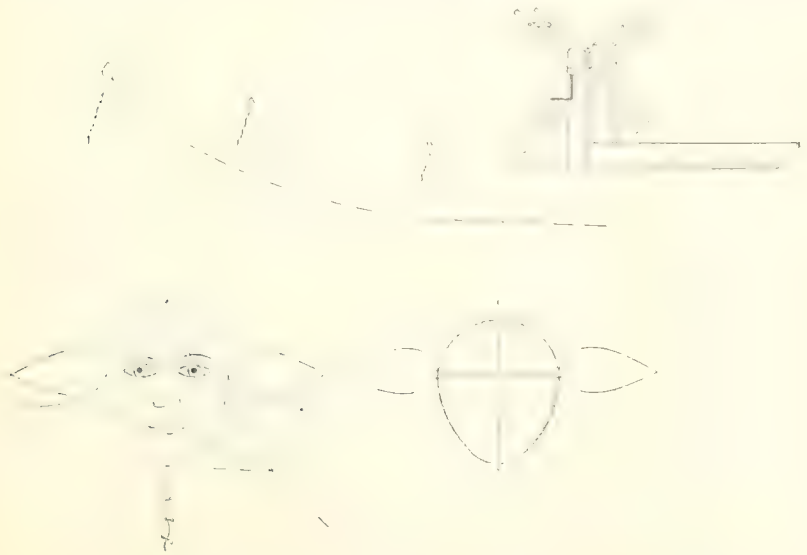
BY H. P. ASHLEY.

AS the spring days approach, young people's minds turn to kites. There are of course many different shapes and kinds, but there are not many which can be relied upon, and these few are the only ones that it will be worth our while discussing. The very best working kite, and the easiest to make, is the cross kite. To make this take two pine sticks, one measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the other 2 feet, and cross them at right angles $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the top of the kite. The two sticks should be $\frac{3}{4}\times\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, tapering to $\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{1}{4}$ inches at the extremities. Lash them together with strong cord (waxed). Half an inch from the top of each stick bore a small hole. Pass a strong cord through one of the holes and tie it around the end of the sticks, pass to the end of next stick and fasten, and so on entirely around the outer edge of the frame. Regarding the covering of a kite, do not use paper, but substantial paper-muslin, which can be bought of any color you desire. Turn your cloth over the edges of the string and sew twice around (this takes away all danger of ripping). The fine point in making a kite fly well is in the hanging of the chest-band. In the draft representing the cross-kite you will see that the chest-band has four leaders, while the face and star kite have six. Arrange all the leaders so that they will meet about three feet from the kite, and all the strain will be divided equally among them. By tightening the leaders more on one side than on the other a kite can be made to veer to either side as desired. By this means one person can handle three small kites, and have the three strings lead to one point. The top or bow kite in the above illustration is made the same as the cross kite, but has in addition the half of a split flour-barrel hoop; this is lashed to the top and ends of the crosspiece.




THE CROSS, STAR, BOW, AND COFFIN KITES.

We pass now to the star-kite. This is formed of two slats each three feet long, and one upright of four feet in length. Bind these together in the centre and tie the cord *loosely* around the ends, and draw tight with guy cords towards the centre (see dotted lines in the drawing). Then comes the coffin-kite. You will see that the sticks are not placed together, as in the others, at the centre, but they leave a space to form a triangle. This gives additional strength to the frame. The face kite is made of two crossed sticks, to which is fastened a split barrel hoop bent in the form of an oval. The two ears are split barrel hoops with the ends lashed together, and the larger end of the hoop fastened by cords to the frame. In putting on the chest-band arrange the two cords leading to the ears a little longer, so that the ears will lay back a trifle from the face. The cloth covering for the ears is not drawn tight, but put on in the form of two bags, the outside ends being left open that the wind may escape. The ears are kept from dropping by two guide cords running from the top of the head to the extremities of the ears. Often when much cord is out it tends to make the kite sag. This is obviated by two auxiliary kites, as shown in the drawing. Send up a larger kite, and then, after it is well out, a smaller kite can be flown and attached by a ring or small snap-hook to the main cord. By this means you can move the auxiliary kite to any position between the main kite and yourself if you attach another kite cord to the ring and keep the end in your hand.



THE REEL, FACE KITE, AND METHOD OF FLYING THREE KITES AT ONCE.

The tail of a kite is a very important consideration, as the balancing and steady sailing depend entirely upon it. For a good-sized kite, the very best thing to use for a tail is an old clothes-line; for a smaller kite, take cotton cord, such as is used for signal halyards or awnings.

Always provide yourself with a reel for the cord by which you are going to fly the kite, and you never will regret it when you wish to get in your kite in a hurry. The reel is made as follows: take four slats each one foot in length, $\frac{1}{4}\times1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, cross them, and place them on an axletree; they will form two X's. At two inches from their ends insert four crosspieces, on which the cord is wound. Then make two uprights in which suitable holes have been bored. These are fastened to a 2-foot board 6 inches wide. A wire or wooden crank finishes the machine. You will find you can reel up as well as pay out cord very fast

with this apparatus. Did you ever tie a cow-bell or a small bell to the end of the tail of a kite? Try it, and after the kite is well up fasten your kite string to some fixed object, and take a tin can and punch a small hole through the bottom, and lead a 2-foot string from the can to the standing kite string. Draw the string tight from can to kite string, and place the can to your ear, and you will have a telephone that will let you hear the small bell ringing at the other end of the string. If it is a large kite, and you take a dinner-bell and attach to the tail, you, as well as the neighborhood, will be aware that there is a bell ringing in the sky.

## RETRIBUTION.

UPON the porch most drowsily
Is stretched the setter sleek and red,
While circles wild a honey-bee
Among the roses overhead.

He sharply eyes his longed-for prey,
Then like a tiger swiftly springs;
But from his teeth and far away
The bee with little effort wings.

And then the bee comes darting down,
Swift as an arrow to the plain,
And Fido feels upon his crown
A lump that undulates with pain.

Poor Fido doesn't look as proud
As usual while flying fleet,
Enveloped in a great dust cloud,
And howling madly down the street.

I'm glad he's stung; I'm sure it's right
That one so big and strong as he
Should come to grief for trying to bite
A little inoffensive bee. R. K. M.

## A REVOLUTIONARY HEROINE.

DURING the Revolutionary war the colonists were raised to a high plane of heroism, and there are many acts recorded of valor and noble deeds on the part of the mothers and wives and daughters of the soldiers of the American army. One of the most heroic actions in the history of those terrible times was that of Marion Gibbs, a thirteen-year-old girl, who lived on a plantation near Charleston, in the State of South Carolina. Marion's father had been a brave soldier in the Continental army, and had been horribly wounded by a cannon-ball, which left him a cripple for life. To add to the grief and troubles of the household, the good mother sickened and died shortly after the husband had been carried back to his home to drag out a helpless existence.

Marion, the eldest of a family of five, found herself called upon to take the place of the gentle woman who breathed her last on the afternoon that the British ships of war dropped anchor off the city whose church spires could be seen from the roof of their home. From that day Marion had been the head of the house, caring for and protecting her sisters and brothers and comforting the stricken father.

Shortly after the invasion of Charleston, the British soldiers under Colonel Tarleton ravaged the surrounding country, stealing the horses of the planters, and setting fire to their barns and homes. One morning while Marion was busily employed with her spinning-wheel, one of the plantation slaves made his appearance in the room where the young housekeeper was at work, and in great excitement begged his mistress to hurry to the swamp, as the English soldiers were nearing the house, adding that they had already fired some of the buildings and shot several of the negroes who attempted to escape.

Hastily summoning the servants, Marion had her father and the children conveyed to a hiding-place in the swamp but a short distance away, and directed the negro nurse to get the baby, a boy two years old, and join them while she should get together a few needed articles. As soon as the red coats of the soldiers were observed approaching through the orchard, Marion slipped out of the rear door, and sped away to the retreat provided for this emergency.

Upon joining the frightened group our little heroine discovered that the nurse and the baby had not been seen by any one in the party. Without uttering a word she darted back along the intricate path that led through the lonely morass, fear and distress adding wings to her feet. Upon emerging from the gloomy forest she beheld the house in flames, and surrounded by the soldiers, while flying towards her and wringing her hands in agony came Aunt Dinah, who sobbed out:

"Honey, honey! is you got de babby? Aunt Dinah jes stop one minute ter go ter de wash-house fo' de babby's clo'es, an' when she go back de house all on fire! Oh! tell me, honey, is you got de babby?"

The next moment a lithe form flashed between the ranks of dragoons, and disappeared within the structure, from which greedy tongues of flame were spitefully thrust out of doors and windows, accompanied by rolling volumes of black smoke. Before the startled soldiers had finished their cries of consternation, Marion reappeared, bearing in her burnt, brave little arms a white bundle, from which a child's frightened cry was heard as the heroic girl once more rushed away in the direction of the swamp. Instead of impeding her flight, the English soldiers swung their hats and cheered her until the dark forest hid her from their view.

## COOKING A BREAKFAST.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

THERE were six girls in the cooking-class, none younger than twelve nor older than fifteen, and not one of them knew the first thing about cookery.

Or perhaps that is too sweeping, for when the teacher asked them if they had ever done anything in the culinary line, they all replied with pride and one voice,

"We have made cake!"

Most of them followed up this statement by assuring her earnestly that it had been very good cake too, and had been praised by every one who had seen or tasted it. Still, they were open to conviction, and they frankly acknowledged that, since a family could not subsist entirely upon cake and keep its health, it would be as well to cultivate a familiarity with the manufacture of more substantial articles of diet.

The teacher would have perished sooner than confess the least nervousness, but she was secretly filled with a great fear lest she should not make a success of this class. She knew a good deal about cooking, and she had no doubt of her powers in her own kitchen. But would she be able to direct her pupils so that their untrained hands would produce good results?

She did not allow her misgivings to be seen, however, and plunged bravely into the little talk she had prepared as a preface to the work, declaring various deep and wise reasons why certain kinds of food should go together, and certain others should not, bringing in a little chemistry, a little physics, and a little physiology. The girls listened politely, but their longing glances would stray to the shining array of pots and pans, broilers and bowls, spoons and measuring cups that were marshalled upon a long table in the middle of the room.

It was the nicest kind of a little kitchen, with a hard-wood floor and painted walls. Three windows lighted it. There were a sink with hot and cold water, and a good-sized range. A large table and a few wooden chairs were the only other furniture.

The lecture lasted about five minutes, but it seemed all too long to the girls, eager for the new experience, and

they looked almost as much relieved as Miss Dodge felt when she ended the talk by saying, briskly,

"Now, girls, let's get to work!"

The first thing was to start the fire. For it had been decided that the girls were to learn everything from the beginning. Coal, wood, and paper were ready at hand. It was an easy matter to lay the fire. Coaxing it to burn properly was quite another thing.

Mary Jay twisted the paper and laid it in the bottom of the grate. Ethel Potter arranged the kindlings artistically and lavishly, and Carolyn Stanley put in the coal by the shovelful, and was also generously allowed to apply the match, while the others stood about and envied and criticised.

"To-day," began the teacher, "we propose to prepare a breakfast. This will consist of oatmeal, halibut steaks, creamed potatoes, corn-bread, and coffee. First of all, we must fill the kettle."

There was a rush for the stove, and six pairs of hands clutched at the kettle. Nellie Seymour was fortunate enough to secure it, and bore it in triumph to the sink.

"Mayn't I peel the potatoes?" begged Mary Jay.

"That isn't fair! You helped make the fire," said three voices at once.

"Don't worry, girls, there is enough to do to give every one a chance," assured Miss Dodge. "If any one is anxious to peel potatoes, pray don't hinder her. It's not the pleasantest work in the world, especially as the potatoes have to be washed first. By-the-way, how is that fire getting on?"

Another rush for the stove and a scramble for the lifter. The removal of the top revealed a discouraged pile of coal and smouldering kindling.

"The kettle will never boil at this rate," said Nannie Wister.

"What can be the matter?" puzzled Miss Dodge, poking the coals with the stove-lifter. "I am afraid I don't understand these drafts. Let me see. This one over the oven door ought to be pulled out, and the one below the grate should be opened, and the one in front of the grate closed, and—oh, dear! I don't see why all ranges are not made on the same pattern. I never saw one like this before. Mercy on us! Now it's beginning to smoke!"

There was nothing for it but to open the windows, transfer the smoking coals and kindling to a scuttle, and begin all over again. For an hour did they toil over that fire before they mastered the mysteries of the drafts. At last, however, the secret carefully concealed by the makers of the range was discovered, the fire began to burn beautifully, and the girls washed their sooty hands and were happy again.

By this time, in spite of many interruptions, the potatoes had been washed, peeled, and dropped into cold water, and Mary was quite willing to yield to some one else the privilege of cutting them into neat dice.

"Let me tell you, girls," said Miss Dodge, "that to my way of thinking the potatoes are better if boiled whole and cut in dice when cold; but we have no time to-day to wait for them to cool. So as soon as the kettle boils, put them on the fire in plenty of boiling water a little salted, and let them cook until they are tender.

"Now for the oatmeal. One cup of that to four cups of boiling water and cook in the double boiler. Ethel, you and Nannie may get that ready."

"Where does the water go?" whispered Nannie to Ethel. "In the outside of the double boiler or the inside?"

"Outside, of course, you goose! Don't you know that the bottom of the outer saucepan would burn out if it were empty? Even I knew that," with an air of lofty superiority, measuring the oatmeal into the inner vessel.

"But how does the oatmeal get wet?" ventured Nannie.

"Steam, I suppose," said Ethel, a little nonplussed. "Don't you see that it says 'Steam-cooked Oatmeal' on the outside of the package?" and she set the saucepan on the hottest corner of the stove.

Gertrude Phelps had possessed herself of the coffee-mill, and was grinding so vigorously that no word of the foregoing colloquy had reached the teacher's ears, who was, moreover, deep in the directions for making the corn-bread.

"Two cups of yellow corn-meal," she dictated, "one cup of white corn-meal, two cups of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one heaping tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Mix both kinds of meal together with the salt and the sugar. Now rub in the shortening."

"What is the shortening, Miss Dodge?" said Nellie. "You haven't said anything about that."

"The butter is the shortening, in this case. Some people use lard or cottolene or olive-oil instead, but I prefer butter for corn-bread."

"What am I to do with it now that I've put it in?" asked Nellie.

"Rub it into the meal. Be sure your hands are perfectly clean."

"But I won't like to eat it if my hands have been in it," objected Nellie.

"Leave it alone, then," said Carolyn, bluntly. "Don't you suppose the cook puts her hands into everything you eat?"

"I never thought of it before," said Nellie, with a look of decided disgust, beginning to rub the meal and butter together with reluctant finger-tips.

"You can use a spoon if you wish," interposed Miss Dodge; "but you can do it more quickly with the hands. Carolyn, you may mix the milk with the yolks of those eggs, and then beat the whites. How are the other things getting on?" turning to the stove.

"The oatmeal has been on about ten minutes," said Ethel, with a little air of importance. "I think it must be time to stir it."

"No, it doesn't need stirring until just before it comes from the fire," said Miss Dodge, lifting the lid of the double boiler. "Why, my dear child, you forgot to put in the water!"

"No, I didn't. I measured four cups into the outer pot," said Ethel, eagerly.

"But it was to go in with the oatmeal. Never mind; put it in now."

"I thought the steam cooked it," faltered Ethel, shamefacedly.

"It would take dry oatmeal a good while to get up steam enough to cook itself," said Miss Dodge, turning back to the table just in time to see Carolyn pour eggs and milk into the bowl upon Nellie's hands.

"Well, I thought if part was to be mixed with the hands, it might as well all be mixed that way," said Nellie, ruefully, at the teacher's explanation.

"You may mix it that way if you choose, of course, but it is not absolutely necessary," said Miss Dodge, laughing in spite of herself at the egg-and-milk-stained fingers, and the dejected face above them.

"Well, hands are easily washed," said Nellie, philosophically, going over to the sink, while Carolyn turned the stiffly beaten whites into the bowl, and followed Miss Dodge's directions to use the baking-powder last of all. Nellie came back with clean hands in time to dip the paint-brush used for greasing into the cottolene, and exercise her artistic powers, as she said, on the inside of the gem pans, and both girls filled them half full of the batter, and shared the delight of putting them into the oven.

Every one was pretty busy by this time. Mary, who had kept fond watch over the potatoes, pronounced them tender enough to break when pierced with a fork, and proceeded to turn the water off of them. A cup of milk had been heating in a double boiler, and this was thickened



PERHAPS THE EATING WAS ABOUT AS MUCH FUN AS ANY OF IT, AFTER ALL.

with a heaping teaspoonful of flour, and a teaspoonful of butter.

"You need less flour with the potatoes than you do in making ordinary white sauce, because the potatoes themselves are floury and help thicken the milk," explained the teacher.

Just here, Ethel, who had been told to mince a teaspoonful of parsley, was discovered cutting up each fraction of a leaf separately, and the girls gathered in an observant circle while Miss Dodge bunched half a dozen sprays together, and cut through them all with one movement of the knife. This was for the potatoes, but as much more was needed to put with the sauce for the fish.

"Sure enough, the fish," said Gertrude. "When are we going to cook that?"

"Very soon," said Miss Dodge; "I already have the pan on the fire with a little cottolene in it, for the fish is to be *sautéd* –there is no English word that just expresses it—but it means fried in shallow fat, not in a bath of deep fat as you cook doughnuts or croquettes."

"Oh, I want to learn to make croquettes," said Ethel. "Let's have them next time."

"Perhaps we will. Now dip those pieces of fish first in cracker dust, then in a beaten egg, and then in cracker dust again. After that, put them in the pan."

And now all the cooks were at work. Mary had poured the thickened milk on her potatoes, and returned them to the fire, and stood guard over them, waiting for the moment to add the parsley. Ethel and Gertrude were frying the fish and roasting their faces at the same time in their anxiety lest they should not see the exact moment when the fish was done on one side and fit to turn; Nannie had undertaken the coffee, and having measured four heaping table-spoonfuls into the upper part of the coffee-pot was pouring over it four cupfuls of boiling water; Carolyn was making a sauce for the fish by whipping up with a fork two table-spoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and one of parsley; while Nellie divided her attention between the table she was setting and the oven in which her corn-bread was beginning to brown. Miss Dodge exercised a general superintendence, incidentally salting and beating up the oatmeal.

Well, it was all done at last. The oatmeal was dished, the coffee had been dripped through the grounds for the third time, the potatoes were turned out in a deep dish, the fish—a trifle broken in turning—laid on a platter, and its imperfections concealed by artfully arranged sprays of parsley. And the corn-bread! Nellie would allow no one to help her in removing it from the tins, even although she burned two fingers in the operation and dropped three muffins on the floor. But there were plenty of good ones left, she said, of both fingers and muffins.

Perhaps the eating was about as much fun as any of it, after all. It made no difference to the girls that the table-cover was of white oil-cloth, and that they had to supplement their supply of knives and forks with those they had used in cooking. "It's a poor cook that won't lick her own fingers," and they proved by example their high opinion of their own culinary powers. The only criticism to be made was that they all, the teacher included, had forgotten to salt or pepper the fish before breaking it. But that was not worth mentioning.

And when they at last arose from the table, satisfied and happy, the only blot on their bliss was that they would have to wash all those dishes.

# THE SIEGE OF THE RED HOUSE.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON

SQUIRE ROWCLIFFE came slowly down the shady main street of Duncannon, his ivory-topped cane in one hand and a packet of letters and papers in the other. He stopped at the last house on the street, a gray stone mansion enclosed by a terraced lawn and a picket-fence. He was about to open the gate when a peal of boyish laughter came to his ears. He turned and crossed the road. Down a grassy bank lay the broad Susquehanna, shining under the mellow September sun. At the water's edge stood two boys. They were in the act of launching a light cedar boat.

"Clem! Clem!" called the Squire.

"All right, father." A bright-looking lad of sixteen, with deeply sunburned face and hands, ran swiftly up the bank.

"Where were you going?" asked the Squire.

"Out on the rocks to fish."

"Who is with you?"

"Sydney Cornish, father."

"Well, I have a better plan for you. Sydney can go along if he wishes."

"Along where?" exclaimed Clem, eagerly.

The Squire slowly sorted his bundle of mail. "I have a letter calling me to the city on important business," he resumed, "and here is another from Marshbank. The poor fellow's mother is very ill, and he is compelled to go home. He leaves this morning."

"Then there is no one in charge of the Red House?" asked Clem.

"Exactly," replied the Squire. "Marshbank had no time to find a substitute. I was talking to some of the men a little while ago, and they are all too busy to get away. I want you and Sydney to go down there and stay for a few days until—"

"Hurrah!" shouted Clem. "Won't that be jolly!"

The Squire frowned at the interruption. "Wait till I have finished," he said, in a tone of rebuke. "Listen closely to my instructions, for I have no time to spare if I wish to catch the noon train. I intend to combine business and pleasure, since the occasion suits. Let me see. This is Monday. I shall get through my business by Wednesday evening at the latest. I will stop at Fairview on the way back, and I want you to meet me there on Thursday afternoon. The train is due at two o'clock."

"All right," replied Clem. "Will you come up to the Red House then?"

"Yes; we will remain until Saturday, and try our luck with the bass. You had better take the bateau when you come down for me. Here is the key to the locker, and this is the house-key that Marshbank sent in the letter. I spoke to Dr. Cornish, and he says that Sydney can go. Be careful not to leave the locker open, for it contains a good deal of valuable property. The rustic fishermen who stop at the island sometimes may not be above temptation."

"We'll be careful," declared Clem. "But how shall we go down, father? Take the train to Fairview?"

"No," replied the Squire. "I almost forgot to say that Meyers has finished my new ducking boat. You can take it down by water."

"Hurrah for that!" cried Clem. "It's a grand day for a cruise. We can make the trip in two or three hours."

"Look out for the rapids," warned the Squire. "Good-by, my boy. I have just time to pack my valise."

He hurried across the road and entered the yard. Clem ran down the bank with a shout, and poured the good news into Sydney's delighted ears. The two lads were of an age, and were almost inseparable. They were intensely fond of all healthy sports. They were experts at fishing and boating, and could handle a rifle or a shotgun



TWO WRETCHED-LOOKING TRAMPS STOOD BEFORE HIM

with a fair amount of sand. The Red House where they were now going, belonged jointly to half a dozen Duncannon sportsmen, among whom were Squire Rowcliffe and Dr. Cornish. It stood on the lower end of Shawmut Island twelve miles below Duncannon, and was surrounded by the best fishing waters in the Susquehanna. Here the men came on short trips during the shooting and fishing seasons, and here, for the sake of convenience, they kept their boats, rods, guns, and various other articles. They had purchased the house and island outright from its owner. The island was of little value except for its heavy timber. The house was eighty or ninety years old, and dated from the early times of Susquehanna navigation. It took its name from the dull red color in which it was painted. A middle-aged man named Marshbank was employed to take charge of the place, and lived here from the 1st of April until the close of November.

Squire Rowcliffe caught the noon train, and two hours later Clem and Sydney were on their way down the river in the new ducking boat, which was provisioned for a week's stay on the island. The current was good, and the boys paddled steadily. They slipped through one mountain gap after another, and finally ran the Dauphin Rapids with no more serious mishap than a spattering of spray. Then came the Rockville Falls, and an hour later Shawmut Island hove in sight. It lay in the very centre of the river, which here widened out to a sort of lake, and stretched more than a mile and a half from shore to shore.

It was precisely half past four o'clock when the boys landed at the floating wharf. A gravel beach sloped to the base of a steep bluff fifteen feet high. A narrow flight of steps led to the top, and here stood the Red House, surrounded by a grove of locust-trees. It was less than fifty yards from the lower point of the island, and commanded an extensive view down the river. Three miles away, along the right-hand shore, could be seen the spires and roofs of Fairview. Half-way between the house and the end of the island stood the small shed where the boats were stored under lock and key.

The boys made three trips to the top of the bank with the provisions. Then they opened up the house and the out-kitchen. The latter was a new addition tacked on to the other structure. The Red House proper had two rooms on the lower floor. The front apartment was the dining and lounging room. Two windows and a door opened on the porch, and two windows faced the river on the south side. The other side had merely a door communicating with the out-kitchen. The rear apartment contained eight small cots, and two windows looked up the island. The house was built of stout logs, weather-boarded. The doors and window-shutters were massive, and of solid oak. Overhead was an unfurnished loft, to which access was had by a ladder from the front room. Underneath was a cool cellar, that served the purposes of a refrigerator. A pump stood just outside the kitchen, and near by was the wood-shed.

Marshbank had left everything in complete order, as the boys speedily discovered. They put the provisions away, and then paddled out to a neighboring grass patch with their fishing-rods and a can of minnows wisely brought down from Duncannon. In a short time they caught half a dozen plump bass, ranging in weight from ten ounces to two pounds. They came in at dusk, and cooked a "jolly good supper," as Clem expressed it. Fried fish and potatoes, coffee, bread, and apple pie vanished like magic before two such keen appetites. At nine o'clock the boys locked up, and were presently sound asleep on the cozy cots.

They were wakened about four o'clock in the morning by a terrific thunder-storm. The rain was coming down in sheets, and the wind howled savagely around the corners of the house. Peals of thunder alternated with vivid flashes of lightning. Out in the yard a locust-tree fell with a tremendous crash.

"I was afraid of this," said Clem. "The air was too close last night for September. I wonder if the boat is all right, Syd?"

"It ought to be," replied Syd. "We carried it far enough up the beach. I wouldn't go out in such a storm for a good deal."

The boys remained in bed a little longer. Then they rose, and lighted the swinging lamp in the front room. About five o'clock, when dawn was breaking, the fury of the storm abated. Clem put on rubber boots and an oil-skin, and ventured out through the still pouring rain. In five minutes he was back.

"The boat is all right," he announced, "but our fishing is cooked. The river is as yellow as mud, and it's coming up. The wharf is afloat, but the chain and anchor will hold it."

"Well, we can fish for catties and eels," declared Syd. "That's almost as much fun as catching bass. Let's have breakfast now, and then we'll dig some worms."

"All right," assented Clem. "I'm going to bake some soda biscuits the way Marshbank showed me."

It was now daylight, so the boys put out the lamp and opened up the house. In a short time a fire was blazing merrily in the stove. Clem prepared the biscuits for the oven, while Syd peeled potatoes and cleaned the rest of the bass.

"Shall we eat breakfast in the kitchen this morning?" said Clem. "We'll get through the work sooner. This table will do."

"We may as well," replied Syd. "There, the fish and potatoes are on."

"And the biscuits are browning nicely," added Clem. "Fix the table, Syd, while I boil the coffee."

Out-of-doors the rain still poured, but inside was the snuggest of comfort. The room was filled with a savory odor, and the table glistened with china and linen. Clem took the hot viands from the stove and dumped them on to plates. Syd discovered that the knives and forks were not in the closet, and thinking they might be in the locker, he took the key and went into the other room. While there and in the act of looking for what he wanted he heard a step behind him. He supposed that Syd had entered the room. He closed the locker and pocketed the key. He turned around with the can of milk in his hand. Then he uttered a gasp of surprise. Two wretched-looking tramps stood before him; at least their appearance warranted that belief. Their patched and weather-worn clothes were dripping wet. Their hair was long and unkempt, and a stubbly growth of beard covered their faces. The partly open front door showed how they had entered.

Clem quickly recovered from his surprise, and faced the intruders with a cold stare. He knew by the greedy look in their eyes that they had seen the contents of the locker.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed.

"Hullo!" echoed Syd from the kitchen doorway.

"Hullo yourself," muttered the elder of the tramps, a big fellow with a purplish face and bloodshot eyes. "Excuse us fur comin' in out of the rain without bein' axed. It's nasty weather, boys. If you hain't no objections we'll take a bite of breakfast," he added, catching sight of the tempting table in the room beyond. He strode into the kitchen with his companion, and the boys followed helplessly.

The tramps coolly sat down to the table, and began to help themselves liberally to the steaming food.

"You've got lots of cheek," cried Syd, in an indignant manner.

"Cheek? What's that?" asked the elder man. "It must be slang, Kidder," with a leer at his companion.

"I reckon so," replied the younger tramp. "We don't know nothin' about it, do we, Bagshot?"

"Of course not," mumbled Bagshot, with his mouth full of potatoes. "Pass me the coffee, Kidder."

"You fellars mustn't judge people by their dress an' appearance," he went on, with an indignant glance at the boys. "Me and Kidder are gentlemen sportsmen. Our boat was driven to this here island by the storm, and the wind blowed our traps an' fishin' tackle away. How's that, Kidder?"

"Exactly so," replied the other, as he impaled two biscuits on a fork.

The boys looked on with silent wrath.

"Don't be uppish," said Bagshot, after a lengthy pause. "Sit down an' eat. You fellars are alone, I reckon."

"We won't be long," snapped Clem, in a significant tone.

The tramps looked at each other and laughed. Evidently the lad's veiled threat had no terrors for them.

"I'm full," declared Kidder. He had reason to be, for half of the boys' breakfast had gone down his hungry throat.

"So am I," replied Bagshot. He pushed his plate away, and rose slowly from the table. "I'll trouble you fur the key to that there closet yonder, my lad," he added, with a cunning leer, as he slouched toward Clem. "I've a hankerin' to look at them guns an' tackle."

Clem expected this, though not quite so soon. During the past ten minutes he had been puzzling his brains for some way to get rid of the unpleasant visitors. Now he was taken by surprise, and with a startled face he let Bagshot come within three feet of him. Then he sprang for the inner room, the door to which was luckily close by.

The tramp made a vicious snatch, and caught the lad by the coat. Clem deftly slipped out of the loose garment, and the next instant he was over the threshold. Bang! went the door shut right in Bagshot's face. Thud! went the heavy bolt as Clem rammed it home.

Had the tramps been wise they would have rushed out of the kitchen, and entered the house from some other point. Instead, they rattled the door-handle and began kicking the panels. No doubt they expected an easy victory.

Meanwhile Clem had not lost his wits. He closed and locked the front door, and went swiftly from window to window, drawing in and bolting the heavy shutters. As he leaned out the last window of the back room Syd darted around the corner of the house. Clem helped him in, and hurriedly fastened the shutters.

"I was afraid you were captured," he exclaimed, gladly.

"They didn't pay any attention to *me*," replied Syd, "so I watched my chance and slipped out. They found the key to the locker in your coat, though."

"Just my luck!" groaned Clem. "Why didn't I put it in my trousers? Well, it can't be helped now. This is a nice pickle we're in, Syd."

"Beastly, Clem. What are we going to do? It makes me mad as a hornet to think of those ragged old scallywags cleaning up our breakfast. I'm awfully hungry, too."

"So am I," replied Clem, in a doleful voice. "And as sure as anything we're in for a siege. Those tramps are vicious fellows, and they've got their hearts set on robbing the locker. We're here to guard the property, and we've got to do it."

"Of course," echoed Syd, "even if it comes to fighting. Is everything tight?"

"As tight as we can make it," said Clem. "The next thing is a light. Come on."

They stumbled through the darkness into the front room, and the lamp was soon shedding a cheerful glow on the scene. The tramps could be heard moving about outside. They tried all the window-shutters in succession, and then returned to the kitchen.

"We've got a proporsition ter make you fellars," called Bagshot's wheezy voice. "Let us in, an' we won't take nothin' but two guns out o' that there closet. If we've got to bust the door we'll lick you till you can't stand up."

"You can't come in," replied Clem, "and that settles it. The first man that tries to break the door down will get peppered with shot."

Bagshot responded with a savage oath, and then there was silence for a little while.

"I wish we had a gun," whispered Syd. "Can't we break the locker open?"

"Not without an axe," said Clem. "The door is of solid oak, an inch and a half thick, and the hinges and lock are of the strongest kind. I wouldn't want to shoot the fellows, anyway. Marshbank's old musket will do to scare them. It's up there on the hooks."

Syd took the weapon down. The hammer was off and the barrel was empty. A moment later the tramps attacked the kitchen door with an axe. They rained blow after blow until the keen blade burst its way through the panel. As quickly as it was withdrawn Clem poked the muzzle of the musket into the aperture.

The tramps jumped to one side, evidently believing that the gun would shoot. They did not renew the attack, though they could be heard muttering in low tones. The boys withdrew the musket, and stacked two of the cots against the broken door. They were considerably cheered by the success they had so far met with. The thunderstorm seemed to have changed to a settled spell of bad weather. The rain pattered steadily and smartly on the roof.

"How long do you think the siege will last?" asked Syd.

"No telling," replied Clem. "This is only Tuesday morning, and we can't expect any assistance until Thursday afternoon at the earliest. Father will come up here if he don't find us at the train. We've got to hold out that long."

"We'll do it," declared Syd, confidently. "We can't prevent the tramps from stealing one of the boats, though."

"I'd be glad to get rid of them at that price," replied Clem, "but I'm afraid there's no such luck. The worst of it is that they've got all the provisions. We're in danger of starving."

"Let's look about us before we make sure of that," suggested Syd.

This was a happy thought. In the dining-room closet the boys found a hard loaf of bread and a few crackers—evidently left there by Marshbank. They opened the trap-door and descended to the cellar. Here was only what they had brought themselves—butter, milk, and two raw beefsteaks. In one corner of the cellar was a pool of muddy water that had leaked in during the height of the storm. This gave Clem an idea.

"Tramps hate water," he said. "Let's take a supply upstairs."

"We can heat it on the oil-stove," added Syd.

They found a tub leaning against the wall, and dipped it nearly full with a tin can. After carrying it up to the dining-room they sat down and made a hearty breakfast of bread and butter and milk. Then, not hearing anything of the enemy, they ascended to the loft, and looked out of the one little window. The sky was a sheet of murky gray, and the rain was still falling steadily. Not a boat was visible on the long misty stretch of water between the island and Fairview, nor were any likely to come within hailing-distance as long as the bad weather continued. The craft belonging to the tramps, however, lay on shore near the wharf. It had doubtless been stolen at some point up the river.



HE HEARD FROM SOME QUARTER A FAINT MUFFLED SOUND.

The boys went down stairs, and walked listlessly about for several hours. About midday the tramps made another assault on the kitchen door with axes. At the first stroke Clem lighted the oil-stove, which was a small affair intended for heating purposes, and put a bucket of water on top.

Crash! crash! went the axes. The hole was soon enlarged, and now the barricade toppled over. The water had not yet reached the boiling-point, but it was pretty hot. The boys seized the bucket between them, and dashed the contents through the opening. Cries of rage and pain instantly followed. The baffled tramps fell back, uttering terrible threats and curses.

"We've scored another victory," exclaimed Syd. "Up with the barricade again."

The cots were quickly in position, and the barrier was made stronger by pushing the heavy table against it. Not a sound was heard from the tramps all afternoon. They evidently hoped to convey the impression that they had given up the siege and departed. But the boys were not deceived. When night came they took turns at sleeping and watching, and so the long hours slipped away until the dawn of Wednesday.

The second day of the siege was less eventful than the first. The tramps could be heard at intervals outside the house and in the kitchen, but they made no attempt to hold a parley. At dinner-time the boys devoured the last fragment of bread, and pretty soon they felt the pangs of hunger. They made frequent trips to the loft window, but always to be disappointed. Not a boat was on the river. The sky was still overcast with heavy clouds, and showers of rain fell at intervals.

Downstairs the constantly burning lamp made night and day seem as one. When the faint streaks of gray light faded from the chinks of the shutters the boys felt pretty blue. They were ravenously hungry, and the prospect of spending another twenty-four hours without food was dismal indeed. For drinking purposes they had to filter the muddy water from the cellar through their handkerchiefs.

"I've got a scheme, Syd," exclaimed Clem, about eight o'clock in the evening. "You know that big locust tree that sticks its branches into the left window? Well, I'm going to slide down it to the ground and paddle to Fairview in the ducking boat. I'll be back here with help in an hour and a half."

"The tramps will catch you," expostulated Syd. "They must be outside, for I don't hear them in the kitchen."

"As like as not they're asleep," replied Clem. "I'd open one of the windows if I wasn't afraid of making a noise."

Syd was finally won over to the plan, and agreed to protect the house during his companion's absence. Clem went noiselessly up the ladder and vanished. Ten minutes passed away, and just when Syd felt most hopeful he heard a rush of feet and a hoarse cry outside. A banging noise followed, and the next instant Clem came sadly down the ladder.

"No go," he muttered, angrily. "Bagshot was smoking a pipe by the wharf. I didn't know he was there, but he made a rush the minute I got near the boat. I had to run like a streak. You should have seen me go up that tree and in at the window. I bolted the shutter, in case the tramps should try the same trick."

The failure of Clem's plan left the boys face to face with the certainty of another day and a night of captivity and hunger. They divided the night into watches of three hours, and took turns at sleeping. About four o'clock in the morning, Syd, who was on duty at the time, was overpowered by drowsiness, and dropped into a cot alongside of his companion. He woke two hours later, conscious of his unfaithfulness. The light of day was shining between the shutters, and the lamp was still burning brightly in the front room. He heard, from some indistinguishable quarter, a faint muffled noise. It puzzled him. He could not account for it. He hastily wakened Clem, and both listened. The strange sounds continued. They seemed to be underfoot.

"The cellar!" gasped Clem. "The tramps are digging into it from outside."

Just then the noise ended in a dull rattle, and the boys ran excitedly into the next room. They were less than half-way across the floor when the trap-door leading from the cellar was burst open by a tremendous blow, and out tumbled Bagshot and Kidder. No defence was possible. The tramps were in a decidedly ugly humor. They knocked the boys roughly about, and finally tumbled them into one corner of the room.

"That 'll do fur the present," snarled Bagshot. "You chaps 'll wish you'd never been born afore we're done with you. Watch 'em, Kidder, while I tend to the plunder."

The younger tramp seized the musket, and stood guard. The lamp was burning dimly for want of oil, so Bagshot unbarred the front door and flung it open, admitting the broad light of day. Then he opened the locker with Clem's key, and greedily began to overhaul the contents.

The boys looked on from the corner in helpless rage and indignation. They were terrified also, for there was no telling what vengeance their captors might wreak upon them. They exchanged despondent glances.

Suddenly a step was heard on the porch. Then—oh, happy moment!—Marshbank's tall figure and sunburnt face stalked in at the doorway. It was a lively scene that followed. Clem and Syd rushed at Kidder with chairs when he was off his guard. A blow from Marshbank's powerful fist sent Bagshot reeling to the floor, whence he crawled to the cellar trap and disappeared. Kidder threw down the musket, and dodged through the door.

When the three pursuers reached the river-bank the tramps were already dragging their boat into the water. A moment later they were pulling with might and main down the swift muddy current. In their frantic haste they had overlooked Marshbank's boat, which was not only a better craft, but was well stocked with provisions.

The game was not worth the chase, Marshbank declared, so he and the boys turned back to the house. After looking at the cleverly dug hole by which the tramps had effected an entrance to the cellar, Clem and Syd told the thrilling story of the siege. Then Marshbank brought a big basket of food from the boat, and while his famished companions were eating their fill he explained his timely arrival. His mother was entirely well again, and he had started up the river from Fairview at five o'clock that morning.

"I didn't get here a minute too soon," he concluded; and the boys heartily agreed with him.

Later on the sky cleared and the sun came out. Clem and Syd pulled down to Fairview to meet Squire Rowcliffe at the two-o'clock train, and his words of commendation, when he heard what they had to tell, more than repaid them for the hardships they had so pluckily endured.

## HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING IN AFRICA.

BY DAVID POLLOCK.

"I SEE you, great chief," said a tall black figure rising out of the green grass.

"I see you," I replied in the grave salutation of Mashonaland. That was my first introduction to Cherumbila. He was a tall gray headed negro with not an ounce of spare flesh on his wiry frame. He was innocent of anything in the shape of clothing, but he wore the spotted skin of a wild-cat tucked carelessly into a girdle of pink and blue beads, and a thick brass bangle round each wrist and ankle.

"What news do you bring?" I asked, after looking him up and down.

"Great news, chief," he said, speaking rapidly in his excitement. "I have seen the *imvubu* hippopotami in the great river Inteliquy, and I have come to tell the great chief so that he may take the spear that spits fire and kill them."

"How many did you see?" I queried, rather incredulously, knowing that the Caffres are the most persistent liars on the face of the earth.

"Many, many, chief." He held up both arms to express a young army of hippopotami.

"Will you take me to the river and show me where the *imvubu* are?" I asked.

"Yes, chief; and the great chief will give him a present, a little one, some beads, some gunpowder, and some salt; is it not so?"

"Yes, and a blanket as well if I shoot one," I added, to stimulate his exertions.

The bargain was soon struck. I determined to start at once, and nothing remained but to get leave from my amiable old chief, for at that time I was a pupil in the noble art of land-surveying, and was studying the rudiments in the wildest regions of Mashonaland. This was easily obtained.

"Don't do anything foolish, Jack," said my kind old instructor, when I rushed into the tent where he was patiently wading through a tangled scribble of my triangulations. "Don't have any accident and be carried back home on a stretcher. And oh, Jack, I wish you would learn to write better. But then it's no good talking. Now, that 'll do. Don't say you're sorry, because I know you aren't. You couldn't be if you tried, you scaramouch. Now be off with you, and if you don't bring me back a



"SHOOT, CHIEF; HE WILL SMELL US"

hippopotamus whip that will tickle up old Ginger, and a load of fat bacon soon out for squid. I'll make you plant a cattle-flag on every mountain in Mashonaland."

Laughing gayly at the terrible threat contained in the last sentence, I ran out and collected a few articles for our journey. Five minutes later we were *en route*. Cherumbila carried my blanket and the bag of bread and dried meat, while my diminutive kettle was jauntily suspended on the end of his long spear. I carried my rifle and a few cartridges. Cherumbila was an ideal pace-maker. His pet pace was a kind of dog-trot which meant five miles an hour. He knew every path and game track, and without his assistance I could not have reached the distant blue mountains at whose feet the river ran until long after nightfall. As it was, we reached the Inteliquy about three o'clock in the afternoon. We sat down about a quarter of a mile from the river and made a fire and got something to eat, which, speaking for myself, I was quite ready for, as we had been travelling for about six hours without a stop.

"Now is the time," said Cherumbila, pointing to the declining sun, "when the hippopotamus comes out to play. At night he feeds on the banks, in the day he lies in the wet reeds, but now, when the sun is low, he plays in the water. Let the great chief come now and shoot."

"Can we speak?" I asked, as we walked to the river.

For answer Cherumbila pressed his finger on his lips as a warning to me to be silent, and began to advance with the utmost caution. Luckily the long grass by the river-side had been recently burned, and we were thus able to follow the hippopotamus track in the soft ashes without making a sound.

Suddenly Cherumbila stopped as if transfixed, and clutching my arm with his left hand pointed eagerly to the river with his right. I could see nothing, and was on the point of saying so, when I heard the sound which old hunters had so often described and which I had longed to hear—a hippopotamus "blowing." It was a weird, curious sound, and my heart seemed to stop dead as I listened. We tried to locate the great beast in the river, but he was still some distance away. We advanced another fifty yards in the same stealthy fashion, and again listened intently. Hark! there it is again, a long steady blast like an engine blowing off steam, only not quite so shrill. I could see a big dark object in the middle of the river through the thick fringe of reeds. We lay down flat on our stomachs and wriggled through the black ashes to the bank and peered eagerly through the bushes. There he was, an enormous bull, and not fifty yards off! It was quite wonderful to watch his ungainly antics. At one moment he would hurl himself almost clear into the air and descend with a mighty concussion, driving the water away in waves from all sides. Then, as if exhausted with his exertions, he would gently sink and rise again with a "blow" you could hear a mile away. Then sink again, and, emerging slowly, expose nothing but his gigantic nostrils and one cunning little brown eye to view.

Cherumbila, squatting by my head like a huge black toad, touched me on the shoulder and said, in a hoarse whisper,

"Shoot, chief; he will smell us."

"What part shall I aim at?" I asked, remembering that his tough hide is practically invulnerable.

Cherumbila closed his right eye significantly, but said not a word. I took a fine sight and fired dead in his eye. There was a violent splash as the great brute sank, and a few bubbles rippled lightly to the surface. Cherumbila sprang to his feet with a scream of delight, dancing and brandishing his spear in the air.

"See, chief," he cried, "the blood in the wa'er!"

There was indeed a glossy red stain on the water, which died quickly away as the ripples washed over the spot where the monster had sunk. Darkness descended with true tropical suddenness. We made a fire on some high ground about two hundred yards from the river in order to escape the poisonous night mist, which as soon as the sun went down began to brood over the water. A few minutes later, after our scanty supper, I had rolled myself up in my blanket and was snoring in blissful unconsciousness. Next morning when I awoke, Cherumbila was blowing some sticks into a fire for our coffee. Before the sun was up we got down to the river. There was not a sign of the hippopotamus to be seen on the placid surface of the great pool.

"We must take the trail, Cherumbila," I said, "and follow him up. He is badly wounded, I know, and he cannot stay under water."

"Yes, chief, let us hunt him down," responded Cherumbila, with alacrity, as he sprang into the reeds and dense undergrowth which edged the river, while he added, "The chief must walk on the top of the bank, and look for a trail leaving the river, while I hunt for the *imvubu* in the reeds."

In this way we worked along together like terriers hunting a rat, but for a long time without success. At the end of the long pool Cherumbila got his clew.

"Chief, chief!" he cried out, and I ran to the spot.

"What is it?" I cried, eagerly.

"See!" said Cherumbila, who was standing in a sort of tunnel pierced through the dense mass of reeds, "here are the tracks; they are fresh, and still wet. The *imvubu* is near us. And, look, here is warm blood." He plucked a smeared and broken reed, against which the hippopotamus had brushed as he emerged from the river. Together we followed in the tracks of the wounded beast. It was easy to trace every turn. Where he had pushed inland through the long grass the track was fresh and plain. Now and then, to keep the excitement hot, Cherumbila would pluck a blood-stained leaf or blade of grass, and hold it up with a gleam of vindictive triumph sparkling in his sharp bright eyes.

What a chase it was! The tracks went away from the river for quite two miles, and then it was evident that the hippopotamus, who must have lost a vast amount of blood, had resolved to return to his native element. A hippo will always die by the water. We got back to the river, and as the tracks were warm and fresh we fairly trotted on the trail. We scrambled over the rough slippery rocks, through pools of stagnant water shallow and slimy, across stony beaches, and dense patches of willow and thorn trees. The rocks hurt my feet, the thorns had torn my hands and face, and parts of my clothes were cut into shreds. Cherumbila seeing my exhaustion caught hold of my arm, and hurried me along. We got on to a long strip of heavy sand, and before us, gleaming through the reeds, we could see the great pool which the wounded hippopotamus was doing his utmost to reach, and to which we were racing to cut him off. A great dark object emerged from behind a solitary rock which stood in the middle of the long strip of sand. Cherumbila gave a wild yell and darted forward like an arrow, and I made a desperate spurt and came up with him. There was the hippo not two hundred yards in front of us, staggering blindly towards the great pool, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant. Every minute he groaned and plunged his head in the sand. For the last two hundred paces it was a neck-and-neck race. I was too much out of breath to fire, and Cherumbila prodding the great brute with his spear only made him travel the faster.

We reached the edge of the pool, and just as his great feet splashed into the shallow water we both jumped in front of him and barred the way. Cherumbila commenced stabbing him furiously with his spear. I was slipping a cartridge into my rifle. Before I could fire the infuriated

monster had charged at Cherumbila, knocking him several yards into the pool. Just as he was rushing to trample the bruised and prostrate negro I put up my rifle, and aiming at the uninjured eye, shot him. He staggered and swayed for a few seconds, bellowing with rage and pain, then with a great splash he fell on his side in the shallow water, not more than a foot from Cherumbila's head. The next thing was to rescue my unfortunate companion from a watery grave. I ran into the water and picked up poor Cherumbila, who was lying bleeding and unconscious. Laying him out at full length on the sand, I lost no time in pumping the water from his lungs and bandaging his wounded leg. In a few minutes I had the satisfaction of seeing him open his eyes. He seized my hand, and kissed it fondly.

"Chief," he said, with tears in his eyes, "you have saved my life. The *imrubu* would have crushed me to death, but you shot him dead, and you have saved my life. I am your slave."

"Dear Cherumbila," I answered, "I don't want to boast, but I must confess it was rather a close shave. Now we must strip off the hide while it is warm, and get back to the wagon."

After that day Cherumbila never left me while I remained in Mashonaland. We got back safely to the wagon before dark, and the first person I saw was my dear old chief coming out to meet us. He greeted me warmly, and was evidently astonished at my success. I handed him a choice strip of hippopotamus hide for a riding-whip.

"You see, sir, I have kept my promise," I said. "Here is something that will persuade old Ginger to quicken his paces; but we couldn't bring you back any of the 'bacon.' We must send some of the 'boys' to bring that."

"Never mind, Jack; I'll forgive you everything for this beautiful whip, even your bad writing and your worse calculations," he replied, heartily.

"And how about those white flags I've got to plant on every mountain in Mashonaland?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, laughingly, "we'll see about it. Perhaps your new black friend can be induced to develop a weakness for climbing mountains in the tropics. At any rate, Jack," he added, with a sly laugh, as he swished the hippopotamus whip suspiciously near my legs, "you have made me a present with which I mean to keep you in order. So beware!"

## THE ORIGIN OF THE PIANO.

EVERY boy and girl knows what a piano is, and most of the girls are obliged to learn to strum on the instrument. But very few of them know where or how the instrument originated. The fact is that the piano was a gradual development from several instruments. One of these was the monochord, which is said to have been invented by Pythagoras in the sixth century before Christ. He probably borrowed the idea from the Egyptians, for the principle on which the monochord was constructed was known among them at least 2400 B.C. The principle to which I refer is that of the divided string. Every one knows that there are only four strings on a violin, yet the player can produce more than four notes. He does it by pressing down the string at certain points with the fingers of his left hand, thus dividing the string, and shortening the part that sounds. Shortening the sounding part produces a higher note. Now, the monochord was used by Pythagoras to measure intervals; that is, the distance on a string between any given note and the next. The monochord consisted of an oblong box with a string stretched over it. Little bridges like those seen on banjos were used to divide the string, the latter being made to sound by plucking it with a pointed piece of ivory called a plectron, or with the fingers.

After a time it occurred to some one to lessen the trouble by making the bridge fly up and hit the string, thus dividing it and causing it to sound both at once. So he put his little bridge on the end of a lever and struck the other end with his finger, the lever working on a pivot run through its own middle. And that was the beginning of piano keys with something on the inner end to hit the strings. You see the bridge could now hit the string in only one place, and so they had to have more bridges. Then the idea was suggested to apply the key-board of the organ to the instrument, and the key-board of the piano of to-day is exactly the same as that of the early organs. When they had done this they saw the need of more strings, which they kept on adding, till in the thirteenth or, at any rate, early in the fourteenth century the instrument called the clavichord, the earliest kind of piano, was developed.

This was simply an oblong box with wires strung across from end to end. It had a key-board like a modern piano, only the naturals were black and the sharps and flats white. The keys were long levers, pivoted in the middle, and on top of the inner end of each was an upright piece of brass. When the player struck down the key with his finger, the inner end flew up and the brass struck the string, dividing it and sounding it at the same time. There were two or three keys to each string—that is, for example, one string had to produce C and C sharp by being divided at different places—and the short ends were kept from sounding by means of flannel passed between them. About 1725 these instruments were improved so that each note had a string to itself, and later on they gave each note two strings, both tuned alike, thus producing a stronger tone. Clavichords remained in use until the early part of the present century, when they finally disappeared before the advance of the piano.

Another kind of early piano was called the harpsichord. It differed from the clavichord in its action. Instead of a piece of brass to strike and divide the string, this instrument had on the inner end of the key-lever an upright, from which protruded a little point of hard leather or quill. When the player pressed down the key, the other end in rising moved the upright past the string, and the quill or leather point picked the string, thus causing it to sound. The tone of the instrument was a good deal like that which you can get by picking the lighter strings of a piano with your finger nails. The harpsichord was developed from the instrument mentioned in the Bible as the psaltery. That was a kind of small harp played by plucking the strings with a plectron. The plucking of the string is the essential feature of the harpsichord, and this instrument is simply the result of attempts to make keys do the plucking, and to apply the key-board of the organ to the Greek lyre, the classical form of the psaltery.

Now the main difference between these old instruments and the piano is that in the latter the strings are struck by hammers, which fall back after the blow. This notion of a hammer came from a very old Persian and Arabian instrument called the dulcimer. This consists of an oblong sound-box with a number of wires stretched across its top. They are struck by two hammers held in the player's hands. This instrument is to be seen in all Hungarian bands, and is called by the Hungarians a cembalo. The striking of the strings by hammers suggested the idea of having the work done by means of a key-board, and in 1710 Bartolommeo di Francesco Cristofori invented the first hammer action. It was a long time before his invention superseded the older forms, but, as every one knows, the hammer action, greatly improved since Cristofori's day, is the only one in use now.

W. J. HENDERSON.

## OUR LITTLE ECHO.

WE have an echo in our house,
An echo three years old,
With dimpled cheeks and wistful eyes,
And hair of sunny gold.

This little echo soft and sweet
Repeats what others say,
And trots about on tireless feet,
Up stairs and down all day.

It makes us very careful not
To use a naughty word,
Lest in the echo's lisping tones
It should again be heard.

Which would be such a dreadful thing,
As any one may see,
Who has an echo in *his* house
A little over three.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



A STUDY IN FORESTRY.

A SQUIRREL FOR LUCK: BOAT, A LOT OF THEM.

### A HOPE

GEORGE. "Aunt Alice, didn't you say the other day that I have a sweet tooth?"

AUNT ALICE. "Yes, George."

GEORGE. "And how did you know it?"

AUNT ALICE. "Because you are so fond of candy."

GEORGE. "Does my sweet tooth make me fond of candy?"

AUNT ALICE. "Yes, George. Why?"

GEORGE. "Why, because if my sweet tooth makes me fond of candy, I just hope the dentist won't go and pull it out by mistake when I go next week."

### A CAMP PRAYER-MEETING

DURING the war with England in 1812, General Jackson, commanding the American army at New Orleans, issued an order that work of every description should be suspended on the Sabbath, and that all uncommon noise in the camp was strictly prohibited on that day of the week. The following Sunday one of the officers of the General's staff reported to him that a number of soldiers had assembled, and in violation of his orders had opened a prayer meeting, and were singing and exhorting.

"Go and join them," replied the gallant old soldier; "and request that they will not forget me in their prayers. God forbid that praying should be an uncommon noise in my camp."

### A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION

I WISH my brother didn't wear
Those curls upon his head,
For I can't keep from pulling 'em,
And then I'm sent to bed!

### A LACEDEMONIAN WOMAN.

A LACEDEMONIAN woman had five sons in a battle that was fought near Sparta. Several days after the fight she met a soldier belonging to the company that her boys had joined, and eagerly accosted him, inquiring as to the issue of the conflict.

"All your five sons are slain," he replied.

"Soldier," said the mother, "I ask thee not of my children, but of my country."

"As to that, it is well," answered he.

"Then," said the heroic woman, "instead of mourning for my sons, I will be happy because my country and theirs is saved."

### FRED'S SUPPOSITION.

FRED. "Mamma, doesn't that colored boy make awful faces playing on the harmonicon?"

MAMMA. "He does indeed, Fred."

FRED. "Mamma, is that what is called expression in playing?"

### NOT A PHILANTHROPIST

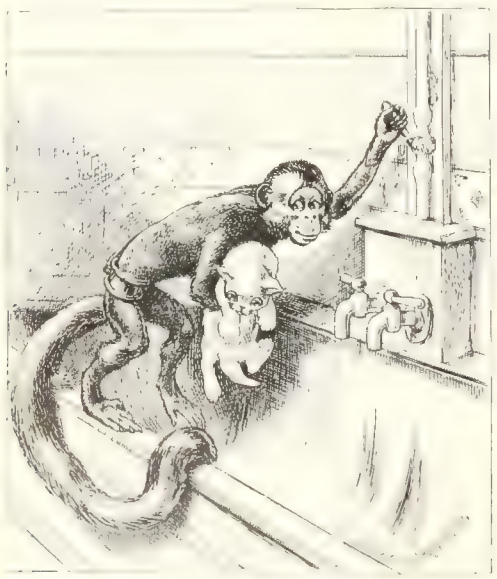
BERTHA. "Tom, this paper says Mr. Tightfist was 'generous to a fault.' What does that mean?"

TOM. "Well, from what I know of Mr. Tightfist, I should say that it means he couldn't possibly be generous to anything else."

"A CURIOUS thing," said Tommy Kajones.
"I notice it day after day.
I get so awfully tired of work,
But never get tired of play."

"WHAT sort of a collection have you, Will?" asked the visitor. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Well, sir," said Will, "I'm collecting American coins."





A LITTLE LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING

JOCKO DISCOVERS THAT KETTLE OUGHT TO HAVE A BATH.

WHICH RESULTS IN HIS UNWITTINGLY GETTING ONE HIMSELF

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

VACATION

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"ON THAT SIDE ARE THE NAVAJOS, AND WITHIN THEIR TEPEES WE SHALL FIND FOOD AND WARMTH."

See Page 371.

# ACROSS THE RANGE.

BY JAMES OTIS,

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," "Tim and Tip," "Left Behind," "Silent Pete," "Raising the 'Pearl,'" etc.

CHAPTER I.



FOUR years ago three little Navajo Indian boys were attending a school established by the government at Fort Defiance.

The Navajo Reservation is on the border-line between Arizona and New Mexico, running directly to the northern limits of both these States.

As a matter of course, there were very many Indian boys there; but this story more particularly concerns these three.

The oldest had been named by his parents Mamilawoi, which means The Runaway; but since each of the pupils in these schools must have an English name, he was called Larry Bright. The next was known at home as Narkivauzi, or Little Mexican, and designated by his teachers, John Bowman. The third was Yaiquategwa, the Soft Tongue, and to him had been given the name of Ernest Riley.

There are times when every boy and girl thinks it particularly hard to be forced to go to school, but it must be doubly irksome to be confined within the narrow walls of a building for children who have known only out-door life, and whose sports consist almost entirely of riding and hunting.

Taken from the broad range of the reservation, with its majestic hills, beautiful valleys, innumerable water-courses, and grassy plains, without any preparation for what must seem like imprisonment, it is little wonder these untamed children frequently rebel against the laws which are made by the government for their benefit.

They do not understand why they should learn anything save that connected with the hunt. Why "$x$" should represent an unknown quantity, and "$y$" something equally as mysterious, fails to interest them, and the life at such an institution is wofully dull and spiritless as compared with what they knew while on the plains.

These three little Navajos had done their best to master the intricacies of the alphabet, probably wondering not a little why the name Larry Bright should be the same as Mamilawoi, and John Bowman identical with Narkivauzi; but strive as they might to keep their thoughts upon the lessons before them, the hours would come when they dreamed of the homes from which they had been taken—homes which to more favored boys would have seemed rude and forbidding, but to them represented all that was natural and comfortable.

They fancied the school-room at Fort Defiance must be the most unpleasant in the country, and that their condition could not possibly be changed for the worse, therefore when the Agent proposed that a number of the pupils go to Grand Junction, where they could be taught a trade, these three, among many others, believed it would be equivalent to exchanging a prison for freedom, and gladly signified their willingness to do as was suggested, even though they would thus be removed two hundred miles further from their homes.

Grand Junction, where one of the government schools for Indian children is located, lies almost directly north from Fort Defiance, and about midway on the westerly side of the State of Colorado. Between it and the Navajo Reservation is the Uncompahgre Plate Range, a chain of mountains which to any but Indian boys would seem an impassable barrier.

When the day came on which they were to begin the journey there was but little time spent in parting with their parents, for before them was the exciting prospect of seeing a portion of that great world from which the white men came, and all were more happy, but in a quiet way, than they had been since their introduction to the school.

The clumsy wagons at the fort were brought into requisition to carry the party of seventeen to Gallup, which is a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Road a few miles west of Fort Wingate.

Here for the first time the boys saw a railway train, and it is difficult even to fancy what must have been in their minds as they beheld the huge iron monster, whose stomach was fed with coal, and who breathed forth smoke and steam, dragging behind him a long line of "tepees on wheels."

Now they were carried across the country faster than they could ever have hoped to gallop on their ponies; but there was no exhilaration about the ride such as would have been experienced in the saddle, when they seemed to form a portion of the animal who carried them.

This travelling by the white man's conveyance was too strange to be delightful. It was difficult to believe these huge wooden fabrics could be drawn over the iron rails in safety at such a high rate of speed, and the silence of awe came upon them all as the ride was continued without interruption.

The wonderful animal which the white men had made to carry them from one portion of the country to another apparently did not need rest, and this in itself was quite as surprising to Soft Tongue and his companions as was any of the strange things around them.

Now the party congratulated themselves upon having decided to go to Grand Junction school, for they were free from the restraint put upon them at the Agency, and fancied this ride but a sample of the life to be led in the near future.

As the train passed through the different towns they must have gained a better idea than ever of the strength and power of the white men, and before the journey was half ended they had become so far accustomed to these evidences of civilization as to speculate among themselves upon the life at this new school, wondering what manner of things "trades" were, whereby they could be taught to shoe a horse, as if such a thing would ever be necessary, since their own ponies needed no iron bands on their hoofs; or to build a house, when each of them already knew how to construct his tepee with a limited amount of material.

Then in due time came the awakening to the fact that they had simply exchanged one prison for another, and this last more confining and more distasteful than the first had been.

After twenty-four hours spent in the buildings and upon the grounds comprising this school, they looked back on the life at Fort Defiance as something comparatively agreeable, and longed quite as earnestly to return as they once had to leave it.

Even if the editor would allow us sufficient space in which to describe the routine laid down by the authorities for these little Indians, it is hardly probable the details would be interesting, more particularly since it has been pictured so often.

The school life of the Indian boy does not differ materially from that with which every reader is familiar, except, perhaps, that it seems odd to see a young man nineteen or twenty years old struggling to learn the alphabet or to repeat the multiplication table.

Therefore of what took place at Grand Junction after

Runaway, Little Mexican, and Soft Tongue arrived, until the night on which a desperate resolve was made, nothing more shall be said than that they were highly dissatisfied with school life in general, and this institution in particular.

Seventeen Navajos had comprised the party from Fort Defiance, and the entire number resolved to return secretly to their parents, regardless of that barrier, the range, which intervened between them and home.

It was Soft Tongue—Ernest Riley—who proposed on this particular evening that they break the ties by which the government held them.

Every one of the party had been inured to hardships; but yet it seemed like a formidable undertaking to attempt to travel two hundred miles over the mountains, across rivers, through the forests, and upon the plains during the winter season, while they were really insufficiently clad.

Through some oversight or neglect on the part of those having the matter in charge, the winter clothing had not been distributed, and that which they wore upon arriving at Grand Junction was now sadly dilapidated.

Soft Tongue's shoes barely sufficed to cover his feet, while all ten of Little Mexican's toes could be plainly seen. Some of the party had no blouses, others were without under-clothing, and the majority had lost or wilfully destroyed their head-coverings. In fact, they were in very bad condition for a two-hundred-mile tramp even under the most favorable circumstances, and to start on such a journey in the winter would have seemed to other boys as little short of suicide.

The fever of homesickness was upon them so strong, however, that the possible dangers of the adventure were put aside as not worthy of consideration, and the probable hardships looked upon as a not over-large price to pay for liberty.

Therefore it was that in less than twenty-four hours from the time Soft Tongue proposed they should run away from Grand Junction, everything had been decided upon.

The first idea was that they should travel together; but Little Mexican insisted that the chances of being captured were much greater than if they journeyed in small bands, and the result was that they formed themselves into three squads, two of five boys each, and the other made up of seven.

It was among this last squad that the three already referred to cast their fortunes, and Soft Tongue was chosen as the leader.

There was no time wasted in preparations, for the simple reason that there were no preparations to be made.

Their only belongings consisted of the apologies for garments which they wore, and it was out of the question to think a supply of provisions might be gathered, since there was not the remotest possibility they could succeed in making a raid upon the larder of the school.

"It is better to be hungry than remain here; better that we freeze in the mountains than suffer with cold at the white men's school," Soft Tongue said, and from that moment their only thought was how they could get away.

The boys were allowed to spend the time between the evening meal and sunset in recreation, and when they filed out of the building, each having eaten as much as he believed would satisfy his hunger for at least twenty-four hours, Soft Tongue announced that the moment for the hazardous venture had arrived.

"I shall lead my band out now," he said to the chiefs of the other parties, "and it will be well if you come soon after we go."

"We shall follow," one of the boys replied, and without waiting to decide upon any particular course, Soft Tongue conducted his six companions from the school enclosure.

Since the mountain range, which could be seen so far away, lay between Grand Junction and the reservation they were so eager to gain, there was no necessity of any other landmark, and with a heart made brave by the hope that he would soon be with those he loved, Soft Tongue went out into the night in advance of his companions.

They attracted no special attention as they made their way through the town, and when arriving at the outskirts just as the sun was setting, the young leader pointed toward the snow-covered summits of the range.

"It is there we must cross," he said, and his companions understood the words to mean that whatever of suffering, privation, or danger was before them, must be borne without a murmur and met without fear, if they were ever to gain that portion of the country for which their hearts hungered.

The eldest of the party was fifteen, the youngest twelve years old. All had been taught, long before they knew there was such a place as a school, how to elude an enemy, and each was careful to leave no unnecessary trail behind him.

They were following a road which led not directly toward the point at which they proposed to cross the range, but rather at right angles with it.

To leave this before they came to some path or other road would be to imprint upon the surface of the ice-covered country a sign regarding their whereabouts which all might read; therefore they did not complain because of the detour in the long journey, since it was necessary for the safety of all.

Travelling at a pace faster than a walk, and yet not running—loping, some would term it, perhaps—they continued on in perfect silence during an hour, at the end of which time they arrived at a bridge.

Here Soft Tongue allowed his companions a halt of ten or fifteen minutes; but when one would attempt to speak, he hushed him with a gesture.

It was night, and some eavesdropper might approach unobserved. To be captured now would be death to all their hopes, for once it was known by the authorities at the school that they were striving to escape, every movement would be watched to prevent such a possibility, and with the reward of home and loved ones before them in case of success, Soft Tongue preferred the excess of precaution rather than the lack of it.

Little Mexican pleaded for a longer halt, when the leader signified that it was time to resume the journey, and the latter said, sharply:

"It is better to be weary than go back in disgrace. The range is but a short distance away, and until that is crossed we are not safe from pursuit."

"We shall run better in an hour from now."

"But then we may be forced to run in the wrong direction. Let us keep on while we have the chance."

Then, without waiting for further argument, Soft Tongue started at full speed once more, and his companions were obliged to follow him in order to avoid separation.

When nearly another hour had elapsed, and even the leader was faltering in his stride, the party arrived at the bank of a swiftly running stream dotted here and there with floating ice, and with no sign of a bridge.

The path led directly to the water, and without doubt this was a ford; but in a winter's night for seven boys to make their way through the chilling current with the ice-cakes sweeping down upon them seemed almost impossible.

"Have we come to the end of the journey?" Runaway asked, gazing apprehensively at the dark stream.

Little Mexican answered with a gesture of despair, and even Soft Tongue himself seemed dismayed, but only for a few seconds.

"On that side are the Navajos, and within their

[illegible] find food and warmth," he said, pointing across the river. "On this side the white men and their school. It will be cold medicine our way through the water, but the thoughts of those whom we wish to see shall keep us warm."

Then with rapid movements, as if to sustain his own courage, the boy undressed, tying his clothes together in a compact bundle to be carried on the top of his head, and without waiting to ascertain if his companions were ready waded into the black, icy waters.

After that example not one of the party would have been willing to acknowledge himself deterred by the suffering which must be endured during the passage, and before Soft Tongue was in midstream each of his companions was following in his footsteps.

In the darkness it was impossible to avoid the cakes of ice, and more than one of the fugitives was in danger of being overturned.

Now and then the leader stopped to urge the others on, even though his desire to gain the opposite bank, and protect his body from the chilling waters, must have been great, and at the end of twenty minutes they had arrived at the southern shore in a most pitiable condition.

It was necessary to dress themselves immediately, for the cutting winter wind was rapidly converting the moisture on their bodies into ice, and when their scanty garments had been resumed, it seemed as if there was a layer of frost between their skin and clothing.

"Now we must run to warm ourselves," Soft Tongue said, as if pleased that there should be additional inducement for exertion. "The white men will not dare cross, as we have, for their homes are on the other side, and we are safe for the night. Let us halt only when the weakest of the party can run no further, and perhaps before morning we shall find shelter."

He had turned to continue the painful journey when from out the gloom came a cry of distress.

"Help! help me!" a boyish voice screamed, and Runaway advanced two or three paces in the direction from which the words had come, returning almost immediately as he said, impatiently:

"It is a white boy. We can leave him where he is. The Indians have not taken him from his home and sent him to school. He is only cold and afraid."

"Shall we leave him?" Little Mexican asked, and Soft Tongue replied, as he went along the bank of the stream:

"If he is in distress, so are we. Let us help each other, for we ourselves may need help before the range has been crossed."

## CHAPTER II.

RUNAWAY showed plainly by his actions that he did not approve of the course their leader was pursuing, and when his companions would have followed, he motioned impatiently for them to remain near him.

Little Mexican, however, paid no attention to the mute command, but went toward the spot where Soft Tongue had dropped to his knees on the snow by the side of a boy who appeared unable to help himself.

"What is the matter?" the latter asked of the stranger. "Why do you lie here calling for help?"

"I think my leg is broken," the boy replied. And, bending nearer, the Indians could see that his skin was white. "I have been waiting here since dark, hoping some one would cross the ford on horseback, and I might get a chance to ride. About an hour ago I slipped on the ice, and it seems certain a bone must be splintered."

Soft Tongue passed his hand gently over the injured limb, and only the most superficial examination was necessary.

The boy's left leg was badly swollen, particularly in the vicinity of the knee, and it would have been useless to ask if he had any control over the injured member.

"Where do you live?" Soft Tongue asked.

"At Grand Junction."

"What is your name?"

"Dick Hargrave."

"Are there any houses on this side of the stream to which you can be taken?"

"I haven't seen one since leaving Unaweep. That is where I came from this morning. Where are you fellows going?"

Soft Tongue hesitated, and Runaway, who had approached while this short conversation was being carried on, laid his hand over the leader's mouth, as if fearing he might divulge what should be kept a secret.

"He will freeze before morning if we leave him here," Little Mexican said. And Soft Tongue, freeing himself from Runaway's grasp, asked,

"How far is it to Unaweep?"

"About twenty miles. I left there at sunrise this morning."

"We can't carry you back, and you must be taken across the river," the leader said, half to himself.

"Why should it trouble us if he does freeze?" Runaway asked, angrily. "If we return we shall be made prisoners, and it is better one white boy die from the cold than that we are shut up in the white men's school."

"But he isn't our enemy," Soft Tongue said. "Since we left the Reservation I know what pity is, for I have pitied myself. He shall be taken to his home."

"Then you will deliver yourself up to those who will hold you prisoner?"

"I hope not; but if it should be that we are captured, it is better to go back, knowing this boy is where he can be taken care of, than to keep on, with the thought in our minds that he is freezing to death."

"You may speak for yourself, but not for me," Runaway said, sharply. "I am out of the prison school, and will not go back."

"I shall recross the river if any one will help me carry him."

"I am willing," Little Mexican said, promptly, and the others of the party remained silent.

"If you go we shall leave you," Runaway said. "There are five who are not so foolish as to return to the prison," and he turned to his companions, who signified that they were of the same mind, by ranging themselves beside him.

"Then you can go on," Soft Tongue replied, decidedly. "We will overtake you if it is possible, but the boy shall not be left here to die."

"If you do so, all are certain to be captured, for he will tell where we met him."

"See here," Dick interrupted, "I reckon I understand now what the trouble is. You fellows have run away from the school at Grand Junction, and it don't seem right any of you should waste your time on me when there is a chance of being caught; but I want you to understand I am no such sneak as to tell on those who are willing to help me across the river."

"I am certain of it," Soft Tongue said; and then turning to Runaway, he added: "Go where you choose. We will follow as soon as we can, and if it should be that we never return to the Reservation, tell Black Horse, my father, why I remained behind."

Then he turned his attention once more to the crippled boy, and Runaway spoke in low tones to those of his companions who were not willing to aid the stranger.

The entire party was so benumbed with cold, owing to this halt immediately after having plunged into the icy stream, that active exercise was absolutely necessary,

and Soft Tongue made his preparations for recrossing the dangerous ford without loss of time.

With a gesture to Little Mexican, which signified that he was to follow his example, the brave Indian began to undress himself once more; and Runaway, with his four companions, set out at full speed in the direction of the range, as if believing it would be a waste of time to make any further attempt to dissuade the charitable ones from their mission of mercy.

Again the two fugitives were standing naked to the skin in the chilling blasts; and Soft Tongue asked Dick, his teeth chattering so severely with the cold as to render the words indistinct,

"Can you hold our clothes when we lift you up?"

"Yes." And Dick gathered both bundles in his arms.

"Then make no effort to help yourself, but remain motionless;" and Soft Tongue raised the helpless boy's shoulders, while Little Mexican lifted his lower limbs as gently as possible.

With Dick resting upon their heads, as if he had been a bale of merchandise, the two Indians waded once more into the cold waters, no longer able to ward off the floating ice-cakes, because their hands were needed in caring for the burden; and before the river had been crossed tiny streams of blood were trickling from the many scratches and cuts inflicted by the sharp edges of the ice.



"SEEING THAT YOU'RE SAVING MY LIFE I RECKON I CAN STAND A GOOD BIT OF PAIN."

Once on the northern side Dick was laid upon the ground until his companions could put on their clothes again, and then Soft Tongue said,

"We must run now to keep ourselves from freezing, and it may be we shall hurt you."

"Seeing that you're saving my life, I reckon I can stand a good bit of pain," Dick replied. "If you bear around by the first turn to the right you will find a house less than half a mile from here, and there I can be left."

Almost before he had ceased speaking, Soft Tongue and Little Mexican had him in their arms once more, and were travelling as rapidly as was possible with such a burden.

Although they exerted themselves to the utmost, it was nearly half an hour before the building of which Dick had spoken was gained; and then, despite their severe exercise, the Indian boys were thoroughly benumbed with the cold.

"We shall leave you in front of the door," Soft Tongue said, in a whisper, when they were within a few feet of the house, "and you will wait until we are out of sight before you knock."

"Why don't you fellows come in and get warm? I know the man who lives here, and am certain he wouldn't tell any one at school about you."

"There would be too much danger for us," Soft Tongue replied. "You have promised no one shall know we helped you."

"And I will keep my word, no matter what happens."

"Then we will go." And before Dick could make any reply, the two who had risked their own happiness in order to aid him were running at full speed in the direction from which they had just come.

Now that they carried no burden they could travel more swiftly, and warm their benumbed fingers by beating them upon their bodies, and in this manner some considerable relief had been gained when they arrived once more at the bank of the river.

For the first moment since he had started on his errand of mercy did Little Mexican falter, and seeing him hesi-

tate to undress for the third time—which was not to be wondered at, considering the fact that he himself already felt as if he was freezing, Soft Tongue said, encouragingly,

"It will be the last time at this river, for there is little chance we shall find another boy who is crippled."

"I hope so," Little Mexican replied, with an attempt to speak in a cheery tone, "for I am afraid if it was to save my own life I could not cross that stream again."

"It means more than life to us now, for our flight has really begun, and it remains only to overtake Runaway and the rest of the party."

It was difficult for Soft Tongue to speak cheerily, and yet he did so, because he knew full well what the result might be if his companion should lose courage.

A brave heart was now the one thing needed, and doing his best to hide all evidences of pain, the boy exposed his body to the piercing wind, dashing into the water with a merry laugh, as if it was the most pleasant of baths.

When, finally, the two were for the second time on the southern bank, it was with the greatest difficulty they could draw on their ice-laden clothing, and as they started from the shore on the trail left by Runaway and his companions, they moved slowly, their limbs stiffened by much travelling and chilled by the frost, until they had but little command over them.

"It is well we must run," Soft Tongue said, seizing his companion by the hand as he dashed up the incline. "We shall not find it as cold in the air as it was in the water, and before we have travelled very far the heat of our bodies will have returned."

Little Mexican did not reply; it was as if he no longer had the power of speech, and, like one in a dream, he half followed, was half dragged along by his companion.

It was now past midnight; there could be no difficulty in keeping the trail left by the other portion of the party, since it led directly across the hitherto unbroken surface of the snow, and was as distinct as if at noonday.

The exercise, however, did not suffice to restore the natural warmth to their bodies, and at the end of the first hour after this second stage of the flight had begun, they were yet moving as painfully and slowly as at the start.

"The boy whose leg was broken told us there was no house nearer than the one to which we carried him," Little Mexican said, when sixty long minutes had passed amid a silence broken only by the crunching of the snow beneath their insufficiently clad feet.

"Yet we are in no worse condition than Runaway and the others."

"They have not travelled as far."

"That is true, but the cold to them will be none the less painful because it comes slowly. Don't lose courage, Narkivauzi, for when that is gone our condition will be worse than it is now. We can yet walk."

"Yes, after a fashion; but the others must be going twice as fast, and we shall be left behind for those who pursue."

"This is not the time to think we may be followed. Once across the range we shall be safe."

"But the mountains are a long distance away, and the snow will come before morning."

Soft Tongue made no reply. He had already noted the unpleasant fact that the clouds were gathering thickly in the sky, giving token of the coming storm, and young though he was, he knew full well all the dangers to which they would be exposed if from out of the heavens should come that bewildering, mystifying fall of frozen vapor which had veiled so many from the death which finally overtook them.

Hand in hand they struggled on manfully, at each step sinking several inches beneath the icy crust, and unconsciously leaving behind them a trail of blood as the frosty particles cut into their half-naked feet.

Then came that which was most to be feared on the journey. A sharp needlelike point struck against Soft Tongue's cheek, and he knew the storm was upon them.

"The snow is coming," Little Mexican said, calmly.

"Yes; and all the more reason why we should keep moving."

"The wind no longer points the way."

"No; but we can hardly fail of keeping in the right direction, even after the trail shall have been covered, because the land leads upward to the range. We have been out in storms before, Narkivauzi, and are yet alive. So shall it be now. We will overtake Runaway and the others when they have made camp for the night."

"Perhaps," was the reply; and then the two pursued their painful way in silence.

The storm of snow heralded by the tiny particles which Soft Tongue had felt upon his cheek had now increased, until in the gloom it was as if the fugitives were walking amid a downpour of cotton, so rapid was the fall of the whirling feathery atoms.

They were enveloped in a fleecy cloud, which settled softly but none the less deadly around them; and had it been noon-day, to have distinguished an object twelve inches from their faces would have been literally impossible.

To one who has not experienced such a storm it would be useless to attempt to describe it by any comparisons. It is not infrequent that strong men have been bewildered by the silent, confusing down-fall within a few rods of home and loved ones. In such a storm animals familiar with the country halt in terror, and are frozen as they stand. Soldiers on the march have been saved only by most superhuman exertions of their commanders to keep them moving; and here, struggling over the trackless waste, already benumbed nearly to unconsciousness, were the two fugitives, tramping on with the hope of finding a shelter, and braving what seemed certain death in order that they might escape from the prison-like life of the government school.

## CHAPTER III.

BOTH boys fully realized the danger, and understood how absolutely necessary it was they should not only keep moving, but exercise every precaution to travel in a straight line.

It seemed each instant as if the cold grew more intense, and the blinding, stinging particles of snow which were dashed against their faces by the furious wind told that the blizzard was upon them.

They were not yet on the mountains of the range, but among the foot-hills. Had they gained the higher land it is not probable either could have remained on his feet many moments against the blasts.

Such protection as they had from the range, however, would not be sufficient to prevent them from freezing to death if they were forced to remain very long exposed to the elements, and yet they had every reason to believe no shelter could be found for many miles on the course they were then pursuing.

When they had advanced as rapidly as was possible for half an hour, and the snow was wreathing around them more like frozen vapor than a regular downpour, Soft Tongue said, with a sigh:

"It is not possible we can walk till morning, and yet to stop for five minutes may mean death. We are leaving behind us the only shelter."

"And there also is the school," Little Mexican replied, in a meaning tone.

"Then we shall keep on?"

"Better anything than turn back. We can be no worse off than Runaway and the others."

It was necessary they should exert themselves to the utmost in order to make any headway against the tempest.

The lethargy which precedes death by freezing was already creeping over both, and yet neither for a moment thought of retracing his steps.

Then came a time when they no longer made any effort to continue conversation, but toiled blindly forward, almost unconscious of what they did.

They had ceased to speculate upon the possible fate of their friends, who were supposed to be somewhere in advance. Their limbs were benumbed beyond the sense of feeling, and they had arrived at that point where but little was needed to cause them to cease battling for life.

They had clasped hands when the blizzard first came upon them, lest they should be separated in the blinding whirl beyond the possibility of finding each other again, and now neither had the strength to unclasp his nearly frozen fingers. It was at the moment when the last gleam of consciousness was deserting them that it seemed as if the earth gave way beneath their feet.

There was a sensation of sliding, not swiftly, but slowly. It was as if the frosty mantle which covered the hills suddenly enveloped them, and then all was a blank.

The next sensation which Soft Tongue experienced was that of intense relief from the cutting wind. He was lying as comfortably as if enveloped in furs, and the pleasing sense of perfect repose prompted him to remain motionless. Fortunately, however, his mind was yet sufficiently strong to admit of his realizing that this might be the languor which precedes death by freezing, as he had heard it described, and he made a mighty effort to arouse himself.

Stretching out his hands as far as possible in either direction he touched Little Mexican, and the latter murmured unintelligible words.

"Get up. We must not lie here."

"What has happened? Where are we?"

"I don't know; but it is time we found out." And Soft Tongue struggled to his feet, shaking off the covering of snow, which was not so heavy but that he could easily rise from beneath it.

To his great surprise he no longer felt the force of the wind. He could hear a sound such as would be made by a person in breathing, but many hundred times greater in volume, and yet the air which struck his benumbed body seemed almost warm.

"It is no longer snowing," he said, as he raised his face in the direction of the sky. "There must have been a slide, and we have been carried back into the valley where the storm cannot reach us."

"Then we have found the shelter we needed," and Little Mexican scrambled to his feet, feeling a delicious sensation of warmth as compared with the pain of braving the storm.

"I do not understand how the blizzard should have ceased so suddenly; but it is not wise that we remain quiet. There is danger of freezing to death."

"What shall we do?"

"Walk."

"But in which direction?"

"We cannot go wrong if we keep on ascending ground." And, taking his companion's hand in his, Soft Tongue felt his way with his feet until he believed he was heading in the right direction.

Then the two started painfully, because of the benumbed condition of their limbs, but before a dozen steps had been taken both came in contact with what seemed to be a wall of rock.

"There are bowlders here. We have hit one."

Soft Tongue felt his way along the rocky barrier, but no break in it was found until they were standing once more upon the drift of snow, which evidently had descended with them.

"We will go back. I don't remember seeing any such line of bowlders as this, and yet they are here." And Soft Tongue retraced his steps, holding Little Mexican firmly with one hand as he passed the other over the surface of the wall.

In this slow manner the boys continued on, realizing each moment that they were gaining better control of their frost-enchained limbs, and yet there was no opening in the rocky barrier before them.

Then the truth dawned upon Soft Tongue.

"We have been carried into a hole or cave," he said, suddenly coming to a stand-still.

"But why do we feel the wind?" Little Mexican asked, as a certain puffing sound could be heard at intervals of perhaps sixty or eighty seconds.

"Most likely there are two openings to the cavern. It is certain we are beneath the surface."

"Very well. We can be content to stay till morning. I hope Runaway and the others have as good a shelter."

"But if the storm continues we may be blocked in here."

"There is more hope of our being able to dig our way out than there was of remaining alive in the blizzard which we were in on the hill."

"That is true; but yet we must not stay here motionless. We have been so cold that it is impossible to say whether this feeling of warmth is not the same sensation which comes before freezing. We must walk, Narkivauzi, even though it be in a circle."

"I am certain there will be no danger in sleeping, for now I can feel that I have hands and feet, which was more than could have been said while on the hill."

"It is safer to resist the desire to sleep," Soft Tongue replied, as he forced his companion to continue the exercise, but in a circumscribed space, lest they should strike against the barrier which apparently encompassed them on every side.

They were so far beneath the surface that not even the howling of the wind could be heard, and the blizzard, which would have brought death to them if they had remained outside many moments longer, now had no terrors.

Very shortly after their own safety seemed to be assured, the thoughts of both went out to their companions who, not having turned back to assist the crippled boy, must have been higher up on the range when the storm began.

"Unless they found shelter, they are no longer alive," Little Mexican said, mournfully.

"It may be they reached some place where it was possible to build a camp of bushes. Runaway knows what a blizzard means on the hills, and wouldn't take any risks."

"So do we know, and yet but for the snow-slide we would be sleeping our last sleep."

"No good can come of talking about them," Soft Tongue replied, quickly, as if these fruitless conjectures caused him distress of mind. "It seemed positive we would freeze to death, and yet an accident has saved us. They may have fared as well—"

He ceased speaking suddenly as a low murmur, such as might have been made by human beings in conversation, fell upon his ear.

Little Mexican started in surprise, and then bent forward, as if hoping to pierce the dense gloom with his eyes.

The noise ceased as abruptly as it had begun, and Soft Tongue said in a whisper,

"There must be others here."

"We should have heard them before."

Soft Tongue hesitated an instant, and then clasping his companion's hand yet more firmly, attempted to make, by the sense of touch, a survey of the place into which they had fallen.

Beginning at the bank of snow with which they had

descended, the boys groped their way around the cavern, or excavation, whichever it should be termed, finding no break in the apparently solid walls, until they arrived at that side of the drift opposite which the survey had begun.

As they halted the murmur of voices could be heard again, and this time there was no mistaking the sound.

"We must be in a cave," Soft Tongue whispered, "and

There was a possibility they might better their condition by opening up communication with those who had gained the same shelter and Soft Tongue began by calling first in a low tone, and then repeating the words in a louder voice as no reply was received.

"Ai! Ai! It is a friend who calls!"

Not until several moments had elapsed was any answer



IN THE CAVERN

the fall of snow has shut off one end from the other, perhaps imprisoning those on the opposite side."

"Shall we call out to them?"

"If they are white men, they are our enemies, and it is not likely there are any Indians here."

"If they are white men, our escape could not have been known when they took shelter."

"But why should we tell them where we are?"

"They may have a fire or blankets to share with boys who need them as we do."

returned, and then, muffled and indistinct, because of the curtain of snow which intervened, they heard a voice which sounded very much like Runaway's.

"We are enemies to no one, and have taken refuge here from the storm."

In another instant both Soft Tongue and Little Mexican were shouting "Mamilawoi!" at the full strength of their lungs, and delighted by hearing replies from those whom they had feared would never be seen again.

Both now attacked the barrier of snow, digging vigor-

ously with their hands, and encouraging those on the opposite side to do the same. In less than ten minutes the fugitives from the school were reunited, and Soft Tongue and Little Mexican made comparatively happy by the warmth of a small fire built at an angle in the rocks, where the wind, which came in gusts and had sounded in their ears like some monster breathing, could not have any effect upon the flame.

Runaway and his companions soon explained how they chanced to be there. After leaving the two on their errand of mercy, the main portion of the squad had continued straight on up the foot-hills until arriving at the opening of this place, which was in truth a cave.

Here they sought shelter from the coming storm, finding the ashes of a fire, and sufficient in the way of fuel to kindle a blaze, which served to restore the sense of feeling to their numbed limbs.

When the snow-slide came, bringing with it their companions, the boys believed the entrance to be entirely choked up, and would have begun to burrow their way out, but for the fact of having heard voices.

Fearing the authorities from the school had tracked them to this point, they remained nearly silent, speaking only at intervals, until they were hailed by Soft Tongue.

Now, reclining by the fire, sheltered from the elements, and comparatively safe from their enemies because of the storm which raged above, the fugitives gave themselves up to the delicious sense of repose, without speculating very much as to the meaning of this peculiar sobbing of the wind, believing it resulted from the fact of the cavern's having another opening a short distance lower down the hill.

It was decided that a watch should be kept during the night, although there was little probability those whom they feared would come in pursuit before morning, and Soft Tongue suggested that the sentinels occupy their time by enlarging the opening in the curtain of snow which separated them from the entrance, lest it should freeze so solid as to imprison them.

Therefore it was that when the morning came, the light of day crept into their subterranean hiding-place, and the leader of the little party insisted on an early continuance of the journey.

There was no time to be spent in getting breakfast, for the very good reason that they had nothing to prepare; and in this poor condition for the forced painful march the fugitives started, Soft Tongue leading the way, with a smile upon his face, as if to encourage his companions by his example.

The snow which had fallen into the entrance of the cavern had so hardened that there was no difficulty in clambering up on it, and when the boys reached the surface, now crusted with ice, the cold wind struck them like half-frozen water, causing the bravest to shudder at the thought of the task before them.

The strong-hearted little leader halted for an instant to glance back over the trail by which they had come, and make certain the enemy was not in close pursuit. No sign of life could be seen. Far down the hill the turbulent stream, now almost completely choked with ice, dashed and roared in token of its power to overthrow those who should attempt to breast its current, and Soft Tongue said, triumphantly:

"We have a friend there, even though we were treated so harshly last night. The white man cannot cross now, and we need only to continue on till the tepees of our fathers are gained."

Then he began what was destined to be a most painful march, for the surface of the snow had not frozen sufficiently to bear their weight, and at each step they broke through the thin coating of ice, which tore their ragged garments, and cut cruelly into their flesh.

At times they were wading waist-deep in the frosty mass. Then it was necessary to make long detours, in order to avoid great ribbed drifts, and at rare intervals, where the wind had bared the earth, was it possible to march at an ordinary rate of speed.

Walking closely together, that the weak might be aided by the strong, the little party toiled manfully on, leaving behind them a trail of blood, but making light of their sufferings as they thought of the homes to be gained by this pain and privation.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE record of this day's journey can be given in few words, for one hour was spent the same as another from the time the boys started in the morning until the sun sank in the west.

It was a constant struggle on the part of each to gain the summit of the range and keep in subjection the hunger which assailed him.

The repose they had had in the cave was by no means as much as was needed after the fatigue of the first stage of the journey, therefore they were weary as well as in need of food when Soft Tongue started off so bravely through the frozen snow, and each hour it became more difficult to continue the exhausting labor.

Surely never did a Navajo display more bravery than Soft Tongue, as he continued a few paces in advance, forcing himself to speak always in a cheery tone to his companions, and halting only in order to assist some of the weaker members of the party.

One would have said he was on a pleasure excursion rather than engaged in a struggle for life, and when the day was nearly spent they were well up toward the summits of the range.

Each of his companions in turn had declared it was impossible to go any further, insisting a snow hut should be built that they might encamp until the following morning; but he constantly urged them forward, reminding the grumblers that there would be no opportunity to obtain food until the barrier had been surmounted, and picturing in glowing colors the pleasures which would be theirs once the Reservation had been gained.

"Our fathers will not allow us to be carried away to school again after we tell them what we have suffered," he said, when a longer speech than usual was necessary to revive the courage of the weary party. "We shall remain on the Reservation, and when it is possible to say we walked from Grand Junction to Fort Wingate in December, half clad, without weapons and without food, who can deny us the right to call ourselves warriors? We can no longer be looked upon as boys, but men, and even if our sufferings become greater we shall be repaid."

"Yes, by death," Runaway replied, impatiently. "It is impossible we could suffer more and live."

"Others have done so, and why not we? Death comes more quickly to him who waits for it, and by struggling now we shall save our lives."

Not until the shadows of night were merged into the gloom of darkness did Soft Tongue cease his efforts to urge his companions on, and then, instead of throwing himself upon the snow as did Runaway and several of the party, who declared they were too nearly exhausted to be able to make any further exertion, he with Little Mexican set about forming such a shelter as would at least protect them from the night winds, cheering his tired friends meanwhile by calling their attention to the fact that the temperature was considerably higher than when they started in the morning.

"We shall no longer be forced to contend against the ice," he said; "and once beyond the range can count on finding the streams open, when by building a raft we

shall be able to rest, and at the same time advance toward our homes."

"Yes; but now we shall sink deeper in the snow, and find places over which it will be impossible to pass because of the drifts," Runaway grumbled.

"Then we can make snow shoes. There will always be a chance left open if we do not despair."

Soft Tongue was far from feeling as cheerful in mind as he would have his companions believe. He knew full well all the dangers to which they would be exposed, and when the wall of snow had been piled as high as was thought necessary, and he nestled among his friends for mutual warmth, his heart was very heavy.

The fugitives gained but little sleep on this night. The combination of hunger and cold prevented them from sinking into the unconsciousness of slumber many moments at a time, and all were heartily glad when the rising sun admitted of their resuming the weary march.

By this time they were nearly famished, and knowing it would be impossible to procure food until they were on the other side of the range, their eagerness to scale the summit of the mountain, up whose side they had been clambering with so much difficulty, increased.

The air was warm and balmy; the snow had already begun to show signs of yielding to the sun's rays, and Soft Tongue said, as he tried in vain to move his stiffened limbs rapidly,

"In two hours we shall be at the highest point, and then will come the descent."

"Yes; and the snow slides, too," Runaway said. "Who can tell whether we will not be buried before we can descend this mountain?"

"No one. It is for us to learn, and that we shall do quickly."

Speak cheerfully as he would, Soft Tongue was unable longer to prevent his companions from falling into a state of despondency, and when considerably more than the specified time having elapsed, they began the downward journey, each of the fugitives, with the exception of the leader and Little Mexican, moved like a boy from whom all hope has fled.

Now the heat seemed as painful as the cold had thirty-six hours previous, and even the well-worn clothing, so insufficient to protect them against the rigor of the climate when they started, became burdensome.

On every hand could be seen signs of that concerning which Runaway had spoken.

The snow, which had been accumulating since winter began, hung in huge drifts from the bowlders, needing only the slightest jar to start it on its destructive course to the valley, and from every overhanging point rested tons of half-thawed masses which threatened momentarily to overwhelm the weary travellers.

Soft Tongue led the way with the greatest caution, avoiding those paths which seemed most dangerous, however much more easily they could have been traversed, and keeping well in advance of his companions in order that he might be the first to meet any danger that arose.

From the time the descent was begun until the afternoon was half spent not a word had been spoken, and then the leader electrified his followers by saying in a low tone, as he glanced up at the huge bank of snow which seemed ready to fall:

"Don't cry out, for even the sound of our voices may bring an avalanche down upon us. Just ahead I can see a log cabin. If any one is living there we shall get food. If not, a place in which we can rest with safety."

It was well he gave the warning to his companions, otherwise they would have shouted with joy as they pressed forward eagerly until a rude hut could be seen, for it is a well-known fact that even the vibration of a human voice will detach an avalanche at certain times, and once one should be started on that almost sheer descent, every trembling pile of snow would join it in a mad rush for the valley.

Now the fugitives moved more rapidly. Fatigue was forgotten momentarily in the thought that hunger would soon be appeased.

More than one of the party floundered through the damp drifts, and would have fallen in the race to what all hoped might prove a place of refuge, but for the watchfulness of Soft Tongue.

His vigilance did not relax for a single instant until they stood before the door of the cabin, and then Little Mexican cried gleefully:

"We shall get food! See, the hunter is coming!" and he pointed directly across the side of the mountain, where could be seen a man advancing cautiously with a burden on his shoulders.

The words had hardly been spoken when Soft Tongue heard a dull heavy sound far up the range, apparently directly above the cabin.

In an instant he realized that a mass of snow had been detached, thus sowing the seed of an avalanche.

"Quick! For your lives!" he shouted, bursting open the door of the cabin, which had been but loosely fastened, and literally forcing his companions before him, he succeeded in closing it just as the roar of the avalanche rang out with awful distinctness.

They were in a shelter, but one which it seemed would avail nothing against the overwhelming masses which could be heard thundering down the mountain-side.

Then came a shock and vibration of the building, which tossed the movable articles to and fro violently, a sudden shutting out of the light, a wavy rocking motion, a decided settling as if the cabin of logs was being forced into the earth, and all was still.

While one might have counted ten the boys remained silent and motionless, and then Runaway asked, in a trembling voice,

"Has the snow been stopped in its flight?"

"It has buried us," Soft Tongue replied, trying to speak in a natural tone. "Some of the larger drifts must have protected the cabin, and we are allowed to live a little longer."

A wail from his companions told how necessary it was he should summon all his courage at this time, and as a means of doing so, he called upon Runaway, who carried the matches, to light one that they might gain some idea of the interior of the hut.

The boy did as he was bidden, and Little Mexican, realizing the necessity of retaining the light, looked around him for something with which to feed the flame. A half-consumed candle lay on a small shelf near the fireplace, and to the wick of this the match was applied.

"Now we know some one has been living here, there is no question but that we can satisfy our hunger," Soft Tongue said, "and that should be enough for us."

It seemed difficult for Runaway to convince himself they had really been buried by the avalanche, and his first act was to open the door which the leader had closed behind them. Upon doing so the snow could be seen packed solidly in front of the aperture, as if beaten into place by the hand of man. The shutter which served as window was unbolted, and here it was as at the door.

Soft Tongue ran to the fireplace, for a very unpleasant thought had occurred to him. If the snow was so firmly lodged it might not be possible to build a fire, and such provisions as would likely be found in a hunter's cabin could hardly serve to satisfy their hunger while in an uncooked state.

It is true the snow had not fallen down the chimney, but that might readily be accounted for by the fact that the foliage above prevented it, and it was necessary to learn the exact condition of affairs at the earliest possible moment.

There was a supply of light wood near the fireplace, and converting this into kindlings with a knife he found upon the table, Soft Tongue started a tiny blaze, his companions watching him eagerly, for they had begun to understand the meaning of his movements.

At first the smoke instead of ascending came out into the cabin, and Runaway said in a tone of despair, "It will be no use to build a fire, unless you wish to suffocate us all."

"I am not so certain of that," Soft Tongue replied, cheerily, crouching near the floor to protect his eyes from the smoke. "If the limbs of the trees have prevented the snow from falling into the cabin through the chimney it is possible we may yet get a vent," and he piled carefully above the blaze the driest of the wood.

For ten minutes the cabin was densely filled with smoke, forcing the occupants to cover their faces, and then it was as if the smoke began to pass away. The air grew lighter, the blaze leaped up more cheerily, and Soft Tongue said, as he searched for fuel:

"We only have to have patience. The heat of the fire will soon thaw enough of the snow to clear the chimney."



THE AVALANCHE

"But if we can't get outside for wood it isn't likely we shall be able to keep it burning a great while," and Runaway looked as if he was determined to find some cause for unhappiness.

Soft Tongue opened a small door at one end of the hut, disclosing a sort of shed, which was filled with fuel cut in convenient lengths for the fireplace.

By this time his companions began to gain courage, and looked about them for means to satisfy their hunger, which was making itself felt now they were in comparative safety.

They had no hesitation in using anything which might be found, for there could be little question as to the fate of the probable owner whom they had seen approaching the hut.

Above him were dozens of overhanging masses, all of which must have been detached by the shock of the avalanche, and there seemed no doubt that he now lay a corpse in the valley below, buried beneath tons upon tons of rock, foliage, and snow.

A search of the building revealed the fact that they were in a good position to withstand the long siege which must necessarily ensue.

There were sufficient skins and blankets to serve as comfortable beds for all, cooking utensils, a table, three rough stools, a clock, a fairly good supply of candles, tea, coffee, and sugar, with pork and flour enough to serve the party, as nearly as Soft Tongue could estimate, several weeks.

Once assured of their safety, Little Mexican proposed that they indulge in a hearty meal, which was what all stood most in need of, and at the same time he set about carrying the suggestion into effect by acting the part of cook.

Soft Tongue assisted to the extent of making coffee, afterward setting out such supplies of cooked provisions as could be found, which consisted of a loaf of bread, evidently cooked in a frying-pan, and a small number of drop-cakes, thoroughly soaked in lard.

As a rule Indian boys are not fastidious regarding their food, but even had this party been so, hunger would have prevented them from indulging in anything of the kind. Before Little Mexican finished his task Runaway and the others began to eat ravenously, and quite an inroad had been made upon the larder before the cooks could get their portion.

When, finally, the meal was concluded, each made for himself a bed of furs upon the floor, and, with the exception of Soft Tongue and Little Mexican, all gave themselves up to the repose which was so sadly needed.

The responsibility the leader of the party felt was so great that, weary though he was, slumber would not come

quickly at his bidding, and he sat in front of the fire thinking over the situation, until Little Mexican asked,

"Do you fear we may not be able to leave this place before the provisions are gone?"

"No one can tell. We are safe now, and that should be enough."

"But you think we may be forced to stay here many days?"

"Yes, even if the thaw continues no longer than we have reason to hope for. If the cold comes again now, we shall be imprisoned beneath this pile of snow, unable to get out until spring, unless ——"

"Unless what?" Little Mexican asked, impatiently.

"Unless we could tunnel our way out."

"Why cannot that be done?"

"What would become of the snow which we would take from the tunnel?"

"Bring it into the cabin and shed."

"Both places would be filled before we had dug twenty feet, and this slide may extend a hundred times that distance."

Little Mexican was silent. Although they had been saved from immediate death by the avalanche, it seemed to him as if their lives were prolonged simply that the time of suffering might be lengthened.

## CHAPTER V.



IF the fugitives had not been so sadly in need of rest that their eyes closed immediately hunger was appeased, the majority of the party would have found sufficient cause for fear that the danger had not wholly vanished, even though the avalanche had long since passed over them. For some time after the catastrophe the timbers of the cabin gave forth ominous creaks and groans, as if they were settling beneath the heavy load which had so suddenly been precipitated upon them.

Soft Tongue, engrossed by thoughts of possible suffering which the future might have in store for them, gave no heed to these noises, until Little Mexican called his attention to the unpleasant fact by saying,

"There must be a great weight on the roof of the hut."

"Many tons."

"And if it should give way—"

"Then there would not be reason to fear starvation, since we should no longer be in this world."

"It would be better to die quickly than linger many days."

"No good can come of talking about what may never happen. We have as much need of sleep as they," and Soft Tongue pointed to their slumbering companions.

"Runaway has no thought save for the present. If he is neither cold nor hungry he is satisfied."

"Perhaps it is well we follow his example for a while."

"But the timbers of the roof cannot bear much more strain, and if another slide of snow should come—"

"Let us sleep." And Soft Tongue spread out the furs which had been set aside for himself. "Death will not come more quickly because we are unable to see it."

This remark was not calculated to give Little Mexican any relief of mind, but he understood that if dangers were to be met he would be better prepared for whatever might come by a certain amount of repose, and at once followed his friend's example.

The timbers continued to give forth their groans of protest against the heavy weight, bending inward until it seemed certain they must be torn from their fastenings, but the tired boys soon closed their eyes in slumber despite the ominous sounds.

Not until after many hours had passed did either of the fugitives awaken sufficiently to be sensible of his surroundings, and when finally Soft Tongue leaped to his feet, the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of six. The fire had burned itself out; the candle was only a smudge of grease upon the table, and there was nothing save the sense of continued repose to show whether they had slept until the close of the day or through another night.

Soft Tongue concluded this last was the fact, since the ashes were cold, and at once realized it was time to put into execution a plan he had formed immediately before slumber closed his eyelids.

Building a fire, he began cooking another meal, understanding from his own feelings that his companions would be hungry again when they awakened, and while engaged in this work Little Mexican joined him.

Not until the two had prepared the meal were the others aroused, and they needed but one invitation to partake of the plentiful supply.

This done, Runaway stretched himself out on the skins again, as if he would indulge in more slumber, and Soft Tongue said, in a tone of remonstrance:

"There is no longer any good reason why we should sleep. It is time we were at work."

"What is to be done except cook while we are shut up here?" Runaway asked, in surprise.

"Very much. Unless we make our way through the snow before the thaw has come to an end, we shall be imprisoned here till spring, and you can see the store of provisions."

"Do you think it possible to make a tunnel?" Little Mexican asked, in surprise, remembering the conversation in regard to the matter shortly before he fell asleep.

"There is plenty of wood. We can melt the snow, and pour it out of the door in the form of water."

Runaway and two of his friends were positive nothing could be accomplished by such a plan, but the others were willing to make the experiment, and the task was begun at once.

Boards were formed into rude shovels, a huge fire built, and over it was suspended a kettle. Beginning at the door, Soft Tongue set the example, first filling the kettle, and then packing the snow into such portions of the shed as was not already occupied by wood.

Runaway positively refused to perform labor which he believed would prove useless, but lay upon a bed of skins while the others worked industriously.

Little Mexican attended to melting the snow, emptying the kettle, whenever it was filled with water, out of the door, where it would run beneath the bottom of the tunnel. Before the boys had been thus engaged half an hour, it was learned that the first rush of the avalanche had brought down a quantity of small trees and bushes, leaving them in the immediate vicinity of the cabin in such a manner that they would serve to support the top of the tunnel, preventing the mass above from caving in upon the laborers.

At the end of two hours an excavation had been made for a distance of twenty feet straight toward the valley, and now it was no longer necessary either to melt the snow or carry it into the cabin, for the drift was not packed so tightly but that, by a little additional labor, it was possible to press it back on either side until a passage was formed.

Then the boys were startled by hearing what sounded like the voice of a human being in distress, and for a few moments all labor was stopped as they stood gazing at each other in dismay.

Even Soft Tongue was frightened. He had been taught to believe in the existence of evil spirits, who roam through the world seeking to work mischief, and it seemed positive something of the kind now menaced them.



THE WOUNDED HUNTER.

"Could it be the man we saw just before the avalanche came?" Little Mexican asked, in a whisper.

"He must have been carried into the valley—"

Another groan was heard, apparently coming from the drift directly above their heads, and all save Soft Tongue and Little Mexican ran trembling with fear into the cabin.

The leader of the party did his best to appear unmoved, and when he saw his friend's face paling with terror, he mustered sufficient courage to say in a reasonably firm voice:

"We must not allow ourselves to grow afraid. It is necessary for us to remain here many days, and we cannot spend our time hiding from whatever may be trying to work us harm."

"What shall we do?"

"Meet it at once instead of trembling before it."

"What do you suppose it is?"

"I do not know; but the others must think we are brave, however frightened we may be at heart."

"What do you want to do?" Little Mexican asked, in a whisper, struggling against the inclination to run away.

"Dig through at the spot from which the noise came."

Little Mexican gave vent to a sob, much as one does when suddenly plunged into cold water, but did not trust himself to speak.

"We will work fast, and the danger will soon be met," Soft Tongue said, as he began an attack at the roof of the tunnel, not even glancing at his companion.

Showers of snow fell around the two boys under repeated blows of the wooden shovel, and, gaining courage from his companion's bold appearance, Little Mexican joined manfully in the task.

It was possible to accomplish a great deal in a short time, owing to the fact that it was not necessary to shovel the snow away, and as it fell they mounted higher and higher above the level of the tunnel.

Save for the fact that the mound rose constantly beneath their feet, it would soon have been impossible to continue the work, so rapidly did the shovels of wood bore through the drift; and when the excavation which had cost them so much labor was nearly choked at this point, Runaway ventured to come out of his place of refuge.

"What are you doing there?" he asked, angrily. "Is it not enough that we should be warned to stop the senseless work of digging a tunnel? Must you brave the evil spirits?"

"I would rather do that than run away from them," Soft Tongue replied, without ceasing his labor.

"Do you want to destroy us all?"

"Little Mexican and I will meet the danger. You and the others who are so brave can remain hidden in the cabin."

Runaway was on the point of making an angry reply, when a cry of dismay burst from Soft Tongue's lips, and at the same instant a dark heavy body came rolling down through the hole which had been dug.

This was too much for Runaway's small amount of courage, and, with a loud shriek, he fled with all speed to the cabin, closing and barring the door behind him.

That which had fallen through the opening overturned both Soft Tongue and Little Mexican, and when it was possible to shake off the weight of snow which had accompanied the object, both might have followed their companion in his ignominious retreat, but for the fact that the leader was forced to scramble over the cause of the alarm.

"It is a white man!" he exclaimed, and the words arrested Little Mexican's flight. "He must be the owner of the cabin, who has been trying to get to his home, and fell through the drift when we had loosened the snow."

The boys did not stop to speculate as to how he escaped from what seemed like certain death when the avalanche went thundering down into the valley, but began to examine him with a view of ascertaining why he remained so still and silent, like one dead.

There was good cause for him to lay motionless, and,

in fact, it seemed positive life had already departed. Although unable to determine the exact extent, the boys could see he had received severe injuries. One arm was doubled under his back, as if broken, his face was covered with blood, and the greater portion of the clothing torn from the body.

"Is he alive?" Little Mexican asked, as his friend pressed his hand over the man's heart.

"Yes; but unless something can be done for him, death must come soon. Let us get him into the cabin."

Then he shouted loudly for Runaway, but that timid boy did not show himself until the wounded man had been dragged nearly to the threshold of the hut, and then he opened the door a few inches to ask in an injured tone,

"If that is a white man, why do you bring him here?"

"To save his life; he is not dead."

"Then he may stay where he is. No one can say how long we shall be shut in here, and there is no more than we want for ourselves. We have good reason to know the white men are our enemies."

"This one lived here. It is his food we have been eating; and if he needs what is left, we are the ones who should remain outside."

"You cannot bring him in."

"Listen to me, Mamilawoi; we are too near death ourselves to quarrel; but I say to you that the owner of this cabin *shall* be taken inside, and if you try to prevent us there will be trouble for some one."

Runaway knew full well that Soft Tongue would keep his word, and he had no desire to bring about a fight with one who was his superior in strength; therefore he left the door open, contenting himself with retreating to the wood-shed when the injured man was brought into the room.

Two of the other boys assisted in caring for the stranger, who was placed on a couch of furs near the fire, where there would be no danger of his suffering from the cold, and then Soft Tongue set about restoring him to consciousness by bathing his face with moistened snow.

In this task he was successful after five or six minutes had elapsed, and the man looked around wonderingly at the many faces.

"Was it you I saw near the door of the cabin when the avalanche fell?" he asked.

"Yes, we had time to get inside before the snow struck the hut. What can we do for you?"

"Give me water."

Fortunately there was an abundant supply of this liquid on hand, which Little Mexican had saved while melting the snow, and the wounded man drank, until Soft Tongue, fearing lest he would do himself some injury, wrenched the mug from his grasp.

"Your arm is broken," the boy said.

"Yes, an' it oughter be straightened out somehow. Do you think you could make a try at settin' it?"

"I will do whatever you say."

Grievously injured though the man was, he could give directions for attending to his own wounds, and Soft Tongue followed them implicitly until the task was finished.

"It ain't a very neat job, I'll allow," the hunter said, grimly; "but I reckon it has been done so the bones will knit together in time. It was a fortunate thing for me you boys happened along just as you did."

"Is there nothing more we can do for you?"

"There's liniment in a bottle behind the clock. I wish you would give me a good rubbing with it, an' perhaps you'll find out if I'm broken up any worse than appears from what I can see."

"Do I hurt you?" Soft Tongue asked, when he had begun to rub the man's swollen limbs.

"It stands to reason you ain't ticklin' me; but I'd be a poor sort of chip if I couldn't stand a little pain after what I've jest been dragged through. Put on all your strength to the rubbin'; but give the broken arm a wide berth, for it's like touchin' a nerve to hit that."

Little Mexican assisted his friend in this labor, and the two continued it until the hunter asked for something to eat.

Soft Tongue at once began to prepare such a meal as he fancied the sufferer would relish, and while he was thus employed, Runaway sat in one corner watching sulkily his every movement, but without making any offer to assist.

Little Mexican remained by the injured man's side applying the liniment, until the latter insisted he had been cared for sufficiently.

"You can let up on this work now. If I'm goin' to pull through at all, I oughter be able to do it on what you've done in the way of patchin'. Now tell me how you happened to be on this range?"

Soft Tongue, despite Runaway's signals to remain silent, gave a truthful account of their school life and the reasons for leaving Grand Junction, saying, in conclusion,

"I do not think you would tell those at the school where we are if it was possible; but our secret is safe while you are unable to leave this place."

"And so it would be, boy, if I stood face to face with them you've no cause to like. If I come out all right of the whirl I've been through, it shall be my business to see you safe to the Navajo Reservation."

## CHAPTER VI.



HEN the invalid had been fed, and a full pot of coffee placed where it could be most conveniently reached, he asked Soft Tongue,

"Didn't you see me just before the avalanche came?"

"Yes; and believing you were the owner of the cabin, we were waiting to ask your permission to enter."

"It don't seem as if you've any curiosity to know how I got out of the scrape. You haven't asked a question."

"We shall be satisfied when you get ready to tell us."

"I reckon that time will never come, because I don't know much about it myself. I saw the slide when she started, and had two or three seconds more than you did. There wasn't a big show of escaping; but I did what little I could. Luckily I was near a cliff which couldn't have been started by any quantity of avalanches, and the way I burrowed under it was a caution. Then the snow struck me, and the next thing I knew was when I found myself betwixt here and there, tangled up with a lot of bushes that had been flung out one side. I was pretty badly used up, an' reckon there's no need of tellin' you that. It wasn't likely I could tramp very far, an' I started in the hope of being able to get here. Took me all night to do it, an' then it seemed as though the last chance had gone when I found how deep the cabin was buried."

"Did you call to us at any time?"

"No; I didn't allow you was this side of the valley. It seemed to me the snow struck before you had time to get inside."

"But we heard your voice while digging the tunnel."

"Well, it might be I did say something, for I was kinder out of my head, I reckon. What with luggin' round these broken bones, an' bein' considerably the worse for loss of blood, it stands to reason I wasn't myself."

"It is fortunate we dug the tunnel directly under where you were lying."

"Yes, boy, it strikes me there was a good deal in this

little trick for all hands to be thankful, an' since yesterday Jim Dawson has done a pile of thinkin'."

"Are you Jim Dawson?" Soft Tongue asked.

"I am, for a fact."

"Had you just come from the valley when we saw you?"

"Not much. I ain't such a tenderfoot as to take a trip like that when a thaw is coming on. I had been out for a bear I spotted a couple of weeks ago, an' was bringin' him home. Pity we couldn't have the carcass now, for a bit of fresh meat would do all hands of us good, an' it's layin' right where I left it. I must have clung to the fur when I got such a shakin' up, an' brought the game along with me to the surface."

"It might be possible for us to fetch it in," Soft Tongue suggested.

"No reason why you shouldn't. Accordin' to all the talk, I come down through a hole you've been diggin', an' if you've got that much wit there's no reason why a couple of you couldn't manage to get out to the surface. There are two or three pairs of snow-shoes behind the wood in the shed, an' you could do the job without a great deal of trouble. It would pay too, I reckon, for we're likely to be housed in here quite a spell."

"If it is possible for us to get out we must turn our faces toward the Reservation," Runaway said, sulkily.

"Do you count on leavin' me here alone in this shape?" Dawson asked, apprehensively, as he tried in vain to raise himself on his uninjured elbow.

"It is for us to get home," Runaway began; but before he could say any more, Soft Tongue interrupted him.

"We shall not leave until you can care for yourself," he said, decidedly, and then entered the shed to find the snow-shoes.

Little Mexican was by his side when he reappeared ready to set out in search of the bear, and, without saying anything to their companions, the two groped their way through the gloom of the tunnel to the aperture which had been made by the hunter's descent.

Here, by vigorous use of the impromptu shovels, they were able to cut what served as a flight of steps up through the forty feet of solidly packed drift, and, buckling on the snow-shoes, were ready to venture forth in search of fresh meat.

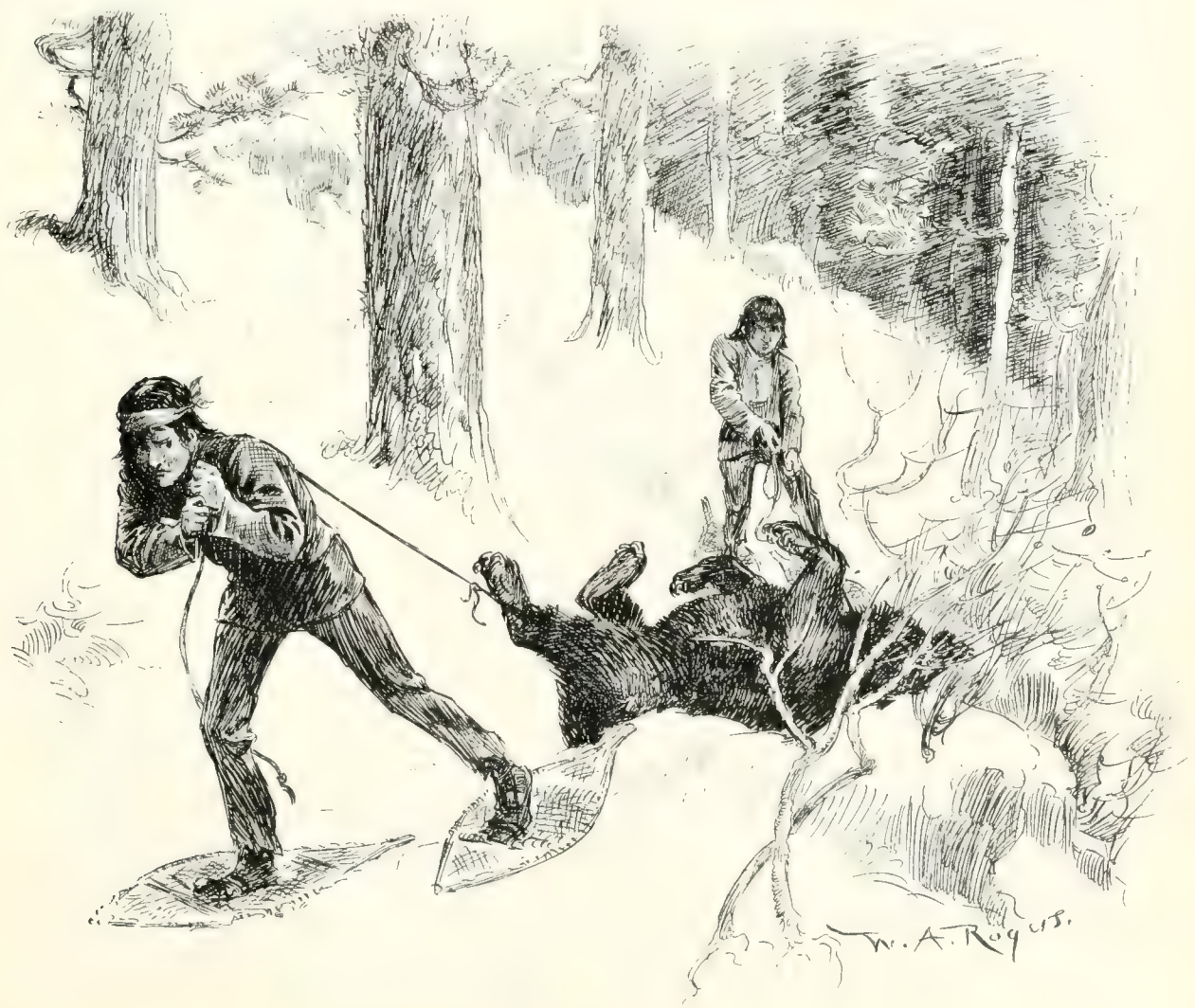
Three hours elapsed before they returned successful, the greater portion of the time having been spent in dragging their heavy burden over the yielding surface, and the noise made when the carcass was dropped through the hole in the drift brought Runaway out from the cabin.

"Is it to act like women by helping the white man that we left Grand Junction, crossed the stream of ice, and ascended the range during the blizzard?" he cried.

"You have no need to ask the question, for you know as well as I," Soft Tongue replied.

"Then why do we stay here? We are no longer imprisoned in the cabin."

"That is true, and there are no chains to hold any of us. The way is open."




BRINGING THE BEAR

"I ain't sayin' that I'm goin' to be in tip-top shape as I was before I fell in with the avalanche; but there's no question about my bein' in good trim enough to see you boys safe from here to Fort Defiance."

"But why should you make the long journey?" Soft Tongue asked. "We can go alone."

"I ain't sayin' you can't; but at the same time I allow it would be a mighty hard trip, seein' you are strangers in this section of the country. Now I can put this party through, strikin' a camp here an' there, until the chances are we sha'n't have to sleep more 'n a couple of nights in the open durin' the whole trip."

"But it will take so much of your time," Soft Tongue suggested.

"That don't count while I'm crippled up in this shape, an', besides, I ain't sure I wouldn't like to drop in at Gallup jest now. I've got some friends there who would make me welcome. The snow hasn't got down past the windows yet; but it's mighty nigh the top, I reckon."

"The tunnel has caved in," Little Mexican said, "and that shows how great the thaw has been."

"It's bound to come to an end now, accordin' to the fall of water, an' if you boys feel like tacklin' the job, I allow it would be a good idea to see what the show is for diggin' out."

This was sufficient intimation to Soft Tongue that the work should be begun, and without making any reply he and Little Mexican commenced the task.

It did not prove as difficult as seemed probable at first, and before this, the seventeenth day after Runaway's departure, had come to an end, a sufficient opening had been made to permit of their clambering to the surface whenever the time should come for continuing the journey.

Then another week was spent in idleness before the temperature fell, and after that Dawson waited six days more for the drifts to be solidly frozen. Then came a morning when he announced it would be safe to venture forth on the journey, and declared himself ready and willing to begin it.

The boys no longer made any attempt to dissuade him from his purpose, for they realized it would be necessary for him to leave the cabin very shortly, under any circumstances, owing to the scarcity of provisions. There was only about as much food on hand as would suffice for the journey, and this the two boys divided between them, because the hunter was in no condition to carry a burden.

With his wounded arm bound tightly to his body to prevent any mishap from a slip or a sudden shock, he led the way, and under his guidance but little difficulty was experienced in traversing the remainder of the distance which lay before the homesick boys and the tepees of their fathers.

Dawson's familiarity with the country was such that he was able to find shelter for them each night at some cabin, and that which had promised to be a dangerous and painful undertaking became little more than a pleasurable excursion to boys so accustomed to hardships as were Soft Tongue and Little Mexican.

When they gained the Reservation it can well be fancied that they paid no visit to Fort Defiance, where they might have been forced to remain, but parted with Dawson a short distance from the military post.

Regarding their reception at home the old hunter knows nothing. He can only say that they have not yet been sent back to school, and that Runaway and those who accompanied him are still numbered among the missing.

THE END.

"Then you will stay."

"Yes, until the white man can take care of himself."

"But why are you so careful of him?" Runaway asked, with a sneer.

"Because of his helplessness. It was his cabin that enabled us to save our lives, and his food which restored us to strength when we were starving. We will pay the debt."

"Then you will pay it alone. I will lead the others, who are not fools to their own cost."

"It is dangerous until the frost has hardened the snow."

"We shall go now," Runaway replied, doggedly, and Soft Tongue, looking decidedly anxious, hurried into the cabin to try to dissuade his friends from their mad purpose.

"It is of no use, boy," Dawson said, when Soft Tongue ceased pleading with his companions and turned away with a gesture of sorrow. "I have told 'em that neither sensible white man nor Indian would make a try for it just now; but they won't listen. Give them a fair share of the provisions, for we won't have it said they went away empty-handed, an' that's all you can do. Did you get the bear?"

"He is in the tunnel."

"Let them take as much of the meat as can be carried, providin' they don't gobble the whole lot, for they'll need it more than we shall."

Soft Tongue repeated to Runaway what had been said, and the latter showed no disposition to be bashful about accepting the proposition. He would have taken even more than their share of provisions, but that Little Mexican boldly resented any unfair division, and even when a just proportion had been set aside, it was a larger burden than they should have cumbered themselves with on such a journey.

The afternoon was half spent when Runaway summoned those of his companions who were unwilling to do a charitable deed to follow him.

Even at this late hour Soft Tongue made one more appeal; but it was fruitless; and he and Little Mexican stood in the tunnel watching until the last boy had disappeared through the excavation in the snow.

Then after caring for that portion of the meat which the greedy ones had been forced to leave behind, they entered the cabin which was to be their home for many a weary day before Dawson could be left alone and it was safe to resume the journey.

At midnight the temperature in the hut was uncomfortably high, even though the fire had been allowed to die away, and Dawson announced that the midwinter thaw had begun.

"I allow it's rainin' outside," he said, "an' the chances are that before another cold spell comes we shall be able to look out of these windows."

"But what will become of Runaway and the others?" Little Mexican asked, springing up from his bed in alarm.

"I am afraid that question can be answered mighty easy, boy, unless they have even greater luck than when all hands steered clear of the avalanche; but it is certain you did what you could to prevent them from goin'."

Dawson understood how the boys felt regarding the probable fate of their friends, and did his best to prevent their thoughts from dwelling upon the sad topic by talking of indifferent subjects whenever he found them disposed to listen to him.

"You see, layin' still here, as we do, we don't need a great deal of grub, an' there has been so much taken away that it 'll be a tight fit if we pull through without gettin' hungry."

The six days which followed were but a repetition of this one. Soft Tongue and Little Mexican ministered to the hunter's wants to the best of their ability, and he confidently announced that by the time it was possible to leave the mountain-side with safety he should be in condition to accompany them.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## AN APRIL-FOOL.

BY NORA PERRY

I.

"HAVE you written it, Nelly?"

"Yes, I have it here in my pocket. I'll show it to you when I get a chance."

"Oh, show it now! There's as good chance now as you'll have, for the girls are all on the other side of the room."

Nelly sent a quick glance around the school-room, and then took from her pocket a small square envelope. The envelope was directed to "Miss Angela Joscelyn." Lizzie Lyder gave a little giggle as she read this, but as she drew forth the note-sheet and read,

"Miss Marian Selwyn requests the pleasure of Miss Angela Joscelyn's company on April 1st," her giggle became a smothered shriek, and she said to her cousin, "Oh, Nelly, it's perfect, she'll never suspect. It looks just like Marian's writing. Wouldn't it be too good if we could somehow get hold of Angela's acceptance, and



keep it back and have her actually *go* to the party. What do you suppose Marian would say to her when she would n't

"She wouldn't *say* anything, but she'd look so astonished and stuff that Angela would find out she wasn't very welcome. We can't keep back Angela's note very well, even if we could get hold of it, it might get us into trouble, for it would be against the law; but there's no law against an April fool letter of our own and this will be just as good fun in the end, for Marian will set Miss Angela right in double-quick time after she receives her note. Oh, I can imagine the top-lofty style in which she'll inform Angela that there must be some mistake."

"And then, of course, they'll both find out that somebody's been April-fooling them."

"Of course; but that isn't going to interfere with our fun. Miss Angela will be set down by that time just where I want her, when she discovers that her invitation is nothing but an April-fool on her. I wish— But hush, somebody's coming this way," and in an instant Nelly whisked into her pocket the note she had written, and was walking down the room with her cousin, talking in a loud tone about her lessons.

The "somebody" coming was Mary Marcy, a very observing girl, who, as she saw the sudden start of Lizzie and Nelly, also caught sight of the little white missive as it was whisked into Nelly's pocket, and immediately thought, "There's some mischief going on. I wonder what it is *now*? Those girls are generally up to mischief of some kind or other."

"That sly Mary Marcy, she's always spying 'round," whispered Nelly to her companion, as they passed along. Then in a high voice, thinking to mislead Mary, she cried, "Oh, Lizzie, now I've shown you *my* composition, you must show me yours."

Mary Marcy was a shrewd girl as well as an observant one, and she laughed in her sleeve as she heard this. "Composition! That was no school composition," she said to herself; and when, a few minutes later, the bell rang for the close of recess, and she saw Nelly send a significant glance to Lizzie as the two hurried to their seats, this shrewd, observant Mary was surer than ever that there was mischief going on.

That night Angela received the note of invitation in all good faith, and answered it by a prompt acceptance, for she was very much gratified at such an invitation, coming, as she supposed, from Marian Selwyn, a girl whom she had always greatly admired, but had never expected to have more than a speaking acquaintance with.

"To think of Marian Selwyn's inviting *me!* Wasn't it beautiful of her?" she had said to her elder sister Martha, after she had read the invitation to her.

"I don't know why you should put such an emphasis on *me*, as if you were an inferior," Martha Joscelyn had rather tartly remarked. "You're as good as Marian Selwyn."

"Yes, Martha, I know. It isn't that I feel inferior in— in myself," Angela then explained, "but the Selwyns have always had money and everything always, and we are poor, and live so out of the way that it's beautiful and kind of her, *I* think, when she knows me so little. Why, Martha, I never see her anywhere but on the street and at Sunday-school."

"Well, she likes you, I suppose; she's taken a fancy to you, and she's independent enough, I should hope, to invite any girl she likes, if the girl *is* poor and lives out of the way," was Martha's cool reply.

Liked her! Taken a fancy to her! How Angela's heart jumped at this suggestion! Could it be possible that this lovely, fortunate Marian Selwyn had taken a fancy to *her*, poor, plain little Angela Joscelyn? And it was with this thought warming her heart that she wrote her cordial note of acceptance.

And Marian, receiving and reading this note, exclaimed in astonishment: "What in the world does this mean? I never invited Angela Joscelyn. I don't know her, only just to speak to her as I meet her on the street. She's taken advantage, I suppose, of the party being on the 1st of April to play a joke on me. I wish to goodness my birthday came on any other day! I'm tired of these horrid April jokes, and it's very impertinent of this girl. I dare say she did it because she is angry, and thinks she ought to have been invited. That's the worst of living in a small town like Westboro'. I'll teach her. But there goes Mary Marcy. I *must* show this to Mary;" and running out upon the veranda, she called, "Mary! Mary!"

The moment Mary read Angela's acceptance and listened to Marian's indignant remarks, that moment she felt convinced that the Lyder girls' mischief had been the concocting and sending to Angela a note of invitation in Marian's name, and that this was the note she had seen whisked into Nelly's pocket.

"But why should they choose Angela Joscelyn?" asked Marian, when Mary told her what she suspected.

"I suppose because they are so envious and jealous of her success over them. Angela is a very fine scholar, and always succeeds where they fail. I've heard both of them say very spiteful things about her, and Angela is as modest as she can be; she never sets herself up as she might, for she's a really wonderful scholar, and, poor girl, it's all she has to be set up on, for the Joscelyns are quite, *quite* poor, and her mother and sister take in sewing to help her along; and, oh, Marian, you *mustn't* believe that Angela could have written her note of acceptance without a note of invitation that she thought came from you. She couldn't do such a thing. She's incapable of playing a vulgar joke on any one, for she's very refined and gentle. If you went to the High-school and were in our classes you would see how refined she was. And if you knew the Lyder girls, as we do—"

"I do know them—I've known them all my life—that is, they belong to a family my family has always known, and I always invite them to my parties. I've never been intimate with them and never cared for them specially, but I *shouldn't* have thought they could do a thing like this. You may be right, though; yet I want to be sure about it. I want proof, and I can get it, perhaps, if you'll do something for me, Mary—if you'll go to Angela Joscelyn and borrow her note of invitation—if she has one—with the excuse that you want to compare the seal with the one you have. Everybody is interested in seals just now, and I used a variety on my notes and a variety of colored wax, so you'll have a very good excuse. If you'll do this—if you'll get this note and bring it to me, I can tell at once if it was either of the Lyder girls' handwriting."

"But it may have no seal at all."

"Oh, yes it will. Whoever would send such an invitation would have examined mine, and have tried to copy the sealing as well as the handwriting."

That Marian was right on these points was seen at once when Mary returned triumphantly with the note of invitation she had borrowed from Angela, for there was a seal in colored wax like some that Marian had used, and an S-stamp faintly outlined. The handwriting, too, upon the envelope was not a bad imitation of Marian's, but the moment that Marian looked at the note within she called out to Mary:

"I know it! I know it! She tried to keep up the imitation, but it's of no use; I know this hand, I know it!"

"And it is—"

"Nelly Lyder's—yes, yes, you were right; and now—"

"Well, go on," cried Mary, as Marian stopped suddenly. "Now what—"

"Wait and see;" and Marian nodded her head and compressed her lips into a resolute line.

"Oh, Marian, are you going to punish Nelly?" cried Mary, a little alarmed at these indications, for Mary knew that Marian's hot temper was likely to lead her to extreme lengths sometimes.

Marian nodded again as she answered, "Yes, I'm going to punish her."

"Oh, how, when, where?"

"When? on Thursday night. Where? at the birthday party. How? wait and see."

II.

It was the evening of the 1st of April.

"A just perfect evening," said more than one girl, delightedly, as she set out arrayed in all her furbelows for the birthday party. "A just perfect evening;" and no one said this more emphatically and felt it more emphatically than Mary Marcy and Angela Joscelyn. Mary in her pretty and becoming if rather plain white gown of China silk, and Angela in her old white cambric that had been done over for the hundredth time, perhaps, and was neither pretty nor becoming, with its skimp skirt and sleeves and shrunken waist. But a new gown had been out of the question just then with the Joscelyns, and Angela had to make the best of the old one; and it did not seem at all hard to make a very good "best" of it, when she stood in her own little bedroom with Martha tying the well-worn blue sash around the shrunken waist, and her mother looking on and saying,



"HOW DO YOU DO, MISS JOSCELYN, IT'S VERY NICE TO SEE YOU HERE."

"It really looks very nice, and that sash *does* wash so well."

But when she went up into the great brilliantly lighted bed-chamber at the Selwyns', and saw Mary Marcy in her perfectly fitting gown, drawing on her delicate gloves, and talking with several young ladies beautifully dressed in fresh muslin and silk, the skimp skirt and sleeves, the shrunken waist and washed sash seemed all at once very mean and shabby to Angela. They seemed still meaner and shabbier when two other girls appeared in yet prettier costumes of fresh daintiness, and when these two dropped their little hooded shoulder-wraps of silk and lace, and she saw that they were the Lyder cousins, poor Angela suddenly began to feel a strange sense of awkwardness and unfitness. This feeling increased as she noticed the unmistakable start that the cousins gave when they caught sight of her, and heard Nelly's astonished exclamation, "What, *you* here!"

It was a bitter moment, but a bitterer was yet to come, when Lizzie Lyder, with a certain innocent little way that was peculiar to her, said: "Oh, if you've come to help us take off our things, do help me with this scarf, Angela."

If Angela could but have known then and there that this was only a petty stab from one petty jealous girl! But she did not know. She heard the words apparently so innocently spoken, and said to herself, "They think I am here as a servant, not as a guest!" and with a miserably confused feeling that everything was wrong, from her acceptance of the invitation to her shabby gown, she started back with all her confusion merging into one thought—to get away out of the sight of these well-dressed happy girls. But as she started back, Mary Marcy, who had heard Lizzie Lyder's speech, started forward and called out:

"Oh, Angela, how do you do? I didn't see you when you came in, but I thought you'd be here, and I thought we'd go down together. Are you ready?"

Angela couldn't speak. She could only give a little nod of assent, and yield herself to kind Mary's guidance with a deep breath of relief. It was only a partial relief, however. She had yet to go down into the brilliant parlor with its crowd of Selwyn cousins, yet to face in that old shrunken gown with its washed sash all those critical eyes. And down behind them, following closely, though Angela did not know it, came the two Lyder girls, full of eager curiosity, for they were both of them now quite certain that Marian had received no note of any sort from Angela.

"She didn't know enough to write an acceptance—how should she? I don't suppose she ever had an invitation to a party in her life," whispered Nelly to her cousin in the first shock of surprise at seeing Angela in the dressing-room.

"No, of course not," whispered back Lizzie, and so, confident and secure in this belief, and in the anticipation of "fun" as they called the displeased astonishment they expected to hear Marian express at the sight of her uninvited guest, and the guest's mortification thereat, the conspirators stepped softly along down the stairs and across the great hall into the beautiful brilliant parlor.

Marian was standing at the further end of the parlor, facing the doorway, with two of the Selwyn cousins beside her, as the fresh arrivals appeared. She was laughing joyously as they entered, but at her very first glimpse of the approaching group the laugh ceased and a look of sudden resolve flashed into her face—a look that the Selwyn cousins, who had been told the whole story of the fraudulent invitation, understood at once to mean, "Here is my opportunity, and I'll make the most of it."

Mary was a peace-loving girl, and she could not help saying to herself, "Oh, I *do* hope Marian won't say anything sharp *now*."

And it was then, just then, at that very moment, that she saw Marian's face change again, as the softest, sweetest, kindest of smiles beamed from lips and eyes, and the softest, sweetest, kindest of voices said:

"How do you do, Mary? I'm very glad to see you. You know my cousins Bertie and Laura." And in the next breath: "How do you do, Miss Joscelyn; it's very nice to see you here. Bertie, Laura, this is my friend,

Angela Joscelyn [illegible] to become of our charade party next month, if I can persuade her.

One of that May-day charade party! Mary opened her eyes [illegible] and Angela corrected if she were awake. But the charming voice was now speaking to some one else—was saying very politely, without a touch of sharpness but with a world of meaning to those who had the clew, and those only:

"How do you do, Lizzie? How do you do, Nelly? And, Nelly, I want to thank you for a real service in connection with my birthday invitations. But for *you* I should have missed a very welcome guest. I shall never forget this, you may be sure."

"I—I—" But for once Nelly Lyder's ready speech failed her. Her cousin tried to take up her words, tried to say something about April fun, tried to smile, to laugh, but the laugh died upon her lips, and she was only too glad to move on with Nelly into the room beyond, and there, out of the range of observation for a moment, the two expressed their astonishment and dismay at Marian's knowledge, and wondered how she came by it.

"But to think of her taking an April joke so seriously as to make much of Angela Joscelyn, just to come up with *me!*" burst out Nelly.

"And to think," burst out Lizzie, with a little sly laugh, "that it is *you* who have introduced Angela to Marian's good graces, and that it is *you*, after all, who have been made the April-fool and not Angela!"

## SLIDING THROUGH THE AIR.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

AT Knoxville, Tennessee, they have a novel way of crossing the broad river that bears the name of the State. The city horse-cars take you out to the station, and in a few minutes you may find yourself suspended by two thin-looking cables that stretch away to the tall bluffs on the opposite side. You glide smoothly along, getting higher and higher, until the earth and river seem to be dropping away from beneath you, and the sensation is odd and strange as you look down from the side of the car, which is capable of seating sixteen passengers (and often carries more). You can imagine how a bird must feel: and if the trip is made for the first time you heave a sigh of relief when you feel the earth beneath your feet again. It seems hardly possible that those two parallel cables, only 1¾ inches in diameter, could be strong enough to hold the weight they are required to, yet each is supposed to be able to support sixty tons. The span between the river-banks is over 1060 feet, and on the southern side, where the tall bluffs are, you are 350 feet above the water—no small distance to drop, and this idea probably crosses your mind quite often on the first two or three trips. The propelling force is on the Knoxville side; it consists of two twenty-horse-power engines that operate the hauling cable attached to the car. The trip upward takes about three minutes and a half, and the descent takes only half a minute, the propelling force in this case being gravity. You literally coast down through space, and if the first trip was exciting, this one proves doubly so. As there is nothing close to gauge your speed by, it seems like a dangerous pace; the station grows nearer and nearer; the earth seems to be coming up this time to meet you. It is not strange to say that there is very little talking on this downward trip by those who take it for the very first time. The car is provided with automatic brakes, which arrest its motion if the propelling cable breaks or slips the drum. The cables that support the car are firmly anchored on either side, and provision is made for taking up the slack.



THE GIBRALTAR CAR

Not long ago the brakes on this same aerial cable car were put to a severe test. The propelling (or lifting, better) strand *did* break, and down rushed the car, swaying and jumping on the two supporting cables. The brakes stopped it when 200 feet above the river, and so tightly had they gripped the wire that the passengers were compelled to abandon the car in mid-air, and lower themselves down a rope to boats in the river. Luckily there were no ladies in the party.

They tell a story of an old darky who lives not far from the picnic-grounds on the top of the tall bluffs. It was in order to make these grounds more easy of access that the cables were thrown across the river. This old darky never could be persuaded to take the car. When he wished to go to Knoxville he would climb down the rocky path to the shore and row himself across, content to watch "dem foolish white folks" gliding over-



THE AERIAL RAILWAY RUNNING DOWN FROM "LOVER'S LEAP."

head. On the day that the car got caught out on the line he was half way across the river, and looking up he perceived that something was wrong. He stopped rowing. "Dat jess what I said 'd happen," he remarked to the other occupant of the boat. "Folks better stick to dis yer earth, an' leave de air to de birds dar off. Heah me talkin'." One day they lured him inside the car on the pretence of showing the old man how it worked; then off they started. Old Tom closed his eyes. When they arrived on the other side some one asked him how he felt. "Well, sah," he replied, "it's mos' like flyin' of anything I know on, sah. Sho 'nuff I could feel the pin feathers comin' out all oveh me. Yes, sah, dat's de truff." He has become quite used to it by this time, however.



YOU LITERALLY COAST DOWN THROUGH SPACE.

Probably before long they may have a cable line like this over the Hudson River, and when you take your first trip you will see that the "pin-feathers" just describe the sensation.

Another cable line, only much smaller and for a different purpose, has been built at Gibraltar, the English stronghold at the entrance to the Mediterranean Sea. They call it over there "the aerial railway," and in this case the car is capable of holding only three or four occupants, and runs, as the illustration shows, upon a single cable. There is a signal-tower at the top of the high rock that is called "El Hacho," which means a fagot saturated with pitch, with which the Moors, who once owned Gibraltar, used to signal in the olden times. Until lately it was approached on foot by a covered passageway, but now the signal-man goes up seated comfortably in the little car. An engine at the foot runs the propelling cable. In case of war, if a hostile fleet were sighted from "El Hacho," signals would flash that would turn the whole face of the great rock into a bristling array of great yawning guns, and the vessel would be fortunate that could escape the hail of iron that would be turned loose upon her.

Since 1704 Gibraltar has been English, and England has spent millions and millions of pounds sterling upon making it the greatest fortress in the world. In June of 1779 the Spanish made a great attempt to regain their lost stronghold, and then began a struggle that has hardly been equalled in history. Just think of a siege that lasted three long years and more, with only seven thousand men on the side of the English, and forty thousand against them. For weeks and weeks six thousand shells were thrown daily into the town and against the stone defences. The commander, General Elliot, was often at his wits' end to feed his troops and provide the munitions of war. They shot back many of the cannon-balls that the Spanish poured at them, and repulsed a grand attack that lasted five days. No wonder that Parliament voted thanks to that brave garrison, and the King knighted General Elliot after peace was declared in 1783. Every year England increases the facilities and conveniences for defence of the great rock, and the aerial railway, which renders quick communication between the different parts of the rock possible, is one of the latest additions.

In the Pyrenees—the mountains between France and Spain—is the longest span of cable in the world—twelve hundred yards between the two supporting ends. Here



THE CAR ON ITS WAY ACROSS.

one car goes up as the other goes down and the engine that furnishes the power is at the higher end. These cable lines or aerial railways are very safe, despite their light appearance, and there is probably less danger than climbing up such slopes on rails and on the earth. Before long we may see elevated cable roads running on the level as they cost much less to build than those where the cable runs beneath ground.

## FRED FOLGER'S REVENGE.

BY HERBERT LAWS WEBB.

UNCLE ALEC often asked Fred why he did not apply for a patent on that famous telephonograph that he exhibited at Christmas. The younger boys, too, made many ungracious and flippant remarks about "those scientific smarties that were always riggin' up experiments and never makin' 'em work." Fred said nothing, but bided his time. He had been rather mortified by the accident that happened when he was setting free the bottled-up voice of Uncle Alec on Christmas eve, and he acknowledged, inwardly at least, that he had been saved from utter confusion only by the timely arrival of Uncle Alec himself. He was accordingly quite grateful to Uncle Alec for having saved the situation, and bore his little jokes all the better, because for the most part they were uttered privately, and before the others Uncle Alec loyally upheld Fred's scientific reputation by discussing with him most seriously the wonders of the telephone, the phonograph, and electrical appliances in general.

His comparative failure, however, on the occasion of the Christmas-eve lecture, and the chaff it had given rise to, had put Fred on his mettle, and he was determined to do something to retrieve his reputation and turn the tables on the scoffers. He worked harder than ever in his laboratory, and denied himself many little pleasures and extravagances in order to spend more money on coils and batteries and magnets with which to conduct his experiments. He read the electrical papers with avidity, and tried times without number to reproduce some of the startling effects he saw described in them, but generally without much success.

Fred's enthusiasm was so great that he even managed to arouse some in his chum Jack Hastings, who had previously rather looked down on scientific matters. Jack was of a very practical turn of mind. He said, "I don't see the fun of messing with those things just for the sake of *messing* with 'em. If you can really make 'em *do* anything, why, then, I should say there's something in it."

Fred modestly mentioned the electric bells and the telephones and the burglar alarms.

"Yes," went on Jack, "they're all very well. At least they would be if they worked all right, but half the time they don't work. Besides, any bloomin' bell-hanger could fix those things up. Why don't you do something new?"

Fred was rather hurt at that, and turned the conversation to baseball.

A few days after he said to Jack, "I say, Jack, how would you like for us to be able to talk to each other when we are at home?"

"Well, it strikes me we are able to talk all right now."

"No, no. I mean when you are at your house and I at mine."

"Now, Freddie, don't get springing any telegraph or telephone lines on me."

"I don't mean a telegraph or a telephone line at all, old chap. That would be the best thing, but the line would cost too much to build."

"What then? We can't *think* to each other by electricity."

"No, that hasn't been done yet, though it has been tried, I've read."

"Oh, bother, Fred! Don't start with your books now. Tell us what you mean."

I sha'n't do anything of the sort. But if you'll come here to-night, I'll show you how we can talk to each other without any wire or telephone or anything of the sort."

Jack had to be content with that, because Fred positively refused to explain himself any further.

In the evening he went to Fred's workshop, and found him tapping away at a telegraph key, with a book on telegraphy on the table in front of him, open at the place where the Morse code of signals was set out in full.

"There! I said it 'd be a telegraph scheme," exclaimed Jack, in an injured tone. "And I sha'n't have anything to do with it."

"Well, that's just where you're wrong, chappie. It isn't a telegraph scheme, as you call it, at all."

"Do you think I don't know a telegraph key when I see it?"

"Perhaps you do. It is a sort of a telegraph, but just kindly tell me where you see the sounder, or the printer, or whatever you've seen used *with* the telegraph key."

Jack looked round, and found the invitation something of a staggerer. "Well," he said at last, "among a'l this truck it might be anything, or anything might be it. Come, tell us, Freddie, what you're after."

Fred softened at that. "All right; now I'll show you my plan for telegraphing without any wires. I read the other day that some chap over in England had been doing it at quite long distances, but he uses dynamos and all sorts of gear. I fell in love with the idea, and thought it would just suit us, but I couldn't afford to do it his way, so I struck on this scheme. It isn't really new at all, but it works first rate, and I dare say it 'll be new to you, Jack." As he was speaking, Fred turned out the lights in the room, leaving it in perfect darkness, much to Jack's astonishment.

"Why, what on earth are you up to?" he exclaimed.

Just then Fred stumbled back into his seat, and groped for the telegraph key. As he put his hand on it a bar of bright light shone out from the far corner of the room right into Jack's eyes. The next moment it was gone, and the room was in total darkness again.

"Eh — er — what was that?" said Jack, with a jump.

"It's all right, old chap. Sit fast," sung out Fred, cheerily.

Then he began tapping the key steadily, and the light broke out again, appearing and disappearing in a bewildering succession of flashes. It flashed long and short flashes, and little sets of stuttering flashes, and combinations of short and long ones, until Jack cried out at last, "Here, stop it. You're dazzling my eyes until I sha'n't be able to see anything for a month."

Fred stopped tapping the key, and the flashing light went out. "Now," he said, "we can sit in the dark for your poor eyes to recover, and I will explain the working of this little scheme. You see, of course, it isn't intended to work at short range like this."

"I should hope not," said Jack, feelingly. "Seems to me I can still see that light dancing in front of my eyes."

"No doubt," replied Fred, with his true scientific air. "That light, though, is just an ordinary bull's-eye lantern, with a shutter over the glass. The shutter works on a pivot, and can be pulled away by an electro-magnet. When I press the key, you see," said Fred, tapping on the key as he spoke, "the magnet pulls the shutter away. By signalling with the key I make short and long flashes, and anybody who understands the Morse code can read them."

"But I can't understand the Morse code, and I don't believe I could learn it in a month," objected Jack.

"Oh, pshaw! it's as easy as pie when once you get the hang of it," said Fred. "It only wants a little practice,

and you never forget it, and you've no idea how useful it is. There are lots of ways that we could talk to each other without anybody knowing what we said if we both knew it well."

"Are there? What ways?"

"Oh, by tapping on anything so as to make little clicks, or by flashing with a mirror, or by wiggling something to and fro."

"H'm! Well, that would be rather fun. But how would you use this flash-lamp business?"

"Why, just like telegraphing. You make the dots and dashes on the key, and that works the shutter, and the lamp makes short and long flashes; the short ones are the dots and the long ones the dashes. Just like this," added Fred, tapping the key, and flashing several letters of the Morse code.

"But why not work the lamp by hand?" asked Jack. "What's the use of having all the electrical gear?"

"Because often you want to have the lamp high up, so as people can see it from a distance. That's how they signal at night from ship to ship in the navy. The lantern is slung up at the masthead, and an officer works the key down on the deck."

"Do they really, though?" said Jack, enthusiastically. "Go on, Freddie, and tell us all about it. How could we use it?" Fred had reached his friend's tender point, because Jack's great ambition was to be a sailor, and everything belonging to the navy had a mighty interest for him.

"Well," said Fred, rather loftily, turning up the lights, "I don't know as it's worth while. You seem to find such a pile of objections."

"Oh no. Come, now, old chappie, don't be mean. I think it would be splendid, just splendid, to flash to each other like that. Show us the Morse alphabet."

Fred yielded, and in a few minutes he was deep in explanations of the construction of his electric-signalling lamps and the working of them, and before Jack went home he learnt to tap out on the key half of the Morse alphabet, all of which he had forgotten the next day except *e*, which he remembered because it is only a single dot. After a week's steady practice, however, he became quite proficient, and could tap off whole sentences, and read them too by the flashes of the lamp.

Once or twice the flashing lamps led to rather awkward misunderstandings. One night, just after they began to work, one of Mrs. Hasting's maids was coming home from a visit to her cousin's, and saw the light. She came rushing into the parlor and exclaimed: "Oh, Lor', mum, one of the chimney's afire. There's fire coming out of it up on the roof. I see it as I come up the hill." There was a fine commotion for a few minutes while every one rushed about to see which chimney it was. Jack, hearing the noise, came down from his room and explained matters. The very next night Mr. Folger was surprised to receive a visit from a sergeant of police.

"I've got men posted all round the house, Mr. Folger, and we'll catch him sure enough. Must be a pretty fool to begin work at this time o' night!"

"Catch whom? What fool?" said Mr Folger, staring at the sergeant in amazement.

"Why," said the sergeant, with a sly chuckle, "there's a burglar up on your roof. I saw his light moving about as he showed it over the coping, and I trotted some of my men up here to nab him quietly."

"Oh, nonsense," said Mr. Folger. "I'll just send up for Fred and see what he's doing." Fred came down and soon satisfied his father, but the sergeant wouldn't go till he had examined the roof and the mysterious lantern, and even then he didn't entirely recover his temper.

One night toward the end of March, Fred's lamp flashed out. "Come over at once. Want see you urgently."

"What for?" flashed back Jack.

"Got an idea."

"What about?"

"Can't explain this way. Come over."

"Is it important?"

"Yes, very. Something electrical. Come over."

"All right."

"Well, let's have it," said Jack, without ceremony, when he arrived at the workshop where Fred was awaiting him.

"Oh, it's too lovely," said Fred. "Look here, I've been trying for ever so long to find something to get even with the kids about that Christmas business. You remember about Uncle Alec and the phonograph? Well, I've just hit on a scheme, and you'll have to help me, because there's only a few days before the first."

"The first what?" asked Jack.

"Why, the 1st of April, of course."

"An April-fool's joke, eh? Well, what's the racket?"

"Well, you know what I was telling the other day, about the Tesla business—induction coils, and all that. Well, I couldn't exactly make anything out of that, but this is something in the same line. You see, I take a coil and a fair-sized battery and run wires, and—" and here Fred whispered energetically in Jack's ear for a few minutes, as if afraid of some one overhearing his explanation, though they were quite alone. Jack was simply doubled up with laughter before he had finished.

"Oh, my," he said, faintly, at last, "what a breakfast it 'll be! But do you really think we can fix all that so as to work all right? And do you think the mater will let you do it?"

"Why, yes, I think so. I think I can get round the mater all right. It won't hurt anybody, you know."

"No; but how about the table?"

"Well, it is rather awkward about the table."

"How will you manage it?"

"I thought at first of getting a pine table rigged up, but I don't think they'd let us do that. But I've got a lot of white covered wire; it only needs very fine wire, you know, and it doesn't show against the table-cloth. I'll get them to put on several small table-cloths, and we can bring out the wires in between them."

"Yes, that would do it all right," said Jack.

"And then I'll hold the switch, and I'll have Robert outside to close up the shutters suddenly at the last, so as to show up the illumination with the Geissler tubes."

"Pity we couldn't have it at night," said Jack.

"Yes, it would be better, but it must be before twelve or we'd be April-fools ourselves."

Very early in the morning on the 1st of April, Fred and Jack were hard at work in the dining-room. They were laying the table for breakfast. It was evidently a very long job, and that is probably why they got up so very early to spare the maids their usual work. There were some strange-looking boxes and coils underneath the table, and the cloth did not look so neat as it usually did. There seemed to be several loose seams in it, and a close inspection showed some loose threads, or what appeared to be loose threads, over parts of the cloth. While they were deep in their work the door opened, and Sarah, the waitress, appeared. She stopped short in the doorway, gazed at the table and then at Fred, who was stooping over a coil that gave out a slight humming sound.

"Lor'," she said. Then Fred rushed at her and pushed her out of the room.

"Get out, Sally," he said, "the table's all laid, and if it isn't we'll finish it. You needn't come till they ring for you to serve breakfast." With that he returned to the coil, and looked from it to a curious frame that he had hung up in the darkest corner of the room. The frame seemed to be giving out glimmers of light.

At breakfast-time Mr. and Mrs. Folger and Uncle Alec appeared first. Mrs. Folger looked rather nervous, Mr.



"OW, OW, OH!" HE HOWLED. "I'VE CUT MYSELF."

Folger's eyes were twinkling, and as for Uncle Alec, he was on a broad grin.

"Now mind, Fred, none of your nonsense with Muriel. She is too young for such jokes," said Mrs. Folger. "And I can't say I like them even for the others."

"Oh, come, now, mother, don't you get grumpy at the last moment, after having been such a duck about all the arrangements. Muriel's place is just the same as always," said Fred.

"All right, my dear. I suppose it is too late to say anything now."

Then the younger ones came in and took their places.

"Why, why is Jack here?" exclaimed Bobby.

"Well, that's not very gracious," said Mr. Folger. "Fred asked him over." Fred looked gratefully at his father, for he was a trifle confused by the question.

"Oh," said Bobby, "funny idea to ask a chap to breakfast." And he took hold of his knife and fork.

He dropped them again with a clatter.

"Ow, ow, oh!" he howled. "I've cut myself."

"Nonsense," said Uncle Alec, with a cheerful smile. "Where's the blood?" Mrs. Folger looked at Fred.

"Can't see any blood," said Bobby, turning his hands over and over, "but it hurt like fury."

Just then Ethel, who had been toying with her fork, took up her knife. She immediately clutched tight hold of both knife and fork, and shook and gasped for a few moments. Then Fred, talking unconcernedly with Jack, put his hand under the table and turned off the switch. Ethel gave a sigh, and put down her knife and fork.

"Why, what's the matter, Ethel; don't you want any breakfast?" asked Mr. Folger. "I can't think what has come over you children this morning. Now, just look at Harry and Bob!"

Bob had cautiously approached his knife and fork again, and finding nothing wrong, had begun to use them. Harry was just putting a tempting morsel into his mouth when, as Mr. Folger was speaking, Fred turned the switch on again. Bob dropped his knife and fork with a clash and sat back straight, and Harry's tidbit did not reach its destination.

"Well, it's perfectly astonishing how badly behaved you children are," said Uncle Alec, cheerfully.

"St'ikes me dey've all dorn mad," piped up Muriel, who had been going through her breakfast in a most businesslike manner.

The young ones didn't know what to make of it. As often as they took their knives and forks they felt a sharp tingling sensation, that either made them clutch hold so tightly that they couldn't leave go until the tingling mysteriously stopped, or else made them drop the things before they fairly got hold of them, just as if they were red-hot. Not a mouthful could any of them eat. What was worse, nobody seemed to take any notice of them. Fred and Jack were talking nineteen to the dozen, Mrs. Folger was attending to Muriel or buried in the newspaper, and Mr. Folger and Uncle Alec were talking politics in very loud tones. It was a perfect babel of voices. Sarah looked on in amazement, giving a little jump now and then as Ethel or Bob or Harry or Amy caught up their bewitched knives or forks and dropped them suddenly, or struggled with them for a few seconds.

As Fred drained his coffee-cup for the last time he waved his napkin in the air, and then the shutters were suddenly closed and the room was left in darkness. A strange dim light seemed to come from somewhere.

"Why, look up there, over the picture of the stag."

They all looked up. Up over the picture was the peculiar frame that Fred had hung up, and it held large letters that glowed with a bluish light—"April-fools."

When the shutters were opened Fred and Jack had disappeared. They came back soon after, when the young ones had finished their breakfast, to gather up their coils and batteries, and to set free the knives and forks.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RALTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

### INTRODUCING "OLD KITE ROBERSON."

CAPTAIN DUFF was not visible when Phil reached the *Seamew;* but the mate received him, and in answer to his inquiry as to the whereabouts of his friend, pointed to the forecastle. There our lad found Serge, from whom he was desirous of obtaining some information concerning the schooner's master, in whose power he had so deliberately placed himself. Having had no experience in shipping as one of the crew of a vessel, Phil did not realize how fully he had done this; but he had seen enough of Captain Duff's peculiar manner to render him rather nervous now that the irrevocable step was taken.

Serge could only say that while the subject of their conversation was almost as much of a mystery to him as to Phil, he had at least proved himself a capital seaman. Also that while his frequent outbursts of temper were frightful to witness, no serious consequences had thus far resulted from them. No one had, however, ventured to thwart his will in the slightest, and all hands regarded him with more or less of fear.

While the two lads were thus talking there came a sudden call for all hands to up anchor and make sail, whereupon they tumbled up on deck and turned to with a will, Phil working with the rest to the best of his limited knowledge concerning what was to be done.

Before a light off-shore breeze the trim schooner slipped out of the cove, and, as the sun was sinking behind the snow-capped Olympic mountains, gained the waters of the Strait of Fuca, through which she would reach the open sea.

While Phil stood gazing at the fast-fading land, feeling a little homesick and lonely, Jalap Coombs informed him that the Captain wished him to bring his things aft into the cabin.

As the lad had not seen his recently acquired outfit since coming aboard he had nothing to carry, and so entered the cabin with empty hands.

"Where is your rifle?" demanded the Captain, as soon as he appeared.

"I left it behind, sir."

"What!" roared the other, springing to his feet with every appearance of violent rage. "Left it behind? Cheated me out of a first-class rifle? Never mind; it shall be charged to your account."

Then, working himself into an increase of passion, he bellowed: "You young villain! I've a mind to brain you for this," and seizing a stool from the floor he lifted it threateningly, at the same time taking a step forward.

Phil's first impulse was to fly from the presence of one whom he had every reason to believe was a madman. On second thoughts he turned, and, with very pale face but an untrembling voice, said: "You don't dare do it. You are a coward, and you know it as well as I do."

For the first time in all his sea-going life big, red faced, bullying Captain Duff was bearded in his own den, and that by a mere slip of a boy, as he regarded the lad now so boldly confronting him. He was a coward at heart, and he knew it. His very air of bluster and bravado, assumed so long ago that it had become a second nature, was worn solely for the purpose of misleading his associates, and hiding from them his true character. This manner was so well borne out by his size and his ferocious expression that until this time he had succeeded in inspiring awe merely by noise and aspect. Now his true character was known, the fraud that he had perpetrated so successfully and so long was discovered, and like a great gorgeous soap-bubble his inflated wind-bag of bravery had been pricked and dissipated.



"YOU DON'T DARE DO IT. YOU'RE A COWARD."

The collapse of this roaring preference was so sudden and complete as to be staggering. For a moment the man stood motionless with the stool still uplifted, but with every vestige of color fled from his ordinarily crimson face. Then the stool dropped to the floor with a crash, and he tottered limply backward into the huge arm-chair that he had occupied when Phil entered the cabin. His eyes rolled, his breath came in gasps, and a hoarse rattling issued from his throat.

During this extraordinary scene Phil stood his ground, outwardly calm and resolute, but wondering whether he was to be eaten or skinned alive for his audacity. At length, realizing that the enemy was powerless for the time being, he left the cabin, and reported to the mate on deck that he believed Captain Duff was having a fit, and needed attention.

Upon this Jalap Coombs cautiously approached the sky-light, and peered down into the cabin. Then he as cautiously tiptoed back to where Phil was standing. "I ruther guess we'd best leave him alone to fight it out," he said. "He's a born fighter, Cap'n Duff is, an' he's had 'em afore. As my friend old Kite Roberson uster say consarning fits: 'When a ordinary seaman takes a notion to indulge in 'em, roll him on deck, dowse him with buckets of salt-water, and otherwise wrastle 'em out of him, fer he 'ain't no business with any such luxuries. With a cap'n, though, it's diffrunt. He's a priverleged character, and when he feels inclined fer a fit, he wants to enjoy it, and have it out without interference, same as ef it war a glass o' grog. So never interrupt a cap'n's fits ef you want to have peace *and* quietness aboard ship.' That's what old Kite uster say, and he must er knowed, 'cause he'd had more millions of experience than most."

"Who was this Mr. Robinson?" asked Phil.

"Who! Kite—old Kite Roberson? 'Tain't likely now that ye never heerd of him? Why, he was one of the best-known men. By his own 'count he'd been 'round the world more times than there is parallels of latitood, and some of his charts looked like spider-webs they war kivered so thick with his tracks. Why, he come from the same place as me, old Kite did, and sometimes it makes me feel prouder 'n a mere mortal man orter feel to think that him and me was fashioned outer the same clay, as it war, and brung up on the same air."

"It must be a great satisfaction," remarked Phil, politely. Then, to show his interest in the subject, he asked: "But where is your native place, Mr. Coombs? You are a down-Easter, are you not?"

"Sartain I am," replied the mate. "A genuine down-Easter is the one thing in this watery earth I can surely claim to be. But whether I'm a Britisher or a Yankee is the problem I'm wearing my life out trying to solve."

"That seems queer," said Phil, reflectively.

"Queer ain't no name fer it. It's simply rediculous. Ye see, when they settled the boundary 'twixt Maine and the Provinces, they run it plumb through my father's house, and as nigh as I kin figger I was born straddle of the line. After that I was brung up fust on one side, and then on t'other; so that ef one man says I'm a Britisher and another says I'm a Yank, they ain't nuther of 'em lying, nor yet they ain't telling the truth. Sometimes I feel as ef I war a British subjeck, and again like a full-blown American citizen. It depends mostly on the weather. When it's damp *and* foggy, like it is now, I ginerally feels like a subjeck. Old Kite Roberson he uster say—"

Just then came the note of a siren fog-horn over the waters from dead ahead. A dense mist had rolled in from the sea, obscuring the light on Race Island, the most southerly of the few light stations maintained on the coast of British Columbia. All the time that he was talking with Phil, Jalap Coombs had also been keeping a sharp lookout for this light. Now, at the first note of its siren, he sprang up, transformed in an instant from a shambling garrulous "subjeck," as he called himself, into an alert and thoroughly capable Yankee sailor.

"Ready about!" he shouted, in clear, crisp tones. "Hard a-lee!" And a minute later, as the lively craft spun round to a deafening accompaniment of rattling blocks and slatting canvas, "Draw away!" With this the schooner settled comfortably down on her new course, and bending gracefully over before a damp sea-breeze, sped swiftly away from the threatened dangers of Race Island rocks.

About this time Ebenezer, the black cook, announced that supper was ready in the cabin, and the mate, after a long careful look both to windward and leeward, suggested to Phil that they might as well go below and "stow a cargo of chuck."

In the cabin, which was fairly roomy and well ventilated, stood a table on which supper was spread, a small stove for heating purposes only, the Captain's big arm-chair, several stools, and a short bench. On two sides were single tiers of comfortable-looking bunks, five in all. On the starboard side was a closed door that evidently opened into a small state-room, and on the port side was a narrow passage leading to the galley, an unusual luxury of appointment in schooners of the *Seamew's* class, and one that assured the safe and speedy transmission of food from the stove on which it was cooked.

Captain Duff was nowhere to be seen when Phil and the mate entered the cabin, and in answer to Phil's inquiring glance, the latter pointed significantly with his thumb toward the closed state-room door. There were, however, two other occupants of the cabin, both young men. They were already seated at the table, and eating with silence and despatch. They did not speak to Phil nor he to them, and as the mate also ate in silence the meal was uninterrupted save by the steady clatter of knives, forks, and spoons against that peculiarly thick and indestructible form of china known as stone-ware.

The two young men finished first, pushed back from the table, lighted their pipes, and left the cabin.

"Who are they?" asked Phil, after they had disappeared.

"Hunters," was Mr. Coombs's laconic answer.

Then he too pushed back from the table, and Phil hastened to ask him before he could leave the cabin where he should find his bag, as he wished to get a pea jacket from it.

The mate merely pointed to an end berth on the port side, in which, sure enough, Phil spied a new canvas bag that he now recognized as his own.

"Am I to bunk in here?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Sartain," replied Mr. Coombs, and then he too vanished up the companion-way.

## CHAPTER X.

### PHIL DISCOVERS WHAT HE IS.

"WELL, this is a queer go!" thought Phil, as he extricated the heavy pea-jacket from his "sea-trunk," and put it on. "I never heard of a green hand before the mast being fed and lodged in the cabin. I must find Serge, and ask him about it."

The night seemed intensely dark as he gained the deck, and for a few minutes he stood still to accustom his senses to it. He had found the slide drawn over the companion-way, and, as on emerging he shoved it back, he was gruffly requested by the helmsman to "shut it, quick!" Phil was enough of a sailor to know that this was so the glare of the cabin lamp might not blind the man and render it impossible for him to steer. So he immediately pulled the slide to, and then stood leaning against it.

He could feel the chill dampness of the mist on his

cheek, and could see it driving by in the red and green blurs from the side lights in the forward rigging. From the binnacle near at hand also came a faint glow of reflected light that vaguely outlined the man at the wheel. All else was a gray blackness, upon which the lofty masts and flattened sails were traced in deeper shadows, like Indian-ink against crayon. Two or three glowing sparks from lighted pipes showed where the watch on deck were gathered in the lee of the weather bulwarks. Phil started toward these, but ere he had taken half a dozen steps he ran plump into the mate, who was standing facing him on the weather side of the deck.

"Hello, young feller!" cried that worthy, as soon as he recovered the breath of which Phil's sudden onset had deprived him; "ye seem to be blundering ahead like a June bug in an electric flare. Aren't ye afraid ye'll walk overboard next, and step on the tail of a merry-maid?"

"No, sir," laughed the lad; "and I'm awfully sorry I ran into you. But I didn't see you, indeed I didn't."

"No wonder," replied the mate, good-naturedly, "for I'm too thin to make a respecterble shadder, much less to cast one. Ef it had been the Cap'n now, ye couldn't have missed seeing him any more than ye could the broadside of a ship. By-the-way, had the old man turned out when ye left?"

"No, sir. I didn't see him."

"Waal, ye'd not only seen him, but heerd him fast enough ef he had. He gets so cramped up in that cubby-hole of his'n that when he comes out he has to roar to get his lungs in working order again. It's a marciful dispensation of Proverdence I'm not a Cap'n, for I never could abide to sleep in one of them chicken-coops."

"He doesn't have to, does he?" inquired Phil.

"Sartain he does, to maintain his nautical dignity. All Cap'ns has to occupy state-rooms, pervided their vessels has 'em, no matter whether they fit or not. Why, there was my friend old Kite Roberson, longer than I be by half, so that when he was only a mate he had to have two end-to-end bunks cut into one to give him stretching-room. When he come to be Cap'n he had to take a state-room that had been built fer a short man, and couldn't in no way be lengthened. Poor old Kite naturally hated it, but for the sake of his perfessional dig he uster crawl in there and double himself up like a shut jackknife. Bimeby it got so that in the morning they had to pull him out in sections, like a spy-glass, and rig preventer back-stays on his legs to keep him from getting sprung in the knees. As it was, he got so bent over that finally his head got under his left arm, and he uster turn round backward to see for'ard, but he never gave up his dig, which he allus said it war his proudest boast."

After Phil had politely allowed such time to elapse that the mate might think he was laughing over this yarn, he said,

"By-the-way, Mr. Coombs, when do I go on watch?"

"You?" replied the other. "You don't have to stand no watch. Hunters never does."

"Am I a—" began Phil; but his question was forced to remain unasked, for at that moment some subtle sense informed the mate that it was again time to change the schooner's course, and he bawled out, "Ready about!" In the confusion that followed he disappeared, and Phil stumbled forward, more anxious than ever to meet with Serge, and beg him to throw the light of his superior knowledge on the situation.

He discovered his friend snugly stowed away in a forecastle berth. Here, as half a dozen men constituting the watch below occupied other berths in the extremely narrow quarters allotted to the crew, the lads were obliged to converse in whispers to avoid being overheard, as well as not to disturb those who slept.

"Why haven't you been to supper, old man?" began Phil.

"I have, long ago," replied Serge; "but where have you been all this time? I was beginning to worry about you."

"Been in the cabin eating supper, mostly; but I didn't see you there."

"Eating in the cabin!" exclaimed Serge, springing up so carelessly in his excitement that he bumped his head against the bottom of the berth above him. "You don't mean it! Are you going to bunk there, too?"

"I'm afraid so. You see, I don't exactly like to ask a favor of Captain Duff, or I'd try for permission to sleep in here with you."

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Serge. "You don't mean that. You know you don't. Why, man, the mere fact that you are billeted in the cabin instead of in the forecastle shows that you must be rated as a hunter."

"Why must I?" inquired Phil, in a puzzled tone. "And pray what is a hunter?"

"One who hunts, of course. He lives aft, and don't have to stand watch "

"So Mr. Coombs said," interrupted Phil.

"Nor do any of the ship's work," continued Serge.

"Am I to be allowed to do anything at all except suck my thumbs and maintain my 'dig,' like old Kite Robinson?" asked the young hunter.

"Oh! you've heard of him, have you? Of course you will be allowed to do something. You will be allowed to shoot, and not only that, but you will be expected to shoot all day, and every day from sunrise to sunset; and mighty hard work you will find it, too, before you get through with it."

"Shoot!" cried Phil, forgetting all about the necessity for whispering. "Shoot what? Fish?"

"Shoot up, and stow yer jaw tackle," growled the sleepy voice of the forecastle wit from an upper berth.

"Shoot fish! of course not," whispered Serge. "You will shoot seals and sea-otter, if we have the good luck to run across any. Oh! I am so glad you have got that berth, for I've been wondering and fretting over how you'd get along as a foremast hand; but now it will be all smooth sailing."

"But I don't understand yet," protested Phil. "This is the first mention I have heard of seals or sea-otter. I thought this was a fishing schooner."

"So she is," replied Serge, a little impatiently; "but on this coast all fishermen are pelagic sealers as well whenever they get a chance, and they generally try to ship two or three good shots among the crew to act as hunters. The regular sealers, who go over on the Japan coast, fix for the business, and carry six or seven hunters. On this side, though, and especially if there is a chance of going into the sea they generally clear as fishermen. It makes it easier to explain, you understand, if they happen to get nabbed by the cutters. We gathered in two or three hundred skins coming up the coast, and I heard Captain Duff say that if he could get hold of a first-class hunter he'd like to ship him. Strange that I never thought of you for that position, when I knew what a good shot you are, too. That must be why he changed his mind so suddenly about taking you along, for at first he declared he couldn't think of such a thing. I do wonder, though, how he happened to know that you could shoot."

Phil thought he knew, for he remembered the crowd of sailormen who were gathered about the shooting-gallery in Victoria the day before, and who had applauded his score; but he was too full of questions just now to waste time on explanations.

Where did people shoot seals and how? Out at sea or on land? With rifles or shotguns? What did Serge mean by "pelagic sealers"? What did he mean by going into the sea? What did he mean by getting "nabbed"?

As our young traveller, to whom a new world of strange men, strange animals, and strange scenes was about to be

opened, poured forth these questions concerning it, Serge, to whom the whole business of sealing was an old story, answered

"I could give several hours to telling you the whole [illegible] and [illegible] before going on watch at midnight. So if, like a good fellow, you will turn in now, and restrain your curiosity till morning, I will then do my best to answer all your questions."

Apologizing for his thoughtlessness, Phil accepted his friend's suggestion; and making his way back to the cabin, took possession of the bunk Jalap Coombs had said was to be his. As he lay there listening to the gurgle of waters on the other side of the thin plank separating him from them, he could not help contrasting his present position with that of only twenty-four hours before, and marvelling at the wonderful changes that may be made in one's surroundings, circumstances, and whole plan of life in the brief space of a single day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## DOOR HARDWARE.

BY J. HARRY ADAMS.

THERE are, perhaps, very few boys and girls who would suppose that from a few pieces of sheet-iron such as stove-pipes are made of, some oval-headed carpet tacks, and a few rings of various sizes and shapes, a blacksmith can make at a small cost some very handsome and artistic door hardware could be made. But it is true, however; and what appears to be a very difficult thing to make is sometimes very easy if one only knows how.

Many attractive finishing touches may be added to the interior of the house if one has the artistic and mechanical ability to originate and carry out the ideas, and by bringing the simplest and least expensive materials into play some of the most pleasing results may be obtained at a comparatively small cost. Here, for instance, in the illustrations are some suggestions for hinges, escutcheons, door-knockers, etc., that any smart boy can make with the aid of a few simple tools and materials and some black paint.

At a tinsmith's purchase a few sheets of thin iron about the same weight as that used for stove-pipes. It should be of the best quality of scaled or cleaned iron, as that will be much easier to cut and work than the common grades.

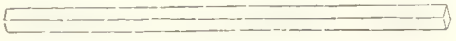


FIG. 1.

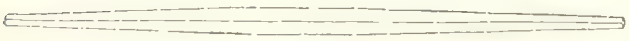


FIG. 2.

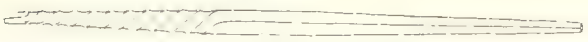


FIG. 3.

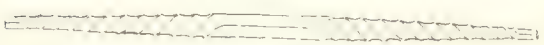


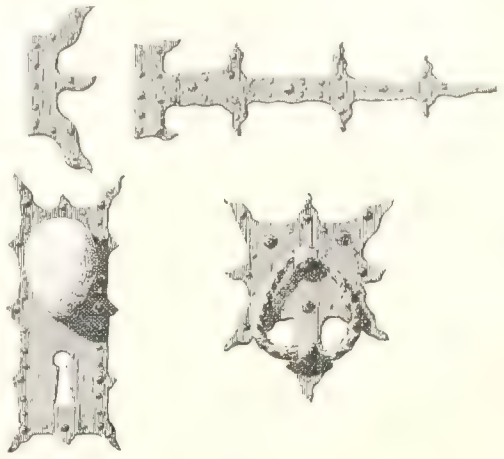
FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

To cut this iron you will need a pair of tinman's shears and two cold-chisels—one with a blade three-sixteenths of an inch wide, and the other with the cutting edge about three-eighths of an inch wide. A sharp-pointed awl will be necessary also, with which to punch holes through the iron to receive the tacks that fasten the iron work to the wood-casing or door, as it may be.

The other tools necessary will be several small files, an old flat-iron, a small hard-wood mallet, a hammer, and a bench or table vise to hold the iron when it is being filed.



DESIGN NO. 1.

It will be necessary to have some ten-ounce oval-headed carpet tacks, and some still larger, sixteen or eighteen ounce, if you can get them. But as there is so little call for such a large tack, they are not kept in the majority of hardware stores. If you find it impossible to get them as large as that, then use round-headed brass upholsterer's tacks, and when painted black they will look like iron.

Design No. 1 is a set of hardware for a front door or an inside door. It is rather odd in appearance, and will produce an artistic effect if worked out well.

If this design is applied to an outside door, the long hinge-strap will look best if it will fit on the style, and not interfere with any panelling or glass.

The knocker may also be used on the outside, and should be placed in the centre above the middle. If these are to decorate an inside door, the smaller hinge-strap will perhaps be better, as it is less conspicuous, and will be better adapted to the place.

Before cutting out any of the plates or escutcheons from iron it is best to first cut them from heavy paper, and hold these in place temporarily on the door to see the effect, and if satisfactory the outlines may be transferred to the sheet-iron with a piece of French chalk or a white crayon pencil, and then cut out in the following manner:

Take an old flat-iron of good size, six or seven pounds in weight, turn it upside down, and hold it between the knees; on the smooth upturned surface lay the sheet of iron, and with the cold-chisels and mallet, or hammer, cut all around the edges of the design, or over the white lines, until the desired piece is loose from the sheet.

It will be necessary of course to make the hardware in the right proportion to the door it is to decorate. The butt or large end of a hinge-strap should always be the same width as the back of a hinge on a door, and it will be necessary also to make the escutcheon in proportion to fit the knob and keyhole already in a door.

The knob-rim and keyhole escutcheon on a door will have to be unscrewed and taken off before the new one can be applied, the knobs can always be removed by unscrewing a small set screw in the shank, which will allow one knob to come off, and the other having the square mandrel attached, can be pulled out from the other side.

When the required number of hinge-plates, the escutcheon, and the knocker-plate have been made, lay the pieces one at a time on a hard-wood block, and with the sharp-pointed awl and a mallet punch holes through the iron where you desire the tacks to pass through. Arrange the holes in neat order, and do not get too many on a single plate. Keep as close to the edge as possible, that is, within a quarter or three-eighths of an inch from the edge of the iron to the centre of the hole.

When the escutcheon is tacked fast to the door, replace the handles, and if they do not fit snugly, but slide forward and backward when the door is opened and closed, cut a few small washers from the sheet-iron, and place enough of them on the mandrel between the knob shank and the escutcheon to make the handles fit tight.

A blacksmith can make a ring for the knocker of five-sixteenth or three-eighth inch square iron twisted; the suspending knob should have a screw welded fast to it, so as to screw the ring fast to the woodwork of the door. A band of iron forming a ball should be welded around the lower part of the ring to give it more weight, and thus make it heavier at the bottom. Where this ball or knob strikes the plate a large-headed iron tack or wrought-iron bellows nail should be driven into the wood; you will find this will help the knocker to make a much louder noise than if it should strike only the thin iron plate.

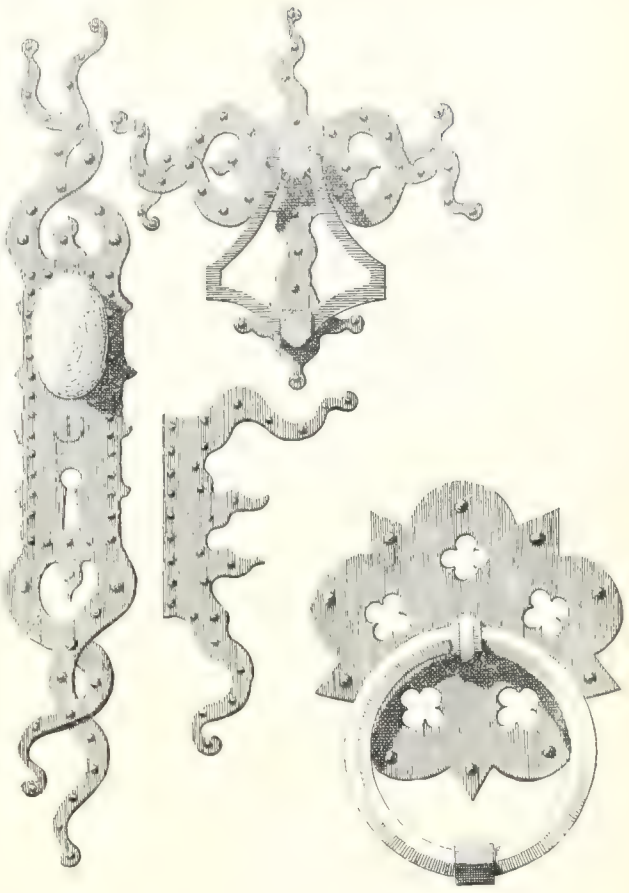
All the iron-work should be painted a dead black, and if the door-knob is a metal or wood one it should be painted also; if, however, it should happen to be of white porcelain it will be best to leave it so, as paint would wear off quickly and leave it neither black nor white.

If the hardware is on the outside of a front door it will require several coats of paint to prevent it from rusting, but if on an inside door two coats will be sufficient.

The best black coating for iron is a composition known as Berlin black, but as it is not kept in every paint or hardware store a very good substitute can be made by purchasing a small can of ivory black ground in oil, and thinning it. This black will be thick—about the consistency of vaseline or soft butter—and should be thinned with equal parts of japan dryer and spirits of turpentine mixed together until it is about the consistency of cream. It may then be applied to the iron in successive thin coats with a soft-hair brush; one coat should dry thoroughly before another is applied, and you will find this to be a very handsome and lasting dead-black finish.

Do not thin the black with oil, varnish, or any other substitute, but only with the mediums mentioned, as otherwise it will dry with a shiny surface, which is not pleasing on iron, and tends to lend it a cheap appearance.

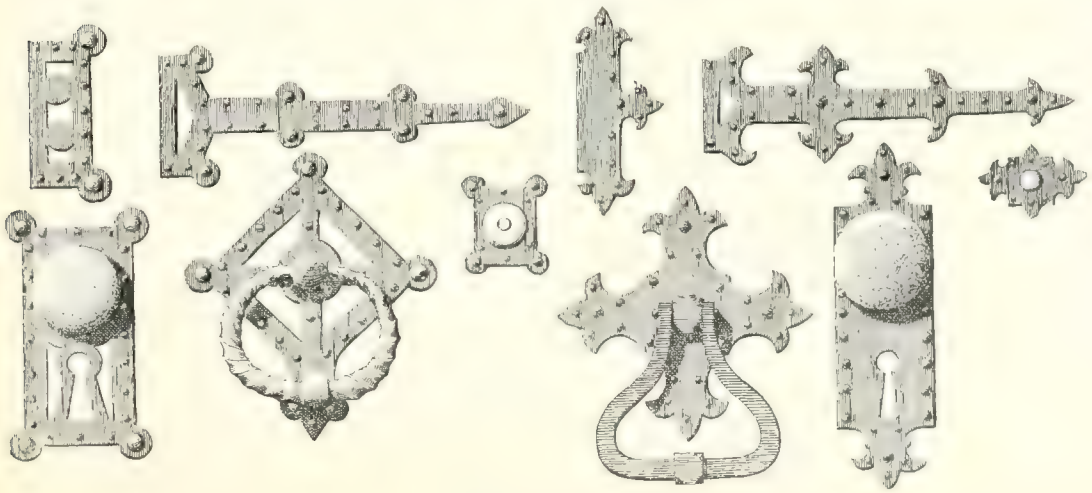
If there should be a slight gloss after the first coat has dried, then add a little more turpentine to the paint, and the dead surface will be obtained. Design No. 2 forms a quaint set of hardware for an outside door, and is to be made, applied, and finished in a similar manner as described for design No. 1.



DESIGNS NO. 4 AND 5.

The large-headed nails in corners of escutcheons and knocker-plates, also in centre of the round projecting edges of the hinge-straps, should be wrought-iron bellows nails, but if you cannot get them a large brass-headed upholsterer's tack will answer very well. The ring for the knocker can be made by a blacksmith, and should be heavier at the bottom than at the top.

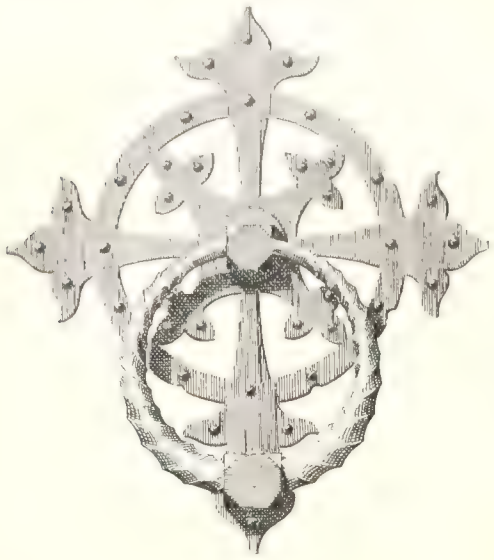
When a ring is stouter in one place than another, as the one forming the knocker of design No. 2, a blacksmith makes it by taking a square of iron, like Fig. 1, and by heating and hammering draws it down at the ends to look like Fig. 2. This piece is then held at the centre in a vise, and a small hand vise fastened to one end, and turned so that it twists the rod and forms it to look like Fig. 3. The other end is then treated in the same manner, and the finished straight piece will look like Fig. 4.



DESIGNS NO. 2 AND 3.

A knob formed of

a shank of iron is next welded in the centre of this straight piece to look like Fig. 5, and the rod is then bent in the form of a ring, and the small ends made fast in holes in the suspending knob



DESIGN NO. 6.

Design No. 3 is Old English Gothic in style, and will form a very antique-appearing set of hardware.

You will find after chiselling out the patterns in iron that the edges will be ragged. These can be filed off, and the outline made smooth and regular by clamping the pieces of metal one at a time in a vise, and with a smooth file cleaning off the jagged parts.

The knocker should be of five-sixteenth or three-eighth inch square iron, not twisted, and the suspending knob and cube at the bottom should be perfectly square, with the corners filed off. Drive a large-headed nail in the door where the bottom of the knocker strikes, and the sound-result will be much improved.

A very odd-looking set of hardware is suggested in design No. 4; and as well as being odd in looks, it is a design that is very uncommon, and the irregular lines lend it a unique and artistic appearance.

The outline is to be cut from a sheet of iron as described for the other sets, and where one member of the projecting parts of the escutcheon and knob-plate seems to overlap another it does not do so, but the iron is depressed or raised as the case may be, to lend it the lapped appearance. The depression is done by laying the cut-out escutcheon on a piece of soft pine board, and with a blunt cold-chisel or a screw-driver and a mallet beat down the iron that appears to lay under the overlapping piece.

The knocker is to be made of square iron, not twisted, and the suspending knob and knob at bottom of knocker are to be cubes with the corners filed off. All the iron parts should be covered with several coats of the paint, and if there is a possibility of any water or moisture touching the hardware, the backs should be painted a coat or two before they are applied to the door.

If the hardware should be exposed so that when it rains moisture rests on the parts, a due precaution to keep them from rusting or from streaking the door with rust-marks is to give them a coat of red lead thinned with oil, and over this when dry the black coats may be applied.

Design No. 5 is a suggestion for a simple knocker. The back plate is to be cut from the thin iron, and applied to a door with large-headed tacks. The knocker part can be made of square iron by a blacksmith, and where the lower part strikes the door drive a large-headed nail in the wood for it to strike against.

Design No. 6 is also for a knocker, but of a little more elaborate order. This should be carefully cut from the sheet iron, as all sides should be symmetrical to look well. A blacksmith will make a ring of the desired size at a slight cost, and you will find when it is made and fastened to a door that it will make a very handsome affair.

Many other pretty designs can be made for hardware, and if any of these do not quite fulfil your ideas, they may suggest some features that you may improve upon.

## GOLD-HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BY PAUL HULL.

MORE than three hundred years ago, in the reign of Elizabeth, the idea of reaching China by sailing round the northern coast of America was revived, and Martin Frobisher, one of the most celebrated navigators of his day, received the support of the Queen in fitting out two small vessels to search for the "northwest passage." The larger of Frobisher's barks, named the *Gabriel*, was of only twenty-five tons burden, and the other, the *Michael*, of twenty tons. With these ridiculously small vessels, loaded with provisions calculated to last twelve months, the daring navigator set sail from London on the 7th of June, 1576. When passing Greenwich, where the Queen was staying, the little carronades of the *Gabriel* and *Michael* belched forth a salute to her Majesty, who appeared at the window of her palace, and waved her hand to the brave voyagers.

For several days after leaving port the weather continued pleasant; then a succession of heavy gales separated the two frail vessels, but not before those on board the *Michael* observed one of the *Gabriel's* masts to go overboard. After being buffeted about for three weeks, the crew of the *Michael* lost heart, and petitioned their Captain to return, stating that the *Gabriel* was undoubtedly lost, and that if they prolonged the voyage as far as Greenland, it would be productive of little good, for there would be no one to lead in the search for the long-sought passage to the westward. These arguments had the desired effect, and the *Michael* returned to England, carrying gloomy forebodings concerning the probable fate of Captain Frobisher and his crew. But the dauntless seaman was not at the bottom of the Atlantic. With one mast gone and the other badly sprung, he nevertheless repaired damages and sailed on, opposed for several weeks to head gales and heavy seas, which seemed to defy his advance. The following quaint passage copied from his journal of the voyage explains his sentiments at this time: "The sea at lengthe must needs have an endinge, and somme lande should have a beginninge that waye."

On the 21st of July he entered the strait which was afterwards named after the great explorer Davis, and sailed north, until his way was blocked by an enormous ice-field stretching from mainland to mainland. Anchoring his vessel to a mass of ice near the Greenland side, Frobisher went on shore to look about. Here he fell in with a body of natives, who at first showed signs of hostility, but the Captain soon reached a friendly understanding with them. In exchange for bells, looking-glasses, bright coins, and nails, the Esquimaux brought off to the ship quantities of salmon, seal meat, and skins of animals. Another extract from the log-book reads, "The natives, to shew their agilitie, tried mannye masteries upon the ropes of the shippe, after our mariners' fashione, and appeared to be varie stronge of their arms and nimble of their bodies."

The seeming friendship of the natives was not to be relied upon, however, for several days following five of

the crew went on shore to trade with the Esquimaux, and failing to return, strict search was made for them, but they were never again seen. As the tribe disappeared at the same time, it was believed that the seamen had been murdered for their clothes and arms. While endeavoring to trace the missing ones, Frobisher came across a great quantity of black stone, which was so heavy that he brought a piece on board as a curiosity.

The Captain now decided to return to England, as the winter was rapidly drawing near, making it necessary to escape at once from the strait unless he proposed to incur the risk of having his ship frozen in the ice. Several days later, while sailing near the land, a number of Esquimaux paddled around the ship in their leather boats, called *kayacks*, "expressing astonishment by signs to one another over the mightye shippe that sailed with wings like unto a birde of the aire." Frobisher determined to capture one of these outlandish people, and carry him to England as a proof of having navigated his ship to a high northern latitude; so one of them was enticed on board, and made prisoner. On the 2d of October the *Gabriel* arrived in the Thames amid great rejoicing, for she had been given up for lost. The Esquimau, who had been christened "Gabriel" by the Captain, was presented to the Queen as a representative of her new subjects within the arctic circle. Poor Gabriel was unable to stand the warm climate, and died of consumption a few months later. The "black stone" was given as a polar curiosity to a wealthy patron of the Captain, who exhibited it to a friend, a refiner in London, and by the latter it was claimed to contain "a goodlie quantitie of pure gold." Great excitement followed this announcement, and a new voyage was quickly planned, the object of which was to bring back a cargo of the precious ore.

On the 26th of May, 1577, Frobisher sailed on his second expedition, and after a pleasant voyage of six weeks the ships came to anchor in the "land of gold." As soon as the Captain landed, he was accosted by the same natives who had so suddenly disappeared the year previous, when the five members of the *Gabriel's* crew were missed. Captain Frobisher asked them by signs where his men were, and was informed, in like manner, that they were all alive and well. Thinking that perhaps the Esquimaux were holding his sailors in captivity, he determined to make capture of several natives and hold them as hostages. Unfortunately for the success of the venture this was attempted on land, and although a number of the treacherous people were overpowered, the remainder of the tribe let fly a cloud of arrows at the kidnappers, by which several of them were severely wounded and the escape of the prisoners was effected. An arrow entered Captain Frobisher's back, and was cut out with difficulty by the surgeon of the ship. Luckily the tips of the arrows were not poisonous, and the wounds soon healed. Several days after this, while overhauling the contents of the Esquimaux huts, the owners of which had taken flight after the skirmish, a number of articles were identified as the property of the five missing seamen. Having laden his ships with ore, Frobisher set sail for home, where he safely arrived after a long and tempestuous passage.

The Queen appointed a commission to examine into the merits of the venture, and upon being assured that the project was one "worthie of her Majestie's most gracious encouragement," a third expedition was by her orders planned on a liberal scale. Fifteen large ships were placed under the command of Frobisher, who was directed by the Queen to convey to the new country one hundred persons of both sexes who desired to colonize the land where gold could be gathered on the surface. A large portable timber fort was built and stowed in the hold of one of the vessels, and this fort was of such size that it was calculated to be used as a dwelling by all the colonists in times of emergency. It was also the Queen's orders that four of the ships were to be retained at the colony, and a number of sailors, soldiers, and miners were sent out to serve in their several capacities, it being understood that their term of service was to be three years. A Governor, having under him several officers, was to direct the affairs of the colony. Several noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, influenced by the novelty and excitement of the plan, and wishing to see this strange and wonderful country, obtained permission to sail on the flag-ship as guests of the commander.

On the 31st of May, 1578, the fleet sailed from England, and on the 16th of July reached the coast of Greenland, where a number of the party landed and took possession of the country in the name of the Queen. Disappointment awaited the adventurers when the entrance to the strait was reached, for a mighty barrier of ice completely blocked the passage; and while the intrepid navigators were endeavoring to find a lane through the mass, a terrific gale arose, which drove large quantities of drifting ice against the ships, sinking the one that had the fort on board and wrecking others. From this time forth a series of difficulties and dangers beset the expedition, and after bravely battling against them for several weeks and contending with a widespread mutiny among the seamen of the fleet, Frobisher abandoned the idea of founding a colony, and sailed for England. Subsequent assays proved that the ore did not repay the great cost of mining it, and the arctic gold fever soon burnt itself out.

In the year 1585 Frobisher served with distinction under the gallant Admiral Sir Francis Drake in the West Indies. Three years later he commanded one of the ships of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada, and for his gallantry on that occasion was knighted. He was killed in battle in the year 1594 while gallantly fighting at the head of his men.

## HARRY'S CRACKED HEAD.

BY R. W. McALPINE.

SHE sat in the shade at the farm-house door,
With a scowl on her brow and a flush on her cheek;
And her handmaiden Katie stood weeping with shame.
And so frightened her lips would not serve her to speak.
"Now, Katie, me girl," said the angry dame,
"How is it ye canna mair caution display?
Ilka day ye're destroyin' me platters and bowls,
As though it were nothing for china to pay.
Here, the morn, ye come gallopin' ower the field,
And toomble and shatter me best tureen;
And noo ye destroy a fine Aberdeen bowl—
It's ilka day thus. Now, pray, what does it mean?"
Poor Katie looked up through her glistening tears;
Her features an aspect of misery wore.
"Dear mistress," she stammered, "the bowl I brake not;
The Aberdeen bowl it were crackit afore."
"Ah, Katie, 'tis ever the fib that ye tell;
Ilka jug broken were crackit afore.
Erelang ye will have a new ditty to sing,
For I will be kind and forgiving na more."
The good dame's boy Harry, a sharp little imp,
Had heard Katie's plea, and began to reflect;
And resolved that, in case of an accident, he
Would use it with equally happy effect.
One day down the staircase he came with a bounce;
A yell and a scream told the tale to the ear.
In the arms of his mother the victim was held,
As she cried and caressed him with matronly fear.
"Has he broken his head, me own darling, me pride?"
"Nay, mither," said Hal, with a sob and a roar,
As he rubbed his wet eyes and his little round head;
"I pray dinna scold me 'twere crackit afore."
Years after, the lad grown to manhood, was seen
Where titles and honors he modestly wore;
And when in defending a vilified Queen
None thought that his head had been "crackit afore."



THE NEW GERMAN LABOR-SAVING MACHINE.

RULES FOR APRIL-FOOLS.

Don't put pepper in the pie,
  Don't put salt into the cake,
Lest when supper-time comes by
  Of these same *you* may partake.

Don't tie cans to kitty's tail;
  On small dogs don't play your jokes—
For to scratch few kittens fail;
  Dogs have teeth that are no hoax.

Spare your dear old grandmamma;
  Spare your parents every prank—
Grandmas should be popular;
  Parents all know how to spank.

Don't put pins in teachers' chairs,
  Lest your joke precedes a fall;
If you would be free from cares,
  Don't play "April-fool" at all.

WHY?

FRANK. "Beets are full of sugar, aren't they, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Frank."

FRANK. "Then, mamma, why does the cook go and put vinegar on them?"

OLD JACK'S APRIL-FOOL JOKE.

"MORNIN', gentlemen," said Old Jack, as Bob and Tommie appeared on the scene. "I've been expectin' you about that little matter we was speakin' over the other day, an' I've decided to accept your offer. Don't remember no offer? Nonsense, gentlemen, nonsense. I've got witnesses. You offered me $10,000 for this here house an' lot o' mine; $500 for the furniture, includin' the melojean; $500 for the stuff round the place—the horse an' the cow I won't sell. What am I talkin' about? Come, gentlemen, come—you was repersented to me as men o' your words, an' now when I decide to take you at your words an' let you have my place here for you to build a hotel on you try to make out as how you never heard on it before. Well, you can take that p'sition if you want to; but there's law in this land, an' I'll see that you get it. Look out for the p'leece. I'll have 'em after you right off." Bob and Tommie looked at each other in fright. "Yes, siree, I'll send for the Cap'n of the P'leece, an' onless you stick by your agreement to pay me that $11,000 you gentlemen will have th' pleasure of goin' to jail. You ain't gentlemen? Well, I think, mebbe you're right. If you was you wouldn't go back on your words. What's that? You? You Bob and Tommie? Look here, don't try any such game as that are on me. *I* know Bob and Tommie well. Them two's boys—you're full-grown men. Yes, you be. Full-grown men. Why, do you mean t' tell me a boy like Bobbie'd have a long black mustarche like yourn, sir? Or that a nice little feller o' six or seven like Tommie 'd be walkin' around here, even on Ap'l-fools day, with red side whiskers like yourn? No, siree. I knows those boys too well to be fooled by sech a trick as that, an' I warn you if that $11,000 ain't paid before the fifteenth o' this month—bang! You goes to jail. Now git."

And Bob and Tommie got.

"I guess maybe he's gone crazy," said Tommie, in a whisper, as they walked along home.

"Looks so," said Bob. "He scared me silly."

As for Old Jack, he chuckled as the boys disappeared.

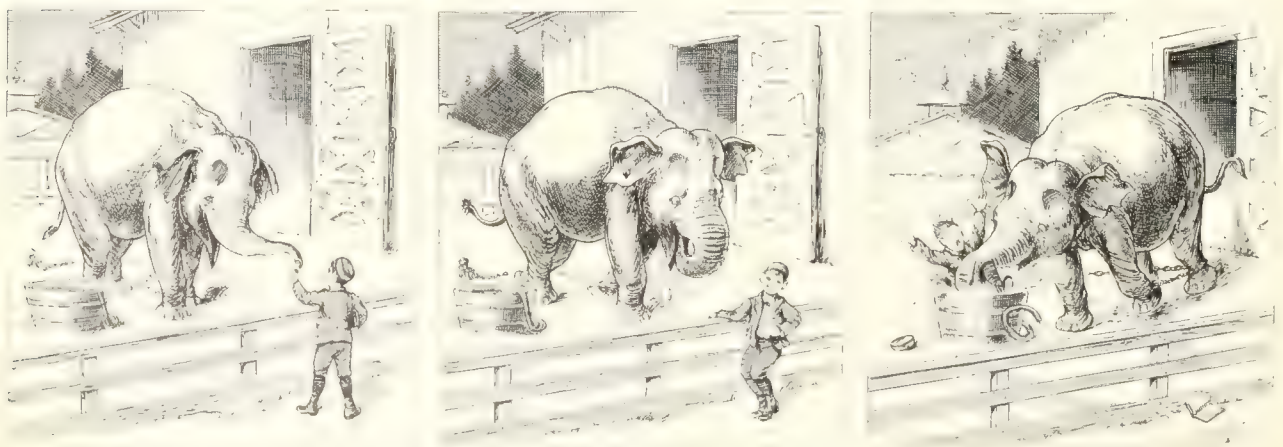
"I guess I tooled 'em that time. I 'ain't f'gotten what t' do on Ap'l-fools day."

JOHNNY. "Mamma, this cake slips down fine."

MAMMA. "Why do you say it slips down?"

JOHNNY. "Why, mamma, because it has icing on it."

I WISH my father 'd buy more blocks for me—
  I must admit I think the prospect's slim.
But why he doesn't I can't really see,
  Since with them I would build a house for him.



APRIL-FOOL CANDY.

JOHNNY TURNS INFLUENCES ON THE ELEPHANT WITH APRIL-FOOL CANDY, WHICH RESULTS IN DAMPENING HIS ENTHUSIASM FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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# FLYING-FISH FOR BREAKFAST.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

"THIS is just the weather for catching flying-fish," said Hertslet to me. "Turn out of your bunk and come on deck, and I'll teach you a deep-sea 'wrinkle,' my little longshore lubber."

The scene was the midshipman's berth of the ship *Rajah*, the time one o'clock in the morning, and I was fast asleep and probably snoring, it being my watch below, when my messmate's cheery hail aroused me from the land of Nod. Rubbing my eyes in a half-stupefied manner, I rolled out, and slipping on my scanty garments, went on deck. The night was warm, and dark as pitch, and the pale stars shone brightly. Forced along by the brisk northeast trade-wind which blew dead astern, the fine old ship made her way to the southward at an eight knot gait. She was an actual pyramid of canvas, all her square sails being set except the mainsail and cross-jack. On the starboard side studding-sails swelled out to the steady breeze, and the big main-skysail, which formed the pinnacle on the mainmast, looked no larger than a lady's lace kerchief.

The cut-water cleaved through the waves, forming a furrow of phosphorescent froth which glinted in spray under the ship's bows. Far astern glistened the silvery wake marking the vessel's course over the ocean. All was silence save for the hiss and the seethe of the sea and the æolian strains of the wind, which rustled melodiously through the wire rigging and the taut sheets and halyards.

The watch on deck slumbered under the shade of the long-boat, which was decked over to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun, and was at that moment inhabited by half a hundred fat fowls—dear to our hungry Captain as the apple of his eye. The officer of the deck paced the poop, giving an occasional glance at the binnacle to see that the helmsman kept the vessel steady on her course. On the top-gallant forecastle the lookout pursued his noiseless walk; for Jack Tar invariably goes barefooted in the tropics in order to save shoe-leather, and also for the sake of coolness.

I was star-gazing, like a romantic dreamer, at the beauty of the warm night, when I was aroused from my musings by a hand on my shirt collar, which gave me a hearty shake, and awoke me to the actualities of a seafaring life.

"Shake a leg, young man, shake a leg!" sang out Hertslet in my starboard ear. "Your head is as sleepy as though it was made of duff. Lay aft with me, my lad, and you shall see what you shall see."



TO SEIZE HIM WAS BY NO MEANS SO EASY AS IT APPEARED.

And all we went to the boatswain's locker and hauled out a big deck lamp, which when lighted shone in the inky night with almost blinding lustre.

Taking it forward, we forced open one of the big square ports just abaft the fore-rigging. The *Elijah* was frigate-built, and her ports were big enough for an 18-pound carronade to be run out of. In this port the deck lamp was placed, and its bright rays pierced the gloom, just as a bull's-eye lantern penetrates a fog.

"You can bet your sea-boots that's going to fetch 'em," said Hertslet, as he gave a grunt of satisfaction. Drawing a sheath-knife from his belt, he cut up a lump of plug tobacco strong as a young horse, and filling a short black pipe, was soon in a state of ecstatic enjoyment.

"The flying-fish is a mighty queer bird," he remarked. "It lives in the tropical oceans, and in a good season I have seen the sea just thick with them. All you had to do was to lower a bucket over the side and haul it up half full of fish. I warrant you we lived high those times. The cook was kept busy all day—"

Flop! came a silvery fish through the open port, striking the deck-lamp square in the centre.

"Catch him, you young imp," exclaimed Hertslet, "before he wriggles overboard again. Judging by the way he wags his tail, he must weigh pretty nearly a pound. Seize him by the scuff of the neck, or you shall go hungry to bed in the morning!"

The flying-fish is as slippery as an eel and as lively as a monkey. To "seize him by the scuff of the neck," as I was commanded, was by no means so easy as it appeared. At last I succeeded, and had him safely secured in a bucket. He was as big as an ordinary herring, and his scales glittered with phosphorescent light.

"As I was saying," resumed Hertslet, "the cook was kept at work all the time frying those fish. The skipper was a Scotchman, and had certain economic notions that must have been highly satisfactory to his owners. When we first struck the flying-fish belt he ordered the steward to serve out no more salt horse from the cask, and only a few pounds of pork to cook the fish with. And as it took an immense quantity of the fish to satisfy the appetites of the sailors, poor Jumbo, who hailed from the Congo, was soon worn to skin and bone. At last he refused to fry any more, so we had to content ourselves with great mess-kids full of them just boiled in salt water in the cook's coppers. They were not so savory this way, and, believe me—"

At this moment a whole flight of the fish, ten in number, came scooting in through the port, a big one landing almost in the mouth of my yarn-spinning shipmate. There was, of course, a hurry and a scurry and a flurry in their pursuit about the decks. Some of the watch on deck had gathered round the lamp to listen to Hertslet's Munchausen yarn which he was reeling off for my especial gratification—I being a marine tenderfoot or greenhorn, and therefore a legitimate victim.

It took some time to gather in our finny prey, but at last the ten were added to the one already in the bucket. Hertslet picked up his pipe, which the fish had knocked out of his mouth. He refilled it, lighted up, and continued:

"I tell you all of us got tired of the flying-fish fare, and we called a council; then we walked aft and bearded the old man in his den. He spoke us fair and softly, as oily and as bland as Billy-be-blowed. He told us how wholesome a fish diet was, and that his only reason for stopping our salt-junk was to keep the scurvy out of our precious bones. Oh, how he loved us! He palavered like a Dutch uncle, and I believe we should have gone forward again to our fish as humble as you please if the old carpenter hadn't spoken out and given the skipper a piece of his mind. 'No junk, no work,' was his motto, and to prevent a mutiny the skipper gave in.

"We got out of the flying-fish belt in a few days, and when we reached Sydney, New South Wales, one of those philosopher fellows, with a whole length of capital letters tailed on to his name, came aboard and explained the cause of the number of flying-fish in the tropics that year. He said that a fleet of steam-whalers from Dundee had killed or frightened away all the whales, and that the flying-fish had therefore increased and multiplied to an alarming extent, being deprived of their natural foes. He prophesied, as a set-off to this, a similar increase in the number of bonitos, and assured us that these rapacious fishes would soon reduce the number of flying-fish to their normal proportion. This philosopher fellow talked like a book. He was nearly as truthful as I am, for on our passage home we did not notice any more flying-fish than usual, but the bonitos were especially plentiful and fat. All this happened ever so many years ago, when I was like a young bear, with all my sorrows and troubles to come. You, my young friend, may live to be as old as Captain Noah, of the good ship *Ark*, and never see such a sight."

I asked Hertslet how it was that the glare of a lamp on a dark night lured the fish to their doom.

"If you can tell me why moths fly to a candle and are scorched to death, or why land and sea birds dash themselves against the shining lamps of a light-house, then I will tell you why the flying-fish is fascinated by a glare such as you see."

"Make it eight bells there; call the watch!" roared the mate.

It was now four o'clock in the morning. What with the sport of fishing and Hertslet's yarns the hours had sped rapidly. It was now my watch on deck, but I did not grudge the time torn from sleep.

"Now, youngster, put away the lamp, clean and scale those fish, and ask the cook to fry them for breakfast, and when you call me at seven bells, mind and be sure to bring me a plate of them, red-hot and well peppered, or look out for squalls!"

So saying, he went to his berth and turned in. It is needless to say that I followed his instructions implicitly, and I may as well remark right here that I never before ate a more toothsome breakfast than those same fish that came aboard of their own volition, and were showered on our decks after the fashion of the manna in the wilderness.

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## "DON'T!"

I MIGHT have just the mostest fun
  If 'twasn't for a word,
I think the very worstest one
  'At ever *I* have heard.
I wish 'at it 'd go away,
  But I'm afraid it won't;
I s'pose 'at it 'll always stay—
  That awful word of "don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise,"
  And "don't go out of door;"
And "don't you spread your stock of toys
  About the parlor floor;"
And "don't you dare play in the *dust*;"
  And "don't you tease the cat;"
And "don't you get your clothing mussed;"
  And "don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found
  A thing I'd like to do
But what there's some one close around
  'At's got a "don't" or two.
And Sunday 'at's the day 'at "don't"
  Is worst of all the seven.
Oh, goodness! but I hope there won't
  Be any "don'ts" in Heaven!

NIXON WATERMAN.



# A Piece of Good Luck

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "PEPPER AND SALT," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

THERE were three students who were learning all that they could. The first was named Joseph, the second named John, and the third was named Jacob Stuck. They studied seven long years under a wise master, and in that time they learned all that their master had to teach them.

And now they were to go out into the world to practise what they knew. The master called the three students to him, and said he to them, said he:

"You have studied faithfully, and have learned all that I have been able to teach you, and now you shall not go out into the world with nothing at all. See, here are three glass balls, and that is one for each of you. Their like is not to be found in the four corners of the world. Carry the balls wherever you go, and when one of them drops to the ground, dig, and there you will certainly find a treasure."

So the three students went out into the wide world.

Well, they travelled on and on for day after day, each carrying his glass ball with him wherever he went. They travelled on and on for I cannot tell how long, until one day the ball that Joseph carried slipped out of his fingers, and fell to the ground.

"I've found a treasure!" cried Joseph. "I've found a treasure!"

The three students fell to work scratching and digging where the ball had fallen, and by-and-by they found something. It was a chest, with an iron ring in the lid. It took all three of them to haul it up out of the ground, and when they did so, they found it was full to the brim of silver money.

Were they happy? Well, they were happy. They danced around and around the chest, for they had never seen so much money in all their lives before.

"Brothers," said Joseph, in exultation, "there is enough for all hands, and it shall be share and share alike with us; for haven't we studied seven long years together?" And so for a while they were as happy as happy could be.

But by-and-by John and Jacob Stuck began to catch a flock of second thoughts. "Why," said they, "as for that, to be sure, a chest of silver money is a great thing for three students to find who had nothing better than book-learning to help them along; but who knows but that there is something better even than silver money out in the wide world." So, after all, and in spite of the chest of silver money they had found, the two of them were for going on to try their fortunes a little further.

So the two travelled on and on for a while, here and there and everywhere, until at last it was John's ball that slipped out of his fingers and fell to the ground. They digged where it fell, and this time it was a chest of gold money they found.

Yes, a chest of gold money!—a chest of real gold money! They just stood and stared and stared, for if they had not seen it, they would not have believed that such a thing could have been in the world.

"Well, Jacob Stuck," said John, "it was well to travel a bit further than poor Joseph did, was it not? What is a chest of silver money to such a treasure as this? Come, brother; here is enough to make us both rich for all the rest of our lives. We need look for nothing better than this."

But no; by this time Jacob Stuck was beginning to cool down again, and now that second thoughts were coming to him, he would not even be satisfied with a half share of a chest of gold money. So the two shook hands, and then Jacob Stuck jogged away alone, leaving John stuffing his pockets and his hat full of gold money; and I should like to have been there too.

Well, Jacob Stuck jogged on and on by himself, until after a while he came to a great wide desert, where there was not a blade or a stick to be seen far or near. He jogged on and on, and he wished he had not come there. He jogged on and on, when all of a sudden the glass ball he carried slipped out of his fingers and fell to the ground.

"Aha!" said he to himself. "Now maybe I shall find some great treasure, compared to which even silver and gold are as nothing at all."

He digged down into the barren earth of the desert, and he digged and he digged, but neither silver nor gold did he find. He digged and digged, and by-and-by he did find something. And what was it? Why, nothing but a thing that looked like a piece of blue glass, and not a bit bigger than my thumb. "Is that all?" said



THEY DANCED AROUND AND AROUND THE CHEST.

Jacob Stuck. "And have I travelled all this weary way into the howling desert only for this piece of blue glass?"

Jacob Stuck did not know what he had found. I shall tell you what it was. It was *a solid piece of good luck*, without flaw or blemish, and it was almost the only piece I ever heard tell of. Yes, that was what it was—a solid piece of good luck, and it looked just like a piece of blue glass no bigger than my thumb, and nothing else.

Jacob Stuck looked at the bit of glass, and he turned it



"WHAT WILL YOU HAVE?" SAID THE GENIUS

over and over in his hand. It was covered with dirt. He blew his breath upon it, and rubbed it with his thumb.

Crack! Dong! Bang! Smash!

Upon my word, had a bolt of lightning burst at Jacob Stuck's feet he could not have been more struck of a heap. For no sooner had he rubbed the glass with his thumb than, with a noise like a clap of thunder, there instantly stood before him a great big man dressed in clothes as red as a flame, and with eyes that shone sparks of fire. It was the Genius of Good Luck. It nearly knocked Jacob Stuck off his feet to see him there so suddenly.

"What will you have?" said the Genius. "I am the slave of good luck. Whosoever holds that piece of crystal in his hand him must I obey in whatsoever he may command."

"Do you mean that you are my servant and that I am your master?" said Jacob Stuck.

"Yes. Command, and I obey."

"Why, then," said Jacob Stuck, "I would like you to help me out of this desert place if you can do so, for it is a poor spot for any Christian soul to be."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius; and before Jacob Stuck knew what had happened to him, the Genius had seized him, and was flying with him through the air swifter than the wind. On and on he flew, and the earth seemed to slide away beneath. On and on flew the flame-colored Genius, until at last he set Jacob down in a great meadow where there was a river. Beyond the river were the white walls and grand houses of the King's town.

"Hast thou any further commands?" said the Genius.

"Why," said Jacob Stuck, "I think I would like to have plenty of money to spend."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius, and as he spoke he reached up into the air and picked out a purse from nothing at all. "Here," said he, "is the purse of fortune; take from it all that thou needst, and yet it will always be full. As long as thou hast it thou shalt never be lacking riches."

So Jacob Stuck went into the town with all the money he could spend, and such a one is welcome anywhere. He lacked nothing that money could buy. He bought himself a fine house; he made all the friends he wanted and more; he lived without a care, and with nothing to do but to enjoy himself. That was what a bit of good luck did for him.

Now the Princess, the daughter of the King of that town, was the most beautiful in all the world, but so proud and haughty that whenever she went out to take a ride a herald was sent through the town with a trumpet ordering that every house should be closed and that everybody should stay within-doors, so that the Princess should run no risk of seeing a strange man or that no strange man by chance should see her.

One day the herald went through the town blowing his trumpet and calling in a great loud voice: "Close your doors! Close your doors! Her Highness the Princess comes to ride! Let no man look upon her on pain of death!"

Thereupon everybody began closing their doors and windows. But Jacob Stuck was not satisfied with that. So he bored a hole through the door, and when the Princess came riding by he peeped out at her.

Jacob Stuck thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in all his life. Her cheeks were like milk and rose-leaves, and her hair like fine threads of gold. She sat in a golden coach, with a golden crown upon her head, and Jacob Stuck stood there sighing and sighing.

All that day he sat sighing and thinking about the beautiful Princess, until the evening had come. Then he suddenly thought of his piece of good luck. He pulled his piece of blue glass out of his pocket and breathed upon it and rubbed it with his thumb, and instantly the Genius was there.

This time Jacob Stuck was not frightened at all.

"What are thy commands, oh, master?" said the Genius.

"Oh, Genius!" said Jacob Stuck, "I have seen the Princess to-day, and it seems to me that there is nobody like her in all the world. Tell me, could you bring her here so that I might see her again?"

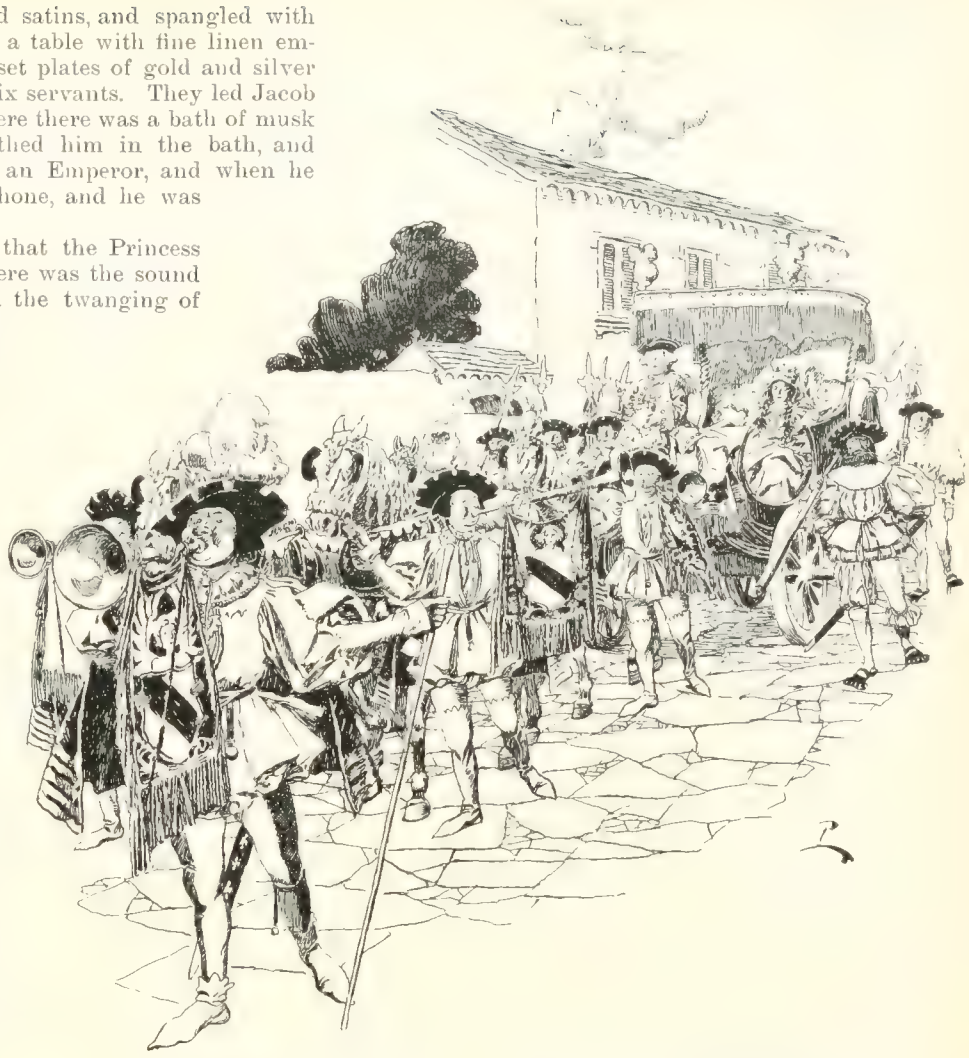
"Yes," said the Genius, "I could."

"Then do so," said Jacob Stuck, "and I will have you prepare a grand feast and have musicians to play beautiful music, for I would have the Princess sup with me."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius. As he spoke he smote his hands together, and instantly there appeared twenty musicians, dressed in cloth of gold and silver. With them they brought hautboys and fiddles, big and little, and flageolets and drums and horns, and this and that to make music with. Then there appeared fifty

servants, dressed in silks and satins, and spangled with jewels, who began to spread a table with fine linen embroidered with gold, and to set plates of gold and silver upon it. Then there came six servants. They led Jacob Stuck into another room, where there was a bath of musk and rose-water. They bathed him in the bath, and dressed him in clothes like an Emperor, and when he came out again his face shone, and he was as handsome as a picture.

Then by-and-by he knew that the Princess was coming, for suddenly there was the sound of girls' voices singing and the twanging of stringed instruments. The door flew open, and in came a crowd of beautiful girls singing and playing music, and after them the Princess herself, more beautiful than ever. But the proud Princess was frightened; yes, she was. And well she might be, for the Genius had flown with her through the air from the palace, and that is enough to frighten anybody. Jacob Stuck came to her, all glittering and shining with jewels and gold, and took her by the hand. He led her up the hall, and as he did so the musicians struck up and began playing the most beautiful music in the world. Then Jacob Stuck and the Princess sat down to supper and began eating and drinking, and Jacob Stuck talked of all the sweetest things he could think of. After they had eaten their supper a beautiful young serving-lad entered, carrying a silver tray upon which was something wrapped in a napkin. He kneeled before Jacob Stuck and held the tray, and from the napkin Jacob Stuck took a necklace of diamonds, each stone as big as a pigeon's egg. "This is to remind you of me," said he, "when you have gone home again." And as he spoke he hung it around the Princess's neck.



"CLOSE YOUR DOORS! CLOSE YOUR DOORS! HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS COMES TO RIDE."

Just then the clock struck twelve.

Hardly had the last stroke sounded when the Genius of Good Luck snatched the Princess up once more and flew back to the palace, and before the Princess knew what had happened to her there she was.



THE GENIUS HAD FLOWN WITH HER THROUGH THE AIR.

The next morning there was a great buzzing in the palace, you may be sure. The Princess showed her necklace of diamonds, and the King and his Prime Minister could not look at it or wonder at it enough. The Prime Minister and the King talked and talked the matter over together.

"Anybody," said the Prime Minister, "can see with half an eye that it is all magic, or else it is a wonderful piece of good luck. Now, I'll tell you what shall be done," said he. "The Princess shall keep a piece of chalk by her, and if she is carried away again in such a fashion, she shall mark a cross with the piece of chalk on the door of the house to which she is taken. Then we shall find the rogue that is playing such a trick, and that quickly enough."

"Yes," said the King, "that is very good advice."

"I will do it," said the Princess.

All that day Jacob Stuck sat thinking and thinking about the beautiful Princess. He could not eat a mite, and he could hardly wait for the night to come. As soon as it had fallen he breathed upon his piece of glass and rubbed his thumb upon it, and there stood the Genius of Good Luck.

"I'd like the Princess here again," said he, "as she was last night, with feasting and drinking such as we had before."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius.

And as it was the night before, so it was now. The Genius crept to the Princess, and she and Jacob Stuck feasted together until nearly midnight. Then again the door opened and the beautiful serving-lad came with the tray, and something upon it covered with a napkin. Jacob Stuck unfolded the napkin, and this time it was a cup made of a single ruby and filled to the brim with gold money. "Take this," said Jacob Stuck, "to remind you of me." Then the clock struck twelve, and instantly the Genius carried the Princess home again.

But the Princess had brought her piece of chalk with her as the Prime Minister had advised, and in some way or other she contrived, either in coming or going, to mark a cross upon the door of Jacob Stuck's house.

But clever as she was, the Genius of Good Luck was more clever still. He saw what the Princess did, and as soon as he had carried her home he went all through the town and marked a cross upon every door, great and small, little and big, just as the Princess had done upon the door of Jacob Stuck's house, only upon the Prime Minister's door he put two crosses.

The next morning everybody was wondering what all the crosses on the house-doors meant, and the King and the Prime Minister were no wiser than they had been before. But the Princess had brought her ruby cup with her, and she and the King could not look at it and wonder at it enough.

"Pooh!" said the Prime Minister. "I tell you it is nothing else in the world but just a piece of good luck; that is all it is. As for the rogue who is playing all these tricks, let the Princess keep a pair of scissors by her, and if she is carried away again let her contrive to cut off a lock of his hair from over the young man's right ear. Then to-morrow we will find out who has been trimmed."

Yes, the Princess would do that. So before evening was come she tied a pair of scissors to her belt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A DREAM OF CHILDREN.

LYING awake the other night
With the moonlight in my room,
I heard the whirring of countless wings,
And thought of flowers in bloom.
And I said, "It is Spring, who is coming fast
To banish the Winter's gloom."

And the wings and the bloom together,
They sent me fast asleep,
And I had the prettiest dream, dears,
A dream too bright to keep.
For it seemed that all the children
Who had lived since Eden's day
Were passing in long procession
Like stars in the Milky Way.

There were grave-eyed Hebrew children
Who carried branches of palms,
There were sturdy Puritan children
Marching and singing psalms.
Little brown-eyed babies
Who fluttered each a fan,
And said that they came from China,
From India and Japan.

Then round-faced children dimpled,
And sweet-faced children frowned,
And all of a sudden they grouped themselves
About a Table Round.
And they sent a snow of letters
Like pinions into the air,
And I woke as I heard them saying,
"We'll meet at the great World's Fair."

'Twas a lovely dream of children,
And I'm glad it came to me,
For I'm very fond of the children,
And the children all love me.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## COOKING A LUNCH.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

THERE were great preparations made before the next meeting of the Cooking Class, for it was to be a luncheon they were to prepare this time, and as chicken croquettes were on the bill of fare, Miss Dodge had to instruct in advance the girl to whom the high honor of preparing that dainty had been given.

The favored one was Mary Jay, and a proud girl she was when she displayed to the rest of the class the boiled fowl and the soup in which it had been cooked.

"Why did you cook the chicken?" asked Ethel. "Wouldn't it have done as well raw?"

"I don't think you would have liked the result," said Miss Dodge, laughing. "Croquettes are made of cooked meat, roast, boiled, or stewed. They may be made of left-overs of poultry or almost any meat. But as we had nothing of that kind, I thought we would boil our chicken, and then we would have the liquor for soup."

"It doesn't look very nice," said Nellie, peeping into the pail.

"No cold soup is very attractive in appearance, except perhaps bouillon," answered Miss Dodge. "But it will be good when it is ready for the table. We are going to have to-day *soupe à la Reine*—sometimes called cream of chicken soup—chicken croquettes, fried potatoes, an omelet, quick biscuit, and chocolate."

A long-drawn and hungry "Ah!" from the girls responded to this announcement, and was followed by a chorus of eager cries.

"Oh, let me make the omelet!"

"Oh no, I want to do that! Let me make the omelet, and you do the biscuit!"

"I speak for the fried potatoes!"

"The chocolate's mine!"

"Girls! girls!" cried the teacher, as soon as she could make herself heard. "Listen to me! I will give the receipts to all of you, and those who don't do what they especially wish to-day can try it some other time. But you can't all of you do only one dish, you know. Mary is to make the croquettes, and Ethel may help her. Nellie may have the soup, Carolyn the potatoes, Gertrude the biscuit, and Nannie the chocolate."

"And the omelet! Who is to do the omelet?" came the cry.

"Well," said Miss Dodge, hesitating, "I think perhaps that would better come to Gertrude, because she will have her biscuit in the oven out of the way when it is time to make the omelet, and you girls will be busy with other things. If she needs help, any one who is at leisure may give it to her."

"Now, what about the soup?" began Nellie, always in a hurry to begin.

"The first thing about the soup is to have Mary tell how she made the stock for it."

"Oh, I put the chicken in a pot with three quarts of cold water, a carrot, an onion, a stalk of celery, and a bay leaf!"

"What under the sun is a bay-leaf?" from Nellie, the irrepressible.

"A leaf from a bay-tree, I suppose," responded Mary.

"It is a leaf used in seasoning soups, stews, and the like," explained Miss Dodge.

"Then I let it come to the boil very slowly," went on Mary, "and kept it simmering gently for about two hours and a half. Every now and then I stuck a fork into the chicken to try it, and when it was tender I took the pot off the fire and set it away in a cool place. That was yesterday. This morning I took the chicken out and strained the soup. That's all."

"Your part comes now, Nellie," said Miss Dodge.

"Measure the soup, please. Mary, you may cut the meat from the chicken, keeping the white and dark separate. Ethel, you may chop up enough of the dark meat to make two cupfuls when it is minced. Carolyn, I see you have begun to peel your potatoes. Slice them very thin, after paring them, and lay them in ice-cold water. Gertrude may help you, for it's a little early to begin with the biscuit. Nannie, you may break up that half-pound cake of chocolate into little pieces and put it into the double boiler."

"Two quarts of soup," announced Nellie.

"Put three table-spoonfuls of rice with that in a saucepan and set it at the side of the stove, where the rice will cook soft in about half an hour. While that is going on chop up a cupful of the white meat of the chicken."

The fowl was well dismembered by this time, and, under the teacher's direction, Mary set to work to make the croquettes. She rubbed a table-spoonful of butter and one of flour together, put them both into a small saucepan on the stove, and stirred them until they began to bubble. As soon as this point was reached, and before they had begun to brown, she poured a half-pint of milk upon them, and continued stirring until she had a thick sauce. Meanwhile Ethel had chopped the two cups of chicken, seasoned it with salt and pepper, and having been told to add a half-teaspoonful of onion juice, was discovered with tearful eyes trying to extract the juice from an onion by pressing it in the lemon-squeezer.

"Don't cry about it, Ethel," said Nellie, commiseratingly. "The onion does not seem to suffer much pain."

"Why doesn't the wretched juice come?" snuffed Ethel, as renewed pressure only brought a fresh whiff of the smarting odor to her nostrils. "What *is* the matter, Miss Dodge?"

"You poor child, what a state you are in!" said the teacher. "Here, this is the best way."

And taking a vegetable grater, she scraped the onion against it a few times, tearing the layers, and making the juice trickle into a plate underneath.

"Live and learn," said Ethel, emerging from the depths of her handkerchief. "Now, after the onion is with the chicken, I mix it with Mary's sauce, don't I?"

"Yes, and then take the mixture from the fire and turn it on a flat platter to cool. Carolyn, it is time you put the fat on to heat for your potatoes. It should get hot slowly. Nannie, if your chocolate has begun to melt, you may put with it six cups of milk, and stir it until the chocolate is well mixed with it. And it is high time those biscuit were under way."

"I am to make those," said Gertrude, with a little skip. "What do I do first, Miss Dodge?"

"Wash your hands," came from Nellie, who was hovering over the soup-kettle.

"I've done that," said Gertrude, soberly. "Is there 'shortening' in biscuit?"

"Yes; you may use half butter and half lard to-day. Sift four cups of flour, with a half-teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and rub or chop the shortening into them."

"I'll rub it in. I'm not afraid of my hands."

"That isn't the point"—Nellie again. "You must consider the people who are to eat the biscuit."

"There, there," interposed Miss Dodge. "Let's attend to making the biscuit. As soon as the shortening is rubbed in, put in two cupfuls of milk and make a soft dough. Is the rice boiled soft, Nellie?"

"Not quite," said Nellie, lifting a little in a spoon. "But it is almost ready."

"Now what shall I do with the dough?" came from Gertrude.

"Flour the bread-board, turn the dough out upon it, and roll it out into a sheet about an inch thick."

"But it sticks so!" came a wail a minute or two later.

It did stick, undoubtedly. The rolling-pin and Gertrude's hands were both liberally coated, and had to be scraped with a knife and liberally sprinkled with flour before either could be used again. By the time the biscuits were rolled and cut and arranged in the pan for baking, the fat was hot enough to brown a bit of bread dropped into it, and the chicken mixture was so stiff that it was easy to form it into croquettes. An egg was hastily beaten up in a saucer with a table-spoonful of water, another saucer was filled with cracker-dust, and as fast as Mary shaped the little oblong rolls, about the size of large wine-corks, Ethel rolled them first in the cracker-dust, then in the egg, and then in the cracker-dust again.

"When they are done put them out in the cold for a few minutes before you fry them," advised Miss Dodge. "It makes them firm and easier to handle. You can fry them in the same fat you use for cooking potatoes."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said Carolyn, who was drying her potatoes between two towels. "It seems a shame to use such a big lot of cottolene just to cook potatoes. I think I must have put two pounds of it in the saucepan."

"Oh, it can be used again," explained Miss Dodge. "Just strain it when you have finished with it, and you can fry in it two or three times at least. Move it to the hottest part of the stove as soon as you put the potatoes in, and let it stay there two minutes, to recover from the chill the potatoes gave it. Then move it a little to one side, and let the potatoes cook until they are crisp and light brown. It will take about six or eight minutes."

Before they were ready to come out, Nannie's chocolate, which she had stirred with praiseworthy perseverance, was thick and smooth, and smelled delicious, and the biscuit had begun to puff and brown. Nellie had stirred the cupful of minced white meat of the chicken into the soup, had taken this from the fire, and was rubbing it through a colander.

"It seems a shame to waste all that good stuff," she said, regretfully, looking at the rice and chicken that refused to go through the sieve.

"There's no reason why it should be wasted," said Miss Dodge. "It will make very good croquettes, or, moistened with a little gravy or soup, it may be baked on shells or a pudding dish, as you would a scallop. You can make the gravy for it from the scraps of skin and gristle and the bones of that chicken."

"Now what am I to do?" asked Nellie. "Is the soup ready for the table?"

"No, you must put it back on the stove, and thicken it with three table-spoonfuls of butter and two of flour rubbed together. Stir until it is smooth, and then, just before you put it in the tureen, add half a pint of cream."

"Isn't this a pretty expensive soup, Miss Dodge?" asked Mary.

"Yes, but it is also a very elegant soup for company luncheons or dinners. And it is certainly delicious."

"There, the last of the potatoes are done," said Carolyn, flushed and triumphant. "Now you other girls may go ahead with your croquettes."

"Those will take only two or three minutes, and as fast as you take them out you must lay them on a piece of brown paper laid in a colander, as Carolyn did with her potatoes," directed Miss Dodge. "Keep the potatoes hot in the plate-warmer, Carolyn. Are your biscuits done, Gertrude?"

"Oh dear, I forgot all about them," cried Gertrude, making a dash for the oven door.

Alas! an unmistakable odor of burnt bread poured out into the room. Gertrude snatched out a pan of brown and blackened mounds, and surveyed them ruefully.

"What a shame!" chorussed the girls.

"How did you happen to forget them, Gertie?"

"I was just washing some dishes," said Gertrude, in a sad voice. "It was such a nuisance cleaning up



ALAS! AN UNMISTAKABLE ODOR OF BURNT BREAD POURED OUT INTO THE ROOM.

that big pile of dirty things after luncheon last time that I thought I would just get a few of them out of the way beforehand, and so I forgot—"

"Never mind," said Miss Dodge, kindly. "They are not all burnt. See, these at this side of the pan are only over-browned, and when they are a little cooler you can grate or scrape off the charred part of some of the others. The inside is all right."

"I can't see yet why they should have scorched so quickly," said Gertrude, somewhat comforted. "The corn bread didn't burn last week, and that was in the oven a good deal longer than my biscuits."

"That's because I made it," said Nellie, calmly. "It had to turn out right."

"Not altogether," said Miss Dodge, smiling. "Corn bread requires more heat and longer baking than wheat biscuit. But the croquettes are all done now, and we are only waiting for the soup."

"That's ready now," Nellie announced, turning the cream into the saucepan as she spoke. "Or at least it only needs salt," and in a flash she had salted it generously.

"Take care, Nellie," continued Miss Dodge; "have a light hand with your salt. It's a good deal easier to put it in than it is to take it out."

"Are you talking about the soup?" said Mary, looking up from the croquettes she was arranging on a platter. "I salted the stock after I took the chicken out."

Miss Dodge and Nellie uttered an exclamation of dismay, and both tasted the soup. A look of consternation overspread their faces; but Nellie was the first to recover her composure.

"It's as salt as—as Lot's wife," she pronounced.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't tell you I salted it," said Mary, distressed.

"It's good, all the same," said Nellie, tasting it again. "And I'm going to eat it, although I suppose I shall drink the river dry before night if I do."

"I *like* salt soup," proclaimed Gertrude, coming to the rescue.

"Bless you, my child!" said Nellie, dramatically. "You and I will eat it all!"

"If we only had more cream," said Miss Dodge, "we would add that, and make it a little less briny. We might add a little milk. It is so thick that it could stand more liquid."

"I can't see it makes much difference," said Nellie, after the soup had received the addition of as much milk as it could stand. "Briny it is, and briny it must remain. And I still insist that it has a delicious flavor, in spite of the salt. 'Lor', let's be comfortable!' in the words of the great and good Mrs. Boffin. There's plenty to eat besides soup."

"Croquettes, fried potatoes, chocolate, scorched biscuit"—enumerated Gertrude, as they gathered around the table. "Why, Miss Dodge," she broke off, "what about the omelet?"

The teacher looked taken aback for a moment, and then she began to laugh. "I declare, girls, I forgot all about the omelet!" she said. "I was so upset by the accidents to Gertrude's biscuit and to Nellie's soup that the thought of the omelet went entirely out of my head. But never mind," she added, consolingly. "It will be just the thing to cook for luncheon the day we make fancy cakes."

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XI.

### SEALS AND SEAL-SKINS.



ALASKAN HALIBUT HOOK.

AS it is as essential for those who wish to follow this story understandingly to know something of the fur-seal—its haunts, habits, and the methods of its capture—as it was to Phil Ryder, let us anticipate by a few hours the information that Serge is to give him, and learn a few of these things for ourselves.

Most of us have seen seals either in salt-water harbors or coast inlets, or at least in the tanks of zoological gardens; but the animals we have thus seen are hair-seals, which are so common as to be found in all the salt-waters of the world from poles to tropics. They are, however, most plentiful on the coasts of the north Atlantic, where they form an important food supply for the Eskimos of Greenland and the natives of Labrador. Although the skin of the hair-seal is of little value, the oil extracted from its blubber forms so important an article of commerce that a large fleet of steam and sailing vessels leaves St. John, Newfoundland, for the sole purpose of capturing hair-seals, and the annual catch amounts to several hundreds of thousands of these animals.

The fur-seal is as different from its cousin the hair-seal as a sheep is from a goat. The most important point of difference between them is that while both are furnished with outer coats of stiff grayish hair, the former wears an under covering of soft velvetlike down or fur which the hair-seal is obliged to go without. It is this under-garment of the fur-seal that is so highly prized, and from which are made the seal-skin jackets, cloaks, muffs, and other articles that are so expensive and valuable.

An immense amount of the most skilled and careful labor is devoted to preparing these seal-skins, besides that required in procuring them in distant seas and shipping them to London, where it can be had most cheaply. When removed from the animal the skin is salted, bundled, and shipped. Arrived at its destination it must be repeatedly wet, dried, and heated, scraped, shaved down to a uniform thickness, and softened. Then its outer coating of coarse unsightly hairs must be plucked out by the roots, and the yellowish-gray inner coat of soft fur must be given eight to twelve coatings of dye, applied by hand with a brush, in order to produce the rich "seal-brown" color that fashion demands. The amount of labor thus expended on a single skin is enormous, and as several of them are required for a garment, while a heavy duty must be paid before they can re-enter this country, it is no wonder that seal-skin jackets are expensive luxuries.

One hundred years or so ago vast rookeries of fur-seals existed in the far southern waters of the Antarctic Ocean. During a period of eighty years these were so ruthlessly destroyed by the sealing-fleets of all maritime nations that in those waters the fur-seal became practically exterminated.

About 1768 the Russian sea-otter hunters, who had discovered the Aleutian Islands, that wonderful chain of volcanic rocks that divides Bering Sea from the North Pacific, first noticed the annual migration of countless millions of fur-seals northward through the passes between the islands in the early summer, and southward in the autumn. For eighteen years they sought in vain to discover where these seals went to, and at length a Muscovite fur-trader named Gerassin Pribyloff solved the mystery. For three years he had braved the terrors of Bering Sea, cruising over its length and breadth in a little old sloop named *St. George*. At length on a certain July day, when the fog was so dense that it hid one end of his vessel from the other, he heard the roar of a vast concourse of seals, and at the same time there was wafted to him through the sodden air the unmistakable odor of their rookeries.

With the lifting of the fog Pribyloff discovered the group of rocky islets that bears his name to this day. The nearer or more southerly of these he named St. George, after his vessel, while a much larger one some thirty miles to the north he called St. Paul. Two other insignificant islets named Otter and Walrus complete the group.

From these islands, which are enveloped in fog for half the year, and lashed by winter storms during the remainder, comes to-day the bulk of the world's supply of seal-skin. While they were owned by the Russians, the annual slaughter of seals upon them was something in-




HE FOUND A BAILER WITH WHICH HE SET VIGOROUSLY TO WORK.

credible, amounting to many hundreds of thousands. It sometimes happened that a hundred thousand skins would be cast into the sea and destroyed, in order to keep up the market price, and the utter extermination of the fur-seal appeared inevitable. Since 1867, however, when the Pribyloffs, together with the rest of Alaska, became the property of the United States, wise laws have so restricted the killing, that the preservation of the seal herds is assured just so long as the law can be enforced. Under these laws only one company, who pays handsomely for the privilege, may kill seals on these islands, and even they may only kill a specified number of young males between one and six years of age. Thus the old bulls, the females, and the pups are never molested.

On this little group of fog-enshrouded islands does the fur-seal breed, and to them the vast herds return year after year with the regularity of the seasons themselves. They arrive in June and depart in October, when they move southward into the Pacific, spreading themselves over all its limitless area, between the coasts of North America and Japan, but never landing or leaving the water until they again return to their chosen home in Bering Sea.

In their annual northward journey the seals divide into two great herds, one of which follows the North American coast-line, and the other that of Japan, keeping as close to shore as do the schools of fish on which they feed, which is anywhere from one to two hundred miles. During this journey they are harassed and pursued by what is termed "pelagic" or open-water sealers, both American, who outfit at San Francisco or Seattle, and British, who sail from Victoria. Heretofore these pelagic sealers, who are said to kill and lose from five to ten seals for every one that they obtain, and who annually bring in several hundreds of thousands of skins, have been unrestrained by law. For some years they hunted in the waters of Bering Sea, as well as in the open ocean. Finally the Americans claimed the exclusive control of the sea, and the British denied that they possessed the right to do so. While the question was in dispute, both parties agreed that Bering Sea should be closed to all pelagic sealers, and both nations maintained war vessels in those waters to capture or drive away any sealers violating this agreement. In 1893 the vexed question was settled by arbitration, that gave to the Americans exclusive control of Bering Sea waters within a radius of sixty miles of the Pribyloff Islands, forbade the killing of fur-seals in any waters between the 1st of May and the last of July, and prohibited the use of rifles in seal-hunting at any time.

As the year of our story was before that of this settlement by arbitration, Bering Sea was closed by law to all sealers, though certain of them still dared the risk of entering it for sake of the rich prizes they might bring out if undetected by any of the patrolling war-ships. At the same time pelagic sealing was briskly carried on outside of the protected waters, and the north-bound herds were harassed on all sides by swift sailing-vessels and even steamers fitted out for their destruction. Some of these attempted to pass themselves off as fishermen, and as such ventured inside the forbidden limits, trusting to their disguise to protect them.

It was on board one of these pelagic sealers, owned in Victoria and clearing as a fisherman from that port, that Phil Ryder now found himself shipped as a hunter. In this position he hoped and expected to make a speedy voyage to Sitka, in Alaska which was at the same time one of the very last ports in which Captain Duff would have cared to find himself under the circumstances.

Most of the foregoing information concerning fur-seals was imparted to Phil by Serge on the morning of the first day out, and before the lesson was concluded the former's eyes were opened to many things. He had been awakened very early that morning by a startling crash, which for a moment caused him to imagine that the *Seamew* had struck a rock. At the same time the cabin was filled with the roar of Captain Duff's fierce voice. Reassured as to the safety of the schooner, Phil smiled as he recalled Jakap Coombs's theory of the necessary lung exercise indicated by the latter sound. The burly master of the *Seamew* seemed to have been entirely restored to his wonted state of mind by his night of seclusion, and to have decided to continue his practice of loud-mouthed bullying in spite of the surprising setback it had received the evening before. Consequently the moment he emerged from his state-room he glanced about him to see whom he might first devour. Just then the form of the schooner's black cook, Ebenezer by name, who was called "Ebb" for short, and sometimes "Slack Ebb" or "Low Ebb," as the nautical fancy of the crew suggested, appeared at the entrance of the narrow passage leading from the galley.

Snatching a plate from the table, and flinging it at the cook's head to emphasize his remarks, the Captain roared out a query as to why breakfast was not ready.

Adroitly ducking like one well accustomed to such greetings, and thereby allowing the flying missile to crash against the side of Phil's bunk, Ebenezer grinned to show his appreciation of the Captain's playfulness, and answered: "Yes, sah. Dreckly, in free minute, sah."

"Three minutes, ye black swab! See that it's on the table inside of one minute or I'll have ye cut into fish-chum, and make halibut bait of your heart."

"Berry good, sah," responded Ebenezer, still grinning, though his eyes rolled wildly at this horrible threat, as he hastily shuffled from the cabin backward like a crab. Not until he gained the shelter of the passage did he cease to watch the Captain's every movement. Then he turned and fled precipitately to the galley. Here he felt as safe as though in a fortified castle, for the passage was too narrow to be successfully navigated by so beamy a craft as the *Seamew's* master, and when that autocrat of the ship was on deck the cook took good care to keep the galley hatch closed and fastened on the inside.

At Ebb's flight, Captain Duff chuckled hoarsely, and muttered to himself, "That's the way to fix 'em."

"Good-morning, sir," remarked Phil at this moment.

"Eh! What's that?" demanded the Captain, whirling around with surprising agility for a man of his size. "Why aren't you on deck, ye landlubber? I want you to understand that I don't allow no skulking below at this time o' day."

"Very well, sir. I'll go just as quick as I get my shoes on. I don't suppose you want me to do so barefooted."

"Barefooted, or web-footed, or club-footed, or without any feet at all! What is it to me how ye go, so long as ye do go!" roared the Captain. "Am I master of this ship, I'd like to know, or am I only a howling figure-head?"

"You certainly are, sir," replied Phil, as with shoes in hand he moved toward the companionway. "And I am certain that no one who is acquainted with you would doubt it for a moment."

With this parting shot the lad disappeared, leaving the Captain to splutter and fume and wonder if there was any hidden meaning in his remark. "If it warn't for his shooting," he muttered, "I'd set him ashore on the first land we make, and I don't know but what I'd better get rid of him anyway, afore he stirs up a mutiny."

Then he went on deck, where he made things so lively for the next five minutes, and sent the crew scurrying hither and thither with such agility by his fiercely worded and loudly bellowed orders, that when he went below for breakfast he actually forgot to find fault with the cook for having served the meal so long before that its several dishes had grown cold.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CAPTAIN DUFF'S SHREWDNESS.

ALTHOUGH Phil Ryder was generally a hearty eater, he had a dainty taste, and was very particular about his food. It must be what he liked, it must be cooked just so, and, above all, it must be served with cleanliness, or he would rather experience a considerable degree of hunger than touch it. In this he had been encouraged by his Aunt Ruth, and, to a certain extent, by his father. Now, therefore, he found the *Seamew's* table so far beneath his standard of perfection, and so very different from those to which he had been accustomed, that he barely tasted the food prepared for that breakfast. He refused the coffee, which, as Captain Duff was a great coffee drinker, was of a better quality than that usually furnished aboard-ship, nibbled at a bit of hardtack, and then pushed back his stool.

"What's up?" inquired the Captain, noting this movement with surprise. "Feeling squeamish? I thought you never got seasick."

"No, sir, I'm not feeling squeamish, and I'm not in the habit of getting seasick."

"Then why don't ye eat?"

"Because I'm not hungry."

"Humph! ye'd better say at once that it's because the victuals don't suit ye. Never mind, though, we'll try and have them fixed to your liking the next time."

After breakfast, the mate, who had been up all night, and had brought the schooner safely through the Strait of Fuca into an open seaway, turned in for a long sleep, and Captain Duff took the deck.

Phil went forward for his talk with Serge, and learned, among other things, that the light-house tower of Cape Flattery, which was just fading from view, marked the most northerly light station of the United States on the Pacific coast. When the young hunter wondered at this, and asked if there were no light-houses in Alaska, Serge replied that so far as he knew there was not one.

In this statement he was correct, for though many Alaskan harbors and channels are well buoyed and marked by day beacons, yet on all of its thousands of miles of storm-beaten fog-enshrouded coast not a light sends forth its cheery gleam, nor does a single fog-horn give warning of hidden dangers.

Phil was intensely interested in everything that Serge told him concerning seals, and now realized for the first time the importance of his position on board the *Seamew*, and the reason why his skill in shooting had been so highly regarded by Captain Duff.

"What pay does a seal-hunter generally receive?" he asked, after a short period of thinking.

"One dollar each for the first one hundred skins, two dollars for the first two hundred, and so on up to four dollars each for the first four hundred, I believe," responded Serge.

"And how many does a good hunter usually secure? What is the average, I mean?"

"The best I have heard of in a three months' cruise is four hundred and sixteen skins," was the reply.

"Whew!" ejaculated Phil. "That would make his pay for three months' work something over sixteen hundred dollars. If I could only make half of that sum, wouldn't it be fine? How much do the green skins fetch?"

"Anywhere from ten to twenty dollars apiece, according to the demand."

"I had no idea they were so valuable, and I wish we could begin getting some right away. I should like to make enough money before reaching Sitka to replace what I lost by carelessness," remarked Phil. "I forgot, though," he added, with an abrupt change of tone and a comical expression of dismay. "I have agreed to work without wages, and I suppose that means that I am not to receive any commission, no matter how many skins I get. I wonder if I am shipped as a hunter or only as a sailor?"

"I am sure I don't know," answered Serge. "Didn't you read the paper before you signed it?"

"No; I was in too much of a hurry, and too glad to be taken on any terms. Did you read it?"

"No, for I thought, of course, that you had."

"Well," sighed Phil, "I have often heard my father say that one should never sign his name to a paper of any kind without knowing exactly what it contained. Oh dear! If a fellow could only remember and do just what his father told him, how easy it would be to keep out of scrapes. I wonder why it is that you never think of these things until it is too late?"

"How lucky those fellows are who have fathers to tell them what to do. I haven't had one since I was a little chap and too young to appreciate him," said Serge, rather enviously.

At this point in the conversation Captain Duff called Phil aft and said that he wished him to join in a shooting-match with the other two hunters, Ike Croly and Oro Dunn. A number of rifles and shot-guns lay on top of the cabin-house, while towing astern of the schooner, and bobbing in her wake at the end of a hundred yards of line, was a round billet of wood painted black, and about the size of a very small keg.

"Five shots apiece with rifles, six with shot-guns, and I will keep the score," announced the Captain, adding, "and the one who does the poorest cleans the guns."

One after another the young men stepped to the rail and fired without a rest, with either rifle or shot-gun, as the case might be. Although the Captain, who watched the target through a glass, would announce no results until the contest was ended, Phil saw so many splashes in the water while the others were shooting, that though he was unable to judge of his own work, he was almost certain the gun cleaning of that day would not fall to him.

To his dismay, when the contest was ended, the Captain, who had kept the score in a blank-book, declared that out of the eleven shots fired by each, Ike Croly had scored nine hits and two misses, Oro Dunn eight hits and three misses, and Phil Ryder five hits and six misses. "You therefore may take the guns forward and clean 'em," he said to Phil. "And I must say I expected better work from you, judging by the way you bragged yesterday."

Phil could not understand it. He could not remember having shot so poorly as that in years. His defeat was the harder to bear on account of Captain Duff's scornful words, and the triumphant looks of the other hunters who, as he had seen from the first, were intensely jealous of him. Still, there was nothing to be said or done, and gathering up the guns he went forward to clean them. He was resolved, however, that when the time came for real action he would show those two who could bring in the most seal-skins, which was exactly the result that shrewd Captain Duff wished to obtain.

By the time the young hunter finished his task the morning was well spent, and he was beginning to sniff with some interest the savory odors of cooking that came from the galley. As he carried the cleaned guns into the cabin and placed them in their racks, he was glad to see that Ebenezer was setting the table for dinner.

When he again went on deck the Captain ordered him to bail out the boat that was towing astern. Looking over the rail, Phil noticed for the first time that one of the three light whale-boats carried by the schooner was indeed towing astern by a short painter. He could discover no way of getting into her save by sliding down the rope by which she was held, and he wondered if the feat were possible. His hesitation was but momentary,



THE BEHRING SEA PATROL FLEET.

however, for he saw that his hunter rivals and several of the crew were watching him curiously.

So the lad swung himself over the rail, and tightly clutching the rope with both hands and feet, slid downward. As he reached the boat, his weight resting on the bow caused it to sheer so abruptly that he was very nearly flung into the eddying water, but with a violent effort he managed to fling himself at full length into the bottom of the uneasy craft. As he scrambled up he saw, to his dismay, that the forward plug was missing, and through the half-inch hole thus left in the boat's bottom a stream of water was spirting viciously. Acting more from instinct than from knowledge he made his way hurriedly to the after end. Thus his weight sank the stern and at the same time lifted the bow, so that the volume of water entering the boat was very considerably diminished. Here he found a wooden bailer, with which he set vigorously to work.

After a few minutes of this he bethought himself that some one might toss him a plug from the schooner, and he hailed the deck at the top of his voice. Although he shouted until he was hoarse, he received no answer, nor could he catch a glimpse of a human being on board the craft behind which he was towing. No one came to look at him over the rail, and she might have been sailing of her own accord at her own sweet will for aught that he could see of life or guiding intelligence. One thing he did discover, however, which was that the rope by which he was towing had been so materially lengthened that his boat was now twice the distance it had been when he entered it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COASTING ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY

HOW would you like to coast down a mountain-side on a sled weighing fifteen tons? You can do it not far from New York. You may be more frightened than entertained on the first trip, but the entertainment grows greater every time you slide down the mountain.

Of course the coasting is managed with much care and precision. There will never be an accident, the chief coasters say. Certainly none has happened yet, although the sliding down hill has been going on daily for several months. Horses and carriages and ice wagons and butcher carts all join in the sport. Indeed, Alice never saw anything more remarkable in Wonderland.

Every well-informed person ought to know that the people of the Oranges are life-long coasters. No matter whether born in Orange, East Orange, South Orange, West Orange, or Brick Church, the first thing a tiny Orangeman tries in life is to slide down hill. Go to any Orange nursery, and you will find babies not old enough to talk coasting down chutes made of pillows and such things. I have been told — but I shall believe as much of this story as I choose — that a venerable Orange person asked as a last request that on the day of his funeral he might be permitted to glide gently down hill on his favorite toboggan. The fact remains that to coast is as natural as to breathe among the Orange hills. Some of the hills are veritable mountains green clad, but mountains nevertheless. On such choice eminences as these the coaster reigns supreme. In winter he rushes down the sides of his hill on toboggans and bobsleds. In summer he darts from his breezy heights on a bicycle, his feet dangling over the bar, and his soul communing with nature, while he sails along at the rate of forty miles an hour. A careful observer may at times see a pair of Orangese coasting on a bicycle built for two.

"How shall we coast by wholesale?" is the question that naturally grew in the minds of certain astute Orangemen a year ago. "It's hardly safe to let babies whirl down hill alone in perambulators. Besides, there are instances on record of over-ambitious horses having scattered their owners ludicrously along the way-side while under the exhilarating influence of a mad down-hill gallop. Come, how shall we arrange this thing?"

Thus pondering, the citizens formed a company, consulted engineers, bought cables and drums and engines and rails and cars. To-day you may coast down one of the longest hills in this part of the world, thanks to their efforts. Not only that, but you can coast up hill too.

For years before the road was built the owners of a broad plateau that overlooks New York and Newark bays were unable to do anything profitable with it. They were permitted to pay taxes on it. They also found it a pleasant spot whereon to breathe mountain air. The cable railroad made the plateau available as a home site.

To begin with, the top of the plateau is 300 feet higher than the nearest valley. The engineers dug and blasted a lane through the crest of the hill. This they levelled and smoothed so cleverly that a Norwegian on *skis* could skim its surface with his eyes shut. This lane is about forty feet wide and fully 3700 feet long, or about three-quarters of a mile. A big power-house was built at the top of the lane. In it were placed two 150 horse-power engines. With these as motive power, and two cables of one and a half inches in diameter to hold the cars, you can easily guess how the coasting is managed.

Why two cables, do you ask? There was a nervous old lady on a train of the Switchback (zigzag) Railroad who asked the conductor "where the passengers would go" if the engine should break down, the brakes fail, and all the other safety appliances become useless.

"Madam," replied the conductor, "that depends entirely upon the lives they have led."

So, to prevent undue haste in the descent, the managers of the coasting company have two cables attached to each car. One lowers it or hauls it up hill. The other stands by as a safeguard in case the other should break.

The cars are forty-four feet long and sixteen feet wide. They weigh fifteen tons each, and each can carry fifteen tons of passengers and freight. The tracks they run on are eight feet wide. The cables are attached to the car by what the engineers call the "forward body bolster."

They are clamped fast here as well as at the rear of the car. The most remarkable thing about the cars is the way they would kick up at one end if they stood on a level-ground track. Of course the elevation of the lower part of the cars is necessary to keep their platforms level on the steep grade.

The engine whirls or reverses the driving-drums as it is desired to lower or pull up the cars. There are safety-drums, too, whose business it is to arrest the movement of the cars in case of accident to the driving-drums. All of these great cylinders are provided with air-brakes. In fact, everything that tends toward safety has been not only provided, but made in duplicate.

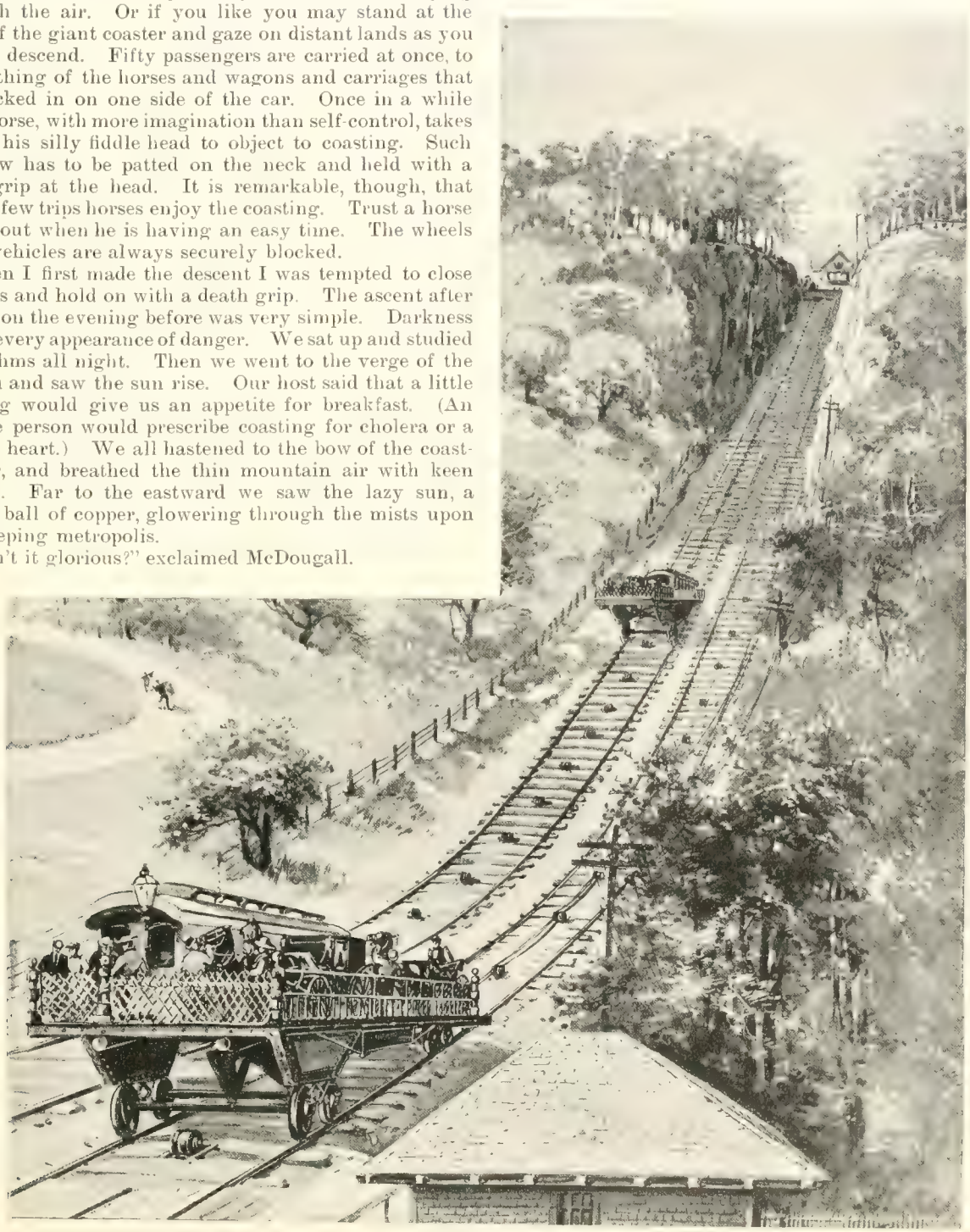
A dainty little cabin of polished woods stands at one end of each car. Here you may sit at ease while flying through the air. Or if you like you may stand at the front of the giant coaster and gaze on distant lands as you swiftly descend. Fifty passengers are carried at once, to say nothing of the horses and wagons and carriages that are packed in on one side of the car. Once in a while some horse, with more imagination than self-control, takes it into his silly fiddle head to object to coasting. Such a fellow has to be patted on the neck and held with a short grip at the head. It is remarkable, though, that after a few trips horses enjoy the coasting. Trust a horse to find out when he is having an easy time. The wheels of all vehicles are always securely blocked.

When I first made the descent I was tempted to close my eyes and hold on with a death grip. The ascent after dinner on the evening before was very simple. Darkness veiled every appearance of danger. We sat up and studied logarithms all night. Then we went to the verge of the plateau and saw the sun rise. Our host said that a little coasting would give us an appetite for breakfast. (An Orange person would prescribe coasting for cholera or a broken heart.) We all hastened to the bow of the coasting-car, and breathed the thin mountain air with keen delight. Far to the eastward we saw the lazy sun, a smoky ball of copper, glowering through the mists upon the sleeping metropolis.

"Isn't it glorious?" exclaimed McDougall.

At that moment the engineer in the power-house pulled a lever, and down we sped. The earth came rolling up under our feet. Where would we stop? Certainly not this side of the Milky Way! Without a jar or a tremor we leaped into space. We must surely be dashed to pieces. Imperceptibly our speed diminished. We weren't going to fly from the earth, after all. Another breath and we were at the end of the route. The ponderous machine ceased moving as gently as a wandering bit of thistle-down caught on a way-side brier. McDougall laughed when I spoke of my fears at the breakfast table.

"The engineer in the power-house watched us all the way," he said. "One touch on the lever of the air-brake would have arrested us in a moment. It's safer to coast than to walk home. You can't even sprain an ankle."



FIFTY PASSENGERS ARE CARRIED AT ONCE, TO SAY NOTHING OF THE HORSES, WAGONS, AND CARRIAGES.

## THE FIRST AMERICAN BOYS IN JAPAN.

BY WILLIAM DEYSDALE.

THE first American boys who ever visited Japan were set ashore with great ceremony near the city of Yedo, or Tokio, on Thursday, the 14th of July, 1853. They wore the uniform of the United States navy, and every gilt button and buckle was polished till it shone like gold. They carried between them a large square envelope of scarlet cloth containing two beautiful round boxes made of gold, each box inclosed in a larger box of rosewood, with lock, hinges, and mountings all made of pure gold. Each of the gold boxes contained a letter to the Emperor of Japan, beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. To each letter the great seal of the United States was attached with cords of interwoven gold and silk, with pendent gold tassels. The names of these boys are not known to the writer; but it would not be surprising if some young American should write to the YOUNG PEOPLE, "My father was one of those boys."

It would be hard to tell when the first American boy visited Europe, or Africa, or almost any other country; but the record of the first American boys' visit to Japan is kept by the State Department in Washington. It may be found in a curious old volume, full of odd pictures, published by order of Congress in 1856, and entitled, "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, under the Command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy." Japan at that time refused to have anything to do with the other nations of the world. It had a history and a civilization of its own, and was content to remain as it had been for hundreds of years. The Chinese and the Dutch were both allowed to do a little trading at several Japanese ports, but under very humiliating restrictions. They were looked upon as outside barbarians by the Japanese, and had to put up with great indignities.

Millard Fillmore, who was then our President, thought that it would be well for this country to be on friendly terms with Japan. But we could not go into the empire on our knees, as the Dutch had done. That is not the American way of doing things. We must go in by the front door, if we went at all, with high dignitaries of the nation to show us into the parlor with proper respect. It required a man of great firmness and sound sense to negotiate with the Japanese government, to arrange for our dealing with them on a footing of exact equality and justice. For this delicate and important service President Fillmore selected Commodore Matthew C. Perry, and sent him to Japan with a fleet of four steam war-ships. Some of our sailors who had been wrecked on the coast of Japan had been killed or cruelly treated; and Commodore Perry's mission was not only to open Japanese ports to American commerce, but also to arrange that any American citizens who went to Japan should be treated in a civilized and humane way.

The letters that the two boys carried ashore in the golden boxes were from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan. One of them certified that Commodore Perry was authorized to treat with the Japanese government. The other was a kindly letter from President Fillmore explaining the object of the expedition. It is too long to print here entire. "Great and Good Friend," the letter began, "I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of highest rank in the Navy of the United States, and commander of the squadron now visiting your imperial Majesty's domains. I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your imperial Majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings toward your Majesty's person and government, and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your imperial Majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship, and have commercial intercourse with each other." The letter concludes, "May the Almighty have your imperial Majesty in His great and holy keeping. Your good friend, Millard Fillmore."

The reception of Commodore Perry by two of the imperial Princes, and his landing near Yedo, on the 14th of July, accompanied by the two boys and about three hundred officers and sailors, were brought about only after months of negotiation. Many a quiet laugh the Commodore must have enjoyed when he thought of the intense dignity he was forced to assume. If he had not appeared before the Japanese as a person of great importance and power, they would have had little respect for him or his government. He took pains to tell them that he represented the great and powerful nation of the West, that his four ships were only a small and insignificant part of the American navy, and that more ships were coming. When he first anchored in Yedo harbor no native boats were allowed to approach the flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*. When the Governor of the province went out in great pomp to pay his respects he was received by one of the captains; the Commodore himself could not see him; the Commodore's business was with a direct representative of the Emperor, and he could not lower his dignity by giving an audience to a mere Governor.

He sent copies of his letters to the Emperor by one of the high officers of the empire, but the originals he would deliver only to some member of the royal family. The Emperor offered to send two Princes to receive the letters at Nagasaki, but this would not do; the Commodore would not go to the Princes, the Princes must come to him, and receive the letters where his ships lay. By skilful and dignified management he carried all his points; not only did the Princes come to him, but he negotiated the treaty under which Japan and the United States remain firm friends to this day.

So great a man did Commodore Perry become in the eyes of the Japanese that they did everything in their power to please him. A building was erected a mile from the shore for the Princes to receive him in. The Governor of the province apologized to the captains because he could not supply such an arm-chair for the Commodore to sit in as he used in his ship; but there were none in the country. He was told that whatever sort of chair the Princes used would be satisfactory to the Commodore. Then the ships were moved up close to the shore. When the Governor protested against this, he was told that it was because a man of the Commodore's importance could not properly travel a long distance in a small boat; but the real reason for it was that as ten thousand Japanese troops would be present, and only three hundred men could be spared from the ships, it was feared that the whole American party might be massacred. We know now that the Japanese would not be guilty of such treachery, but we did not know them as well then. Before the Commodore landed all the decks were cleared for action, howitzers were mounted in small boats, and every preparation was made to protect the landing party if they should be attacked.

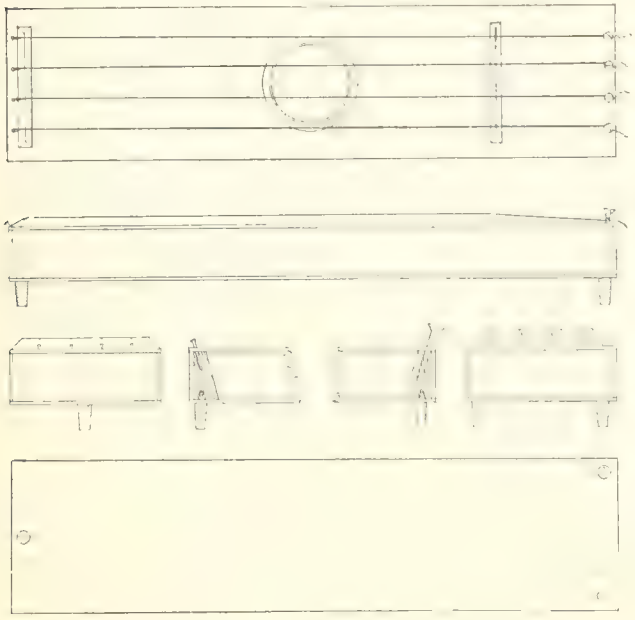
The three hundred sailors and officers landed first, and forming in two lines, made an open lane for the Commodore to pass through. Then came the two boys, selected for their fine appearance and manly bearing, and guarded by two immense colored men armed to the teeth. The audience with the Princes occupied only about twenty minutes, and few words were spoken, though many dignified bows were made. At a signal from the Commodore the two boys stepped forward and delivered their gold boxes to the officer appointed by the Princes to receive them, who had a handsome scarlet box ready for the reception of the important documents.

This was one of the first steps in the negotiation of a treaty that for nearly half a century has been of vast benefit both to this country and to Japan.

## AN ÆOLIAN-HARP WITH TELEPHONE ATTACHMENT.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

THERE are many of our young readers who have heard the sweet tones of an æolian-harp, but when they attempt to make one they find the principal difficulty seems to be that the noise of the wind deadens the music of the harp. There is a solution of this problem. Below we give a draught of an æolian-harp. The sounding-box is constructed of the best-seasoned pine one-eighth of an inch thick, and free from knots and checks. The top and bottom measure 21 × 6 inches, the sides 2 × 23¾ inches, the ends 2 × 6 inches. In the centre of the upper board saw out a circle 2 inches in diameter. (This opening allows the vibrations, or sound-waves, to escape from the box.) Now take two pieces of pine, each measuring



PLAN, ELEVATION, AND DETAILS OF THE HARP.

5⅜ × 2 × 1 × ½ inch, shape it so that one side will be perpendicular and two sides horizontal, and one side an angle (see draught interior of head and tail). These form the braces at each end of the sound-box to resist the strain of the strings, and are placed at the extreme ends of the box on the inside. When putting the box together fasten the top on last. Every contact surface should receive a liberal coat of glue, and small brads driven home when the glue is in a liquid state insure the box being air-tight, except the two-inch hole. Two bridges, triangular in shape, 5 inches in length, and half an inch on each side of the triangle, are fastened half an inch from the tail and 4½ inches from the head. Four notches are cut in each to receive the strings. In the head are placed four screws, each screw being 1¼ inches long; in the tail end are four strong wire nails (always use a round surface nail, to prevent the cutting of the strings). Procure a spool of mandolin-wire strings, and a bass-string of a banjo (silk body). Loop them on the wire nails at the tail, and wind the other end around the screws; first passing it through the slot of the screw by taking a single hitch around the standing part of the wire insures its not slipping. Three legs on the harp are preferable, as it may stand on an uneven surface. Give the outside a good sand-papering (finest grade), and two coats of varnish. The telephone attachment can be added in the following manner. Find a good-sized (one half pound) baking-powder box, remove the cover, and punch a very small hole in centre of bottom. In this hole fasten a long string free from knots. Put a very small hole in the centre of the side of the harp. Hang the harp by strings attached to its legs, and hold in place by guy-strings. See that the strings of the harp are at right angles with the wind. Stretch the cord tight (allowing it to come in contact with nothing but the harp and baking-powder can), and you will hear the sound-vibrations thrown out from the harp and transmitted through the cords and magnified by the baking-powder can held close to your ear. An æolian-harp will not play unless placed in direct contact with a good breeze. If placed on a window-sill without telephone attachment the harp can stand on its legs; but if suspended in a tree in the back yard, it could be bottom side up, and thus in case of rain or snow the strings and interior will be protected. The bass-string will not rust, being covered with fine copper wire. The other strings and screws can be coated with machine-oil, which will protect them from the weather. The higher the harp is tuned the stronger must the breeze be required to make the sound-vibrations.

## SOME STRANGE MISTAKES.

PAT isn't the only creature in the world who makes those absurd remarks we call bulls. Frenchmen, Englishmen, and all others make them with equal frequency. Even Americans make them, as witness the statement made by a writer in one of New York's best evening newspapers, apropos of the death of a great American statesman, some months ago. "Mr. Soandso," wrote this strange individual, "*spoke no last words.*"

A French bull, all the worse for having been written and not spoken hastily, was made by a certain Parisian, Callon by name:

"MY DEAR ——, I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray send it to me if you find it. Yours, CALLON."

"P. S. Never mind sending me the knife; I have found it."

There is also in existence a note written by Callon to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which read.

"You will find this letter at the bottom of the basket. If you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

A Scotch lady once made an amusing remark which comes very aptly under the head of bulls. It appears that she was conversing with a friend upon the smoking habit, which she declared to be vile and destructive of health.

"I don't know about that," said he. "There is my dear old father; he smokes, and has smoked every day for years, and he is seventy years old."

"That may be," she retorted. "But if he had never smoked, he might have been eighty."

## BENEVOLENCE AT A DISCOUNT.

THE resourceful newsboy is not a product of America alone. He is found in London as well as in New York, as the following story, told by a clergyman some years ago, attests.

A benevolent old gentleman, having observed for several nights in Trafalgar Square a youngster selling "evenings," who seemed particularly sharp and above the average in every way, conceived the idea of benefiting him, and, as he expressed it, putting him in the way of earning a living. One night, therefore, the boy was accosted with,

"I say, my boy, wouldn't you like to give up selling papers and have a situation where you could be good, and away from bad company?"

"How much a week?" promptly inquired the lad.

The old gentleman was taken aback at such a very practical question, and hardly knew what to answer. At last he said,

"Well, I don't know; perhaps four or five shillings."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the lad, "that's good. Why, I pay my mother fifteen bob a week now."

The old gentleman collapsed, and has given up trying to get "paper" boys into situations.

# A NURSE IN TOPSYTURVYDOM.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ONE afternoon, while standing on my head
In Topsyturvyland, where, as I've said,
All things are upside down, there came to me
An Upsidowney full of fearful glee;
And, when I saw his eyes with mirth were dim,



HE THERE RECITED ALL HE HAD TO SAY.

I knew some trouble dire had come to him.
As was the custom in that wondrous land,
To show my sympathy I stretched my hand,
And gave him one most fearful sounding whack
Upon his chest—which served him for a back.
Said I: "Great Downey, pray recite to me
The causes of your grievous show of glee.
Has some one sown your weed-patch full of grass?
Has some bad boy upset an empty glass
And spilt the contents on your parlor wall,
So that the cook can't fry your tea at all?
Or has, perchance, some burglar broken through
And left upon your floor a dime or two?
Come, tell me what's the matter now, I pray
What makes you smile so broadly with dismay?"
The Downey gave three cheers that rent the skies—
The cheers were meant, of course, for doleful sighs—
Then climbing up upon the oak buffet
He there recited all he had to say
"I'm so upset," said he, "I hardly know
What not to do and where I should not go.
We had a row this morning at my house,
Which all my happiness bids fair to douse.
My infant father was not well last night,
And laughed until he wellnigh spoiled his sight.
The Doctor came and gave me twenty grains
Of dynamite, with which to cure his pains,
And told me that to make my father well,
And fully over his annoying spell,
The pills, when he should haply be awake,
Each sixty minutes his dear nurse should take.
You know," he added, "here amongst my kin,
When babes are ill, nurse takes the medicine.
Unfortunately what should Papa do,
When in the church the weather-vane struck two,
But rise up from his bed, despite his ills,
And swallow then and there the nurse's pills,
Which made her so indignant that at dawn,
When we rose up, we found the nurse had gone.
And then at breakfast she returned once more:
She peeped inside the open nursery door,
And, with an angry look at little Ma,
Discharged forever my dear baby Pa!"
"Well, let her go," said I. "It seems to me
I'd waste no smiles on one so cross as she.
If she decides she will not stay with you
Because the baby took a pill or two,
It does not seem to me that one so queer
Is worth a smile of grief, O Downey dear."
"You do not understand," said Downey then.
"Your statement's based upon the ways of men.
With us 'tis otherwise, for here, you know,
The baby 'tis, and not the nurse, must go,
And we have but one choice: to give up him,
Or lose our house to please her little whim.
She owns the house—just as all nurses do—
Employing us to care for, hence our rue.
She'll let me stay, she'll keep my baby Ma,
But we can't live without our little Pa,
And since he's been discharged, we all must roam
About the land to seek another home.
But worst of all, as long as she doth live
She says a reference she will not give
For little Pa—and such the nurses' race
Unless he has one he can't get a place.
'Tis hard," he cried. "I know not what to do,
And so I come to ask advice of you."
I thought a long time on it, but I could
Advance no plan my friend considered good,
Until, perchance, I said perhaps that I
Could go and nurse the baby. Downey's eye
Showed plainly that he thought the plan was bad.
"You'd find it pretty hard to mind my dad."
"I'd try it for ten minutes, though, for you,
And then I'd write the reference. 'Twould do
No doubt, as well as one from Polly Anne."
"Dear me!" he cried. "You are a wondrous man.
The scheme is great. 'Tis truly quite the thing.
I'd make you Premier, sir, were I the King."
We thereon went and took his baby Pa
Out driving in a private equine car
I nursed the infant for ten minutes quite,
And then a glowing letter I did write,
In which I said he was the finest child
I'd ever seen, who never sang or smiled.



AND SWALLOW THEN AND THERE THE NURSE'S PILL.

In short, I said I certain was that he
Was everything a Downey babe should be;
And ere the night came on they'd ceased to roam,
And on my reference secured a home.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE MID-AIR SIGNAL.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

A BITTER disappointment it was to little Tom Trent, the sailing-master's son, a boy of twelve, aboard the coast-inspecting ship *Saracen*, when, half an hour after eight bells, noon, on May 14, 1855, his father told him that a midshipman's warrant, which the lad had been expecting soon, was to be delayed two years longer.

Sadly the little fellow cuddled himself on a gun-slide forward of the waist; but, naturally of a bright, cheerful temper, he finally arose, trying to feel comforted.

"I will still do my duty like a *true man*," thought he, drawing up his small form.

The vessel, under topsails and topgallant sails, with a strong wind, was at this time in the Okhotsk Sea, a mile to leeward of the upper west Kamtchatka coast, nearly opposite a purple signal-flag which had been left ashore by the *Saracen's* First Lieutenant on the day before for a high-water mark at that point. The boy now heard the boatswain say that as all the officers of the ship would be required on this day to attend a court martial to be held aboard the craft, Wilton French, a youth of fifteen, the nephew of the master's mate, who was also expecting a warrant, would be sent, instead of a midshipman, after the flag.

Presently quick orders came; the main-topsail was laid to the mast, and the gig piped down. Tom, having received permission from his father and the Captain to accompany French, dropped lightly into the boat, which was then rowed landward by its crew. As a fog was spreading, the Captain had given strict orders to French to return as soon as possible to the ship, and not to stop to molest the seals among the ice-drifts. When at last, however, the boat grated against a long wide strip of fixed ice extending from a shore cove, beyond which was the signal-flag, the mate's nephew, noticing that the ship was then concealed by the fog, thought it was a good time for a little sport.

"I'm going to have a crack at that fellow with the boat-hook before the fog hides him," he said, pointing to a seal on a floating ice-cake astern.

"No, no!" cried Tom; "the Captain told you not to meddle with the seals."



THE STRANGE IMAGE SEEMED DOUBLE.

"Oh, come, steer that, you mule Peter Proper!" retorted French.

Then, in obedience to his command, the cockswain was about to give the rudder a twist when Tom sprang out on the fixed ice and held the boat firmly, to hinder its being turned.

"Let go that gunwale!" cried French, angrily.

Tom stoutly held on. "I'm doing my duty, Wilton; preventing you disobeying orders," he said.

French leaped out at him, and, being very strong, pulled him away from the boat.

"I'll drag you ashore, my conscientious prig," he shouted, "and leave you there till I come to pick you up."

Little Trent resisted vigorously.

"Look out for that ice hole!" cried the cockswain, warningly, for during the struggle the lads had slid close to a pool in the ice.

Just then French slipped, let go the master's son, and, pitching headlong toward the pool, would have plunged under the ice, to certainly perish, had not Tom, at the risk of his own life, braced his right foot against the opposite edge of the opening, thus catching the falling youth on his knee. The shock nearly knocked his leg from its position, but the little fellow having his heel in a hollow kept it firm, otherwise both boys would have tumbled into the hole.

After the lads had drawn back from the pool, Wilton grasped Tom's hand, thanking him warmly. "But I must have my way about that seal," he added, running and springing into the gig, to be rowed off before Tom could reach the boat.

Suddenly the report of a gun from the ship came booming over the waters. "The recall gun!" cried Trent. "Quick! Wilton, come back, while I go to fetch the signal-flag."

French, without answering, kept on after the seal.

Tom ran to the signal-flag. As he plucked the low staff from the rocky crevice that held it, close at hand came the rumbling roar of a gale. The cove ice, upheaved by a swell, split asunder, preventing his return over it to the gig, which, fearing to lose more time, Wilton had at last headed back. The booming of a second gun from the ship rolled along the darkening sea. With flying rack, mist, and snow, a cold, biting, howling gale came, a moment later, scudding from the east. Trent, waving the flag, now stood on a low shelf near a large bowlder that fronted the deep cleft of a tall rock at the extremity of a projecting headland. French strove in vain to reach him. The violent gale blowing directly from shore, driving the rushing waves and the ice against the gig, forced it rapidly back in spite of all the efforts of the crew. A great sea slantingly struck the rock. Trent was hidden by the waters and the spray. After the sea passed, French no longer saw him, and the next instant the storm haze had shut the rock from his view.

"Lost! Tom is lost!" was his despairing cry. "All my fault too, wasting time going after that seal."

But Tom, who heard that cry, though he could no longer see the fast-receding boat through the thick mist, had not been washed away by the great wave. He had narrowly escaped by throwing himself behind the concealing bowlder, into the cleft of the rugged wall. Thoroughly drenched, he at length scrambled, still holding the flag, to a higher shelf of the rock projecting from an opening.

Alone on that uninhabited part of the cold Kamtchatka coast, with no means for making a fire, with ship and boat out of sight, and driven every moment further from him by the east gale, Tom began to despair. He, knowing that French, if he should reach the *Saracen*, would report him as perhaps lost, now realized his peril.

The full fury of this gale of May 14, 1855, probably remembered by any mariner living who was then in the Okhotsk Sea, finally broke forth. Far along, to the uttermost bounds of the sea, there was one continuous crackling, crashing roar, like the incessant discharges of mighty guns, as swiftly westward, dashing together and rending the ice-drifts, rolled the great green walls of water. Shivering, with the water freezing on his coat, little Tom crouched in the lee of the headland rock, even here exposed to the snow-drifts and sea-spray.

"I'm a lost boy," he muttered. "I'll never get my midshipman's warrant. But French will reach the ship, I think, and he'll tell how I did my duty about the seal and the signal-flag to the last!"

He thrust the flag through the opening near him in the rugged wall. His limbs were stiffening. He crawled through the opening, to find himself in a slanting fissure extending to the rock's summit. It was wide enough to enable him to swing his arms and stamp his feet in efforts to keep warm. But it was bitterly cold here too, and every time he stopped exercising the biting air would benumb his body.

Night came on. Faint and exhausted, his movements became few and feeble. The storm still raged. Long dreary hours passed. Another day dawned, the atmosphere was clearing, and the gale had subsided to a gentle breeze. Whitened with hardened snow, and partly sheathed in the frozen waters, the tall headland rock resembled some crystal tomb.

Tom lay on the rugged floor of the fissure, near his signal-flag, facing the opening that fronted the ocean, with scarcely power enough to move his benumbed frame, with icicles in his hair and all over his clothes. Half frozen, he wanted to go to sleep. Something crept to the opening and looked at him. It was a small seal, with soft humanlike eyes.

"Come in, little shipmate," said Tom, in a drowsy voice.

He tried to raise a hand to pat the seal on its round head, but then it glided off.

"Little friend has left me," muttered the half-unconscious lad. "I thought he'd be company, but he's gone."

Now he heard a ringing sound. Innumerable tiny silver bells seemed to glitter, swing, and tinkle before him.

"How strange!" thought the boy.

In reality, however, what he saw and heard were shining icicles, dropping under the sun gleams about the opening in front of him.

He was hardly aware that he was lapsing into a dreamy state. But presently the weird, harsh, barking cry of a walrus not far off roused him. A partial sense of the danger he incurred from giving way to sleep nerved him temporarily to struggle against it. He raised his head, looking over the sea with his half-shut eyes for a sail. But discovering none, he was about yielding to the drowsy influence, when, afar off, where a thin misty strip resembling water extended high above and parallel with the ocean, he saw a ship slowly sailing along through the air! The strange image seemed double—another ship was under it, upside down, with its masts pointed toward the sea so far below. But Tom was not at all startled. Having been long enough in the Okhotsk Sea to know that such spectacles were not uncommon in this region, where he had previously witnessed them, he was convinced that he was now looking upon a mirage. The real ship was too far off at sea for him to discover even the tops of her masts, yet there was her image—he knew not she must be the *Saracen*—plainly revealed to him, doubly reflected high in air, gliding toward the desolate coast.

That sight roused him to renewed efforts to keep awake. But from the upper part of the rock big lumps of frozen snow now and then dropping before the opening through which he gazed must finally close it. Then he would be entombed and never discovered, for his ship-

mates, having probably heard French's report about his seeming to have been swept off by the great wave, would conclude that he had really been lost. But if he could show a sign they might come here to look for him, and so with great difficulty he contrived with his stiffened fingers to push the signal-staff through the opening far enough for the bright purple flag to hang over the rocky shelf outside, and he kept it so by resting his breast upon the lower part of the pole. A moment later the mirage had faded away, but Tom could now see the tops of the real ship's masts above the ocean. In a short time the opening in his cave was half blocked up by the lumps of fallen snow, while in the mean time the lad was having a hard struggle to keep awake.

It was a long struggle. It seemed ages to little Tom; but at last his eyes closed, and he was yielding to the deathly slumber, when the booming of a gun vibrating through his brain created a vision in his confused mind.

A sort of "frost spirit" seemed to appear, having a conical cap of snow ornamented with minute bells of ice. Its short thick legs, its whole form, and its face were sheathed in icy armor, and it had ice gauntlets, which shook threateningly at the boy as it advanced, crying out:

"They have sent a boat, and are firing a gun that you may know they have seen your signal; but I'll have you in my embrace before they reach you, and my clasp is death!"

On it came. Tom could not move. Presently it seemed to seize him, and then he recovered from his dreamy stupor to hear his father's well-known voice.

"Wake up, Tom! wake up, my boy!" He opened his eyes. He was in his father's arms. A sailor was pouring brandy from a flask between his lips. Another was bathing and chafing his head. Presently, wrapped in blankets, he was taken to the cutter that had come ashore, and an hour later he was doing so well aboard the *Saracen*, under the surgeon's care, that he was able to tell his father about the mirage that sign of a coming ship – and to hear explanations from his parent in return.

"French succeeded yesterday in reaching us," he said, "before the full fury of the gale broke forth. His story about you was a heavy blow to me, but I would not give you up, hoping that you might in some way have escaped the great wave that had washed the rock. Therefore, when the gale had subsided, with the wind shifting a little to the north, our ship was headed, close-hauled, for the coast, the signal flag was seen, a cutter was finally lowered, a gun fired, and with some sailors I reached the headland rock to discover you through the gap in the opening, which was not yet closed by the snow clumps lying in the fissure, from which we soon rescued you."

French had honestly told the Captain about his own disobedience of orders, and how Tom had not only opposed him, but had also saved his life. The Captain, after praising the sufferer both for doing his duty and for his pluck, promised to reward him with the midshipman's warrant in a year's time. French's warrant, for his misconduct, was to be put off indefinitely; but he did not mind this, so overjoyed was he at the rescue of Trent.

The latter at the time promised received his warrant, and there never was a happier boy.

## VERY LIKE.

"WHOM does your brother look like?"
I asked small Dorothy.
"Like pa, or ma, or little Jack,
Or Uncle James, or me?"

"Well, really," came the answer
From the funny little elf,
"I rather think he looks more like
His tiny little self."

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

### A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RIFLEMEN," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### THE FIRST SEAL HUNT.

FOR an hour or more Phil Ryder sat in the stern of the boat, alternately bailing, shouting, and casting hopeful glances at the schooner's rail every few moments in the full expectation of seeing some one who would relieve him from his unpleasant position. During this time he was painfully conscious of a most vigorous appetite, that was whetted by occasional tantalizing whiffs that came floating back to him from the galley. At length he began to believe that by some strange oversight he must have been forgotten, and that if anything was done to relieve the situation he must do it himself. He thought that if he could only haul his boat up close under the stern of the schooner he might be able to squirm up the rope, and so gain her deck. As no other plan offered, he proceeded to put this one into execution, and stepping forward into the bow of the boat, without regard to the increase of water that this movement caused to flow in through the plug-hole, he seized the rope and began to pull with all his might. The instant the stern was raised and the bow lowered by this transfer of weight the boat sheered wildly to one side. Then she was brought back with a sudden jerk that very nearly capsized her, and immediately made a furious rush in the opposite direction, until her bow was so nearly dragged under that to save himself and restore the former state of affairs Phil was compelled once more to spring aft. His sole plan for escape had resulted in dismal failure, and so much water had entered the boat during the experiment that to keep her from swamping he had need to bail furiously for another hour. At the end of that time he had once more got the better of the exasperating leak, so that he could rest for a few minutes. Then he must fall to bailing again. So in resting and bailing by turns the long afternoon hours were slowly worn away. The poor lad was faint from hunger, cold, wet, and furious at the supposed carelessness that had left him in such an unpleasant, not to say dangerous, position.

It was not until nearly sunset that the welcome sound of a voice came to his ears. Looking up, he saw Ebenezer's black face peering over the rail, and heard him announce, "Suppah, sah!"

"Haul in on the painter, you grinning idiot!" shouted Phil, whereupon the negro placed his hand to his ear and called back: "Yes, sah. Suppah!"

"Oh, what an old stupid!" groaned Phil, sinking back despairingly in the stern of the boat. "I may stay here until I starve or drown for all the help he'll give me."

Just then came another shout, and a new hope sprang into the breast of the despairing lad as he saw the lank but powerful frame of Jalap Coombs rising above the rail, and felt that his boat was being drawn toward the schooner. When it was at length pulled up as close as possible the mate shouted:

"Now, lad, make a climb for it hand over hand, and I'll stand by to give ye a h'ist when ye get within reach."

A minute later Phil stood safe and sound on the *Seameu's* deck, but so angry that he broke out at once with:

"That's as mean a piece of business as I ever heard of, and if I can find out who is responsible for it, I'll pay him back, see if I don't! It's an outrage! and—"

"Steady, lad! Steady!" interrupted Jalap Coombs. "Your trouble's all over now, and there ain't no use

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

kicking it into life again. As my friend old Kite Roberson uster say—

"Oh, hang Kite Robinson!" cried Phil.

"So, I ove? So? What did poor old Kite ever do to you that ye should want to hang him? 'Tain't right to speak so unrespectful agin them as is older than you be, and 'twon't do no good nuther. As my old friend uster often say: 'Ef ye kick a trouble it will kick back, but there ain't no trouble in the world kin stand up agin a good broad grin.' So jest ye give a grin 'stead of a kick, and ye'll feel all right."

Phil could not help laughing at the very homeliness of this advice, and with that laugh his recent experience did really begin to look as much like a joke—though a rather serious one, to be sure—as an outrage. In another moment he was following Jalap Coombs into the cabin, where Captain Duff and the other two hunters were already seated at supper.

How warm and bright and cozy the cabin did seem! Phil wondered how he could have thought it dingy and stuffy. How good it was to see a bountifully provided table once more, and people! He even felt an almost friendly feeling toward the Captain, whose broad red face loomed above one end of the table.

"Hello, Ryder!" roared that individual. "Too bad ye was left out in that boat so long, but fact is I've been turned in all the afternoon, and I neglected to mention it to Mr. Coombs when he went on watch. The wust of it to me would have been the missing of my dinner; but I don't suppose you minded that, seeing as ye ain't perticeular 'bout eating noway."

"The worst of it was that as a plug was out of the boat, I had to bail nearly all the time to keep her from swamping," replied Phil.

"Sho, now! That so? Waal, it give ye something to do, and kep' ye from idleness, which some folks finds mighty hard to stand. I don't mind it much myself, but then we ain't all made alike."

Phil was too busy eating to make any reply to this, and at the same time he was wondering if a new cook had been found to take Ebenezer's place. Certainly nothing he had previously eaten on board the *Seamew* had tasted half so good as that supper.

It was a noticeable fact that from that time on our young hunter seemed to enjoy his meals as much as any of those who sat at the cabin table. It was also observed that Captain Duff every now and then broke into a hoarse chuckle at meal-times without any apparent cause.

Early the next morning, several seals having been seen from the schooner's deck, the three boats were cleared away and sent forth in pursuit of the shy but coveted game. In each boat were a hunter, a boat-puller, and a steersman; each was provided with a sail, oars, and a boat compass, and in each were stowed a breaker of fresh water and a bag of sea-biscuit. The hunter sat or stood in the bows forward of the mast, where he could have an unobstructed view ahead and on both sides. He was provided with both a rifle and a shot-gun, one or the other of which was always in his hands ready for instant use. He also carried a plentiful supply of cartridges.

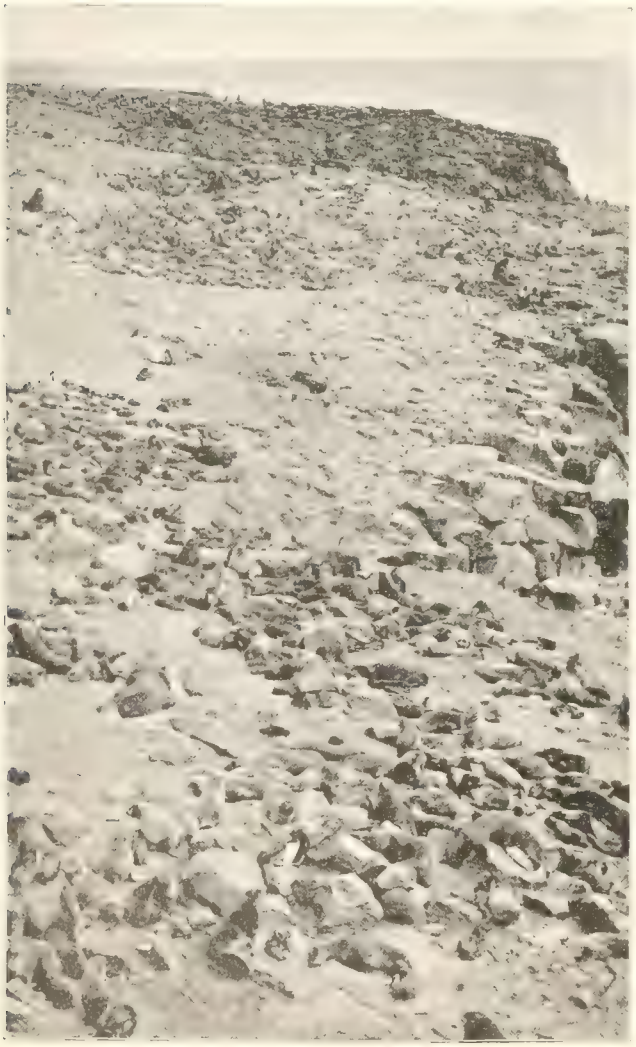
The boat-puller sat amidship, and rowed or trimmed sail as occasion might demand; while the steersman, occupying the stern, not only steered the boat, but kept careful note of the courses taken by means of his compass, and of weather indications. He of course is always an experienced sailor. All three were warmly clad, and each had an oil-skin suit ready at hand. A long-handled gaff or sharp hook of steel lay along the thwarts, where it could be readily reached by any one of the three.

When the boats left the schooner they separated until about half a mile apart, and then ran down the wind, all steering exactly the same course. They were followed by the *Seamew*, under shortened sail, and steering the same course as they. Thus, though they might lose sight of her through distance, darkness, or fog, they were pretty certain to find her again, though it often happens that seal hunting boats are lost, sometimes to be picked up after days of anxious drifting, and not infrequently never to be seen or heard of more.

Serge was ordered to go as boat-puller in the craft of which Phil was the hunter, much to the satisfaction of both lads. As they were the least experienced of the three crews, they were given the schooner's best sailorman for boat-steerer, no other than Jalap Coombs himself.

Phil felt rather nervous as he found himself actually embarked on the career of a seal-hunter, and realized how largely the success of the cruise depended on his individual efforts. To be sure, he had, by his own carelessness, cut himself off from sharing any of its profits, but he felt that he had a reputation at stake. So, like all young sportsmen, he was extremely anxious to make as good a "bag" as either of the other hunters who were on the same quest as himself. Thus he was determined to do his very best, if only to show Ike Croly and Oro Dunn that there were other people in the world who could shoot as well as if not a little better than they.

This first hunting day was a gray one, with occasional flurries of rain, but fortunately without fog—a rare circumstance in those latitudes. For an hour or more the occupants of the mate's boat held their course without catching sight of the coveted game, though the eyes of all



THE SEALS AT HOME.



THE EYES OF ALL THREE SEARCHED THE WATERS INCESSANTLY.

three searched the dull surface of the waters incessantly. They heard several faint shots from the direction taken by the other boats, and these only made them the more anxious to discover game of their own. Suddenly a sharp whisper of "There's one!" from the stern of the boat caused both lads to look around.

"Where?" cried Phil, eagerly, not realizing in his excitement that he was speaking aloud.

"Gone," answered the mate, dryly, but in a tone of great vexation, "to see who ye was hollering at." With this he pointed to the right, where the boys saw, already out of range, a dark object fleeing with incredible swiftness and a series of curious boundings, by which its body was thrown clear of the water by each impulse.

"Oh!" exclaimed Phil. "That's too bad! What an idiot I was!"

"Never mind, son," replied Jalap Coombs, consolingly. "Better luck next time; but mind and don't speak out loud again till your seal's in the boat."

The next was discovered by Phil himself, and holding up his hand warningly, he pointed to it. It lay on the surface asleep, and ere its keen sense of smell, which in a seal is active even in slumber, warned it of the presence of its enemies, they were within range. As it finally lifted its startled head a sharp report rang out, and it was dead.

"Quick, Serge!" shouted the mate. "Row to it afore it sinks, as it surely will unless it had just drawn in a breath." The animal had sunk when they reached the spot, but so short a distance that the body could still be reached by the gaff and drawn into the boat. Phil's eyes sparkled as he gloated over this his first seal, and while Serge was skinning it he eagerly searched for another.

The next one, discovered an hour later, took the alarm before they got within shot-gun range, and bounded away. "He's a lucky beggar!" said Jalap Coombs, in a disgusted tone; but Phil, dropping the useless shot gun and snatching up his rifle, took a quick aim and fired.

"The very prettiest wing shot that ever I see!" cried the exulting mate, as three minutes later they hauled the dead seal into the boat. "Plumb through the head, too!"

So with varying fortunes the day wore on until it was time to return to the schooner, unless they wished to remain out all night. In the boat were five handsome skins and one seal, just killed, that still retained its glossy coat. Now their sole anxiety was to know whether either of the other boats had beaten them or not. The mate thought they were "high line" for that day, but Phil was doubtful.

## CHAPTER XIV

### OVERBOARD IN THE NORTH PACIFIC.

As the mate's boat approached the *Seamew* at the conclusion of that first day's hunt, its occupants saw that the other two boats were already alongside, and that their cargoes were being transferred to the schooner's deck.

"They've beaten us," said Phil, despondently, as he noted the number of skins being handed up over the side. "I declare luck seems to be dead set against me!"

"If you only hadn't lost the tooth," murmured Serge.

"I'm glad I have," replied the other, sharply, as he caught these words. "I'm glad I haven't got it now, too, because there is no such thing as luck, and I'll prove it to you yet by getting more seals than both those fellows put together, even without any wretched tooth to help me."

"I'm sorry, then, that I ever gave it to you," retorted Serge, angrily.

"So am I; and after this I hope you will keep your witch charms to yourself."

"Hello, for'ard there!" cried Jalap Coombs, whose quick ear detected the angry tones, though he could not distinguish the words of their conversation. "What's to pay? You two aren't quarrelling, be ye? I hope not, for, as old Kite Roberson uster say, 'Any man as will quarrel with a friend don't desarve to have no friend.' So kiss and make up, same as the little lambs does. I tell ye, lads," he added, earnestly, "in this 'ere onsartin' v'y'ge of life the wise sailor-man takes advantage of the fair breezes and smooth waters of friendship, while the swabs is forever bucking agin the cross-seas and head-winds of strife."

Although both lads heard these words and appreciated their good sense, they were angry still, so incensed that they could not forgive [illegible] at once. So [illegible] they sat in moody silence, and it remained for Jalap Coombs to restore the harmony [illegible] the success of their day's hunt.

"How many ye got, Croly?" shouted Ike Croly, from the bow.

"How many ye got yourself?" queried the mate.

"I got eight, and Ono he got seven," was the reply.

"Ye done well! Mighty well! Them's the figgers we 'lowed ye was making by counting your shots, and as we didn't want to make ye feel bad at fust start off, we only brung in six of ourn. We're going to fetch along the rest to-morrow, though, so look out for yourselves."

So Ike Croly was "high line" for that day, and during the rest of the evening he showed both by looks and conversation how proud he was of the honor, and that he considered himself to be a very fine fellow indeed.

As for Phil, he was not only humiliated by his defeat, but heart-sore over his quarrel with Serge. How bitterly he repented of his hasty words! and how gladly would he recall them even now if only his wretched pride would permit! But it would not, and so at the supper table he sat moody and silent, while the others eagerly discussed the events of the day.

"I tell ye," cried Jalap Coombs, moved to do a little boasting for his side as an offset to that of Croly and Dunn, "that young feller" here he nodded in Phil's direction—"has made the best fust day's record of any green hand at the business I ever run across."

"I might think so too," growled Captain Duff, "if it hadn't been for his big talk about how he could shoot at the start off. As it is, I must say I am disappointed in the result."

"And I tell ye," continued Jalap Coombs, without paying the slightest heed to this interruption, "he made as pretty a wing shot to day as ever I see. A clean kill at more'n two hundred yards, nigher two hundred and fifty, with the seal on end, jumping like all possessed, and tearing along like a blue streak. A man might live to be a thousand, like old Jerusalem—Meth'salem, I *mean*—and never see a neater shot in all that time. Why, I couldn't have done better myself."

As it was a notorious fact that while Jalap Coombs was a capital judge of shooting, he was also one of the very worst shots in the world, this last sally raised such a laugh at his expense that even moody Phil was unable to resist a faint smile. It was quickly overclouded, however, as his thoughts reverted to Serge, and he was glad when, the meal being finished, he was at liberty to go on deck.

Here a busy scene was being enacted, which was at the same time so new and strange to Phil that he could not but regard it with interest. By the light of the setting sun the last three seals shot that day were being stripped of the precious skins for the sake of which they had been compelled to yield their lives. The three most expert seal-skinners of the crew, one of whom was Serge Belcofsky, were engaged in a match race at this business. Phil, who, having had some experience in skinning deer and other game, could appreciate the difficulties of the task, watched with amazement the ease and rapidity with which his friend worked.

Serge had placed the body of his seal squarely on its back, and with a knife sharpened to the keenness of a razor he made a single straight cut through the skin from the lower jaw along the neck, chest, and abdomen to the root of the tail. Next came four swift circular cuts, one around the base of each fore flipper, one around the extremity of the body at the tail, and another around the head just back of the jaws.

The skin being now ready for removal, Serge grasped an edge of it, and with his keen blade rapidly "fleused" it, or cut it free from the body, which he rolled over as the operation proceeded, until he literally rolled the seal out of its skin. After this, one of the crew carried the skin below, and laid it, hair side down, in a "kench," or bin constructed for the purpose. Here the fleshy sides of the skins are covered thickly with salt, and they are left in that condition until the end of the voyage. They are thus thoroughly pickled, and will keep in this state for an indefinite length of time.

As Serge finished his task nearly half a minute ahead of his most expert rival in this peculiar business, the spectators greeted him with shouts of applause and a vigorous hand-clapping. The young Alaskan acknowledged this with a smile and a bow, but at the same time glanced inquiringly to where Phil stood, to see if he were joining in these tokens of appreciation. But the young seal hunter was not given to outward demonstrations of his feelings, and though his heart was peculiarly warmed toward Serge at this moment, and he longed for a reconciliation, he could not bring himself to let this feeling manifest itself before others. So he stood motionless and silent.

Serge, too, was longing for a renewal of friendship with the one of all his companions whom he most admired and loved, and was bitterly disappointed that Phil should give no sign of a similar desire. More to hide the expression of this feeling than anything else he picked up the body of the seal which he had just finished, and bore it to the rail with the intention of throwing it overboard. The deck was slippery with blood and blubber oil, and Serge was not just then in a mood to exercise caution. He was thinking of Phil instead of what he was doing. As a consequence, when he lifted the seal above his head and leaned far over the rail to fling it from him, his feet slipped, and in an instant he had plunged head foremost into the cold waters.

Phil uttered a cry of horror as his friend thus disappeared from view, for it instantly flashed into his mind that, like most natives of Alaska, where the water is too cold to tempt them to linger in its icy embrace, Serge did not know how to swim. The young hunter was so prompt to act that even as he cried aloud in his distress he was casting aside his coat and kicking off his heavy boots. Then, darting aft, he sprang on the rail, and with the same motion flung himself into the sea. As he came to the surface he caught sight of Serge struggling to keep his head above water but a few feet from him, and a couple of strokes took him to the side of the drowning lad.

"Rest your hands on my shoulders, old man," he shouted, "and I can support you. Don't grab me, or you will drown us both."

Half choked, blinded, and breathless as he was, Serge heard, understood, and obeyed.

By treading water, and at the same time paddling with his hands as a dog uses his fore paws in swimming, Phil managed to keep both his own head and that of his helpless comrade above water. It required a tremendous effort, however, and he realized that some unnatural weight was gradually dragging them down.

"Kick off your boots, Serge!" he cried.

"I can't," gasped the latter.

"You must! Unless you do I can't hold out a minute longer."

Somehow or other Serge managed to obey and get rid of his heavy water-filled sea-boots, though how he did it he never could tell. Fortunately they were several sizes too large for him, a fact over which he had previously lamented.

The relief from their weight was instant, and Phil felt that he was now good for several minutes longer.

"Can you see the schooner?" he asked.

"No," answered Serge, who was looking in the wrong direction.

"Look again, and look all around."

"Yes, yes!" screamed the other. "Here she is, right on top of us. Look out! or we shall be run down."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE IDLE BOY.

WHITHER away, shining brooklet? Oh, stay
With me, I pray.
No, idle boy, no!
I must flow
To the river, who's waiting for me
To carry me on to the deep, deep sea.
I must away;
I cannot stay!

Whither away, flying birdie? Oh, stay
With me, I pray.
No, idle boy, no!
I must go
To the little ones waiting for me
In the top of the budding apple-tree,
And I must fly
Good-by! Good-by!

Whither away, sailing cloudlet? Oh, stay
With me, I pray.
No, idle boy, no!
I must show
To the world, ere the fall of night,
The beautiful tints of the sunset bright.
Fast speeds the day,
I must away!

ZITELLA COCKE.

## THE BRAINS OF A WAR-SHIP.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

I.

"MR. EVANS! Mr. Evans! It's ten minutes before eight bells, sir."

"All right."

"It's raining pretty hard, sir."

Mr. Evans rolls out of his bunk, hastily sluices his face with cold water, and jumps into his uniform. Remembering the man's words about the rain, he pulls on his rubber boots, wraps himself in a long oil-skin coat, and puts on his sou'wester. His hasty toilet completed, the officer emerges from the ward-room, hastily returns the salute of the orderly, and scrambles up to the spar-deck. A dash of cold rain strikes him in the face, and he pulls the collar of his oil-skin coat higher around his neck. Water three or four inches deep is swirling and hissing about the deck as the United States cruiser *Albany* sullenly lurches forward into the fathomless gloom ahead. Stumbling and slipping, the officer makes his way to the ladder leading to the bridge. He seizes the man-ropes with both hands and swings himself upward to the elevated platform, where another man, attired like himself, is sending a strained and anxious gaze out over the bows.

"Anything special, Wilson?" says Mr. Evans.

"I've sent a man aft to secure the gripe on the dingy, which was reported loose. Carter reports from the engine-room that there are slight indications of heating in one of the bearings. His relief will notify you if it's necessary to slow down. We're running at only ten knots now. That's all."

"Eight bells, sir," speaks a voice out of the darkness.

"Make it so."

The bell rings out its four pairs of strokes. Instantly a voice away forward says: "A-ll-ll well. Starboard light burning brightly." Another voice reports concerning the port light, and hails from the waist and after-guard are heard. A bustle on the forecastle deck tells the officer on the bridge that his junior is mustering the watch. Two or three minutes later a petty officer comes to report the muster complete, and the men at their stations. For the next half-hour not a sound is heard except the throbbing of the machinery, the dull thunder of the seas smiting the ship's bow, and the hissing of the water that occasionally breaks over her rail and tumbles about the decks. There is a heavy sea running, and every spar and stay is dripping with rain. The darkness ahead is impenetrable. Ever and anon the lights of the ship throw dim rays upon the glancing crest of some threatening sea. A voice from the darkness below him has told Mr. Evans that the boat gripe is secured. On the stroke of eight bells Mr. Wilson had swung himself down the ladder, and disappeared in the gloom. Mr. Evans's mind is now concentrated on the thought of possible danger ready to spring out of that wall of blackness ahead of the ship. A blast of wind, colder than that which has been blowing, brings a sudden thought of ice to his mind—ice which comes upon the sailor most unexpectedly of all dangers at sea, and brings with it immediate destruction.

"Boatswain's mate!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Take the temperature of the water."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Five minutes later the temperature of the water is reported as normal, and Mr. Evans breathes a sigh of relief.

"Ha!" he exclaims to himself, half aloud. "The wind has shifted a good three points." Then he calls out, "Bruce, give me the wind and the barometer for the last watch."

Bruce is the officer of the forecastle, and as junior officer of the watch it is his duty to make the entries in the log regarding wind, barometer, and other weather conditions. The report indicates that the heavy weather is about to pass away. It is early in September, and short but furious gales blow frequently in the "roaring forties." The clouds break, and here and there a star shows itself. The vessel ceases to ship water, but continues to roll and pitch heavily. A whistle calls Mr. Evans to the engine-room tube, where he hears the pleasant words, "The bearing is all right, sir." So he dismisses that subject from his mind. The clouds drift further apart, and the moon struggles through, bringing the horizon-line into sharp relief against the sky.

"Messenger," calls Mr. Evans, "go below and get my sextant."

The instrument is brought, and the officer takes advantage of the well-marked horizon to assure himself of the correct latitude of the ship by an altitude of a star. Ten minutes later the strong white cruiser plunges into a solid bank of fog, and the anxiety of the officer on the bridge becomes intense. Lookouts are doubled, and the steam siren hurls a hoarse blast of warning into the murky atmosphere every minute. Hardly half a dozen of these blasts have been blown when the Captain of the ship mounts the bridge.

"Good-morning, Evans," he says. "Thicker than cheese, isn't it?"

The words have just passed his lips when there is a shout forward.

"Vessel on the port bow!"

Through the thick curtain of the fog they see a reeling, shapeless shadow. Is it instinct or the quick eye of a trained sailor that recognizes a vessel heading so as to strike the cruiser on the port side? The Captain does not speak to Evans, nor Evans to the Captain; but the former springs to the engine-room telegraph and signals, "Ahead, full speed, port engine; astern, full speed, starboard engine!" at the same time calling to the man at the wheel: "Hard a-port! Hard over!" Mr. Evans has seized the whistle cord from the hands of the



THE NEXT MOMENT AN 8000-TON OCEAN GREYHOUND TEARS PAST.

man who was stationed to sound it during the fog, and has pulled out a long shrieking yell, which tells that the vessel has put her helm a-port. Back through the fog comes another weird scream, and the next moment an 8000-ton ocean greyhound tears past not seventy-five yards away from the cruiser's port quarter.

"Hang those fellows!" says the Captain, as he heaves a sigh of relief and signals the engineer to slow down again. "They ought to be compelled to run at half speed in the fog."

The dull gray light of morning appears. The Captain descends from the bridge and walks away aft. The ship seems to be cutting her way through a heavy gray veil. Suddenly the lookout forward shouts,

"Wreck dead ahead, and close aboard of us!"

"Hard a starboard!" says Mr. Evans.

The vessel swerves out of her course and passes a half-submerged wreck bottom up—one of the deadliest dangers of the sea. A moment later the thought flashes through Mr. Evans's mind that the cruiser is, as the sailors say, "running in with the land." He calls the quartermaster and orders him to get ready the deep-sea sounding-machine. A few minutes later the report is brought to him that bottom has been found at ninety-seven fathoms. He accurately notes the time at which the sounding is taken. Ten minutes later he has another sounding made in seventy-five fathoms, and ten minutes later still another in fifty-eight. All the time he keeps careful record of the course and distance made by the ship. By comparing the results of his observations with the chart he is enabled to tell pretty closely the position of the vessel, and his next words are,

"Messenger, report to the Captain that I make the ship about twenty-eight miles west-sou'west of Cape Clear."

This message brings the Captain back to the bridge. In a few minutes the fog lifts, and immediately a voice cries, "Land ho!" It is now five minutes of four, and Mr. Evans's relief mounts the bridge. Again eight bells are made, and Mr. Evans, relieved in more senses than one, goes below to sleep a well-earned sleep till the bugle sounds the mess call.

II

It is five minutes before eight o'clock on a calm September evening. The cruiser is riding to twenty-five fathoms of cable in the peaceful waters of an Irish harbor. The first watch is about to begin, and again Mr. Evans comes on deck as the relief. This time he does not go upon the bridge, but walks quietly up and down the quarter-deck. The riding-lights had been set before he came up, and there is little for him to do except to dream of home and friends.

On the gun-deck the smoking lamp is lit. The yellow glare of an electric light fills the crannies around the polished guns with glinting rays that deepen the silent shadows. Grave, weather-beaten faces are screwed into a hundred strange curves around the glowing points that tell where the sailors' comfort breathes its pungent incense from the bowls of the pipes. Strange rumbling voices pour quaint words and quainter thoughts along the snowy deck. Solemn, preternaturally grave, Jack is killing time.

Overhead on the spar-deck Mr. Evans walks slowly up and down. Ever and anon he raises his head and throws a sweeping glance over the waters surrounding the ship. It is more from habit than from necessity. The silence of night on the water is broken only by the familiar sounds of a harbor. Yonder the hoarse rattle of a cable comes down the wind, telling that another craft has found her anchorage. Anon the faint rhythmic click of distant oars is heard, and a stave or two of "'Way Rio" breaks musically on the air. Presently the sharp hail of a guard rings out,

"Boat ahoy!"

"*Albany!*" comes the immediate response.

The name of the ship in answer to a hail signifies that the Captain is in the approaching boat. Mr. Evans receives him in the usual polite manner. A blaze of light flashes upon the quarter-deck, gilding the brass-work and sparkling along the shiny noses of the 6-pounders, as the Captain opens the door of his cabin and goes in.

"It's ten minutes of nine, sir," says the messenger, saluting.

"Call the bugler," says Mr. Evans. "Boatswain's mate!"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Pipe down."

The shrill voice of the boatswain's whistle orders the men to turn in and keep silence. At nine o'clock the bugler blows tattoo, and taut hammock clews are soon vibrating to honest snores. The anchor watch is set, and the period of rest settles down over the cruiser. Still the officer of the deck walks up and down. The night air grows chill. He shrugs his shoulders and increases his pace. The wind hums a lullaby in the rigging. The water, flowing outward with the tide, bubbles childishly around the vessel's forefoot. The very ship herself seems to sleep and dream.

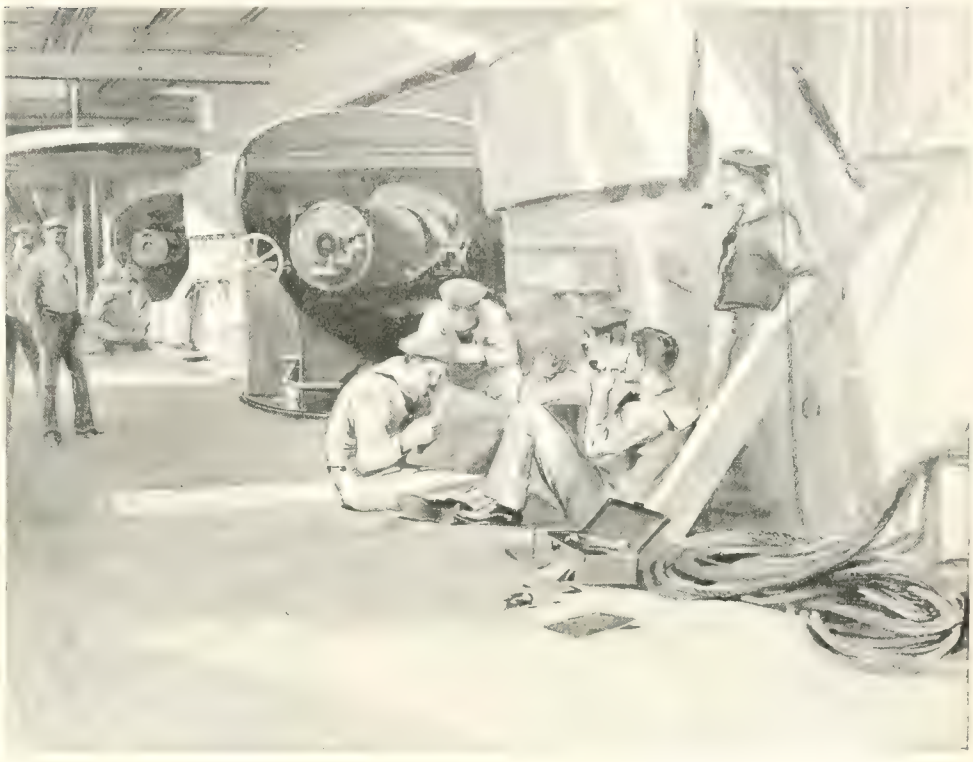
III.

At sea again. Never mind the year, or the day, or the latitude and longitude. Perhaps we are looking into a future that may never come. Aloft the cruiser looks bare,

for her topmasts are housed. Alow she is dingy, for the once white hull is painted a leaden green. Mr. Evans walks the bridge in the forenoon watch with set lips and anxious eyes.

"Steamer on the port-bow."

A dead silence, broken only by the churning of the pistons, falls upon the ship while Mr. Evans questions the lookout. The stranger is suspicious. In half an hour suspicion grows to certainty. It is a cruiser flying a strange flag. The Executive Officer takes the bridge with speaking-trumpet in hand. The Captain stands beside him. Mr. Evans goes aft and takes command of his division, the first, consisting of the two after 8-inch guns and the two 6-pounders that frown over the taffrail.



SOLEMN, PRETERNATURALLY GRAVE, JACK IS KILLING TIME.

The Captain nods at a midshipman, who delivers an order in a low tone. The next instant the sharp rat-a-tat of a drum breaks upon the air. For several minutes all appears to be confusion, as men come bounding up from the hatchways to the deck and take their places at the guns. Others rig shell whips and stand by to hoist heavy ammunition from the hold. Others go aloft to the machine and rapid-fire guns in the tops. The marine guard, with glittering rifles, musters on the quarter-deck.

"Silence! Cast loose and provide!" commands the Executive Officer, in short sharp tones.

Sight covers are thrown off, tompions and muzzle-bags removed, sponges and rammers laid on deck, buckets and tubs of water put near the big guns. Rifles, cutlasses, and revolvers are brought, and belts and bayonets are strapped on.

"First Division, sir," says Mr. Evans, touching his cap, to let the Executive Officer know that the guns under his command are ready. The other divisions follow, and the orders are given to sponge and load. Meanwhile the lookout has reported the flag of the rapidly approaching cruiser, and she has been identified. She is prepared for action.

"Keep the port guns trained on her, and wait orders," says the Captain.

"Three thousand! Twenty-eight hundred!" calls the man at the range indicator.

"Ready with the port forward eight."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Try him at two thousand five hundred."



THE THUNDEROUS SHOCK OF THE MIGHTY 8-INCH GUN IS ANSWERED BY ANOTHER

Bow-boxer, raise well elevation," comes the low tone of the gun captain. "Reel it off smartly. Fire!"

The thunderous shock of the heavy 8-inch, loaded with a full charge and an armor-piercing shell, makes the deck jump. The deep-toned report is answered by another and a great white cloud bursts from the port bow of the advancing enemy.

"Hard a starboard!" exclaims the Captain. At the same time he turns to the Executive Officer, and says: "To stay here is mere folly, sir. We shall be food for their riflemen."

He leaves the bridge and goes to the conning-tower, where the boatswain is already at the wheel, and where both commander and petty officer are, ten minutes later, sent to eternity by an 8-inch projectile, which smashes the thin steel walls of the tower as if they were glass. The Executive Officer springs to the bridge, and fights his ship from that historic point of command. Crash upon crash smites the air. Shouts of officers follow fast.

"First riflemen on the starboard quarter! Firemen in the port gangway! Magazine fire there, riflemen, and sweep her decks! Ready with the bow-torpedo!"

The Executive Officer and the Navigator, exposed to a storm of fire, direct the movements of the ship from the bridge.

"Now's our time! Let us ram! And give her the forward 8 inches at the same time!"

A horrible crash follows. The din becomes appalling, when suddenly a cheer rings out from the quarter-deck, and Mr. Evans's voice cries,

"She has struck, sir!"

The fight is over.

## THE AWAKENING OF THE CHAMPLAIN FAMILY

I NEVER knew such a silent family as the Champlains. One scarcely ever heard them speak to each other. Mr. Champlain had saved up more than ten thousand dollars from his farming, and neither Mary nor Jerry knew it; Jerry had collected nine hundred dollars from his wages, so that he might go to the Iowa State University, and neither his father nor Mary knew it; and Mary was tired of home and work, and needed a change, and neither Mr. Champlain nor Jerry knew it. Every day went by in very much the same way. Mr. Champlain superintended the farming, Jerry looked after the stock, and Mary took care of the house and the dairy. They hardly ever spoke to each other, and never showed any signs of affection, except when Mary kissed the other two good-night.

Jerry had had a job of it saving up that nine hundred dollars. It is hard for fathers to realize that their sons are growing up, especially when the family lives almost alone, as the Champlains did. So though Jerry had the entire charge of the live-stock, and superintended the breeding of all the horses and cattle, his father only allowed him eight dollars a week. But when Jerry was twelve he had made up his mind that he would go to college; and now that he was nineteen, he was pretty nearly ready to go. A thousand dollars was the sum he had fixed upon as the proper amount to take him through the university. Money is precious when one has slaved for it and denied one's self new clothes for it; and I am afraid poor Jerry eyed his savings bank book with almost miserly eyes as he saw his nine hundred dollars changing into a thousand.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Mary came in. Her eyes were red from crying, and that made Jerry uncomfortable. He put down his algebra-book, and waited to hear what she had to say. She did not say anything, and they sat for some time in silence.

"I'm miserable," she broke out at last, and the words brought a fresh flow of tears. She checked them, however, from a vague feeling that Jerry wouldn't like it.

"What's the matter?" asked her brother. It seemed as if this unfortunate family could not say more than three words running.

"Well, I guess I don't see enough of other girls. I'm kind of lonely. And I don't know nothing. I want to get out. I want to go to college."

Jerry was not used to comforting people. "That's too bad," he said. "Don't cry, Molly." He did not kiss her, because he never did kiss her, except when she came up to kiss him.

"I guess I'm bothering you," Molly said, after a pause. "I'm too silly, anyway. Good-night."

She walked over to where he sat and kissed him.

"Good-night, dear," he said. The "dear" sounded so strangely that she looked up suddenly when he said it, and saw him blushing. Then she went out, and he went on with his algebra.

He went on with his algebra, but I don't believe he accomplished much that evening. His thoughts kept getting in the way of his work, and when he went to bed they kept getting in the way of his sleep. So Mary wanted to go to college, did she? Poor child, he did not wonder. She had no one of her age in the neighborhood, and hardly a woman within a radius of a mile except old Mrs. Atkins, and Mrs. Atkins was deaf. But how was she to go? Father never would send her. He could not spare the money. Then it occurred to Jerry that he might give up going to college and let her go instead. "But that would be hardly fair to myself," he thought. "And, besides, she'd never take the money from me. If she would, I might— No, it would be too much. Saving ever since I was twelve. Poor Mary! I wish I could do something. But not that—at least I don't feel as if I could." And so he thought and thought, and at last fell asleep.

"Father, I guess Mary wants to go to college."

Mr. Champlain said nothing. He and his son had just finished their day's work, and were watching one of the hired men milking the cows.

"Would you let her go if she had the money, father?"

"Well, I dun'no'. She's a good girl, and I wouldn't like to balk her."

"Well, I guess she's got it, so maybe you'd better let her go." Jerry said these words quickly, as if he were afraid he would change his mind before he got them out. "I've got nigh onto a thousand dollars in the savings-bank, father, an' I guess I couldn't spend it better. But if you'd just as soon, I'll transfer it to you, an' let it come to her as if it was from you. She wouldn't take it from me."

"What 'd you save up a thousand dollars for?" asked his father.

"Oh, I just saved it up," said Jerry.

Then they stood in silence for a little longer.

"Will you do it, father?"

"I guess it's supper-time," said Mr. Champlain; and they went into the house.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Champlain seemed a little preoccupied. He did not eat much, and kept playing with his coffee-cup after he had only drunk one cupful. He evidently wanted to say something.

"Do you want to go to college, Mary?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, p'r'aps you'd better go next autumn."

"Father!"

"And, Jerry——"

"Yes, father."

"Maybe you think I don't know what you saved up your money for, but p'r'aps I knowed more'n you thought. I guess you'd best go to college 'n' take care o' your sister. I can manage with the hired help, and likely you'll be back summers. But as to that thousand dollars, we'll let it lie where it is, in the bank. I guess it's safe there. Mary, girl, pour me out a cup o' coffee. I 'ain't talked so much for twenty years."

Mary and Jerry looked at each other.

"Can you really spare us, father?" Mary asked.

"Another cup o' coffee, please. Look sharp, my girl!"

## A PIECE OF GOOD LUCK.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

Author of "Men of Iron," "Pepper and Salt," "The Wonder Clock," etc.

Part II.

WELL, Jacob Stuck could hardly wait for the night to come to summon the Genius of Good Luck. "I want to sup with the Princess again," said he.

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius of Good Luck; and as soon as he had made everything ready, away he flew to fetch the Princess again.

Well, they feasted and drank, and the music played, and the candles were as bright as day, and beautiful girls sang and danced, and Jacob Stuck was as happy as a king. But the Princess kept her scissors by her, and when Jacob Stuck was not looking she contrived to snip off a lock of his hair from over his right ear, and nobody saw what was done but the Genius of Good Luck.

So it came toward midnight.

Once more the door opened, and the beautiful serving-lad came into the room carrying the tray of silver with something upon it wrapped in a napkin. This time Jacob Stuck gave the Princess an emerald ring for a keepsake, and the wonder of it was that every morning two other rings just like it would drop from it.

Then twelve o'clock sounded, and the Genius took the Princess home again.

But the Genius had seen what the Princess had done. As soon as he had taken her safe home he struck his palms together and summoned all his companions. "Go," said he, "throughout the town and trim a lock of hair from over the right ear of every man in the whole place." And so they did, from the King himself to the beggar-man at the gates. As for the Prime Minister, the Genius himself trimmed two locks of hair from him, one from over either of his ears, so that the next morning he looked as shorn as an old sheep. In the morning all the town was in a hubbub, and everybody was wondering how all the men came to have their hair clipped as it was. But the Princess had brought the lock of Jacob Stuck's hair away with her wrapped up in a piece of paper, and there it was.

As for the ring Jacob Stuck had given to her, why, the next morning there were three of them, and the King thought he had never heard tell of such a wonderful thing.

"I tell you," said the Prime Minister, "there is nothing in it but a piece of good luck, and not a grain of virtue. It's just a piece of good luck, that's all it is."

"And now what are we going to do?" said the King.

The Prime Minister could think of nothing.

Then the Princess spoke up. "Your Majesty," said she, "I can find the young man for you. Just let the herald go through the town and proclaim that I will marry the young man to whom this lock of hair belongs, and then we will find him quickly enough."

So the herald was sent out around the town proclaiming that the Princess would marry the man to whose head belonged the lock of hair that she had.



NEXT MORNING THE PRIME MINISTER LOOKED LIKE A SHORN SHEEP.

Jacob Stuck heard what he proclaimed. He knew whose hair the Princess had. Away he went by himself and rubbed up his piece of blue glass, and there stood the Genius.

"What are thy commands?" said he.

"I am," said Jacob Stuck, "going up to the King's palace to marry the Princess, and I would have a proper escort."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius.

He smote his hands together, and instantly there appeared a score of attendants who took Jacob Stuck and led him into another room, and began clothing him in a suit so magnificent that it dazzled the eyes to look at it. He smote his hands together again, and out in the court-yard there appeared a troop of horsemen to escort Jacob Stuck to the palace, and they were all clad in gold and silver armor. He smote his hands together again, and there appeared twenty and one horses—twenty as black as night and one as white as milk, and it twinkled and sparkled all over with gold and jewels. He smote his hands together, and there appeared in the anteroom twenty handsome young men each with a marble bowl filled with gold money.

Jacob Stuck mounted upon the horse as white as milk, the trumpets blew, and away they rode—such a sight as was never seen in that town before when they had come out into the streets. The young men with the basins scattered the gold money to the people, and a great crowd ran scrambling after, and shouted and cheered.



JACOB'S MAGNIFICENT COURT SUIT

So Jacob Stuck rode up to the King's palace, and the King himself came out to meet him with the Princess hanging on his arm.

As for the Princess, she knew him the moment she laid eyes on him. "This is the young man," said she, "and I will marry him and none other."

But the Prime Minister whispered and whispered in the King's ear.

"What will you do," said the King to Jacob Stuck, "if I let you marry the Princess?"

"I will," said Jacob Stuck, "build for her the finest palace that ever was seen in all this world."

"Very well," said the King; "yonder are those sand hills over there. You shall remove them and build your palace there. When it is finished, you shall marry the Princess."

"It shall," said Jacob Stuck, "be done by to-morrow morning."

Well, all that day Jacob Stuck feasted and made merry at the King's palace, and the King wondered when he was going to begin to build his palace. But Jacob Stuck said nothing at all. When night had come, however, away he went by himself and blew his breath upon his piece of blue glass, and rubbed it with his thumb. Instantly there stood the Genius before him.

"What wouldst thou have?" said he.

"I would like," said Jacob Stuck, "to have the sand hills over yonder carried away and a palace built there, of white marble and gold and silver, such as the world never saw before. And let gardens be planted there with flowering plants and trees, and let there be fountains and marble walks. And let there be servants and attendants in the palace of all sorts and kinds, men and women. And let there be a splendid feast spread for to-morrow morning, for then I'm going to marry the Princess."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius, and instantly he was gone.

All night there was from the sand hills a ceaseless sound as of thunder, a sound of banging and clapping and hammering, and when the sun rose there stood the most splendid palace it ever looked down upon, shining as white as snow, and blazing with gold and silver. All around it were gardens and fountains and orchards. A great highway had been built between it and the King's palace, and all along the highway a carpet of cloth of gold had been spread for the Princess to walk upon.

Dear! dear! how all the town stared with wonder when they saw such a splendid palace! As for the King, he could not believe his eyes when he saw it. He stood with the Princess and looked and looked.

Then came Jacob Stuck. "And now," said he, "am I to marry the Princess?"

"Yes," cried the King, in admiration, "you are!"

So Jacob Stuck married the Princess, and a splendid wedding it was. That was what a little bit of good luck did for him.

After the wedding was over it was time to go home to the grand new palace. So Jacob Stuck and the Princess and the King and the Prime Minister all went to-



AS FOR THE KING, HE COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN HE SAW IT.



JACOB AND THE KING LEFT IN THE DESERT BY THE GENIUS.

gether, and there was a splendid feast spread in plates of pure gold and silver, and they all four sat down to the table. All the time they were feasting the Prime Minister kept whispering and whispering in the King's ear.

"Tell me, Jacob Stuck," said the King at last, "where do you get all these fine things?"

"It all comes of a piece of good luck," said Jacob Stuck.

"A piece of good luck!" said the King. "Where did you come across such a piece of good luck?"

"I found it," said Jacob Stuck.

"Found it!" said the King; "and have you got it with you now?"

"Yes, I have," said Jacob Stuck; "I always carry it about with me," and he thrust his hand into his pocket and brought out his piece of blue crystal.

"That!" said the King; "why, that is nothing but a piece of blue glass!"

"That," said Jacob Stuck, "is just what I thought till I found out better. It is no common piece of glass, I can tell you. You just breathe upon it so, and rub your thumb upon it thus, and instantly a Genius dressed in red comes to do all that he is bidden. That is how it is."

"I'd like to look at it," said the King.

"So you shall," said Jacob Stuck. "Here it is," said he, and he reached across the table to the Prime Minister to give it to the King.

The Prime Minister had been listening to all that had been said, and he knew what he was about. No sooner had he got it safe in his hand than he blew his breath upon it and rubbed it with his thumb.

Crack! bang! boom! crash! There stood the Genius like a flash and as red as fire. The Princess screamed out at the sight, and the poor King sat trembling like a rabbit.

"Whosoever possesses that piece of blue crystal," said the Genius in a terrible voice, "him must I obey. What are thy commands?"

"Take this King," cried the Prime Minister, "and take Jacob Stuck, and carry them both away into the farthest part of the desert whence the fellow came."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius, and instantly he seized the King in one hand and Jacob Stuck in the other, and flew away with them swifter than the wind, until he came to the farthest part of the desert. There he sat them both down, and flew back again whence he had come.

There sat the poor Princess, crying and crying, and there sat the Prime Minister trying to comfort her. "Why do you cry?" said he. "Why are you afraid of me? I will do you no harm. Listen," said he. "I will use this piece of good luck in a way Jacob Stuck would never have thought of. I will make myself King. I will by means of it summon a great army. I will conquer the world and make myself Emperor over all the earth. Then I will make you my Queen."

But the poor Princess cried and cried.

"Hast thou any further commands?" said the Genius.

"Not now," said the Prime Minister; "you may go now," and the Genius vanished like a puff of smoke.

But the Princess cried and cried.

The Prime Minister sat down beside her. "Why do you cry?" said he.

"Because I am afraid of you," said she.

"And why are you afraid of me?" said he.

"Because of that piece of blue glass. You will rub it again, and then the great red Genius will come to frighten me."

"I will rub it no more," said he.

"Oh, but you will," said she; "I know you will."

"I will not," said he.

"But I can't trust you," said she, "as long as you hold it in your hand."

"Then I will lay it aside," said he, and so he did. "Now are you afraid of me?" said he.

"No, I am not," said she, and she reached out her hand as though to give it to him. But instead of doing so she reached across as quick as a flash and picked up the piece of blue glass.



THE GENIUS SNATCHED THE MINISTER UP AND FLEW AWAY WITH HIM.

That was what she did, and she had it in her hands before the Prime Minister knew what was the matter.

"Now," said she, "it is my turn," and then he saw what had happened.

She blew her breath upon the piece of blue glass and rubbed [illegible] upon it. Instantly, as with a clap of thunder, the great red Genius stood before her, and the poor Prime Minister sat shaking and trembling.

"Take this man," cried the Princess, "and carry him away into the desert where you took those other two, and bring my father and Jacob Stuck back again."

"To hear is to obey," said the Genius. Instantly he seized the Prime Minister, and in spite of the poor man's struggles, snatched him up and flew away with him swifter than the wind. On and on he flew until he had come to the farthest part of the desert, and there sat the King and Jacob Stuck still thinking about things. Down he dropped the Prime Minister, up he picked the King and Jacob Stuck, and away he flew swifter than the wind. On and on he flew until he had brought the two back to the palace again, and there sat the Princess waiting for them, with the piece of blue crystal in her hand.

"You have saved us!" cried the King.

"You have saved us," cried Jacob Stuck, "and you have my piece of good luck in the bargain. Give it to me again."

"I will," said the Princess, "do nothing of the sort. If the men-folk think no more of this piece of good luck than to hand it round like a bit of broken glass, it is better for the women-folk to keep it for them." And there, to my mind, she brewed good common-sense that needed no skimming.

So Jacob Stuck lived with his Princess in his fine palace as grand as a King, and when the old King died he became the King after him.

Well, one day there came two men travelling along, and they were footsore and weary. They stopped at Jacob Stuck's palace and asked for something to eat. Jacob Stuck did not know them at first, and then he did. One was Joseph and the other was John.

This is what happened to them.

Joseph had sat and sat where John and Jacob Stuck had left him on his box of silver money until a band of thieves had come along and robbed him of it all. John had carried away his pockets and his hat full of gold, and had lived like a Prince while it lasted. Then he had gone back for more, but in the mean time some rogue had come along and had stolen it all. Yes, that was what had happened, and now they were as poor as ever.

Jacob Stuck welcomed them and brought them in and made much of them.

Well, the truth is truth, and this is it: It is better to have a little bit of good luck to help one in what one undertakes than to have a chest of silver or a chest of gold.

## STRICTLY WESTERN.

BY PHILIP MARSTON BRASHER.

THERE is nothing else on earth just like one of our lively Western mining "camps." It is so restless, so animated, and it wears a jumbled up, tossed-together look that tells of the hurry in which it was established, for no one can foretell how long its activity will last, and any one intending to profit by that activity while it does last must "get a move on himself," as the slang is—must build or hire a store, or hotel, or whatever it is he wants, without waste of time. The price asked for land, materials, and labor is paid without dispute, mechanics are set at work, goods are bought, all in a rush, because hundreds of men are already heading for the new camp, and they will need beds, food, clothing, amusement. A street is laid out, and in a few days a building covers every lot on it. Erected in so much haste, these buildings can't be handsome or even very strong, but in the grand crush to be first on the ground no one thinks of symmetry or fine architectural effects. The one aim is to "get there," and the mark is hit. A lot of slab or board shanties and green-lumber frame buildings, all hideously ugly, stand in an incredibly short time where before there were half a dozen log cabins. Mushroomlike a mining camp springs into life, and perhaps, mushroomlike too, it will perish in a short time.

But if a short life, then a merry one. There is no pause in the whirl of excitement and fun. All day and nearly all night crowds fill the streets, stores are blocked with customers, places of amusement are jammed to the doors. It is such a strange crowd too, including as it does lots of queer characters in costumes that seem to have been chosen from second-hand stores or theatre wardrobes—fresh arrivals "packing" bundles of blankets on their backs, miners in canvas suits, flashily dressed men with coarse red faces wearing massive watch chains, men in business suits, men without coats wearing blue flannel shirts—in fact, there are men representing every grade of society. They are all trying to make money or to spend it, and the latter class has no lack of success in its effort. Money is easily made, too. Some seek it in nature's stores of uncoined gold and silver hidden beneath the earth's crust. Others prefer remaining on the surface to secure as many of the dollars already in circulation as trade or speculation may bring within reach; and dollars are so plentiful that nearly every one gets at least a few.

I well remember what a reckless, roaring, hurly-burly sort of a camp—they're always called "camps" at first—Leadville, Colorado, was in 1879–80. It was the greatest mining town of recent years, and there never will be another like it. The crowd in its streets was always on the go, and a sensational or spectacular, almost burlesque, air hung about everything. Prosperity reigned, poverty was rare, beggars were unknown, and everybody could afford to be jolly. One man was as good as another in that mixed-up population, and the cut of one's clothes had little to do with fixing a standing in society. There wasn't a "swallow-tail" coat in the place, and gentlemen went to the "swellest" evening parties in corduroys if they chose to.

Time was divided between working and having a good time, and it is safe to say that the latter object wasn't neglected. What rides and drives among the mountains were taken, what excursions to the mines, what dinners and parties, what visits to the theatres! Theatrical managers, by-the-way, were not slow in advertising their business. One of them engaged a "pedestrian" to walk five hundred times, once in each hour of the twenty-four, from his theatre door to the court-house on Harrison Avenue and back again. It was a walk of about a mile, and all day and all night, rain or shine, the walker, clad in a shabby suit of tights, could be seen making his way through the crowds that blocked his road. Another advertising scheme was a tight-rope performance from roof to roof across the street, and the rope-walker sometimes carried a man on his back or wheeled him in a barrow. He also executed gymnastic feats on the rope to draw attention from the crowd below.

Brass bands were conspicuous in Leadville street scenes. They marched about with the advertisements of enterprising merchants; they had places in all processions; they often preceded a hearse on its way to the cemetery, though no more than a carriage or two full of mourners followed behind; and they stationed themselves in front of the different theatres at dark to draw crowds by their music. One evening three bands met outside the Claren-

don Hotel, then the best in town, and as all were out for advertising purposes, neither would yield its place to the others. A fearful contest of lung-power followed. For a full hour those bands, each playing a different tune, tried to play each other down, and then one dropped out. The remaining two played at each other awhile longer, though by that time there was but little music apparent in the performance, and No. 2 had to acknowledge itself beaten. The champion band then executed, fortissimo, a fanfare of victory and retired, also pretty nearly breathless, but proud of its triumph.

At an altitude of 10,000 feet above sea-level the atmosphere is painfully thin, and gives but poor satisfaction to lungs only accustomed to lesser heights. Visiting bands had hard times in Leadville. Clad in gorgeous uniforms, they would start on parade with proud step and great din of instruments; but in two minutes the musicians would be gasping for breath, and wondering why they could not produce loud round notes from their horns, and some unfortunates would give up the effort entirely, having all they could do to get breath enough for walking purposes.

Leadville is not now what it was in the times I write about. A mining town it is and must always be, if anything; but the old spirit of recklessness and prodigality marks it no longer. From the heights of Fryer and Carbonate Hills, just east of town, countless miners look down upon a well-ordered city, with handsome buildings, quiet streets, and well-dressed people. From the mines come millions of dollars' worth of ore every year, and in business circles millions of dollars change hands, but he who seeks the excitement of a new "camp" must go elsewhere than to Leadville.

## A PICTURE-ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

IS there a reader of the YOUNG PEOPLE who at some period of his life has not made a "collection"? I doubt it. The practice, though an old one, is growing more and more common, and there are few who escape its fascinations. The utility of the collection appears to be a matter of no moment, and the young lady who gathers together scores of teacups or bangles is often more of an enthusiast than the professor who searches for rare insects or minerals.

Mr. Charles Reade in his story *Hard Cash* tells of a young man who for years had been in the habit of cutting from the *Morning Advertiser* items of all sorts. These he classified and arranged with much ingenuity, and in the course of time he had a veritable compendium of general information. As various emergencies arose he was accustomed to consult his "'*Tiser*," as he called it, and always with the most satisfactory results, one of its greatest advantages being that, as it was compiled from a *daily* paper, it was invariably up to date.

A friend of mine is now engaged in making a similar scrap-book, except that he uses pictures only. Frequently, when visiting him, I have found him cutting, sorting, and pasting illustrations from the monthly and weekly magazines. I paid little attention to his work for several months, thinking he was making an ordinary scrap-book, of which I had seen scores. Then I had the curiosity to examine it more closely, and I was astounded by its character and extent. No event, no subject, failed to be represented in it in some way. I have since spent many hours poring over the collection, and it occurred to me that here was the very occupation for the boys and girls who are so frequently wanting "something to do." It is most interesting in itself, it affords pleasure to one's friends, it is profitable to one's self, and withal it is inexpensive. The lack of a rare stamp or coin often mars the value of an entire collection in its owner's eyes, and, indeed, some are so precious that they are far beyond the reach of ordinary people. But magazines and illustrated papers are cheap. The general plan of the work is as follows:

Get from a wholesale stationer or manufacturer large sheets of rather stiff manila paper. Cut each sheet in two, and fold each part in half. This will give you a page about fourteen by eighteen inches in size.

Stitch together with stout linen thread about twenty of these small sheets, and you will have a brown paper pamphlet of some forty pages.

A pair of scissors and a basin of clear starch complete the outfit.

If you have at home any old illustrated papers or periodicals, you need go no further for the nucleus of your book. If not, from any dealer you can purchase old copies (which are just as good for your purpose) by the pound. Illustrations nowadays are almost all artistically good, and there are very few, even in the advertising departments, which will not be available. With the weeklies, the reading matter is of necessity ruined by cutting out the pictures. Not so with the monthlies. After you have taken all the cuts you want, you will find that the greater part of the magazine is intact. You can then sew together what remains, patch over it a manila cover, write upon it the names of the articles it contains, with the date of issue if you will, and you have as much of the magazine left as most people care to preserve.

If you take regularly HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY, and any other periodicals, you will have ample material to work with. Of course you can increase this to any extent. Having cut out your pictures, the next step is the assortment and classification of them; and just here you have an opportunity to display your skill. The friend I have mentioned has nearly a hundred volumes, classified very minutely. I should advise you to begin in a more modest way, for as your collection grows, you can rearrange and subdivide it at your pleasure.

But from the titles of some of his books you can form an idea of the general plan, which you can modify to suit yourself.

A few of these, at random, are, *Arctic Scenes*, *United States Army*, *Foreign Armies*, *United States Navy*, *American Yachts*, *Foreign Yachts*, *Public Buildings*, *Marine Pictures*, *The Drama*, *Statesmen*, *Actors*, *Actresses*, *Private Residences*, *Light-houses*, *Railroads*, *Engines*, *The World's Fair*, *The Paris Fair*, and I don't know how many more.

You will be surprised how rapidly the volumes will fill up. When they do, you can easily make others upon the same subject.

Should you at any time wish to change a picture from one book to another, soak it in water, and it can easily be removed.

My friend's "cyclopædia" is the result of only a few months' labor, and yet, like the "'*Tiser*" young man, he has a perfect mine of information.

One evening a visitor discovered in it a cut of a sailing vessel in which he had made a trip around the world twenty or more years ago. Another, an army officer, was fascinated with the sketches of an Indian campaign in which he had taken part. A lady friend found a house in England where she had spent many months. And not a subject can be broached in conversation that cannot be illustrated by means of these interesting tomes. You can trace the whole history of naval and marine architecture, from the caravels of Columbus to the great modern war-ship and the fin-keel yacht.

A short time ago he started what he called "*A Trip Around the World*," following in general the route of Mrs. Brassey in her trip in the *Sunbeam*.

He found he had characteristic pictures of nearly every place visited by the yacht, and when this portion of his work is finished he can make his voyage in his own easy-chair with no danger of seasickness.



BUT SOMEWHAT TOUCHY.

COUNTRY SCHOOL-MASTER. "NOW, CHILDREN, ATTEND TO YOUR STUDIES! TAKE EXAMPLE FROM THESE LITTLE BUSY BEES; ALWAYS INDUSTRIOUS, ALWAYS MODEST, SENSIBLY LOOKING AFTER THEIR OWN AFFAIRS, AND NEVER INTERFERING WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S——"

HARD TO UNDERSTAND

"THERE'S one thing about me that I don't understand," said Tommy, thoughtfully, "and that's why it is that making marks on wall-paper is such lots of fun, and making 'em in copy books at school is such hard work."

A PLEASANT KIND OF TALE.

THE sort of tale I like to hear,
As I have told my Pops,
Is one that's full of furies dear,
And never, never stops.

A NEW WORD

TAD. "MA, why do you say that Carrie is wilful?"

MOTHER. "Because she wishes to do as she pleases."

TAD. "Then if she didn't wish to do as she pleased, would you call her *wonderful*?"

STUPID GOATS

"GOATS aren't any good," said Wilbur. "'F I was a goat, I wouldn't have two horns, without learning how to play on 'em."

A STRING OF SEVENS.

IF there's luck in odd numbers, surely the career of New York's 7th Regiment should always be fortunate. Up to 47 years ago it was the 27th. Then on the 27th day of the 7th month of 1847 it became the 7th.

JIMMIE'S PERPLEXITY

I AM terribly mixed about things of late;
My mind's in a regular garble.
Why is it that agates ain't agate at all,
And marbles are not made of marble?

A FUNNY PREDICAMENT

SEVERAL years before the breaking out of the late war one of our naval vessels fitted out for sea-service, and after completing her preparations hauled out in the stream opposite the navy-yard and dropped anchor. Owing to one cause and another her departure was postponed for several months, and when at last she started to get under way it was found that a regular reef had been built up around the vessel with the beef bones, empty tin cans, and other refuse that had been thrown overboard, and it was not until high tide that she succeeded in escaping from the trap that had been unthinkingly made.

OLD JACK AND THE DEER.

"D' I EVER kill a deer?" cried Old Jack. "Well, now you *are* gettin' personal. *Me?* Ever kill a deer? Kin you doubt it, lookin' at me? Do I look 's if I'd ever done anything *but* kill a deer? Yes, sir-ree; why, I killed a deer five times oneet, on'y bein' a not very intelligent deer, he didn't know it until some other feller planted a bullet in betwixt his two eyes. He was a deer as a hull, that deer was. Perfect beauty. Had eyes as to look like diamonds; an' as for venison steaks, he was jest covered over with 'em. I guess there was more venison steaks in that air deer than any other deer ever had. I ain't exaggeratin', boys, when I says that he almost had the currant jell'y round with him 'fore he was shot, he was that teethsome. What? Ye don' know what teethsome is? Waal, I'll tell ye. Toothsome is sweet fine—good—*bully* to eat. Teethsome means the same, on'y as teeth is more 'n mere tooth, so this deer was more sweeter, more fine, more bullier to eat than if he'd on'y been mere toothsome. See? Ye does? Good. Ye've got intelligence, boys, which was th' on'y thing that air deer lacked. Stupidest deer for a teethsome deer I ever seed. I'd chased him two miles 'fore I got a good shot at him. Hit him square in the witalest part he had, but he was so dull he never knew he was hit, an' kep' on a-runnin'. Chased him two more miles, an' shot him again in his next witalest part. Killed him dead, but he wouldn't acknowledge it, an' on he ran. So it went. Every two miles I'd hit him, an' wound him witally, an' he was that foolish he didn't have the sense to drop. Happened five times. Finally another feller came along. Fired his gun, an' the bullets hit him square 'tween the eyes, where he couldn't help seein' 'em, an' then he realized what was up, an' died, like he'd ought o' done in the beginnin'."

"Dear me! How funny!" said Robbie.

"Yes," said Old Jack. "But the funniest part o' the whole thing was that when we came to cut him up we couldn't find one o' my bullets!"

WHY?

THE great waste of letters in geography
Is a thing that incites my wrath.
Why should one place be called "Constantinople,"
And another place be called Bath?

ON THE PORCH.

MAMMA. "I wonder why Fido doesn't come when I call him?"

WILLIE. "I suppose he can't hear you, because his ears are cut."

TEACHER. "How do you spell charlotte russe?"

JACK. "I can't spell it, but I know how to eat them."



BUSINESS."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

Author of "Dorymates," "Campmates," "Canoemates," "Raftmates," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.

### PHIL BECOMES "HIGH LINE."

JUST as Serge uttered his terrified scream at the sight of what he believed to be the schooner about to run them down, he gave a lurch to one side that sent him clear of Phil and plunged him again beneath the surface. The swimmer seized him by the collar, and at the same moment was struck by something on the opposite side that he instinctively grasped. It was an oar belonging to the boat into which Jalap Coombs had slid as it towed astern of the schooner, and cutting the painter, had come to their rescue. As from his position in rowing he was not able to look ahead, he had not yet seen the lads, when a scream from under his bows warned him that he was upon them. The boat had appeared to Serge so suddenly and unexpectedly that to his bewildered eyes she looked as big as the schooner, and he believed his own fate and Phil's to be sealed.

It did not take the chilled and dripping lads long to scramble into the boat, for though they were so numbed as to be almost helpless, both they and Jalap Coombs were such experienced boatmen that all three knew exactly what to do. Relieved from the terrible strain under which they had labored, they felt so weak that they would gladly have lain down in the bottom of the



boat: but Jalap Coombs said: "No indeed, ye'll do nothing of the kind. Set on that thwart, each take an oar and row for all you're worth to keep up a counter-current and get warm. If ye don't, I'll have to turn to and give ye both the sound thrashing ye desarve, though I was reared up a Quaker and are opposed to fighting on moral principles."

He spoke so sternly that neither of them dared disobey action, and so they wearily rowed for all they were worth, which was very little indeed just then, until the returning schooner picked them up, and willing hands outstretched over her side drew them once more into safety.

In the mean time the lads, whose friendship had been sundered for a little, only to be welded more firmly than ever by the death struggle they had just shared, had exchanged a few broken but heartfelt sentences as they sat side by side on that weary thwart, and now all was again well with them.

Serge had said, "Oh, Phil! I shall never forgive myself!" And the latter had answered: "You don't have to, old man. If you will only forgive me, it will be more than enough." After that the mere touching of their wet shoulders had proved comforting, and given assurance of a friendship that neither of them believed could ever again be broken.

Youth and health can withstand almost anything, and so in the morning, after a night between warm blankets, the lads were as fit as ever for their day's work. As they started out in their boat in pursuit of seals, they felt none the worse for the experience of the previous evening, which was already become a memory, and one not altogether tinged with sadness. In fact, they were not inclined to regard their adventure half so seriously as did Jalap Coombs. He said,

"Ef it hadn't er been for me and old Kite Roberson, the *Seamew* would have lost two of her best hands."

"We know what would have happened if it had not been for you," replied Phil, gratefully; "but what had Mr. Robinson to do with it?"

"More'n a little," answered the mate, shaking his head and gazing into the remote distance, as he always did when referring to his late but still venerated friend. "Old Kite uster say: 'When two friends has quarrelled, and is trying to make up without knowing jest how to do it, then watch 'em, for they ain't responserble for their acts.' Remembering this as I did, I naturally felt it my dooty to keep an eye on you two last evening, though it war my watch below, and some would have said I hadn't no call to be on deck. Says I to myself, 'There's no knowing what they'll do.' Sure enough when I seed fust one plump overboard and then t'other, I knowed why I had been called, and acted according. S-s-t! there's a holluschickie young male seal now!"

As the fur-seal when sleeping in the water lies on his back with his fore flippers folded on his breast, and as, when in this position only his nose and the heels of his hind flippers are exposed to view, it would be hard to say how even Jalap Coombs's practised eye could distinguish a holluschickie, or bachelor seal, from a female, or even from a seecatch or old bull. His assertion was proved true, however, when this one was hauled into the boat, after a capital shot by Phil, and after Serge's powerful strokes had taken them so quickly to the spot that the sinking body could be gaffed.

Phil was glad of this, for he hated to kill female seals, such a proceeding not being at all in accordance with his sportsmanlike instincts or training. He was often obliged to do this, however, for the pelagic sealer must shoot quick if he is to shoot successfully, and without pausing to discover, even if such a thing were possible, whether he is firing at a yearling pup, a bachelor, a female, or an "old wig," as the seecatchie or veteran bulls are called, on account of a patch of white hair on their shoulders.

As Jalap Coombs philosophically remarked, "They all count in the day's catch, and numbers not quality is what we open-water fellows is after."

The crew of the mate's boat worked so well on this day, Phil shot with such quickness and precision, Serge rowed with such energy, and Jalap Coombs steered to such a nicety within range of the shy animals after they were once sighted, that before night a well-earned success had rewarded their efforts, and their boat was heavily laden with seal-skins.

Besides those they secured, many seals were shot at and missed, some were wounded and escaped, and still others sank beyond reach after being killed. Most of Phil's shots were made at mere black points that appeared but for a moment on this side or that as the seals came to the surface for a breath of air, only to dive again almost immediately. The whole body was rarely seen, save when the seals were at play, when they would spring clear of the water with graceful leaps, like so many salmon. At other times they swam a few feet beneath the surface with marvellous swiftness, and if one were noted as he came up for breath, he was too far away to be seen when forced to do so a second time.

With all these difficulties to contend against, the securing of twenty seals by a single boat was considered by Jalap Coombs a capital day's work, and as they approached the *Seamew* at sunset the heart of the young hunter beat high with the hope that he had at length secured more points than either of his rivals. Nor was he disappointed, though, when a dozen skins had been sent aboard, and no more were seen in the boat, a derisive laugh was heard from the schooner's deck. When, however, Jalap Coombs began to hand out the rest of the skins, which he had purposely hidden beneath the sail, this laugh was not only silenced, but was changed into exclamations of astonishment.

Oro Dunn had brought in eighteen skins, and had boastfully declared that he was "high line" for the day, as no young sport from the East was likely to beat that score, or even come anywhere near it. When Phil's twenty skins were counted out, Mr. Dunn retired to the cabin as crestfallen a seal-hunter as sailed the Pacific at that moment, and muttering unpleasant things about some people's luck.

Serge said he ought to add "Brown" to his name.

Jalap Coombs was triumphant. At the supper-table he boasted so tremendously of his protégé's shooting, that although Phil could not entirely repress his happy smiles, he was forced to remain as silent as on the previous evening. Even Captain Duff congratulated him in his own rough way, and said that if this thing were kept up he would soon be obliged to allow his youngest hunter the same commission as the others.

At the same time Serge was the hero of the forecastle, where the mate's crew, and Phil in particular, were praised to the full content of the young boat-puller.

For ten days longer this exciting business of seal-hunting on the high seas was continued, with varying success and in all kinds of weather. Occasionally a day, or at least part of one, would be fair and bright, but more often the sun was hidden by fog-banks or low-hanging clouds, while snarling squalls of wind and rain swept above the sullen waters. Once the sea was lashed into fury for twenty-four hours by so fierce a gale that the brave little schooner, hove to under a tiny storm try-sail, and the merest corner of her jib, was taxed to her utmost to ride it out.

By the time that several hundred skins, of which a full third were credited to Phil's gun, were safely salted away in the kenches, the seals suddenly disappeared. Jalap Coombs said that the schooner must be within one hun-

dred miles or so of the Aleutian Islands, and that the game they had followed so far had doubtless passed through them into Bering Sea, where the reunited seal herds were by this time "hauling out" on the Pribyloff Islands.

"How I should love to see them there!" exclaimed Phil.

"Well, you're not likely to have a chance on this v'y'ge," answered Jalap Coombs, "and if ye did, ye'd be a long ways further from Sitka than ye be now."

This set the young hunter to thinking seriously of his original purpose in taking this cruise. Of course he had often thought of it before, though not very seriously; but now he began to watch anxiously for the promised vessel, to which he and Serge might be transferred with a view to reaching their desired destination. Once he ventured to mention the subject to Captain Duff, only to receive the gruff reply:

"Ye don't suppose I'm going hunting schooners just to set you aboard of, do ye? When we happen to hail one, I'll see. Meantime you can keep right on earning the money I've already laid out on ye, besides what's due for your passage."

As at the lowest estimate Phil had already earned several hundred dollars, of which he was not to see one cent, he considered that his account with Captain Duff was more than balanced, which belief was equally shared by Serge.

One morning soon after this Phil was surprised to find the *Seamew* at anchor. He looked eagerly about for signs of land, but none were to be seen. "Where are we? and what are we anchored here for?" he asked of Jalap Coombs, who happened to be on deck at the time.

"Outer edge of the Shumagin Banks, and I s'pose we're here to fish," was the brief answer.

They evidently were there to fish, and all hands were set at it as soon as breakfast was over. With bits of seal blubber for bait, they hauled in cod as fast as they pleased. Very soon a portion of the crew were told off to split and salt these, while the rest continued to add to the catch. By nightfall a sufficient number of fine large fish to suit Captain Duff's purpose had been caught, split, and salted away on top of the seal-skins already packed in the kenches below-deck. His desire for the valuable furs had only been increased by the successful issue of his voyage up to this time, and he had determined upon a bold move that would secure him as many more seal-skins as he already had if it could be successfully carried out. He did not disclose his intentions even to his mate, but merely ordered the anchor up at the conclusion of that day of fishing, and laid a course to the westward.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A VENTURE INTO FORBIDDEN WATERS.

On the morning following that of the day of fishing the *Seamew* was skirting a wild-looking coast, against the bald headlands of which the huge blue billows of the Pacific thundered with a ceaseless roar. The scene was one of awful grandeur and desolation, though not of utter solitude, for though no sign of human life was visible, sea-lions disported in the tumultuous breakers, huge whales rolled lazily on the long swells, and myriads of sea-fowl circled with harsh cries above the precipitous rocks. Above all towered the symmetrical snow-capped peak of a lofty mountain, from the summit of which a thin banner of smoke trailed to leeward. It was Shishaldin, the most beautiful peak of all the Aleutian Islands, and as it was the first volcano Phil Ryder had ever seen, he gazed upon it with delight and wonder. The forbidding coast they were skirting, and which was Phil's first bit of Alaska, was the south side of the island of Oonimak, one of the largest of the entire Aleutian chain, and also the only one of any size absolutely without inhabitants.

After a while the schooner reached the western extremity of this inhospitable island, and turning into the broad channel of the Oonimak Pass, was soon breasting the green waters of Bering Sea. Here her course was again altered, so that she now followed the northern coast of the island, and was headed towards its upper or eastern end. This shore was much less abrupt than the other, and broad levels of mossy tundra broken by foot-hills stretched away to the mountains that had risen so sheer from the Pacific side.

At length towards evening anchor was dropped in a small, well-sheltered bay at the extreme eastern end of the island, and Captain Duff caused himself to be rowed ashore. In a short time he returned, and to the surprise of all hands informed his crew that he wished his cargo of seal-skins broken out at once and transferred to a place on shore that he would point out.

So actively was this job of night-work carried forward, that before morning every seal-skin had been taken from the schooner, carried ashore, and safely salted away in a kench constructed within the ruins of an old stone hut. This was but one of a number still standing, which showed that at some previous time Oonimak Island had supported at least one populous village.

This mysterious proceeding having been carried out to Captain Duff's satisfaction, and only a scanty cargo of salted cod-fish left in his vessel's hold, her anchor was again lifted, and she was headed northward into the fog-hidden regions of Bering Sea. In these forbidden waters any vessel was liable at any time to be overhauled by some American revenue-cutter or British man-of-war, and subjected to an examination. If seal-skins were found on board she was seized and sent to some distant port, from which there was no chance of escape, and where her crew were detained as prisoners until such time as their case might be tried before the proper authorities.

The strange proceeding of the *Seamew's* master in discharging his cargo on a desolate island, carefully concealing it there, and then venturing into the forbidden waters, drew forth many eager and curious comments from his crew, all of whom wondered what the next act on the programme would be. None, however, dared question the schooner's autocrat, for, as though well aware of their desire to do so, he became more of a bully than ever, and so roared and bellowed and snarled at every one and everything as to make all hands anxious to keep as far from him as possible.

None discussed the situation more earnestly than did Phil and Serge whenever they could get together beyond the Captain's range of observation, for they were well aware that every mile of progress in this new direction found them just so much farther away from Sitka, as well as from the track of vessels bound for that port.

"I tell you what it is, old man," Phil remarked, on one of these occasions, "while I don't know where we are bound or when we will get there, it seems to me that shipping on board this schooner was a mighty poor move on my part. I might have known that I would never get to Sitka this way, if I had only stopped to think. But I didn't, and I don't suppose I ever shall until it is too late for thinking to do any good."

"What worries me most," responded Serge, "is that it was I who proposed the plan."

"Now don't you fret about that. You only did what you thought was for the best, and, after all, I don't know but it is just as well that I came on this cruise. I should have been certain to get into some other scrape equally bad, if not worse, if I hadn't. Why, when I recall that one of the only two nights I ever spent in Victoria was passed in a police station, I tremble to think what might

have happened if I had been left there for two whole weeks. I should really be enjoying this trip, too, if it were not for thinking of my poor father. He sure must be in a state of mind by this time. At any rate, I am getting something of Alaska, or rather of its fogs and waters, and that is what I came out West for, you know."

"Yes," said Serge, anxious to encourage this brighter view of the situation, "and you are making a splendid reputation for yourself as a seal-hunter. Why, after this trip, if you want it, you can get a job any time at the very highest rates going. I tell you what! If I could only shoot as you can, I should feel fixed for life."

"But I sha'n't ever want any such job again," replied Phil. "To tell the truth, I am getting awfully sick of this killing business. It was exciting at first, but the keeping it up day after day is horrid. One might as well turn butcher at once, and be done with it."

"Oh!" said Serge, with a puzzled air, as though this sentiment were beyond his comprehension. "If you look at it that way——"

"Well, I do!" interrupted Phil, "and I hope I shall never be called upon to shoot another seal."

In the mean time, while these discussions were going on in forecastle and on deck, the *Seamew* flew northward for a day and a night. It was generally believed that she was in search of some new fishing-ground, for, as all hands knew, Bering Sea is one of the best-stocked fish-preserves in the world, and contains a supply of food fishes sufficient for the feeding of all the people in the world.

It is one of the very foggiest places in the world also, being even more foggy than the Bay of Fundy, and for the same reason, which is warm water and cold air. As the warm waters of the Gulf Stream enter the Bay of Fundy, so the warm waters of the great Japan current enter Bering Sea. In both places they meet waves of cold arctic air, which by their evaporation is condensed into fog.

Although seals can exist for a long time without food, they must eat sooner or later. So the mother seal, having staid on one of the islands with her pup until she is very hungry, will leave him gorged with milk sufficient to nourish him during her absence, and set forth on long fishing expeditions that may extend over two or even three days. When she returns she finds her own little one amid thousands of others that look exactly like him, just as surely as a human mother would select her own baby from a roomful. So anxious is the mother that her pup shall have enough food to make him grow into a strong holluschickie that she will nurse none but him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

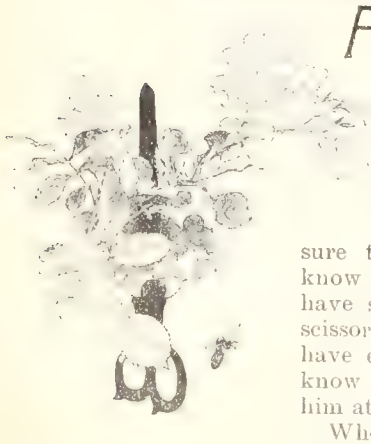


THE NESTS AND THE DINNER PLATES

# A Tiny Tailor

BY W. H. GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," ETC.



I FANCY that most of us must know our tiny tailor at least by his works, while I am sure that very many of us know him thus only. We have seen the marks of his scissors, but how many of us have ever seen the tailor to know him, much less caught him at his work.

Where is the rose-garden that has escaped his petty thieving? Look at the foliage of this blush-rose. Almost every leaf on one particular favorite branch disfigured by his whimsical selection of material! Here a leaf gouged all round the edge until a mere three-cornered bit is left; here another with two big bites, as it were, taken out, one on each edge; and others hither and yon with complete circles cut through near their edges, as with a wad-cutter or a pinking-die.

Does our tailor carry chalk and a pair of compasses, as well as scissors, to have struck out this circle so truly? And what use can a tailor have for such queer pieces as those? Almost any one who has used his eyes at all has seen the pretty doings of this little leaf-cutting bee, or tailor-bee, as he is commonly called. Nor is it necessary to go to the country to win his acquaintance. I have a rose-bush in my city yard which is visited, I may say riddled, every year by a number of the bees, and I doubt not but that a careful search would reveal the nest somewhere in the near vicinity. But now that I have dropped mere fancy and got down to the entomological identity of my tailor, I must confess that this is a feminine "tailor," and her specialty is swaddling-clothes, every sweep and jag and circle among these leaves being the mark and token of maternal solicitude.

I well remember my first introduction to the leaf-cutting bee, and the puzzle which its "tailor-made" nest was to me. It was in my early boyhood when, while poking into a piece of rotten wood—an old fence-rail, I believe—I came upon a round cavity about the size of a lead-pencil, and on looking within saw a piece of green leaf. The decayed wood easily yielded, and in a moment I had pulled off a long splinter. Several inches more of the cavity were now exposed to view, and what was most surprising to me its entire length was packed full of what appeared to be little leaf cocoons, beautifully and regularly made, with the neatest possible overlapping of the fragments. But as I picked them out one by one they all fell apart, separating into regular sets of six or eight fragments of leaf, with a number of the round disks exactly fitting the opening of each, and separating it from the one adjoining. These were strange "cocoons," surely, especially as they were entirely empty, with the exception of a small mass of brownish paste at the bottom of each.

As I continued to investigate I discovered that the burrow extended several inches further into the wood, where the leaf fragments had become brown with age, and I now noticed that each of these older cells contained a small white grub evidently feeding on the strange brownish paste. I had never heard of a "cocoon" like this, and was very much puzzled.

Of course I lost no time in looking up the subject, and the leaf-cutting bee and myself have been good friends ever since.

Doubtless many of us have seen her creeping among the blossoms, sipping honey, and loading her basket with pollen, without dreaming that she was anything but a honey-bee. Here she is now, circling round and round among the yellow fringy centre of the wild rose, brushing off the pollen from the stamens, and gradually collecting it on the brush of hairs beneath her body. For the leaf-cutting bee is not provided with baskets on her legs such as we see in the honey-bee and bumble-bee, and which on flight appear like two tiny *yellow* saddle-bags.

Side by side with the honey bee we see at once the two

need never be confounded. The body of the tailor-bee is thicker in proportion, its head is larger, and its face more broad and square, while its teeth show us at once by their size that something unusual might be expected from them. But perhaps the most marked feature is the thick bunch of hair on the under side of the abdomen, upon which these busy, hustling feet brush all the pollen as we watch her here on the wild-rose blossom. Her basket is now full; and without stopping to say good-by, and without a moment's loitering, she is off across the meadow. If our eyes are sharp enough we may follow her in her flight through yonder orchard, and directly to a clump of bushes growing beside the stone wall about two hundred feet distant. Shall we follow her?

Arriving at the bush, we find it to be an elder clump overshadowing the wall, upon which one or two old decaying rails are resting. Remembering our previous experience, we soon reduce the rails to kindling-wood in search of the tribe of nests, but without success. Indeed, such methods as this deserve no success. Nature thus taken by assault rarely reveals to us what we seek. Let us rather sit quietly here beneath the elder-bush and await her revelations. That busy bee is losing no single moment in the livelong day. Perhaps even now she is



THE DOORWAY.



PLYING THEIR TRADE, EACH TRIP WITH A DIFFERENT ERRAND.

over yonder on our rose-bush, and will return on the same bee-line which we saw her pursuing a few moments ago.

See! what is this coming across the daisies with such low labored flight? It certainly is too big for our bee! Sit perfectly quiet; it is coming directly toward us. We shall get a closer look at it presently. See, it has alighted on the top of the stone near by, but only for a moment's rest; it is now making for us again, and, with renewed fleetness of wing, makes an upward circuit, and alights directly in the elder-bush above our heads. But that last glimpse as she rose above our heads told us all, and proved the wisdom of our patience. It was, in truth, our bee; but this time her errand had not been for pollen, but for a little tailoring among the rose leaves. A careful search among the elder twigs shows no sign of her; so we return again to the shade of the bush, altering our position to permit a better view of its branches. We are barely seated, when out flies our bee from the centre of the bush, and a moment's search reveals the precise starting-point of her flight—a hole leading to a cavity in the elder twig.

We have found her secret at last! She has taken a big contract to fill this deep cavity in the elder branch, and we may be sure she will lose no time in her labors. If we would see her on her next return we must be very spry. Quick! stand up here, with your head among the elder leaves close to the nest, and look sharp. Quiet, now, for I am sure she must be again on her way to the nest. We have but a moment to wait; there is a slight commotion among the outer leaves of the bush, and now our little bee appears, creeping up a branch, tugging behind her what appears to be a tiny green dinner plate, which she clutches firmly in her hind legs. Another short flight, terminating directly beneath the round doorway of her nest. Tugging the little plate up the branch, she pauses, as if to listen at the door, to be sure, perhaps, that the babies are asleep and quiet, or perhaps in wonder and solicitude at the two great giant heads, with eager eyes, gazing so closely at her doorway. But not for long. In she pops, and the tiny plate is quickly pulled in behind her, to the accompaniment of a fine vibrant buzz that for the moment makes the elder walls tune up like a tiny organ pipe. A minute later, the little plate having been nicely stowed away in the pantry, the wriggling antennæ again appear at the little round door, and the little bee is off again.

But we may stand here all day, and all day to-morrow, and next day, and all next week, perhaps, and the week after, if we would await the end of her labors. From morn till night, often averaging a trip every three or four minutes, the busy little tailor, or waitress, or mother, as you will, plies her trade or vocation, each trip with a definite errand. Now a dangling tag of leaf fragment from the edge of the leaf, now a tiny dinner plate, and next with a basketful of pollen bread to put on it—all of which are hidden in this cavity of the elder tube.

How deep is it, we wonder. How many nests has she already packed away? What shall we find in them?

I wonder how it looks inside the tube. Of course all these questions crowd upon us, and of course we take out our pocket-knife and neatly remove a piece from the side of the tube just below the hole. A jointed tube of green and brown leaves is now seen to completely fill the hollow, the irregular pieces of leaf being overlapped in the direction of the circumference, and the little dinner plates being packed away between and exactly fitting the tube of the cavity. The upper nest is still fresh and green—for have we not just now seen it completed?—but those lower down are discolored from their four days' age. Let us pull one out and examine it. It readily falls apart in several pieces, and a tiny white grub is seen in close vicinity to the little dish of bread, the one solid meal which it has been nicely calculated by the mother should last her offspring until its full growth.

If we carefully replace the splint which we have removed and return about a month later, what do we find? This lower cell is now found to be occupied by a silken cocoon containing a well-formed bee, almost ready to emerge to follow the ways of its mother. Then half-way up the column will perhaps show us a fat white larva, which, having just devoured the last vestige from its dinner plate, has begun to encase itself in a silken shroud, while a more recent case at the top of the burrow shows us, perhaps, a fat white bee-youngster still busy with his unfinished meal. But in less than a fortnight all will have outgrown their swaddling-clothes, and we may confidently look for them and their works among the rose leaves.

The name of this little bee is the *Megachile centuncularis* of the entomology. It is a solitary bee, each little mother having a nursery of her own, never getting any help from the paternal side of the family. She is most capricious, too, in the choice of her home. The elder twig seems to be a favorite haunt; but any hollow twig will do, even if she has to hollow it herself. She will often content herself with a crevice in a board, a hole in the wall, or even in the ground, where I have twice found her, on one occasion with a string of nests one foot in length.

Another observer further attests the industry and maternal activity of the leaf-cutter bee. "For about twenty days the bee continued at work building new cells and supplying them with pollen. On the 28th of July, upon removing the board, it was found that the insect had made thirty cells, arranged in nine rows of unequal length, the whole leaf structure being equal to fifteen inches. It was ascertained that there must have been at least a thousand pieces of leaf used. In addition to the labor of making the cells, the bee, unassisted in all her duties, had to collect the requisite amount of pollen for each cell, and lay her eggs therein when completed."

Let us not let another summer pass without a respectful acquaintance with the little tailor-bee, with its compass and scissors and tiny dinner plate.

## THE BOY AMONG HIS BLOCKS.

BUILDING a castle fine,
With terrace, tower, and wall,
And turrets that so brightly shine
Above the shadows tall:
But see! it sways, falls, past all cure,
For, ah! the base is insecure!

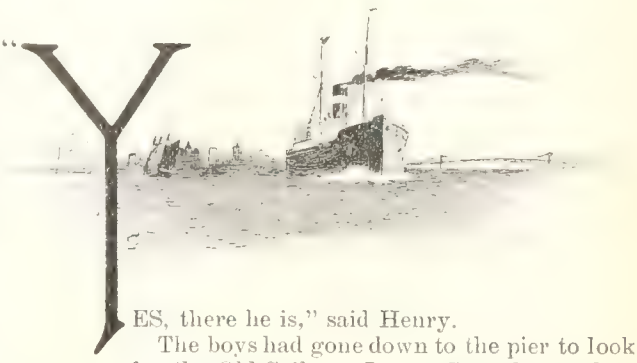
Foundations must be firm
For superstructure's need;
They will stand the longest term
When built on *noble deed*.
Such character, my boy, will stand,
And grow, amid life's wrecks, more grand.

ANNE E. THOMAS.

## AN ACROBATIC STEAMER

### ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS

BY W. J. HENDERSON.



"YES, there he is," said Henry.

The boys had gone down to the pier to look for the Old Sailor. It was Saturday, and as there was no school they were in hopes that their old friend would tell them a yarn. He was sitting in his favorite place at the end of the pier, gazing out on the ocean. The boys followed the direction of his gaze, and saw a two-masted schooner-rigged steamer, deeply laden, ploughing her way southward at a slow pace, with an acre of foam rising almost to her hawse-pipes. She rolled slowly and heavily as she went, and poured an oily column of black smoke from her single fat funnel.

"An' wot kind o' a wessel do ye think that are?" asked the Old Sailor, without looking around.

"A steamer, of course," said Henry.

"An' werry good, too, so fur as it goes," responded the Old Sailor, indulging in one of his silent laughs. "But wot kind o' a steamer?"

"Looks like a tramp," answered George.

"That's werry good indeed," said the Old Sailor. "A tramp she are an' a tramp she'll be. An' she are werry much like another tramp wot I once knowed, only she are summat shorter an' consid'able more by the head, w'ich the same tramps often is."

"Will you tell us about the tramp you knew?" asked Henry.

"That are the werry identical thing wot I'm a-standin' by fur to do," said the Old Sailor. He took another careful look at the steamer, and then broke out thus: "W'ich the same ye may call me a marine ef it warn't in the year afore I quit the sea an' came here to spend the rest o' my nateral-born days a-tellin' you boys about it. I shipped as second mate onto the tramp steamer *Iron Mary*, with a cargo o' tin cans, goat-skins, an' rattlesnakes' teeth fur White's Island."

"Why, what are rattlesnakes' teeth good for?" asked George.

"The natyves o' that island," answered the Old Sailor, "wear them an' tin cans fur ornaments an' goat-skins fur clothes, an' we was to exchange our cargo fur White's Island oats, w'ich the same will make a slow hoss fast, only they is werry hard to get, 'cos w'y, the natyves won't trade 'em 'ceptin' in leap-year, it bein' their belief that oats growed in them years ain't good. We got under way from Noo York on a werry fine mornin' in February, an' passin' the Scotland Light-ship at four bells in the forenoon watch, laid our course south by east. The *Iron Mary* were not a werry fast ship, but she were a werry pertiklerly fine-built wessel. She war built in nine water-tight compartments, with slidin' bulkhead doors, so that if she got into a collidgion you could shet up the compartment wot were busted an' keep the water from goin' into any other part. Leastways, that's wot ye could do ef the doors worked all right, w'ich the same

they ginerally don't. An' that were the cause o' this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye.

"We had good weather fur several days, an' got about fifteen hundred mile on our course. Then the byrometer beginned fur to go down slow and stiddy. It kep' a-goin' down fur nigh onto two days, an' still the weather were clear an' comf'table. But our old man, Cap'n Waterbury Boggs, sez he to me, sez he, 'Ye know wot the poet sez, don't ye?' An' I allowed I didn't know no poets. An' sez he to me, sez he, 'The poet sez, "Long foretold, long last; short notice, soon past."' An' sez I to him, sez I, 'The poet wot said that were a seafarin' pusson,' jess like that sez I to him, sez I, him bein' the Cap'n o' the ship, an' me the second mate. I hadn' much more'n got the words out o' my mouth w'en it beginned fur to cloud up, an' a awful swell rolled up out o' the southeast. The *Iron Mary* she rolled so that ye couldn't keep your feet, an' the skipper he changed her course so's she'd head into it. At three bells in the evenin' it beginned fur to blow, an' by midnight it were a howlin' gale. Afore mornin' it got up to a hurricane, an' the steamer were a-shippin' water till I thort her decks 'd be clean stove in. The Cap'n he ordered us to put ile in the drain-pipes, an' so we soon stopped the breakin' o' the seas, an' rode better, only the pitchin' were somethin' simply ridikalous.

"We lay to with the ingin' jess a-turnin' over all that day, an' as it didn't let up a single bit we made ready fur another rough night. Toward sundown, to make things wuss, a measly drivin' mist set in, an' you couldn't see the end o' your own nose, no matter how cross-eyed ye looked. The mist lasted all night, an' were there w'en I turned out to take the forenoon watch the next day. I hadn't much more'n got on deck w'en I were shook up by a loud shout from forrard. I jumped out on the fo'k'sle-deck, an' one o' the hands yelled: 'A waterlogged wreck! Driftin' right onto us!' It were a capsized schooner, an' afore it were possible fur us to do anythin' at all it came tumblin' down the side o' a roarin' mountain o' water jess as we plunged down off another. Crash! Our forefoot came down on top o' the wreck. I heerd a great scrapin' an' bangin' as the schooner drifted out from under us, an' the next second some men came tumblin' up the fore-hatch, cryin': 'The water! It's a-comin' in by the ton!' 'Close the bulkhead doors in the forrard bulkhead!' I yelled. The hands jumped below, an' in a minnit comes back an' sez, 'They're fouled, an' won't shet.' 'Close 'em in the second bulkhead!' I hollered. 'It's done!' they sez. By this time the Cap'n were on deck, an' ordered all the boats cleared ready fur lowerin'. 'No boat 'll live in that sea, sir,' sez Isaac Hooper, the fust mate. 'No more it will,' sez the Cap'n. 'So we must try to keep the steamer afloat till the gale moderates. I'll go b'low myself an' see how things is a-goin'.' The Cap'n went b'low, an' the rest o' us stood an' looked at each other. All on a suddent Isaac Hooper, the fust mate, he looks werry piculiar at me, an' sez he to me, sez he,

"'It are my opinion that this 'ere wessel are a-settlin' by the head.'

"'W'ich the same,' sez I to him, sez I, 'is also the opinion o' yourn truly.'

"The next minnit the Cap'n comes a-runnin' on deck, an' sez he to me, sez he:

"'We're a-goner. The water are ten foot deep in the forrard compartment, an' are almost the same in the second. She'll go down head fust in about ten minnits.'

"'I don't b'lieve she'll sink at all,' sez Isaac Hooper to him, sez he.

"'Wot fur won't she?' sez the Cap'n.

"''Cos them two compartments won't hold 'nuff water fur to drag her down.'

"'But they'll hold 'nuff fur to pull her head under, an' then these 'ere seas a-breakin' onto her 'll send her down,' sez I to him, sez I.

"Howsumever, 'tain't no use o' tellin' ye wot we all said, 'cos w'y, none on us didn't know nothin' about wot were a-goin' fur to happen. An' how could we, seein' that nothin' o' the sort ever happened afore, an' ain't werry exceedin' likely fur to happen ag'in."

"What did happen?" asked Henry, eagerly.

"Jess you hold your breath," said the Old Sailor, "an' I'll tell you. The steamer's head kep' a-settlin' an' a-settlin' till all on a sudden her starn riz out o' water, an' the screw whizzed around in the air like a buzz-saw. The deck were now a-slantin' from starn to stem so that ye couldn't stand up onto it, an' all hands was a-hangin' onto the riggin' or life-lines, and putty nigh skeert to death. Now the ingineer an' all his hands came on deck.

"'Cap'n,' sez the ingineer, 'the screw are up in the air, an' we can't stand up b'low, an' we ain't no more pertik'ler good nohow, so, ef you please, we'd like a chance fur our lives.'

"'Help yourselves,' sez the Cap'n, werry sourcaustic.

"The ingineer he looks around, an' he sees right away that ye couldn't 'a' lowered a boat nohow, 'cos w'y, the way we was a-ridin' they was all jammed ag'in the forrard davies. All the time the ship's head were a-settlin' more an' more, an' the slant o' the deck were a-gettin' steeper an' steeper. The steamer she swung round so that her starn were facin' the seas, an' that settled it."

The Old Sailor paused for a moment, and while the boys were regarding him with breathless interest, he indulged in a silent laugh, after which he continued thus:

"Blow me fur pickles ef 'tain't puffickly silly w'en I comes fur to think on't now. Wot d'ye think happened?"

"What?" cried both boys.

"W'y, a tremenjous sea rolled up under her starn, heavin' it so high into the air that the *Iron Mary* jess stood on her head. An' there she stopped. We all looked at each other, but no one opened a mouth till the Cap'n said,

"'Waal, we can't hang on here in this fashion, so let's all go b'low an' consider wot are to be did.'

"So we climbed up to the cabin companionway an' fell down into the cabin, where we fetched up on the forrard bulkhead among a permiskyous pile o' furniture an' things. The Cap'n he looks into his state-room, an' sez he, werry solemnlike,

"'I got to l'arn to sleep standin' up, I reckon.'

"'Waal,' sez Bill Martin, an able seaman, 'I got to l'arn to sleep under water ef I go to my bunk to-night.'

"The Cap'n he laffed, an' sez he to me, sez he, 'I'm a-thinkin' this 'ere gale 'll break afore to-morrer, an' then we got to see wot kin be did.'

"'We kin git some o' them boats away in quiet weather,' sez Isaac Hooper.

"'I think we kin do better nor that,' sez the Cap'n; 'ef we kin find some way to stop up the hole in the bow.'

"'I think it kin be managed,' sez I to him, sez I. 'There are a diver's outfit aboard, an' as I've had some experience in that kind o' work, suppose I go down an' take a look at the hole.'

"'Bully!' sez the Cap'n.

"'You'll have to go down on the outside,' sez Isaac Hooper, ''cos w'y, ef ye go down to open the doors to let you down inside the water 'll come through an' the ship 'll sink.'

"So it were decided that as soon as the weather got still I should make the trip. It beginned fur to moderate that night, an' the nex' day the ingineer went to work to rig the air-pump to keep me in breath. Waal, it were simply dreadful a-tryin' to do anything aboard a ship wot were standin' on her head, an' dancin' slowly up an' down



"THE BLOOMIN' SHARK WENT HEAD FUST INTO THE HOLE."

over the swells. But arter a good deal o' hard work an' a awful sight o' talk, the ingineer got the pump set up on a bulkhead. Meantime the crew lowered Bill Martin an' me into the after-hold w'ere the divin' rig were. Waal, ye never see such a tangle o' things in the whole course o' your life. There were tin cans, rattlesnakes' teeth, goat-skins, ropes, old iron, boxes, bags, blocks, an' all sorts o' riffraff piled up in the worst kind o' confusion wot ever was knowed sence the destruction o' Sodom an' Tomorrah.

"Howsumever, Bill an' me managed to find the divin' rig, an' to git back into the cabin with't. The followin' day the sea were quite calm, an' the long easy swells didn't interfere none with our plan. The pumps were started, an' I climbed out o' the main hatch, w'ich were jess out o' water, an', shet up in the divin' suit, I felt my way forrard—or rather downward—to the ship's bow. I climbed over, an' worked my way around underneath till I got to the hole. It were about five feet in diameter an' putty near round. I shook my head, an' pulled the string fur 'em to take me back. W'en I got into the ship ag'in I sez to the Cap'n, sez I, 'I don't b'lieve we kin do much with that hole.' But he sez to me, sez he, 'W'y, it ain't no crater o' Mount Vesoovus, wot blows things out as fast as ye put 'em in, is't? Now, you jess go down ag'in an' pass this 'ere line under the ship. We kin haul a big mainsail under an' plug up the hole with that.'

"Waal, I didn' think the skipper's scheme would work, but my business were to do wot he sez. So I tuk the line, an' down I went ag'in. Wotever indooced me fur to luk around while I were under the ship's bow I don't know, but I did, an' I were not pertiklerly pleased w'en I sees a shark a-risin'. He were a comin' straight at me from b'low, an' I tell ye I yanked that string so quick an' hard it were a wonder I didn't bust it. I were right in front o' the hole at the time, an' the shark comin' up head on like a gray streak o' lightnin'. Jess in time the hoistin'-rope pulled taut, I swung myself away from the hole, an' as I went up the ship's side, wot d'ye think I see?"

"What?" cried the boys.

"The bloomin' shark went head fust into the hole, an' there he stuck. He lashed his tail about an' struggled, but it didn' do no good; 'cos w'y, them bent-in plates had 'im by the neck, an' he were caught. I reported this 'ere remarkable condition o' things to the skipper, an' sez he to we all,

"'By the great horn spoon, boys, our leak are stopped fur us by old Neptune hisself.'

"Howsumever, he sent me down once more to see ef the shark were still fast, an' ef he quite filled up the hole. I found that he did, an' I reported so to Cap'n Waterbury Boggs. So he gives orders right away to rig the after steam-pumps, an' screw on a line o' hose to the pipe wot runned through the bulkhead from the second compartment to the third. It were a good six hours afore this work were done, 'cos w'y, everythin' had to be did at right angles to its proper persition. Howsumever, it did get finished, an' then it were night an' we had to stop. We turned out 'arly in the mornin' an' started up the pumps. The water came through the hose in great style, an' we got quite jolly a-squirtin' it out o' the cabin ports.

"Waal, o' course we was all so bloomin' stoopid that we forgot to prepare fur wot were bound to happen. W'en the water got low enough in them two forrard compartments, bang! down came the ship's starn into the water with a smash, an' she war a-ridin' on her keel ag'in. An' there we was with the steam-pumps screwed up on the side o' one o' the compartments, an' the donkey-engine, too, so that the live coals come a-tumblin' out an' putty near sot the ship afire, not to speak o' us all bein' throwed heels over head w'en the starn dropped. Howsumever, we wasn't badly hurt, an' we got them live coals out putty quick. But we had a sweet job gettin' that donkey-engine down from w'ere it were hung up like a picter on the wall. An' then it took us nigh onto five days to get the cargo to rights ag'in. Howsumever, we done it, an' then the Cap'n headed the ship fur Rio, w'ich were the nearest port, fur repairs."

"And what became of the shark?" asked Henry.

"Oh, he staid right there in the hole till he were pulled out by a powerful tackle in Rio Harbor. An' then he kind o' lay around like dead for a couple o' hours, arter w'ich he shook hisself an' swam around the ship fur a week, till Isaac Hooper, w'ich the same he were fond o' his joke, sez he to me, sez he, 'I b'lieve that there shark are a-waitin' fur to put in his bill for salwage,' sez he to me, jess like that, him bein' fust mate an' me second."

And the Old Sailor indulged in another of his quaint silent laughs.

# THE GIRL ON THE SHELF.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE

TO be "put on the shelf" is not, I believe, generally considered a desirable position, but there are "exceptions to every rule," and No. 37 in the vast retail establishment of Draper & Co. fairly skipped for joy when informed that she was to be raised to that elevation, there to sit all day and wrap up dainty parcels of filmy lace, instead of wearing out her shoes, and running her poor little feet nearly off answering the peremptory calls of "Cash! Cash!" as she had done for two long weary years.

"Why, just think, Jacky dear, my wages will be double what they are now, and granddaddy can have his paper of 'baccy' every week in place of once a month;" she concluded the recital of her good fortune to apple-cheeked John Bird, her particular friend and confidant, who ran the gayly becushioned and bemirrored elevator, and who was facetiously dubbed "Jack in the box."

"Well, now, 37, that's just dandy!" he shouted, with the hearty, whole-souled sympathy that is such a cordial to the heart. "And I'm as glad—as glad as though I had been made a floor-walker myself."

"I knew you would be. But, Master Jack, you mustn't call me 37 any longer. I don't like it. My name is Pansy MacGregor, and I do not mean to be numbered forever as though I were a bale or a bundle."

"Whew! How toplofty my lady is getting!" roared the boy, good-naturedly. Then, with a low, mocking bow, "So, maybe she is too high and mighty to t'ink of pancakes and coffee at Bonnett's, though I had thought of standing treat in honor of this great event."

"Oh, you silly fellow! Of course I'm not, and do let's go at once, for I am hungry enough to eat nails, and we have wasted more than quarter of the lunch hour chattering here."

Five minutes later, then, the happy young pair were seated at a clothless table in the plain restaurant, eagerly waiting for the flapjacks being so deftly manipulated by a white-capped baker in the window, and sipping the "surpassing coffee" with a gusto that ignored the trifling defects of chiccory flavor and half-inch thick cups; while when the brown and smoking griddle-cakes appeared, to be smothered in butter and syrup, no epicure at Delmonico's or Savarin's was more content than they.

"They say Miss Pritchard, the head of the lace department, is a regular tartar."

"Is, hey? Well, then, you want to mind your p's and q's, and keep in her good books."

"I mean to try," laughed Pansy, confidently, as she washed down the last savory morsel of cake with the last swallow of coffee. "But, bless us, Jack! it's five minutes of one, and we must run;" at which they rose immediately and hastened back to their posts.

A sturdy little lass of Scotch descent was Pansy MacGregor, with all the honesty and thrift, and alas! somewhat of the obstinacy of her father's race. Just a plain every-day sort of girl, with a round freckled face, and almost too square a jaw; but the plainness of her features was redeemed by a pair of such deep violet eyes shaded by long curling lashes that no one could doubt why the romantic young mother of fourteen years ago bestowed the fanciful flower name upon her poor, impecunious baby.

Early left an orphan, the child passed her first years in the care of an aged grandfather, who literally often shared his last crust with her, taught her her letters out of the big Gaelic Bible, and instilled the best of principles into her youthful mind, his favorite motto being "Love God and thy neighbor, and be just even to thine enemies." But at length there came a time when years and infirmity forced Donald MacGregor to go into a home for old men, and his "wee bairnie" (as he always called the small maid), left to shift for herself, began her business career as Cash 37, with economy earning her bread, butter, and bed beneath the roof of a respectable widow, besides grand-



"I SUPPOSE SHE NEVER THOUGHT OF ME PERCHED UP THERE OVERHEAD."

daddy's one luxury, a package of tobacco on the 1st of every month, to procure which he frequently went without food from breakfast until supper. Hence the rare treat of a not luncheon at Bonnett's.

There was no doubt Miss Pritchard ruled her department with a rod of iron. No idle gossip was allowed around her counters; every box had to be kept in "apple-pie order," and woe betide the unlucky girl who mistook marquise lace for duchesse. Consequently she was far from popular, though I dare say customers would have upheld her, and that she only thought she was doing her duty; while it was her misfortune to have a cold, reserved manner that antagonized many who came within her influence.

Perfectly versed, however, was she in all the various kinds and grades of the dainty "woven wind," and the buyer declared she knew more of lace than he did himself, while there were those in the store who insisted that Miss Pritchard was not so cold-hearted as people deemed her, citing surreptitious visits of charity to the sick and needy as confirmation of their words. "While," they would generally add, "you know she has seen better days, was quite wealthy, in fact, and came in her carriage to buy where she now stands to sell, and these downfalls are apt to make folks bitter."

But the "Dragon," as the girls in her department nicknamed her, pursued the even tenor of her way, apparently indifferent to the remarks of either friends or foes, while the fact that she had been roughly treated by Fate was no mitigation to Nellie and Kate and Pansy and the rest, when her fretful fault-finding or stinging, sarcastic reproofs sounded in their ears.

The little wrapper had occupied her new position about six months when pieces of valuable lace began to be missed. "Have you seen the cream point de Gêne?" or "Where in the world can that three-inch Honiton be! I had it only yesterday showing to Mrs. Robinson-Jones," were exclamations heard nearly every week, while Miss Pritchard commenced to look strained and worried, and instituted a thorough search in every crack and corner. "Though I warrant she knows better where the lost lace is than any of us, and at any rate she is responsible," growled Nellie Gunnison, when kept late to put things in order after a hunt.

"Now, really, Nell, maybe she does; and makes all this to-do just to avert suspicion," agreed another of the salesladies.

Careless words, the outcome of petty spite! But alas! what a deadly train they often fire! Presently curious glances began to be cast at the unconscious Miss Pritchard, whispers circulated from mouth to mouth, and, finally, one morning when our bonny Scotch lassie reached the shop she was greeted with, "Well, Pan, shout 'Jubilate'! We are rid of the Dragon for good and all!"

"Why—why, Kate! What do you mean?"

"I mean our lovely, high-toned 'head' is discharged. Discharged without a character. You remember how Mrs. Robinson-Jones always wanted her to wait on her, and how often she has been in here lately. Well, the manager, who has been on the lookout, noted that she was the only one who touched the Valenciennes which disappeared yesterday, and summoning her into his office, questioned her pretty closely. She denied all knowledge of it, of course, and was very indignant, but in the end, stammered and blushed and burst into tears; so he told her these losses had occurred so often in her department he thought they had better dispense with her services, although the firm would not press matters further, on account of the respect they once had for her father. Anyway, she is gone, and we are all so glad."

"Then I'm not," sobbed little Cash 41, a thin slip of a creature who was standing by; "for she was awful good to my sister who died, bringing her jelly and oranges and talking just beautiful, while they do say her salary was all she and her mother had to live on."

And even Pansy, though glad, too, to be free from the Pritchard rule, felt an unexpected throb of pity for the poor woman, and in her heart of hearts could scarce believe her guilty. "Though, as Nellie says, if she isn't the thief, who is? For she was alone at the counter from twelve till one, and was the only one who showed the Valenciennes, which was gone at four."

Kate Reed now took charge of the lace department temporarily, and the girls felt a golden reign had dawned, and talked and laughed to their souls' content, until customers complained, and the stock on the shelves became so pulled about and mixed it was like "confusion worse confounded," and Nellie herself sighed, "Oh, dear, isn't there any happy medium between orderly crankiness and shameful disorder!"

So things went on for some weeks, during which time the wife of Judge Robinson-Jones (one of Draper & Co.'s best patrons) never appeared in the shop. "She had been taking a short trip South," she explained when she did at last sail in, as usual, wrapped in a costly camel's-hair shawl, expressed regretful surprise at Miss Pritchard's absence, and then sat turning over a box of the latest importations while the attendants were occupied with others.

That evening, after closing hours, Pansy MacGregor met Jack Bird with eyes like saucers and a frightened expression shrivelling her small features.

"Come to Bonnett's, Jack, come to Bonnett's for supper," she gasped, glancing nervously over her shoulder. "Come where we can talk unheeded, for I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night unless I tell some one what I have seen."

"A ghost, I should think from your looks," laughed the youth; "but girls are always such scare-cats, afraid of their own shadows. There, though, don't be huffy," as Pansy bridled and turned indignantly aside, "you know I am always ready to hear secrets, so fire away."

It was not, however, until they were cozily ensconced in a secluded corner of the eating-house that the girl ventured to whisper in low, almost awe-struck tones, "Jack Bird, I have discovered who stole the lace!"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Robinson-Jones."

"Oh, Pan, hush-sh-sh!" and now even the boy looked startled, and was glad the tables in their vicinity were all vacant. "Don't dare breathe that to any one else, unless you want to be bounced off your shelf in a hurry."

"But, Jack dear, it's true—quite true. She came in this afternoon when all the girls were busy, and while looking at the new laces, I saw her—saw her distinctly slip a piece under her shawl and then glide away in the crowd. I suppose she never thought of me perched up there overhead; and why a rich, influential person should want to do such a thing, I can't imagine; but as sure as I've ordered baked beans Mrs. Robinson-Jones is the thief."

"No, Pan, that's not the word. Only poor people are thieves. When wealthy ladies appropriate things they are kle—kle—well, something that begins with a k."

"Kaleidoscopes?" suggested Pansy, anxiously.

"No, not exactly. Ah, I have it; kleptomaniacs. They're kleptomaniacs, and can't help themselves. But you must keep quiet, for, let me tell you, the firm won't thank you for such discoveries about first-rate customers like the Robinson Joneses.

"Only there's poor Miss Pritchard. It proves her innocent."

"The Dragon! Why, I thought you were all tickled to death to be rid of her!"

"So we were. She was cross and unreasonable, but, you see, she was not dishonest, and it is dreadful to have everybody thinking her so." Which remark showed

that Donald MacGregor's teachings had not fallen on rocky ground.

"Well, you may be in the same boat with her if you try to set things straight. You might be mistaken as to what you fancied you saw, and Mr. Draper and Judge Robinson-Jones are not patient men. So take my advice and say nothing, or granddaddy may have to go without his 'baccy' next month."

"Perhaps, after all, I had better wait and see if the truth won't come out in some other way," she thought, after she had left Jack. At that moment a woman brushed against her, and, with a start, she recognized Miss Pritchard, and noted that she had emerged from a dingy little shop, above which hung three golden balls.

It told a tale unmistakable, and Pansy found the tears filling her eyes, while in spite of having unburdened her mind to "Jack in the box," it was the "wee sma' hours" ere the blessed angel of sleep visited her pillow.

When the small maid rose on the following morning, granddaddy's motto rang in her ears, and Justice and Compassion had won the day. On reaching the great retail emporium, then, she proceeded at once to the office of the manager, and falteringly told her story. He listened quietly.

"Do you know this is a very serious accusation?" he asked, when she had finished, eying her severely through his glasses.

"Yes, sir."

"But you are positive as to what you saw?"

"Yes, sir; certain sure."

"Very well; then I will lay the matter before Mr. Draper. You may go."

Back then to her shelf she crept, still upheld by her generous impulse, but soon a reaction set in, and it was a very miserable little woman who wrapped lace for the next five days, especially after Jack—to whom she, of course, confessed what she had done—assured her "she was a 'chump' and deserved to get her walking-ticket on Saturday night, which she would probably do." "While I haven't done a bit of good, either," she soliloquized; "for Miss Pritchard isn't back, and Mrs. Robinson-Jones comes and goes the same as ever."

It was in fear and trembling that she opened the envelope containing her wages at the end of the week. Yes, sure enough, there was a note enclosed. Her dismissal beyond a doubt! Turning pale, and shaking like a leaf, she read:

"We thank you for enabling us to right a wrong, as proof has been received that your suspicions are correct. We will consider it a further favor, however, if you will keep your own counsel, and repeat what you have discovered to no one. DRAPER & CO."

"Oh, goody! goody! goody!" was her childish exclamation, as she danced down the store, while she could not resist popping her head into the elevator to cry: "Ah, ah, Mr. Jack in the box! You are not the wisest of birds, after all, if you do prate like a worldly old phœnix!"

How the matter was settled with Mrs. Robinson-Jones the employés never knew, but an account opened at the desk probably made all right, and on Monday morning Miss Pritchard, somewhat thinner, somewhat humbler, but as stiff and angular as ever, was back at her post. Only for a brief time, however, as all were given to understand she had been offered and accepted the position of the lace buyer, who was about to resign.

Astonished beyond measure, then, was Pansy MacGregor, on meeting the usually self-contained woman alone in the cloak-room, to have her throw her arms around her, crying, while tears and smiles chased each other across her face: "Oh, you dear little heartsease! You are rightly named, and never, never can I tell you from what depths you have lifted me! while it was all the kinder since I knew you liked me no better than did the rest."



WITH A START SHE RECOGNIZED MISS PRITCHARD.

"I—I scarcely knew you," stammered Pansy, abashed.

"And didn't care to! Isn't that so? But never mind. I fancied I was only doing my duty. Though, indeed, there will be small chance, as in a fortnight I sail for the lace centres of Europe. Places that I visited long, long ago, under such different circumstances."

"Oh, how lovely!"

"Yes, I am very pleased, as I can leave my mother in good hands. You must come and wish me *bon voyage*."

Pansy wondered what that meant, but she found out before the day of sailing, and stood on the wharf waving her handkerchief enthusiastically until the ocean "greyhound" had quite disappeared from sight, while all through the summer she and her boy friend enjoyed many pleasant Sunday-night teas with old Mrs. Pritchard.

When the golden autumn brought the lace-buyer back, rosy with health and happiness, unexpected remembrances came, also, packed in her neat steamer-trunk. A real Scotch briar-wood pipe for granddaddy; such a thick, warm, English top-coat for "Jack in the box"; and the prettiest girlish outfit to be bought in all Paris for the winsome blue-eyed Girl on the shelf.

# LIFE IN A CAGE IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA.

BY R. L. GARNER.

I HAVE no doubt that most of my young readers have heard from time to time of my efforts to master the speech of monkeys, which I began some years ago. You will remember how I took the phonograph from one zoological garden to another, recording and repeating the sounds made by these funny little creatures, but the difficulties I had to encounter were many and great. Good specimens for this study are rarely found in captivity, and when they are found their surroundings are such as to make the labor very much greater. The changed conditions and very strange surroundings of captivity have the effect of modifying, in a measure, the results of such research, for under such conditions monkeys are taught to do some things which are not natural to them, and other things which they would do in their wild state they omit under these conditions, and it is reasonable to believe that some words or sounds which they would make in their native element are never learned or developed in captivity.



CAUGHT NAPPING IN THE CAMP-CHAIR.

From my studies, however, under such conditions, I was convinced that there was a difference of capacity in different species of the race, and it was only natural and logical to infer that those species which were physically and mentally the nearest approach to man must be allied in a like degree in language, hence I believed that the gorilla and chimpanzee would prove to have the highest type of speech of any animal below man. The gorilla does not live in captivity under the most favorable conditions so far afforded him, and hence the impossibility of studying him at all except in his native wilds. Chimpanzees are also exceedingly rare in captivity, and when found are so situated as to make a careful study of them a waste of time. In view of these facts and others, I determined to go into the land where these animals could be found in a state of nature. You doubtless know that the gorilla is found in only one part of the world, and that is in that section of Africa near the equator on the west side of the continent, and even there is confined to a small space. The chimpanzee is much more widely distributed, but, so far as I have found, the best and most intelligent specimens of this tribe are found just south of the gorilla country. You must not understand, however, from this remark that no chimpanzees live in the country where the gorilla is found, but it is not so common to find them occupying the same immediate vicinity. The land of the gorilla abounds with other animals more or less ferocious, such as the elephant, leopard, bush-cat, dingo, and various smaller animals, besides the boa-constrictor and many other serpents.

Such being the case, you can readily see the danger that one would be exposed to in living alone for weeks in the deep forest, but as such a life is absolutely necessary in order to learn the domestic secrets of these animals, I conceived the idea of erecting a strong cage in their midst, and in order to avoid attracting their attention or causing them any alarm the cage was made as nearly invisible as possible. This cage has been so frequently described that I shall omit here any details concerning it, except enough to connect the two parts of my story. It consisted of twenty-four separate panels of steel wire woven into a screen, with inch and a half mesh, and framed in strong iron frames. Each panel was three feet three inches square, and provided with twelve half hinges, three on each side, which would readily fit to any side of another panel. Being in separate panels, the whole was quite portable, and with the aid of a number of rods used for hinge bolts it was the work of only a few minutes to erect a cage six and a half feet square, which gave me sufficient room for all purposes.

Having reached my destination on the coast of Africa, which was Gaboon, I disembarked, and after due inquiry here and through the surrounding country I found that the gorilla lived south of that place. After a brief sojourn here, I went by way of Cape Lopez up the Ogowé River as far as N'Jolè, which is about 220 miles from the coast. Returning, I visited the lake region on the south side of this river, where I heard that gorillas lived in great numbers. After several weeks of travel I finally reached Lake Fernan Vaz, and after due inquiry I found the section of country which was said to abound with gorillas. Reconnoitring the district I found a place on the south side of this lake, which was about two degrees south of the equator, and some twenty-five miles in a straight line from the coast, but in order to reach it from the sea a journey of four days was required. I selected a site about a mile and a half from the lake, and about the same distance from the nearest human habitation. I secured the services of some natives to carry the panels of my cage, my supplies, etc., to the place, and here I erected my fortress, and named it Fort Gorilla.

I constructed a rough foundation by setting nine small posts into the ground, which rose about two and a half feet above it. Upon this I erected the cage, over which



WAITING AND WATCHING IN THE CAGE.



MR. GARNER IN HIS JUNGLE COSTUME.

I placed a roof made of bamboo leaves. Having completed my house, I placed in it a supply of stores to last me for some weeks, and took up my abode in this dark and almost impenetrable jungle, which consisted of clumps of vine intertwined with a dense growth of scraggy bushes and various kinds of palms overgrown in places with clusters of huge forest trees. In fact, it was like three forests growing up on the same ground. This is one respect in which the African forests differ very widely from those of America and Europe; but no description can do justice to the dreariness of this solitude. Such a dense and desolate bush is the only place in which the gorilla delights to live. I had with me as a companion a young chimpanzee, which I called Moses, and for a short time a young gorilla I called Othello; also part of the time a native boy. We were all friends, and although we spoke four different languages, we managed to get along on the best of terms.

My bed consisted of a piece of strong linen cloth nearly the length of my cage, with a broad hem on each side, through which I run a strong bamboo pole. One side I fastened to the side of the cage, the other I suspended with iron hooks, and over this linen cloth was laid a heavy camel's-hair blanket and pillow. My mosquito-bar was suspended by small wire hooks from the meshes of the cage, and on the floor directly under this my boy made his bed. During the day I could roll my bed up till it occupied almost no room in the cage, and my boy's bed, consisting of some pieces of canvas which I used in bad weather to cover the sides of the cage, occupied very little space. I had six tin cases in the cage with me, containing my clothing, food, medicines, photographic supplies, and other necessaries, such as tin plates, cups, spoons, and so on, together with my ammunition and some necessary tools, such as hammer, saw, bush-knives, hunting-knife, files, and pliers. These boxes were suspended at convenient places in the cage. My chair and table both folded up out of the way like my bed. I was provided with a small coal-oil stove, which enabled me to warm my food.

My habit was to rise in the morning a little before six o'clock, and have a cup of coffee and a few bites of something to eat. Having no coffee-pot, I had to cook the coffee in a tin can which held little more than a pint, but my limited knowledge of the art of cooking did not embrace any means by which I could induce the grounds to settle, and when I would take a sup of coffee I would get a mouthful of grounds, so I determined to try some experiments. I took about an ounce of ground coffee and tied it in a piece of a handkerchief, and put it into the can of water, but after boiling it in this rag for an hour or so I found that it scarcely discolored the water. This failure I attributed to the fine texture of the rag, so I next resorted to the use of a piece of cheese-cloth, but the results were about the same. This experiment may not be of any special value to science, but it is a valuable hint to young housekeepers.

After this frugal breakfast I usually took a stroll with Moses, while the boy cleaned up the house, and on my return I began my daily task of sitting still to watch for gorillas and chimpanzees. About noon I prepared a more copious repast. My usual midday meal consisted of a tin cup of soup, made from the canned article which I carried with me. And after this course I usually had a can of meat, which I warmed on the little stove. After this I resumed my watch till near night, when I prepared my evening banquet, which consisted of another tin cup of soup and another can of meat. The after-dinner ceremonies were very interesting. Moses and my boy always licked the tin plates, and then the boy washed them. They sometimes disagreed about their rights in licking a certain plate, and I was compelled to act as umpire between them. The boy was afraid of Moses, so I frequently had to put the latter out of the cage or hold him on my lap to let the boy lick the plate in peace. After this Moses would retire to his little house, which I



TWO OF MR. GARNER'S PETS.

had been occupied only a few days, and which was provided with a mosquito-bar, which Moses learned to adjust every night when he retired. He also provided me with some pieces of canvas and in his hammock I always kept a supply of soft dry leaves, but [illegible] and [illegible] had neglected to [illegible] in order he [illegible] to me. He was full of mischief and showed much intelligence at times. When I refused to do what he wished he would fall down on his back, kick with both feet, beat the ground with his hands, and scream at the top of his voice. He was jealous of Othello, and would never permit him to sit in his hammock, nor allow me, under any conditions, to pet the gorilla. He would not permit any stranger to shake hands with me or to lay hands upon me. He objected to my boy handing me food at the table. The boy could set the food down on the table, but if he handed it to me Moses protested, and frequently assaulted him. I often allowed Moses to come into the cage and eat with me, but he would sometimes put his hand in the dish or put his foot upon the table, and I could not convince him that such conduct was not becoming in good society.

The general impression has been that these animals do not eat meat. Such, however, is a mistake. Moses was very fond of all kinds of canned meats, and would cry for them, and nothing delighted him more than a chicken bone. He would gnaw it as long as he could find a vestige of meat on it. I could not convey to you an adequate idea of how warmly attached we became to each other, unless you had lived under such conditions. To be alone in such a place — no human being near, surrounded by the beasts of the forest—for days and nights in succession is but a poor description of the real state of things, and Moses appeared to realize as fully as I did the dreariness and solitude that surrounded us. From my cage I frequently witnessed the gambols of the wild animals, and in the lone bivouacs of night I have frequently been visited by leopards, serpents, and other uninvited guests. But in my cage I felt a relief, because I knew if they should attack it that I could kill them before they could break through it. Of course I do not include elephants in this remark, for they rarely ever came into that particular spot, as it was four or five miles from the nearest plain.

As a change of diet, I had occasionally a piece of hippopotamus, crocodile, and on one occasion the steak of a leopard, and a few times a piece of porcupine, which I regard as very fine. I also had from time to time a bit of parrot soup, but I did not like the flesh of the bird; it was very tough and dark; but my boy was quite fond of it. I did not go to Africa for the purpose of hunting, but while there I did sometimes indulge in that pastime. I did not hunt the elephant, for fear I might find him, but I have seen his tracks in countless numbers. The buffalo is much more dangerous than the elephant, but his meat is good. There are three varieties of deer in this part of Africa which are very good to eat, but the best of all game that I found was the bush-pig, or wild hog, and the best bird to my taste was the African pheasant. There is, however, a green pigeon in this part which is very fine, as is also the curlew. It is not uncommon to hear people say that the waters in certain parts of Africa are alive with hippopotami, but I was never able to find such an abundance of game. There are herds of these animals to be found here and there, but seldom more than a half-dozen in any one place. There are certain banks in the rivers which they frequent, and they are seldom found anywhere else. As a rule, the natives know where these animals live. They do not fear them in the deep water, but in water about five feet deep they are very dangerous; they often stand in water of this depth along the banks, and when a canoe is passing sometimes it touches one's back; in such a case he always attacks the canoe, and in water where he can touch the bottom and keep his head out he is both active and powerful, but in deeper water a good crew of natives in a canoe can leave him far behind.

These animals stay in the water all day, but at brief intervals lift their heads out of it and spout like a whale, blowing a perfect cloud of spray from their nostrils. In a herd of four or five you will find one or two heads almost constantly out of water. At night they come out on the banks and browse on the plains or open places in the bush. A common diet for them is the coarse papyrus, which grows in great abundance along the rivers. I have seen several canoes that had been attacked by these animals, and one or two of them had been rather badly used. I was fortunate, however, in my travels to escape them, but had the pleasure of killing five of them; one was in a herd of six, and as we passed near them they came towards our canoe as if intending to attack it. The pilot, however, knew the water well, and kept at a safe distance from the banks. As they approached us, the leader, which was a very large one, repeatedly poked his head out of the water, and opened his huge mouth about three feet, as if he wanted to frighten us with it. When he was within fifty yards of us we stopped rowing, and I stood up in the canoe with my rifle. As he came out of the water I fired, striking him on the under side of the upper lip. He disappeared, and we saw no more of him. The natives declared that I had killed him, because when fatally shot they sink beneath the water, and do not rise again for six or seven hours. We notified the natives of a town on the island near where this occurred, and two days later I received word from them that they had found him, and invited me to come to their town and help to eat him. I killed another later on, and I heard three days afterwards that the natives had found him, and that they offered to send me his head, which I was obliged to decline. I had occasional opportunities to shoot animals from my cage, but as I had made a treaty with the natives not to shoot within a stated distance of the cage, I thought it becoming in me to keep this treaty, but two or three times the temptation almost overpowered me, especially when I was once visited by a gorilla. I may say to you that in my experience in hunting through the wild West of our own country, and much of the bush and plains of Africa, I have never experienced any sensation quite the same as that of having a huge gorilla within a few feet of me.

Within a few hundred yards of my cage was a spring, from which I procured a supply of fairly good water. On one occasion I sent my boy with a tin can to the spring. He was gone so long that I became uneasy about him, and after waiting for nearly an hour, I took my rifle and started to look for him. I had not proceeded far when I discovered the can lying in the path a few yards from me. I approached it, but found no sign of the boy. I feared that he had been attacked by a gorilla, but I could find no sign of any place that he had broken his way through the bush on either side of the path. I looked carefully to see if there was any trace of blood, but found none. After a brief pause I called the boy, and at the sound of my voice some large animal within a few yards of me sprang from his hiding-place and dashed away into the bush. I caught a mere glimpse of him, and thought it was a leopard. I picked up the can and returned to the cage, where I sat down to meditate upon what had passed.

These people seek every means and avail themselves of every pretext to involve a stranger in some quarrel, and make him responsible for anything that may happen. Foreseeing the probability that the people of the town would assess me heavily for the loss of the boy, I

resolved to forestall them in this by bringing a palaver against them for allowing this leopard to live in the bush. After a couple of hours' reflection I took my rifle and proceeded to the town where the boy lived. On reaching the first small village the old King came out and saluted me. I received him coolly, and passed on. He seemed anxious to tell me something, and at last I stopped to listen. He could speak no English, and my knowledge of his language was limited, but I knew enough to catch the gist of his story. He begged me not to flog the boy because he had been scared by a leopard. It was a relief to me to know that the boy had escaped and was in his town. On reaching the town the boy's father came to meet me, making the same explanation. I demanded the boy, and he came and told me the story. I commended him for his bravery, and gave him a piece of cloth and a hand of tobacco. I also gave his father a hand of tobacco, whereupon the boy bravely returned with me to the bush, and on arriving at the place showed me where he had encountered the leopard.

He said that on his return from the spring with the can of water on his head he had discovered the beast crouching in the path before him. He stopped, but feared to run. After a moment's pause he saw the animal wag its tail, which all natives regard as a sign that it is in the act of leaping upon its prey. At this the boy jumped and said he screamed. The can of water fell upon the ground, and with the noise of the can and the splash of the water the leopard sprang into the bush with fright. The boy ran to the town, more than a mile away. The leopard evidently was waiting for further developments when I came upon the scene and startled him with a cry for the boy.

## THE FREIGHTER.

BY PHILIP MARSTON BRASHER.

THERE used to flourish in the "wild West," not very many years ago, a remarkable variety of the human family known as the freighter. He was often designated, also, "bull whacker" and "mule-skinner." No other part of the civilized world could boast his counterpart, nor was his like known in our own Eastern States, for there was no need of him there. He was a creation intended solely to fill a certain gap in the procession of improving influences that was moving Westward, a sort of missing link; and having done his work, and done it well, he, together with the irrepressible cowboy, the Indian, and sundry other orders of frontier society, is making his parting bow to a public which has some reasons, at least, for rejoicing at his exit.

The freighter's mission was to convey merchandise from St. Louis, Missouri, and other cities, to the various government posts and white settlements which existed here and there in Kansas, Colorado, Utah, and other parts of the great West; and forty years ago, or more, this operation was difficult and dangerous enough to require in those following it a high degree of physical strength and courage. Where the freighter's ringing cries once broke the stillness the locomotive's strong-lunged whistle now gives warning, for railroad trains run to almost every point formerly supplied with goods by the freighter, and in one-tenth the time; but a journey over smoothly laid rails gives no idea of what the bull-whacker had to contend with in his progress toward the setting sun. At the time of his greatest prosperity roads were scarce, bridges few, and often wanting entirely; Indians were numerous and savage, and it required ceaseless vigilance to avoid or be prepared for attacks by murderously inclined bands. There was the bitter cold of winter to endure, and summer's scorching heat was almost equally trying. Dust hung in blinding clouds about the wagons, and a drink of water was not always to be had for the asking. Break-downs occurred, stock stampeded, men or cattle fell sick. Oh, those trips across the plains were no picnics!

In personal appearance the freighter was striking if not picturesque. He was fond of buckskin clothing, and always wore a red or other gay-hued handkerchief around his neck, and a wide sombrero on his uncombed hair. A cartridge-belt encircled his waist, and from it hung one or two revolvers, while his grimy hand clasped a rifle, except when that portion of his armament lay quietly in the wagon. To awaken his team to a lively sense of duty he carried a formidable "blacksnake," or pliable whip, of which the keen lash could reach an absent-minded animal many yards away. It is not well to envy the freighter, or to wish to be as he was, for, in truth, a dirtier mortal could scarcely be found. While on the road he paid but little attention to his toilet, slept in the clothes he wore all day, and actually lived for weeks at a time without washing. He may be excused for such negligence by the fact that water was scarce along his road, but it is certain that accumulation of plains dust on his skin and costume made him a queer-looking mortal when he arrived at his journey's end.

A wagon train numbered sometimes from thirty to forty wagons, tremendously strong things, each capable of carrying nearly half as big a load as a freight car. From eight to twelve oxen, horses, or mules made a team, and every team had a driver, who sometimes rode the "near wheeler," and controlled the wagon brake with a strap made fast to an upright lever about six feet long. This large number of teams, together with extra stock to replace any animals giving out on the road, the teamsters, herders, and boss wagon-master, made quite an imposing procession, and, strung out in marching order, was nearly a mile in length. The whole journey occupied several months, and as it was made almost entirely through an unsettled country, all communication with civilized fellow-creatures was cut off, and freighters might be likened to sailors at sea—that is, if you can imagine sailors where there is no water, with wagons for ships.

Commanding the whole force was the boss wagon-master, who exacted from his men obedience as prompt and complete as a sea-captain requires of his crew. This had to be so, because there was no telling when danger or disaster would overtake the train, and in case of trouble the wagon-master must look to his men for instant help. Indians of the meddlesome and bloodthirsty kind were scattered all through the Western country in those days, and they seldom lacked inclination to attack travellers if there seemed to be a good chance to secure booty or scalps, and when a band of them hove in sight with evidently hostile intentions every man in a wagon train knew just what to do. The wagons were driven up in a close circle, the teams inside for protection and to prevent stampeding, and in this rude fortification the teamsters and all hands fought desperately. They had not only perhaps a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property to protect, but their lives as well, and there was good reason to fight. They were oftener victorious than vanquished, too, unless overwhelmed by superior numbers, because Indians were not good rifle-shots and their guns were of poor quality. The warriors made up in a measure for these deficiencies by agility and cunning, and if successful in getting near enough to the wagons to make effective the bows and arrows which all carried, they made it pretty warm for the besieged. It is curious that Indians rarely attacked after dark, and this circumstance undoubtedly insured many a white man's victory over his dusky foe. After beating off a band of would-be robbers a wagon train proceeded on its way, as usual, though a man or two might be missing from his accustomed place, and on the battle-field behind lay two or three dead oxen or horses. Sometimes, to be sure, the result was different, and where the "fighting corral" of wagons had been there was a horrid mass of burned wagons, merchandise, and bodies, while away in the distance was a lot of Indians lugging off all the plunder they could carry.

There was a tremendous responsibility attached to the position of chief wagon-master. He was held to strict account for all the goods committed to his care, and also for the outfit of wagons, cattle, etc. The value of all these was frequently far above one hundred thousand dollars on a single trip. It was his duty to get the train through safely to its destination, and to do this he had not only to overcome all difficulties in the way of accidents and obstacles peculiar to rough roads, but to take command in Indian battles, and, what was worse, prevent his own men from mutinous plans having for their end robbery of the train. There were a good many hard characters among the freighters, and it occasionally happened that schemes were laid among the crew of a train to take possession of it and sell the goods for their own benefit, even if killing the boss was necessary to accomplish this purpose. It took no small amount of nerve to frustrate such a scheme when discovered; and it has happened occasionally that the awful plot was carried out successfully, the mutineers getting away with their ill-gotten booty, and selling it in some distant locality. But there are no wagon trains to rob nowadays.



NATURAL HISTORY.

LITTLE SISTER (*to the baby*). "WHAT A SHAME TO KILL THOSE DENNIES, LITTLE SALAMANDERS!"
OLDER BROTHER (*scornfully*). "HOW SILLY, SIS! DON'T YOU KNOW? THEY GROW!"

AN EXTRAORDINARY KITE-FLYING TALE.

"I GUESS I'm what I seed o' th' telygraft wires," said Old Jack. "'at th' boys is gittin' their kites out. Must ha' been a hundord an' eight wrecked t'aycon here an' a mile down th' street I'm here yestiddy. There they was up in the wires waggin' their tails in the wind jest like as though they was pleased at findin' 'emselves high an' dry like up in the air. Wust part o' kite-flyin' is them telygraft wires though far 's that's concerned th' wust thing for telygraft wires is kite-flyin', so 's the trouble 's 'bout even on both sides. Y' know Ben Franklin, he discovered telygraft wires flyin' a kite. Nobody knowed anything 'bout 'lectricity till Ben went out t' fly a kite, an' fust thing—bang! he'd discovered it. Kite must a-caught in one o' th' wires nobody knowed anything about, and Ben got to be known as th' Electrical C'lumbus. D' I ever fly kites m'self? Well, I guess I hev. Kite-time I never did much else when I was your ages. Yes, indeed. Flied 'em higher 'n you kin see, too. One on 'em went up so high I never seed it again; but the queerest thing—d' I ever tell ye how I got a telygraft message through my kite? It was very fort'nate th' way it happened. Y' see, my mother was very nervous about me, an' whenever I went out o' her sight she spent th' most of her time a-wonderin' would I ever come back. That's how it was this time. I left home early 'fore any o' the family was up; hookin' a little pie for m' breakfast out o' the pantry, an' takin' my kite along, I was goin' to have a day o' kite-flyin'. I didn't think o' how my poor mother 'd worry 'bout me—boys never does, which is one o' the bad things 'bout boys. Well, then, I was off, all day, havin' an' elegant time, when all of a suddent, 'bout four o'clock in th' afternoon, my kite gets caught in a telygraft wire; a telygraft message comes along, gets switched off onto the kite-string, comes clickin' down th' string, up my arm, into my brain. It was a telygraft to my uncle Jim livin' in town, an' said, 'Johnny ain't back yet. If he don't get back before six I'm goin' to give him a lickin'. Bring me up a good stout rattan whip.' It was from my mother. I reck'nized th' style, an' as a result I was home by five minutes to six."

"And so of course you didn't get whipped with the rattan?" said Tommy.

"No. I escaped that," said Old Jack. "But ma didn't say in her telygraft that she had a shingle ready in case I didn't get back afore five."

"And did you ever tell her about your getting the telegram?" asked Bobbie.

"Not I," said Old Jack. "I never mentioned that—fact is, none of 'em did, though I guess ma often wondered why it was Uncle Jim never said nothin' 'bout not gettin' it. I didn't speak of it, because I might ha' been arrested by th' comp'ny for stealin' messages. Ye see, it was sent collect, an' of course nobody never havin' been known to have received it, the comp'ny lost a quarter—which 'ld ha' made 'em mad had they had have knowed it."

WHAT IS GOING ON IN JIMTOWN

EXTRACTS FROM "THE PENNY WHISTLE" OF JIMTOWN, MR. TOMMY WATKINS, EDITOR.

"MR. WALLIE ROBINSON celebrated his seventh birthday on Tuesday last. There was a magic-lantern show, cake, ice-cream, and a call for the doctor in the evening."

"While on his way to school last Friday morning Jimmie Tompkins met an imaginary Indian behind the Methodist church. With great presence of mind Jimmie threw a glass agate at his imaginary foe, and dispersed him. The only bitter part of the victory lies in the fact that the glass agate went through the window of the church, and smashed a pane of glass, at an expense of Jimmie's allowance for four weeks. Nevertheless, it was an act of bravery not soon to be forgotten."

"Experience has taught us that it is foolish to have toothache on holidays. The best time for toothache is half past eight o'clock in the morning when school is in session. Wise boys will avoid it at all other times."

A DISCOVERY.

If four and four were seventeen,
And twice three goats a pail of lard,
It wouldn't make much difference;
This 'rithmetic 'd be just as hard.

WALLIE'S CATCH.

"It's always winter when snow comes," said Wallie, "and fall when rain comes."

"Poh!" said Jackie. "Rain comes in summer and spring too."

"Yes; but it's fall, just the same," said Wallie. "Rain-fall."

GOOD ADVICE.

"I'd like to be Napoleon Bonaparte," said Polly.

"Well, you couldn't be, for two reasons," said Bob. "First place, you're a girl, and second place, you're you. Better give up wishing."

A REMINDER.

"WHEN my grandma spanks me," said Tommie, "it reminds me of an Irish baby I know."

"In what way?" asked his papa.

"It's only a little Pat," said Tommie.

SOME NATURAL HISTORY.

TEACHER. "What foreign animal bears a name that tells the country of his birth?"

TOMMY TRIPP. "The Bengal tiger."

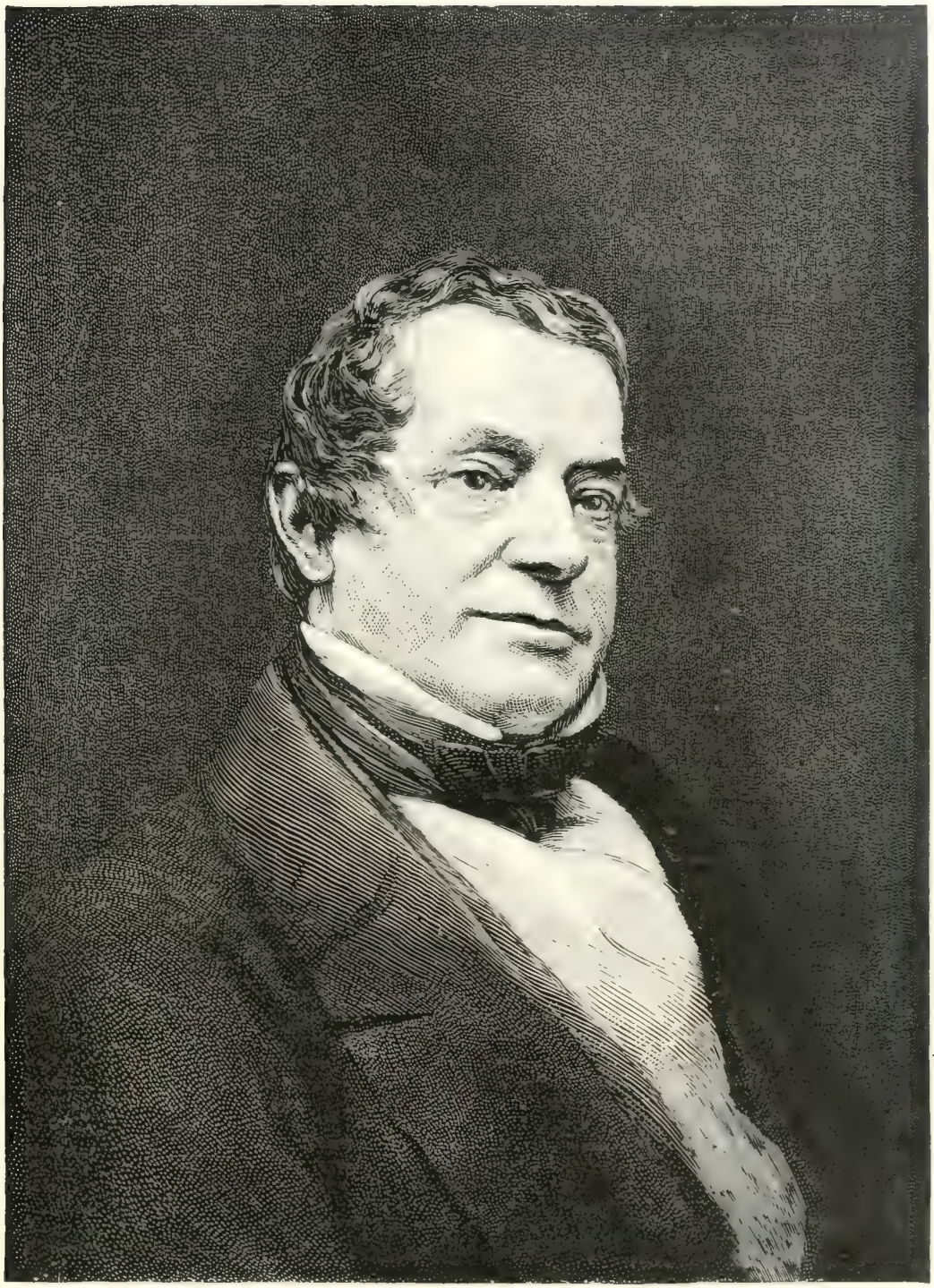
GEORGIE JAWLAY. "The Spanish mackerel."

WILLIE WILLESS. "The Welsh rabbit."

PETER PELKATRICK. "The Kilkenny cat."

SAMMY SHORT. "The Rushin' bear."

ELIPHALET ELDERBERRY. "How about the Gnaw-away Rat?"



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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Washington Irving.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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COMRADES.—[See Poem on Page 450.]

## COMRADES.

BY M. [illegible] STOCKTON.

HERE [illegible] Jocko and I
Sail without [illegible]
Just the two [illegible] the sea
I don't know of what Jocko is [illegible]
But I must confess that I set [illegible]
That we could be taken together:
For Jocko's comrade and he is mine,
And we face all sorts of weather.

Never mind me, to-boys; *I'm* a boy:
But look at my dog and tell me
If you can't envy the sense of the joy
That one day of days befell me,
When Jocko came straight to my hand held out,
And into it, most sedately,
Dropped that great muzzle: no growl or pout,
But free as a king, and stately!

Talk of your pets! He's more than a pet!
He's a comrade, true as a brother!
With a big brave soul, that's too proud to fret,
That wouldn't change me for another!
Jolly? Of course, for the road we take
The rough or the smooth glad-hearted!
See, what a beautiful picture we make,
We two who refuse to be parted.

## CAPTURED BY PIRATES.

BY PAUL HULL.

I AM going to tell you a sea-story, a true but a very old story, because the particulars of it happened nearly two hundred years ago, when my great-great-grandfather, after whom I am named, was an apprentice-boy on board of the fishing-sloop *Bonito*, belonging to the port of Boston, in Massachusetts. In those times the entire Atlantic coast and the West Indies were infested with pirates, the most cruel and notorious among whom was one by the name of Ned Low, a native of New England.

One summer afternoon in the year 1720 the *Bonito* was riding to a small anchor off Half-Way Rock, which is just outside the harbor of Marblehead—an Eastern port famous in these days as the headquarters of the great yacht club that takes its name from the locality. The sloop had made a goodly catch of rock-cod, and was about to sail for home, when a brig was observed to round the point of high land which acts as a natural breakwater for the harbor of Marblehead, and steer a course that promised to carry her close to the sloop. To all appearances the former was a peaceful trader, and the numerous guns of a calibre large for those days did not offer occasion for alarm, as it was usual for merchant ships to be provided with batteries as a means of defence against pirates and other foes.

When the brig had drifted down close to the sloop she lowered a boat, and remained hove to while it was pulled in the direction of the fisherman. Thinking that the brig's Captain had sent to purchase a mess of fish, no suspicions were entertained when the half-dozen seamen rowed alongside. The instant, however, that the deck was gained they drew pistols, and ordered the crew into their boat. Resistance being useless, the three men and the boy obeyed the order, and were speedily conveyed to the brig. No sooner did they set foot on her decks than the character of the vessel was plainly read in the villanous countenances of the crew, and the finery and arms of various descriptions with which their persons were adorned. A tall figure was walking the high poop of the pirate, dressed in a gorgeous green velvet coat ornamented with gold lace and buttons of precious metal. Buff trousers clasped with diamond buckles; silk stockings and fancy-colored boots with wide tops which fell in [illegible] folds just below the knee; a wide-brimmed hat of true buccaneer pattern overhanging a handsome and [illegible] face, and adding a shadow to skin made swarthy by long exposure to wind and weather; a long thin nose slightly hooked; a determined jaw; piercing gray eyes; and a luxuriant mustache which did not fully conceal the cruel curves of the delicately cut mouth—these were the striking features of the pirate chief whose name has been already mentioned.

After a short time Captain Low addressed the newcomers, informing them that they could have the option of either signing the articles of the ship or being pitched overboard with a weight at their feet. The master of the *Bonito* attempted to argue, but was cut short by being told that he was not given permission to talk; that if he tried any further remonstrance it would be a signal for him to be sent after his boat, which, having been brought alongside and relieved of its cargo, had been sent adrift with a big hole knocked in its hull. In order to save their lives the three men signed the agreement whereby they bound themselves to fight, steal, and murder under the command of the pirate captain; but when my great-great-grandfather was told to put his name to the contract he resolutely refused, saying that he would sooner be killed than become a pirate. The Captain laughed at him at first, claiming that he was a brave boy, and would soon learn to cut a throat in an artistic way and become a respectable pirate; that when the gold pieces and jewels were being distributed he would be as greedy for his share as any one else on board. To all the chief's coaxing he turned a deaf ear, and held out against putting his name to such a wicked paper. His stubbornness at last enraged the Captain to such an extent that he struck him over the head with the butt end of one of his pistols, knocking him senseless to the deck.

When Paul opened his eyes he found himself lying close to the bulwarks, between two of the guns, where he had been tossed by one of the pirates to get him out of the way of the crew as they moved about the deck. It was now late in the day, and looking out through one of the ports, he saw with a sorrowful heart that they were on the ocean, and that the land had disappeared. Shortly after this the Captain again asked him to sign, and being again refused, he ordered him to be confined below until his stubbornness wore away. Here, in the dismal hold of the brig, without food or water, and overrun at times by the rats as they scampered over the flooring, the boy passed the long weary night. When early morning came the cover of the little booby hatch was slid back, and the brig's cook, a savage, burly negro, descended into the hold to chop kindlings for his fire. Paul chanced to be sitting on a section of log that the sable individual took a fancy to, so without saying a word he politely kicked the boy away, and was about to break it up with an axe, which was stuck into the big keelson, when an idea came to him that he was too big and strong to work, so he pitched the instrument to the young captive, saying:

"Come yhar, yo' boy, an' split de wood; wha' fo' yo' sit still an' see gemenman work?"

Paul took the axe, and soon broke up enough wood to satisfy the negro, who departed with the remark:

"Dat's all yo' good fo', yo' brat ob a chile. Now chop plenty mo', an' I won't kick yo' when I come down 'gain."

Shortly after this, fierce commands and a hurried trampling of feet overhead convinced Paul that something unusually exciting was taking place. Next, the booming of cannon but a short distance away was answered by rapid discharges of the guns on deck, accompanied by the sound of splintering wood and the curses and shrieks of the pirate crew. Suddenly a slight shock was felt, and a stream of light poured into the hold. A

cannon ball had entered just under the deck, and passed out on the opposite side a little lower down.

By means of some of the cook's kindling logs Paul climbed high enough to look out through the splintered timbers. About an eighth of a mile away, sweeping after the pirate with every sail set and the English flag flying from her gaff, was a small man-of-war—so small, in fact, that Paul's sudden glow of joy at the thoughts of rescue was immediately followed by a chill of disappointment and fear, for he knew the vessel on which he was a prisoner to be superior in size to the ship of George I., and he remembered that on the preceding day, when he had been brought on board, he had counted enough guns to far outnumber those plainly to be seen on the King's cruiser.

The thought of their own superiority seemed all at once to suggest itself to the pirate Captain, for, instead of continuing his flight, he shortened sail with the intention of having a pitched battle with his antagonist. The commander of the man-of-war was as brave as the other was desperate, for he too reduced his canvas and ranged alongside, continuing to pour in his broadsides as quickly as the guns could be served. All at once a cry of exultation burst from the fiends on deck, and Paul saw the foremast of the cruiser pitch overboard, and leave her a helpless hulk to be battered to pieces by her relentless foes. The pirates at once drew ahead, and crossed the bows of their enemy so as to rake her. On board the latter heroic exertions were made to clear away the wreck and bring her bow guns to bear upon the vessel from whose mast-head fluttered the sinister flag.

An inspiration came to Paul. Mounting the ladder, he tried the hatch slide and found it unlocked. Descending, he seized the axe and fell to work low down upon the side of the vessel between the frames. The bombardment and trampling on deck drowned the noise made by chopping into the planking, and after a few minutes he succeeded in hacking three of the timbers so thin in places that little jets of water penetrated into the hold; then stepping to one side, so that he would not be overwhelmed by the inpour, he struck the weakened planks each a heavy blow with the back of the axe, commencing with the one lowest down, and in an instant a great volume of salt water with a fierce roar surged into the brig. Paul retreated to the short ladder that led to the deck, and watched with awe the water rushing in.

Between the two vessels the fight went stubbornly on, for the man-of-war's men knew that no quarter was to be expected, and that it was better to die at their guns rather than to suffer a more ignoble end at the hands of their bloodthirsty foes.

The water was half-way up the ladder before the pirates realized that their vessel was sinking. The shouts of the officers directing the men to man the pumps could be heard above the din, and a moment afterwards the quick clank, clank of the pump brakes gave evidence that the crew were endeavoring to free their vessel. Despite their exertions, Paul could see that the water was growing higher at an alarming rate, as the brig had now settled sufficiently low to bring some of the shot-holes even with the sea.

The fact that their ship was doomed soon dawned upon the crew. The Captain's voice was heard ordering:

"Lower the boats. The cruiser isn't able to chase us, and we can get away!"

On board the man-of-war they had detected the condition of the pirate, as their cries of satisfaction testified. Paul heard the boats splash into the water, and the mad rush made to leave the ship; then all was still, except the gurgling and boiling of the water that now lapped close to his feet. After waiting a moment longer the young hero pushed back the hatch slide and looked out, but except for several dead and dying men, who had lately fought under the black-flag that yet flew aloft, the ship appeared to be deserted. Jumping out on the deck, Paul ran to the rail and saw, a short distance away, three boats filled with the pirates, who had hoisted lug-sails, and were speedily widening the distance between them and the cruiser, which had drifted about a quarter of a mile to leeward. Mounting the poop ladder, Paul got hold of the signal halyards and hauled down the hateful piece of bunting. While thus engaged, the crew of the *Bonito* suddenly made their appearance from beneath the poop, where they had hidden when the pirates rushed for the boats. Joyful indeed were the greetings exchanged between the three seamen and the boy, and after the latter told them how he had scuttled the brig to save the man-of-war and secure their own release, their admiration for the daring lad knew no bounds.

As soon as the pirates deserted their ship the cruiser lowered a boat, which was pulled for the brig. It now ran alongside, and none too soon, for the vessel was in its last throes, staggering and lurching like a drunken person. Before the boat had gained a hundred yards on its return, the pirate ship swayed once or twice from side to side, then slowly and gracefully sank, her masts remaining upright until the wind-vane at the mast-head reached the level of the water and fluttered its good-by. Paul was made a hero on board the cruiser, which made temporary repairs and sailed into the port of Boston several days later. The notorious pirate Captain and his evil crew escaped to continue for a number of years their unholy calling, but at last the red-handed chief was captured and hung in chains on the rocks where Execution Light-house stands at the entrance to Long Island Sound.

## THE CLEVERNESS OF THE FRENCH.

THE Frenchman is a clever person, and never was that cleverness better illustrated than in the story told of Lespes, the French journalist, better known as "Timothee Trimm." One day while at work he was disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. Parley proved useless; the creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespès beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespès had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving, and, from the glances which he cast at a sofa, was evidently speculating what kind of a bed it would make. Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall just opposite the creditor's eyes a paper thus laconically worded, "Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, quite uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothée, tranquilly.

It is almost needless to say that the creditor decamped.

## THE MAY-QUEEN PARTY.

BY EMMA J. GRAY.

HAVE you ever hunted for our May-flower, the trailing arbutus, or ground-laurel? If not, you have lost the greatest charm of spring. It is shy, and you must look sharp or you will not find it; oftentimes it is hidden by fallen leaves. In color it is pink and white, and very fragrant. Its home is in the woods, and it is particularly abundant in New England.

We can imagine how delighted the little Pilgrim chil-



PRESENTING THE MAY-QUEEN WITH HER SCEPTRE.

dren were when they met its kindly greeting after their landing from the *Mayflower* ship. It must have helped to keep them from loneliness in this strange country. But besides the arbutus, many other flowers are included when you go a-Maying—snowdrops, daisies, tulips, hyacinths, harebells, primroses. I am sure you must know the lines,

"Ring-ting, I wish I were a primrose—
A bright yellow primrose blooming in the spring."

And then there are the lilies-of-the-valley, daffodils, wild roses, all sorts of fruit blossoms, and violets yellow, white, purple, and blue.

"Welcome, maids of honor,
You do bring
In the Spring,
And wait upon her."

Thus, you will see, all the early flowers are included as "May blossoms," and you may be decked with wreaths, necklaces, garlands, posies big and little, and carry home bouquets, boxes, waving branches—indeed, be almost hidden by the wealth of the early flowers if you but will.

The May festival is a very old one. Tradition says that about two hundred years before Christ there lived in Rome a beautiful woman called Flora. She was very rich, and notwithstanding the magnificent entertainments to which she invited very many people, and the costly gifts which she was constantly bestowing, she was haunted with the idea that the day would come when she would be forgotten. So she thought out the following plan, which she knew would force people to keep her in memory:

She made a will leaving her large fortune to the city of Rome, provided a festival was given in her honor once a year.

This caused considerable excitement and discussion among the Roman Senators, but as they wanted their city to have Madam Flora's money, they decided to place her among their deities, of which they already had thirty thousand. They designated her as the Goddess of Flowers, and resolved that the celebration should take place about May 1st, and be called "Floralia."

As all readers of English history know, the Romans came to live in Britain many hundreds of years ago, and when they came they brought with them this festival, which proved quite as popular on English soil as it ever had been in Italy. But the Romans were heathen, and the good priest Gregory tried to Christianize them. Finding them so much interested in their games and festivals, he used these as one means to convert them, and therefore the heathen feast "Floralia" became the Christian "May-day celebration." And it has been commemorated in almost every country under the sun, as well as by all classes and conditions of people—lords, ladies, Kings and Queens, those in the middle ranks of life, and also the peasants, and, coming over into our own country, around the May-pole and under the blossom branches the poor as well as the rich dance merrily.

For this reason a May-Queen party is conducted in a variety of ways. Very simply you may say: "I am arranging for a Maying party; will you come? I shall be so glad to have you." And without further form than the above invitation, only mentioning the time, place of meeting, luncheon, etc., everything for a day's out-door frolic is adjusted.

But the correct fashion is vastly different. The invitation is of the same character as that given for any other party. The paper on which the invitation is engraved should be decorated. The decoration should be suggestive of the occasion—a trimmed May-pole, a throne for the Queen, or the Queen herself. Also, in the left-hand corner of the invitation, state the time when the tally-ho or carriages will start: they start from the house of the giver of the party. A good hour is ten o'clock, and the guests should be there ten minutes earlier.

During the Middle Ages it was customary to go very early in the morning of May 1st and wash your face in "beauty dew," and bring back hawthorn branches called May-bloom; and later these same people would erect a bower for the fairest maid of the village, and after crowning her their queen, she would sit in this bower to receive homage and admiration. But in this nineteenth century few of us are as early risers as those in the olden time. Chaucer wrote, "For May wol



THE MAY-QUEEN IN FRANCE.

have no slogardie a-night," but he would not have written those words had he been living now. We will, then, try to think that our boys and girls are wiser for waiting for the dew to dry from the grass and flowers, notwithstanding the promised beauty, for in so doing they save themselves from sore throats and colds of one and another character, which in our climate would be the direct result of wet feet and damp clothing.

All Maying parties should be in charge of a chaperone, not only for Madam Grundy's sake, who would do a great deal of talking, but because there is then some one older than yourself to consult with in case of need, as also some one to superintend those who would arrange the refreshment table. And as this party must

"fall upon a day
In the merry month of May,"

everybody should wear holiday attire, as,

"In the day when we went gypsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lassies in their best
Were dressed from top to toe."

In France this day was dedicated to the Virgin, and the most popular girl was called the "Lady of the May." She was always crowned and adorned with flowers, and sat in state on a miniature throne made of flowers and branches, while her maids of honor begged for money from all who passed that way, to be spent on the religious feast held later.

And our May-Queen can have her white frock too, as dainty and pretty as that of any Parisian maiden, if she will only wear warm flannels underneath it. Remember that though May days are oftentimes warm and sunny even to uncomfortableness, their temperature can not be depended upon.

The May-Queen should be arranged for by the giver of the party, and also her six maids of honor. The Queen only wears white. The maids should wear frocks of different hue, and each represent a woodland flower or fern. For example, rose pink garlanded with pink rose-buds and roses; baby-blue and forget-me-nots; pale violet and violets; cowslip yellow and cowslips; Nile-green and maidenhair-fern, etc. The guests should wear flowers, and may or may not represent flowers, as they choose. Only they must wear gay attire. The boys might dress as gentlemen of the court, adopting the fashion of princes, lords, pages; and do not forget the fool, with his cap and bells, to amuse the Queen.



ESCORTING THE QUEEN TO THE SEAT OF HONOR.

Or all may wear grotesque apparel—it is go-as-you-please fashion—only if the grotesque is decided upon all should adopt it; the Queen could personate Maid Marian, with gilt crown on her head, and one of the boys assume the character of Robin Hood.

It would be a delight could all of these occasions have a May-pole, wound about with gay color, and long ribbon streamers firmly fastened at the top, which during the dances should be braided and unbraided again and again. It requires a tall straight tree, which should be firmly set in the ground, after the order of a flag-staff. The tallest May-pole ever set up in England was on the Strand, London, and was one hundred and thirty-four feet high. A pole twelve feet from the ground, however, will give just as much pleasure at the ordinary May-Queen party. Around it join hands, and sing any familiar English ballads, or songs from the opera of *Robin Hood*. It might be well to have a rehearsal of two or three songs beforehand, if you should be particular about your music at the time of the party. As for dances, they should be intermingled with the songs, waltzes, mazourkas, schottisches—any dance that you may know. Besides this, play one and another ring game, even if you are ever such big boys and girls. Always remember to pay homage to your Queen, being sure that she is leading.

Whoever gives the party is of course responsible for refreshments, which are usually served picnic fashion on long tables in the woods, near to the place where the games are played. The provisions should be carried in a separate wagon, and be kept out of sight until it is time for lunch. The tables may be made very attractive by means of mosses, wild flowers, and grasses. One such table was of exquisite beauty, its only adornment being ferns. A border of them was pinned or basted all around the cloth, made higher at the corners. A large cut-glass bowl stood in the centre of the table, filled with maidenhair, and two tall slender vases, one shorter than the other and filled with fine ferns and vines, stood at irregular distances. When the refreshments are ready, the

escort the Queen and lead her to the position [illegible]. Next to [illegible] the males of [illegible] the rear as [illegible]. In every instance the Queen must be first served; indeed, she should be shown [illegible].

The Queen's throne should be erected near the May pole. It is generally made in a sort of bower of bushes. Sometimes a large stone has to form the seat; cover this with flowers, so that your Queen is really sitting in a flower chair. Make her crown before leaving home. It can be cut out of pasteboard, and covered with gilt paper, and when you get to the fields twine flowers around it; or you may assimilate a crown with a wreath of wild flowers. In either case present it to her with great formality. Having led her near the throne, two of the boys should stand on either side of her, and suspend the crown between them, immediately above her head. While they are in this position, the hostess must step towards the Queen and say, "In the name of this court, we crown you Queen of May." The boy standing at her right then leads her to the throne; when she is seated, the other boy presents her sceptre, and her entire court sing a chorus previously decided.

The girls might all carry wooden hoops, and having wound flowers around them, take them to some poor child or sick mother or sister on their return home, and so have the pleasantest sort of an ending to the May-Queen party. In our joy and gladness under the cloudless sky, on a moss-covered walk, with violets and other wild flowers at our feet, we should not forget the many more to whom such a party would seem almost as a day in Paradise.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

BY KIRK MUNROE.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CRUEL KILLING OF MOTHER SEALS.

IT was because Captain Duff wanted more seal-skins, and because the seals insisted in resorting to Bering Sea, that he had taken the *Seamew* into those waters.

"I shall pay you the same commission as the other hunters for this day's work, Ryder," said Captain Duff, a day or two later, when the *Seamew* was well into Bering Sea, "and the hunter making the biggest score to-day will get a ten-dollar bonus. The same will be given to the steersman of his boat, and half as much to his boat-puller."

"Hurrah for Captain Duff!" yelled Oro Dunn. "That bonus has got to come to my boat, or I'm no shot."

"Don't ye be too sure of that!" shouted Ike Croly, whose boat had pushed off. "I've already laid out to spend that money myself."

"Oh, you have, have you?" muttered Phil with all the old pride in his reputation aroused. "Perhaps you'd better not spend it until you get it, though."

"Come back to the schooner with each dozen that ye get, and we'll take care of 'em here," was Captain Duff's parting instruction as the boats put off.

Never had Phil imagined that so many seals existed as he saw that day, nor did it seem possible that these could be the same shy creatures he had encountered in the North Pacific. In the excitement of making a score he forgot all that he had said about seal-killing being butchery, and fired at every mark with the reckless ardor of an enthusiastic sportsman.

Five times during that day of slaughter did the mate's boat return to the schooner, and each time she bore a dozen seals. On the last return trip she was laden to the gunwales with a dozen and two more.

"Never in all my experience did I see sich a day's haul of seals!" exclaimed Jalap Coombs. "And I only wish my friend, old Kite Roberson, war here to see what a Yankee boy kin do with a popgun."

"I'm glad he isn't," replied Phil, who, weary and aching all over, was beginning to feel ashamed of and disgusted with [illegible] of killing.

As he clambered up over the schooner's side he caught sight of something that caused him to start back as though he had been struck. On the deck, mingled with blood and blubber, was a white fluid that ran to the scuppers and trickled from them in streams.

"What is it?" demanded Phil, hoarsely, of one of the crew, who was busily skinning a seal. As he asked the question he pointed a trembling finger to a pool of the white fluid.

"That!" answered the man, indifferently. "Why, that's milk from the cows you fellows have been bringing in to-day."

"You mean seal mothers? Where are their young?"

"What! the pups? Back on the rookeries, of course."

"And what will become of them?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose they'll die after a while. But what ails you? Be you sick?" The man paused for a moment in his work and gazed curiously at Phil's face.

"Sick! Yes, I am sick at heart!" cried the conscience-stricken lad, before whose mental vision was flashing a vivid picture of the helpless and starving pups whose mothers he had slaughtered. He seemed to see them dying, after days of suffering, and for a moment he felt all the horror that comes to him who has committed a murder.

He was restored to his surroundings by Captain Duff's loud voice calling out: "Hello, Ryder! Here's your bonus; for you're high line to-day. If ye'll only do as well to-morrow and the day after, I'll promise to start ye for Sitka by steamer afore the week's out."

Thus saying, the speaker extended toward the lad the reward he had promised for that day's butchery—a ten-dollar gold piece.

With a cry of rage and a savage motion Phil snatched the glittering coin, and with all his might flung it from him into the sea. Then confronting the amazed man with blazing eyes and a wrathful voice, he almost screamed: "Did you think I would take your blood-money? I've sunk as low as murder, I know, but not so low as to take money for it! And bad as I am, you are a thousand times worse, for I did not know what I was doing, while you knew all the time and urged me on. But never, so long as I live, will I take the life of another of those harmless creatures. Never! never!"

"What ever does the boy mean? Has he lost his senses and gone mad?" cried the Captain, in bewilderment, at the same time retreating a step, as though fearful that Phil was about to spring at him.

At that moment came a startling interruption of this tragic scene. It was the deep boom of a heavy gun, evidently fired from a considerable distance to windward.

Instantly all eyes were turned in that direction, where through the twilight was still distinctly to be seen a white steamer, with a cloud of black smoke pouring from her yellow funnel, and headed in their direction.

The exclamation of "A cutter!" was heard from a dozen lips at once, and, sure enough, it was one of those handy little government cruisers that are so dreaded by evil-doers, and afford so great a protection to honest sailors. She had fired a blank shot from her single gun as a command for the *Seamew* to lie to and await her coming.

The schooner was under way, and running down the wind to the eastward under easy sail. Captain Duff could not afford to be caught thus, red-handed as it were, with the bodies of recently killed seals on his deck, and the green hides of others still unstowed. The steamer was yet a mile away. The *Seamew* was remarkably fast in a moderate breeze and smooth water, and night was coming on. He could at least gain time enough to conceal his

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

illegal freight and to transform his vessel, to all outward appearance, into an ordinary fisherman. He might possibly escape entirely, and the chance was worth taking.

"Bring her on the wind!" he shouted to the man at the wheel. "Trim in! trim in! Up with your main topsail, flying-jib, and jib-topsail! Lively, lads! lively! Drop everything else, and get sail onto her! Mr. Coombs, break out the main stay-sail and set it. Here, you! Help me get in these boats!"

Phil was so carried away by the excitement of the moment that before he knew what he was about he found himself working furiously with the Captain and two other men at getting the boats that were still towing alongside out of the water and on deck.

By the time this was done the schooner was hauled on an easy bowline, which was her best point of sailing, and with every stitch of canvas that could be packed on her, was tearing through the water so swiftly that it seemed doubtful if even a steamer could catch her.

"Blow, good wind, blow!" shouted Captain Duff, as he stood on the after-deck, critically eying his sails. Phil Ryder stood a short distance from him, watching the cutter, and experiencing a return of the bitter feelings he had forgotten during the recent period of excitement and action.

"Oh, I hope she will catch us!" he exclaimed, aloud, though unconsciously.

Just then a second gun was fired by the pursuer, and with an angry scream a shot flew over the schooner, and plunged into the water far ahead.

"Then go below, ye swab, and stay there!" roared Captain Duff, furious at both the shot and Phil's words. As he spoke he gave the lad a violent shove that landed him at the foot of the cabin stairs, and at the same time the slide was drawn to over his head.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CHASED BY A REVENUE-CUTTER.

As Phil picked himself up from the cabin floor, his whole frame ablaze with anger, he muttered through his clinched teeth, "If that brute thinks I am going to stay down here like a rat in a hole, he is mightily mistaken, that's all."

Then, with a boldness born of his bitter feelings, he made his way through the narrow passage into the galley, out through it to the deck, and walking deliberately aft, assumed his former position.

The Captain glared savagely at the only member of his crew who dared to openly defy him, but seemed uncertain how to act. Perhaps it was fortunate for both of them that in this emergency their attention was directed from each other by a third shot from the cutter.

Ere the cutter could fire another shot darkness had so shut in that neither vessel was visible from the other, and only a red glow at the top of her funnel marked the pursuer's position.

Little by little Captain Duff altered his course by hugging the wind a trifle more closely, until at length even the glow above the cutter's funnel was no longer to be seen, nor the beat of her screw heard. Then the red-faced master of the *Seamew*, realizing that he had escaped the clutches of the law, gave a hoarse chuckle of satisfaction.

Phil found Serge quite as indifferent to the result of the chase as himself, though somewhat more nervous concerning the shots, and much relieved when he found there were to be no more. When, an hour later, supper was served aboard the schooner, the lads ate theirs together on deck. Then when Serge was relieved from watch, Phil crept into the narrow forecastle bunk with him, and they shared it together for the rest of the night.

While our lad was not willing to trust himself within reach of Captain Duff's arm during the hours of darkness, he was so ready to defy him by daylight that in the morning he returned to the cabin for breakfast, during which meal both he and his table companions, including the Captain, preserved an unbroken silence.

The schooner, having been kept under full sail all night, was felt by all hands to have placed many miles of safety between herself and her pursuer by sunrise, or at least by the time the sun was supposed to have risen beyond the dense fog-bank in which the *Seamew* was again enveloped. So confident was Captain Duff that he was beyond his enemy's reach that, his cupidity being aroused by the sight of a sleeping seal, he determined to have one more day of slaughter before leaving those waters. He therefore ordered out the boats, and charged the hunters to do their best, as this would be their last chance of that season to make any money by seal-killing.

To the amazement and consternation of the entire crew, the youngest of the hunters, boldly facing the bully, of whom they stood so greatly in awe, refused point-blank to fire a shot at a seal.

"I said last evening, when I discovered the crime of which I had been guilty, that I would never shoot another seal, and I never will," said Phil, with all the decision of which his voice was capable.

"Mr. Coombs," said the Captain, in the blandest of tones, stepping to the rail and addressing the mate, who had already entered his boat, "will you oblige me by passing up that water-breaker? Thank you. And that bag of biscuit, if you please? Now, ye mutinous young swab!" he roared, turning to Phil with an abrupt change of voice and manner, "get into that boat, quick! afore I throw ye in!"

"Certainly, sir, I will get into the boat, for I do not intend to be mutinous, but I have promised myself not to shoot any more seals, and I cannot break a promise."

"Humph!" growled Captain Duff, "we'll see what your promises amount to. There is neither food nor water in your boat, and I'll see that neither you nor those with you get a mouthful of either till ye bring back a load of seals or their skins. You may choose to make your companions suffer for your fool notions, but I rather guess they'll find a way to make you change your mind. Shove off!"

When the schooner was lost to sight in the fog, Serge rested on his oars, and turning to his friend, asked, "Do you mean to stick it out, Phil?"

"I certainly do not intend to shoot a seal this day," was the quiet reply.

"Well, then, though I can't exactly understand your feelings in this matter, I'll see you through with it, and stand by you to the end, and here's my hand on it."

"Thank you, old fellow!" and with the warm handclasp that passed between the two lads the young hunter felt that his cause was won.

"Is it a clear case of conscience with ye, lad?" inquired the mate.

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Then ye can count me on your side too; for, as old Kite Roberson uster say, 'any man as 'll go back on his conscience ain't no right to call hisself a man,' and them's likewise my sentiments."

In the mean time seals were gambolling about the boat on all sides, and gazing fearlessly at them from the wave crests raised by a rapidly freshening breeze, while the distant sounds of rapid firing told of the work being performed by the other hunters. The occupants of the mate's boat talked in low tones of their situation and its possible results, while their craft drifted with the wind for nearly an hour.

Suddenly Jalap Coombs lifted his hand for silence, and listened intently for a moment. Then he said, "There's a screw-steamer bearing down on us, and she's not far away."



JUST THEN A SECOND SHOT WAS FIRED BY THE PURSUER

The commanding officer of the United States revenue-cutter *Phoca* was a far shrewder man than Captain Duff had given him credit for being. Although he had been disappointed at not overhauling the *Seamew* before darkness hid her from view, he by no means gave up all hope of capturing the saucy schooner, cleverly as she had escaped him for the time being. Watching her through a powerful glass, long after she was lost to the unaided vision, he noted that she was gradually hauling on the wind, and shaped his own course accordingly. Shortly before daylight he stopped his engines, and set a dozen pair of the keenest ears among his crew to listening for any sounds that might come over the fog-obscured waters. He, too, heard the splashing of frolicking seals, and wisely concluded that a skipper who was so anxious to secure a few skins as to be willing to run the risk of hunting them in Bering Sea would, in his present state of fancied security, try for a few more before leaving it for good. Not long after this the correctness of his judgment was proved by the sound of shots borne faintly down the wind through the heavy air. Quickly was the *Phoca* got under way, and stealthily, like the white ghost of a ship, she sped through the mist in the direction of the shots

"We'll pick up the hunting-boats and their crews first," said the Commander to his First Lieutenant. "Then Mr. Skipper will find himself too short-handed to make sail in a hurry, and I rather guess that, like Davy Crockett's coon, he will conclude to come down."

This plan worked so well that in less than an hour from that time Captain Duff, Ike Croly, Oro Dunn, and the rest of the *Seamew's* company found themselves prisoners on board the revenue-cutter *Phoca*, while their own craft was in charge of a prize-crew of bluejackets detailed for that duty.

In the excitement attending this capture, and the hurried transfer of crews, the fact that a boat containing the schooner's mate and two others was missing was entirely overlooked until the vessels were again under way. Then, though guns were fired, and several hours were spent in search for the lost boat, no trace of it was found. In the mean time the wind freshened so rapidly into a gale that finally, fearful for the safety of the craft in his charge, with the rugged rocks of the Aleutian Islands under their lee, the Commander gave the reluctant order to run for a pass, and the open waters of the Pacific.

Thus it happened that the boat in whose occupants we are most interested was left tossing alone on the storm-lashed waters of that desolate sea. Although its crew were thus placed in a most unpleasant and even dangerous position, it was one for which they had only themselves to blame. So close had the *Phoca* passed to them that they might easily have hailed her and been picked up, had they chosen to do so. Instead of this they kept perfectly quiet, or only conversed in low tones, and congratulated each other that, owing to Phil's firmness, no shots by which their presence would have been betrayed had been fired from their boat that morning. Their reason for this action was that they were unanimous in desiring to escape capture—Jalap Coombs, because he had no liking for an imprisonment, or at least a long residence on shore in enforced idleness; Phil, because his heart was set on reaching Sitka as soon as possible, and he fancied the captured schooner would be taken to Seattle or San Francisco; and Serge on the general theory that it is a bad thing to be captured under any circumstances.

Besides, when by the sounds that came over the sea the mate felt assured that the *Seamew* had been taken, he proposed a plan which seemed so feasible that both lads readily agreed to it.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## MRS. GRAYHEN'S YOUNG ROOSTER.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

MRS. GRAYHEN always wanted to be very quiet when she had to sit, which was why this last nest of hers was hidden 'way off in a corner of the barn on a pile of loose hay. It was certainly still enough there. Except when Edith Dean came and looked at her once or twice, Mrs. Grayhen saw nothing in the hay-loft for the three weeks she sat there but the yellow-jackets and the spiders moving in and out among the cobwebbed rafters overhead. The only sounds she ever heard were made by the long slender branches of the willow-tree trailing back and forth across the shingled roof.

All at once, however, on a warm August morning the stillness of the place was broken, and fourteen small chickens began to chirp at once. First one, then another pair of bright little black eyes peeped out from among the feathers of Mrs. Grayhen's soft breast. Then, with loud chirps of alarm, all the eyes disappeared again, as if one glance of the world they had just come to live in was all those young chickens ever wanted to take.

Such lovely children might have made any mother happy. But Mrs. Grayhen did not look so. In fact, she



TELLING HER LITTLE ONES TO FOLLOW OVER THE HAY.

was cross, and no wonder! for she was making up her mind to do a wicked thing—to go away, and leave an egg that took so much longer to hatch than the others it wore her legs out.

"I'm sure it's none of mine," she said at last. "One of those Black Spanish sisters has been here and laid it. That family are so careless they never care where they leave an egg." With this conclusion Mrs. Grayhen made up her mind that she would sit no longer. She stood up and shook all her feathers out, never seeming to notice the fact that she was frightening her little ones nearly to death. Then she stepped off from her nest. She began to puff with pride as she clucked and stalked about on the hay, looking at her chickens, cuddling there together and chirping so loudly. They were certainly pretty and soft. She felt she must start at once and show them off in the barn-yard. Her feathers puffed again suddenly at the very thought of the admiration which she would excite. She felt there was no time to lose, so with a loud "cluck, cluck," she started, telling her little ones to follow her carefully down the hay.

Mrs. Grayhen looked very well indeed as she walked into the barn-yard, and all the old hens and roosters standing about said, "Now do see Mrs. Grayhen! Did you ever know another like her! Fourteen chickens, I do declare, and each one perfect. And such an excellent mother, too," said an old grandame. But one of Mrs. Pullet's chickens said, "But I'm glad she's not my mother."



HE SAT FORLORNLY UNDER THE BUSHES.

Edith, the Chaplain's daughter, for Mrs. Grayhen lived at West Point, was sitting on the barn-door step nursing a chicken ill with the pip. "There is some one," said Mrs. Grayhen, when she saw her, "who must certainly see these new children of mine before they are one moment older." With that, she almost ran to pick up a tiny piece of corn lying at Edith's feet. Mrs. Grayhen picked up the corn and held it in her mouth, calling her chickens to her, but she held it so high not one of them could possibly have reached it. "Cluck, cluck," she said, in a very loud voice; "come quick, come quick. See what I have for the one who comes first." They all came running as fast as their weak little legs could carry them, crowding and pushing against each other, as they looked up into their mother's face with delight.

"Give it to me, I came first."

"No, I did," they chirped.



HE DID RUN AT LAST.

Mrs. Grayhen [illegible] were greedy, [illegible] could [illegible] had disappeared. [illegible] to get the other.

"Where [illegible]" Mrs. Grayhen said, severely [illegible] to come quickly.

"Oh, you darling little things," said Edith, who had her sharp eyes carefully down on the ground, "you are the prettiest I've had this summer."

"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck," said Mrs. Grayhen, turning away with nodding head, as much as to say, "Of course they are. You should have known that."

But Edith counted quickly. There were fourteen chickens, and there had been fifteen eggs.

"Where is that other one?" she called. "I know you have left it. You are a bad, bad hen."

But Mrs. Grayhen appeared not to hear; she only led her chickens away, still nodding her head and walking proudly, round by the water-trough. Then Edith ran with all her might to Mrs. Grayhen's old nest, and there among the pieces of shells she found an egg. She lifted it up and listened. Then she ran to her old friend Eliza, in the kitchen. When she got there she could not speak, but stood in the doorway breathless, with hot flushed cheeks and hair all flying, tears of grief and anger in her eyes. She held the egg carefully. Good old Eliza did not have to be told. She put on her spectacles at once, took up her scissors, and holding the egg in her hand cracked it gently, lifting a poor, weak, wet little chicken out of the shell. Hot as the day was, Edith sat down by the fire, with the chicken wrapped close in soft cotton. She felt she already loved it better than any other in the world.

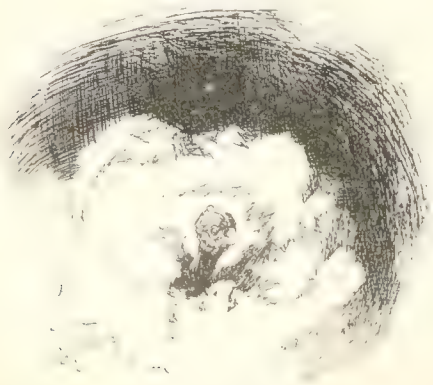
When its feathers were dry, and the little fellow could stand on his legs, Edith was sure she had never seen such a beauty. She wanted to keep him in-doors, but very soon he began chirping so loudly no one in the house knew what to do with him.

"He is crying for his mother," Eliza said.

"I suppose so," said Edith; "but he will never be happy with her. If only Mrs. Pullet or Mrs. Browning had young chickens I would give him to them. Poor little fellow. He does not know what Mrs. Grayhen is."

When Edith found her at last the old hen was sitting under a lilac-bush, having all she could do to keep her restless chickens dry; for a shower had come up in the afternoon, and every bush and tree was dripping with rain. It seemed to her as she sat there that a mother's life was full of trouble. She was just beginning to be comfortable when she saw Edith coming.

"What does that meddling child want now?" she said to herself. "And I'm quite sure I know what she has." For all day, in spite of her pride, Mrs. Grayhen had never once forgotten the egg she had left in the morning. Like many a better hen indeed, she no sooner found herself wrong than she lost all patience, and tried to find in grumbling about others some comfort for a troubled mind. Her feathers began to bristle, and she clucked angrily. Had it not been for the rain she would have jumped up and have gone away. When Edith came near enough she pecked at the little fellow lying in her hand. She wanted Edith to go and to stop interfering in her family affairs; and as for that chicken—well, it she must take it, she must, and with that old Mrs. Grayhen put out her head, and with her bill pushed the poor little fellow roughly under the edge of her wing. There she left him, only half covered, just where the cold raindrops from the bush overhead fell on her wing and ran in a tiny trickle down his back. How he shivered and shook! He wished his mother had not pushed him. He wondered vaguely what he had done, and why his mother's welcome had been so ungracious.



HE FOUND HIMSELF IN A PUDDLE DRAWN UP BY THE FIRE.

Mrs. Grayhen in the mean time was saying: "I know he's Black Spanish. I feel it in my bones. I must certainly knock the nonsense of that family out of him. Yes, certainly I have a duty to perform." A duty always made Mrs. Grayhen cross and her manner severe.

Not many weeks passed, while Mrs. Grayhen was disciplining her youngest chick, before every one in the barn-yard suspected he was no favorite with his mother. Perhaps that was why it soon became the fashion to peck at the little fellow when any one passed him, or to drive him away whenever anything good to eat was about. For barn-yard people can tell in a moment who is up and who is down in the world, and no one has ever discovered what makes them really happiest—to follow in the footsteps of a chicken that is shiny and well fed, or to go out of their way to chase one that seems hungry and forlorn. By degrees they fell to abusing Mrs. Grayhen's youngest chicken, until by-and-by there was hardly a feather on his back. Nobody was sorry for him when he walked listlessly about in the barn-yard or sat forlornly under one of the bushes. Mrs. Pullet declared a little kindness would make a different chicken of him, but no one ever listened to Mrs. Pullet except some one in trouble. Besides, Mrs. Grayhen had always said Mrs. Pullet had so little strength of character she spoiled every child of her own, and Mrs. Grayhen's opinions were always respected. Even the dogs by-and-by began to tease the little fellow. They would sometimes get into the barn-yard by mistake, and then, with wagging tails and noses to the ground, rush about in every direction, sending the hens and roosters flying and screaming over the fence; all but Mrs. Grayhen's youngest, who sat perfectly still, as if too discouraged to move. Of course this only made the dogs bark and jump the more, thinking it great fun, for dogs and chickens have never been able to agree on what is really funny.

Finally, one dreadful day, they scared the little fellow so that he did run at last. He must have shut his eyes as he did so, thinking he could go faster, and so escape from his tormentors, because very soon he bumped his head against something and fell back, but hearing steps he started again, and though he never could tell how he did it, he squeezed himself into a hole in the wall. There he felt safe. He breathed hard and shut his eyes again, and wondered if he had run miles away from home, he felt so tired. Then he began to think about his mother—why she had not protected him, as he had often seen Mrs. Pullet do, even if he were half grown. "Though now," he thought, "it makes no difference. I shall never see her any more, nor any of my friends, nor any of my family. Perhaps they will all be sorry. Perhaps my mother will miss me. She may be thinking about me now, not knowing I'm dying all alone." And the little rooster sighed, with a certain sense of comfort, feeling a great deal more sorry for his mother than for himself.

Then he began to hear queer noises and voices, and something creeping in behind him. It was dreadful, worse than dying, he thought. The something, whatever it was, began to pull at the feathers that had just begun to grow on his tail. He thought they were all going. Again and again they were pulled, and finally a voice cried joyfully, "I've got him!"

After that he could remember no more. Only now he knew he was dead as he lay very still in somebody's hand. When he was able to see at all he found himself in a still stranger place—a big basket drawn up to the fire, with his tired limbs done up in cotton, a delicious warmth about him. It was too good to be true; finally, there sat Edith Dean, ready to feed him with as much soft bread as he could swallow. Of course he thought he was dreaming, and next day, when they put him out among the tomato vines—that paradise for chickens—and let him scratch and pick where he wanted, he was certain he had never been born until then, and that some other chicken must have had all of those hard times. The only thing he was afraid of was what he thought of when he got back into his basket at night, that perhaps he might die as suddenly as he had been born, and find himself the same old chick again.

This used to bother him at first, all the more because he had to think of it by himself, having no other chicken to talk to. But after a little he forgot even that. He began, too, to feel very brave and strong, and once, after some weeks, when he turned his head, what was his joy to see all the feathers grown again on his back. Indeed, life had suddenly become very lovely, and he did not believe there could be any more trouble left in it, and what was very strange about the whole thing was this, that when, after some happy, peaceful weeks, he went back to the barn-yard, not a hen nor a rooster gave him a single peck.

That, however, must have been because he looked so very comfortable and well-to-do, and never crouched down nor looked as if he wanted others to be kind to him and to love him. It is always foolish for a chicken to do that—to look helpless. They respect a comrade twice as much who looks as if he needed nothing, while they always treat unfortunate people as though they deserved to be punished.

But this young rooster never understood these things as long as he lived, though he lived to be what is called in polite barn-yards the "Cock of the Walk"—that is, he was the rooster who had everything his own way—his own party of hens to walk with by day, and his own place on the highest roost to sleep on at night. Every other rooster ran away from him, though that always amused this young fellow. He never fought one of them; he had only to walk in their direction and off they would go. But there was no one, not even Mrs. Pullet, who was so kind to little chickens. Strong as he was, the king of all the roosters, he never once was known to hurt a little one. You might have seen him any summer day scratching for some of them. He always called them when he found a choice bit in the yard. He would even take them to walk at times, and often at night he let two or three of them cuddle down under his wing on the roost.

People who did not know could hardly believe this to be true—that a rooster who was king of the barn-yard would care to nurse and be kind to little chickens. Edith Dean, however, believed it because she saw it. She used to say it was all on account of his childhood, which had been so unhappy. Mrs. Grayhen, however, to the day of her death, never ceased to believe that this chick who had troubled her so belonged to the Black Spanish family. She talked it over constantly with a fat gray rooster, who walked with her in the morning. Mrs. Grayhen may have been right, and it may have been, after all, the Black, Spanish blood that made the young rooster the noble fellow he was. For sometimes the very things we blame others for possessing are the very things that make them better than ourselves.



HE CAME TO BE CALLED "COCK OF THE WALK."

## THE FISHER BOY.

LITTLE Jack lives close by the stormy sea;
The son of a fisherman brave is he,
Who sails away in a stout old boat,
The bravest and truest man afloat.

Little Jack with his mother stays at home,
But he loves on the sandy shore to roam,
And to be the first to catch a sight
Of his father's boat coming back at night,

And to be the first, when it comes to land,
To offer a ready helping hand;
And there's not in the town a lad so spry
In spreading the long net where 'twill dry.

And he helps the men who have worked all day
Unload the fish in the merriest way;
And when the cargo is all ashore,
He runs ahead to the cottage door.

There the mother waits, with the supper spread,
But stoops to pat fondly the curly head;
For fond and proud of her boy is she,
The lad who a fisherman brave will be.

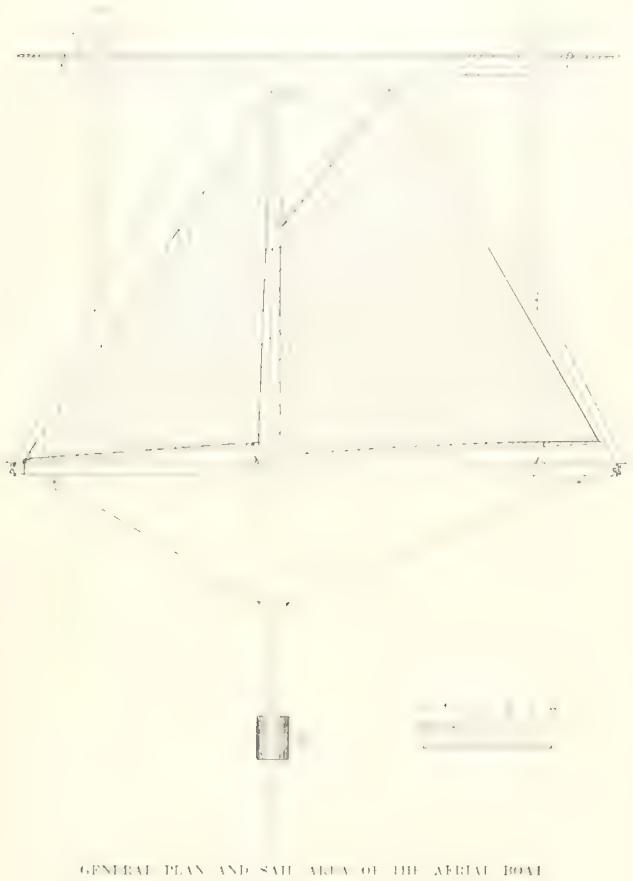
And then he lies down to slumbers light,
He dreams of a boat with sails so white,
And he sails in dreams far over the sea;
And who so happy and gay as he?

Ah, the day be distant when from the shore
He may watch for the boat that returns no more!
When he turns to the cottage with weary tread,
And the mother weeps for the father dead!

## AERIAL BOAT SAILING IN YOUR OWN YARD.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

STUDY with care the accompanying plans, which are drawn to a scale. The materials are ½ × ¼ inch pine, free from knots, ten common brass rings three-quarters of an inch in diameter, two round-headed brass screws



GENERAL PLAN AND SAIL AREA OF THE AERIAL BOAT.

one inch in length, two flat-headed ones of the same dimensions, two small screw hooks, and eight assorted brass screw eyes, there being two of each size. Now that we have the material for the frames, we will begin with the design, which shows the sail and sheer plan. The frame is made of six pieces of wood. The top piece is exactly two feet in length. The two uprights which hold the wheels are each one foot and one inch long. The two angle pieces are one foot nine inches each. The lower horizontal strip measures two feet three and one-half inches, and is joined to the two angle strips by means of a screw eye and screw at each extremity. Now cut a strip of pine, making it exactly three feet in length. Set it on the frame in an upright position, allowing a half-inch clearance from the upper horizontal piece. It should be eleven inches from one of the angle pieces at the lower end. Round the upper part above the horizontal strip; it should be brought to a taper at the upper end. This forms the mast. The lower part is uniform, and allows the weight to be moved up and down to insure a correct balance, which is regulated according to the force of the wind. The weight is made of one-and-a-half-inch lead pipe, and is two inches in length. A round plug of pine is driven in the centre of the lead pipe, and a hole is bored in the centre of the plug to fit the balancing-bar.

One of the screw eyes is inserted through the piece of lead pipe, and by this means the weight can be elevated or brought down the shaft and held firmly in the required place, which will depend on the force of the wind. In regard to the wheels, the drawings show the simplest constructed. They are made in three parts. Take two of the largest-sized wooden button moulds and a piece of thin board cut in a circle smaller than the button moulds. We will say, for instance, the button moulds are one and one-half inches in diameter, and the centre piece of pine is one inch in diameter and one-eighth of an inch thick. The way to get a true circle on this soft pine is to take the one-eighth-inch wood and measure on a separate piece of pine one-half inch, drive in a small wire nail in one extreme of the previously measured strip, and on the other extremity insert the point of a sharp knife. Place on the board used for centre of wheel, and turn in a circle from right to left several times. If the distance between the knife-blade and nail is one-half inch, the wheel cut out will be exactly one inch in diameter.

Insert a wire nail through the two button moulds, and place the inch wheel in the centre, gluing it at each contact surface. This will give you the grooved wheel.

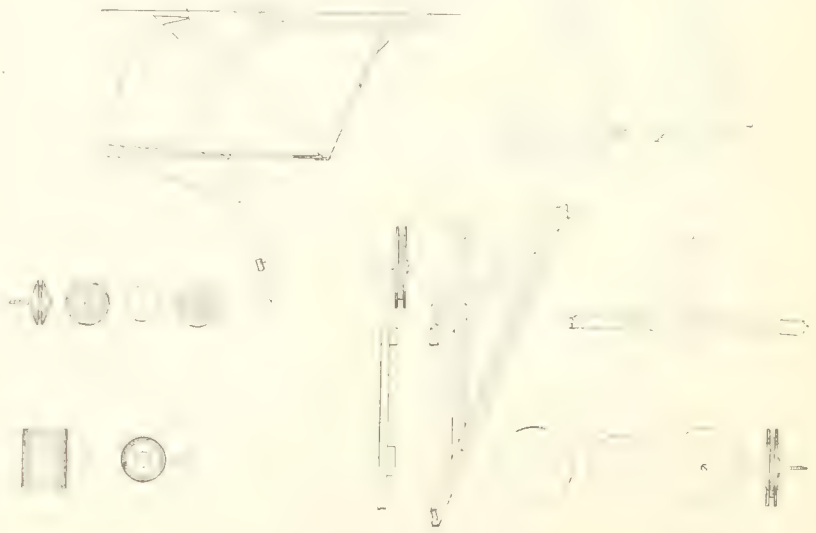
The drawing indicates how this wheel is fastened to the frame. The wheel can be made of two card-board disks 2½ inches in diameter, and one wooden wheel two inches in diameter placed between them. They are joined by clinched pins, shown by the circle of dots in the draught.

The dimensions of the sail are as follows: *Mainsail*—hoist, 10½ inches; gaff, 8½ inches; leech, 19¼ inches; boom, 14½ inches. *Jib*—foot, 11 inches; hoist, 16 inches—on the stay, 20¼ inches. The jib carries a boom, and the mainsail a gaff and boom. The material used for the sails is light muslin with hemmed edges.

Take a long chalk-line or heavy cord, and stretch at right angles to the direction of the wind. If the wind is from the north, the cord must reach east and west. Each extremity of the cord must be the same height from the ground, and can be attached from tree to tree, or from an upper-story window to a house near by.

When the boat reaches the extremity of the cord the operator at that end of the cord turns it, and starts it on the return journey.

If the cord is strung between two houses you will find the boat will sail back and forth except when the wind is dead ahead or a few points either way.



DETAILS OF THE APPARATUS AND THE TWO KINDS OF WHEELS.

To keep the machine from jumping the cord (in a hard puff of wind), screw in two hooks just outside of the two wheels. In operating this boat you will find that it will go through the principles and actions of a small sloop, excepting in beating to windward, which is impossible.

## AN ANCIENT COURTSHIP.

BY KATHERINE CROOKS.

I DO not believe there is a story-book printed which has in it more stories loved by children than the Bible. I once knew a little girl who divided all her time between the Book of Revelation and the *Arabian Nights*. Both were equally real to her, and in what a happy world of imagination she did live! She was just twelve years old—the age when boys and girls begin to read poetry and to dream of the wonderful. She is older and wiser now. She knows that the stories of the *Arabian Nights* are only stories, and that the strange things told in the Book of Revelation are not actually to happen, but like a cloak they hide the truth until the time of the prophecy's fulfilment. But the stories in the other books of the Bible are not like these of Revelation, for the other books tell of real persons who lived long ago and of what they did. The Book of Genesis tells of the time the farthest back of all, yet the people it speaks of seem as lifelike and act as naturally as our next-door neighbors.

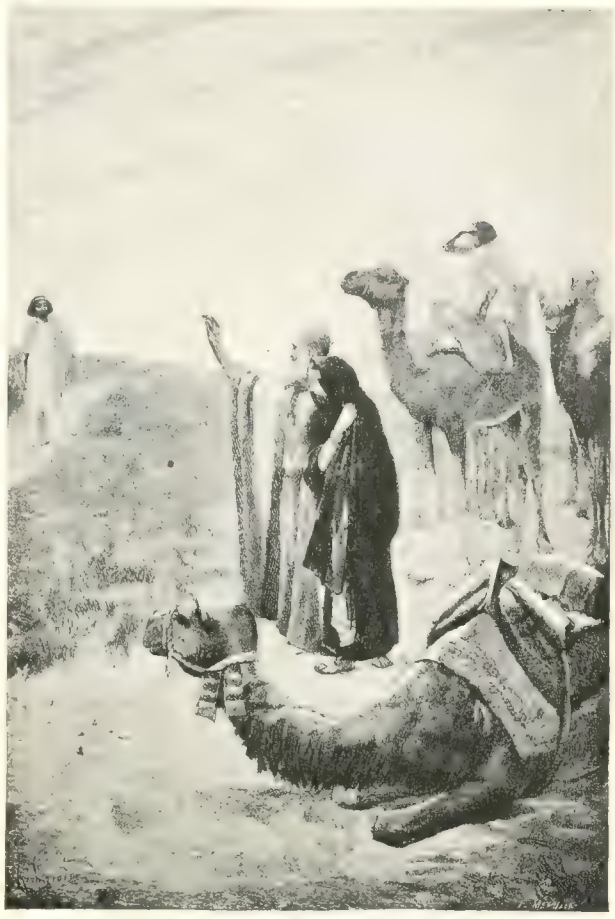
Now, you who are studying Greek or Roman history know what absurd tales the Greeks and Romans told of the founders of their nations and the first builders of their cities. They thought they proved themselves greater than the rest of mankind by making their forefathers appear more than human. The Greeks and Romans forgot that time would keep going on, and on, and on, and that other nations would come after them. For the result is that they provoke us who now live, and we say, "How can we tell anything of the beginnings of Greece and Rome, when all we have of their early days is a collection of fairy stories."

We have the same vexation with the older peoples who lived before the Greeks and Romans. When some wise man digs out of the ground the stones, or the bricks, or whatever other material these nations wrote on, for they had not paper as we have, and translates the writing for us, we often have to rub our heads before we can make out what is meant. These nations seem to have loved to speak of themselves in such a high-flown, pompous way that we can hardly understand at times what they wrote, even when it is turned into English.

This is not so with the Jews. Their early history is clearly written, and they are the only ancient people of whom this can be said. If you will open your Bibles to the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, in which we are told of the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah, you will know what I mean by clear and simple writing. It is a beautiful story, and how sweetly told! I have always loved Isaac. He seems so gentle.

We never speak of Isaac without thinking of his father, Abraham, and his son, Jacob. Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, how easy it is for us to run off their names like one, two, three, yet what strange things happened to them! I think the most wonderful of all the events of their lives is that God added His own name to theirs, an honor He has never given to any other human beings. For He says of Himself, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

When Abraham left his father and his relations and went into the land of Canaan, as God told him to do, it was a time when many other men were leaving their old homes in Mesopotamia to go into new parts of the world, just as men went out in colonies to America when it was discovered. It was sixty-five years after he left Haran



THE MEETING OF ISAAC AND REBEKAH.

when he sent back for a wife for Isaac. This is the way to count it: Abraham was seventy-five years old when he left his home, one hundred years when Isaac was born, and Isaac was forty when Rebekah came to him. How old forty seems to us! But forty could not have appeared more than twenty does now when men lived one hundred and eighty years, as Isaac did. All that the Bible says of Abraham's relations in this long time is that Abraham knew his brother had children and grandchildren. But I believe the two families knew more than this of each other.

When Abraham dwelt in the plain of Mamre, where afterwards the city of Hebron was built, he was on the caravan road from Canaan into Mesopotamia, and Haran was a stopping-place for caravans going farther than it. We know this because Hebron still stands, and is still a starting-place for caravans. Haran has disappeared, but travellers think they have found the site of it on a small river flowing into the upper part of the Euphrates. That it was a centre of caravan trade we know from old writers. If this be so, the two families could send messages back and forth, and I think Rebekah knew more than we are told about Isaac when she said so readily, "I will go," and started right off.

To go back to the servant setting out with the camels loaded with presents in search of a wife for his master's son. He had no easy task, for besides picking out the right wife, a matter which greatly troubled him, as the story tells us, he had, what the story does not say, but what other travellers have found out for themselves, a hard and dangerous journey of between four and five hundred miles through a country probably as beset with robbers then as now. No one can go directly from Palestine to Mesopotamia, for a great desert lies between.

Travellers in these days, like those in ancient times, have to go up to the mountain-ridge of Palestine, then through Jordan, and then turn towards Damascus, keeping as much from Damascus as far as possible, in order to cross as little of the desert as they can. A lady who once took part of this trip told me that it was the most dangerous and trying journey she ever had, and she rode a horse instead of a camel.

When the servant and Rebekah stopped at the well, placed, as wells are now, just outside the town. Customs in the East do not change. A rich man to-day would send to his relations for a wife for his son in exactly the manner Abraham did, and the servant would stop where this man halted, for the well is the place to see all the people of a town, and to learn all the news. It is, at evening, to an Oriental village the same meeting-spot that the post-office at mail-time is to small towns here. The women come for water with which to cook the supper, and the men bring their flocks to give them drink, before shutting them up for the night.

Now how would the servant set about his business in a country so different from ours? In his perplexity he prayed to God, and said: "'Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water. And let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also; let the same be she whom thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac.'

"While he was yet speaking these words in his heart, Rebekah appeared with her pitcher on her shoulder, and behold, all he had wished came to pass."

It may seem strange to you that Rebekah should have to draw water, but the daughters of rich men in the East do the same thing now; only, travellers tell us, they never find any one so obliging, nowadays, as to water their camels. To be kind to strangers gives any one a high reputation in Oriental countries. So you see what the servant meant when he decided to make the courtesy of the young woman the test of the success of his errand. In his eyes such a girl would be a well-trained lady, and the quickness (for it says "she hasted" and "ran") with which Rebekah set about her task filled his cup of satisfaction to overflowing, especially when he was sure she was one of the family he was seeking. For a man to stand by while a woman does such hard work as filling the stone troughs around a well for animals to drink from is not according to our notions, but it is still right in Palestine. Ideas of a girl's accomplishments vary in different countries. I once asked a Japanese if young ladies in Japan were taught anything—meaning, did they go beyond what they learned as children. "Certainly," he said, a little indignantly; "every Japanese young lady is taught the arrangement of flowers and the etiquette of making tea." "What a different world from our own," was all I could think.

Abraham sent his servant this long journey because he wanted Isaac to have a wife who believed in the true God as he did. The people who were filling up the country where Abraham dwelt, and most of those who lived in Mesopotamia, worshipped idols. We see, farther on, in Genesis, when Jacob and Laban separated, that Abraham's family worshipped God; but they could not have cared so much for Him, or understood Him so perfectly as Abraham did, for while he was willing to push forward wherever God led him, they were satisfied to stay behind.

The rich presents the servant brought were really the price he paid for Rebekah, for a bride in the East is bought from her family. When we read, though, that Rebekah's nurse and damsels (meaning her servants) were sent with her, we feel sure that the family gave her all that was suitable to a sister about to marry the son of a great man.

A hardy young woman like Rebekah perhaps did not mind travelling on a camel, but an American who once crossed a desert on one told me that a camel was a terrible beast to ride on. This was his experience. He did not have such a comfortable saddle as we see in the picture. His saddle was like a wooden sawbuck placed so that the camel's hump, which is only a mass of fat, rose through the opening in the middle. To the four legs that went downwards were attached the straps that bound the saddle on. In the centre, over the hump, should have been a padded cushion which should have stretched over the four legs that stood up, but there were only the tatters of a cushion, and pieces of old carpets, and whatever rags the Arabs could find, were put together to take its place. Across this improvised cushion was thrown a pair of big saddle-bags which hung down on each side of the camel. These were stuffed full of all the odds and ends of the camp. He once looked into his, and found a lot of old tin pans. When he sat astride the camel, the stretch was dreadful, to say nothing of knocking against the tin pans. When he sat sideways, he could not keep on. He could not keep his seat because of the peculiar jolt of a camel's gait. The camel moves the two legs on one side, then the two legs on the other, and as it has no spring in its motion, the traveller is jerked first to one side, then to the other, and his back and head keep up a continual wobble, wobble, wobble. In despair, our American and his companions, for they all had the same bad saddles and dreadful saddle-bags, and they all fell off when they did not want to, tried riding on the camels' necks. The camels did not mind a particle, but as their necks are sharp and thin, the result was only a change from one discomfort to another.

This same unlucky camel-rider told me that a camel's ordinary gait was three miles an hour, which is its natural walk; that it could go at a great speed, but only for a short time, as any gait faster than a walk tired it out very soon, nor could even the Arabs bear the jarring of a fast journey long. An Arab boasted to him that a camel could go sixty miles an hour. This he did not believe, but he did believe it could go a great many miles an hour, because, when running, its stride is enormous. A young camel never used for burdens, such as a Sheik would ride, is as much better than an ordinary camel as a fine young horse is better than an old cart-horse. Perhaps it was one of these young beasts that carried Rebekah. We have left her so long that she must be at the spot where she lifted up her eyes and saw Isaac walking in the fields thinking, and, most probably, watching for her arrival. Again she justified the servant's opinion that a courteous damsel would do everything right, for she alighted at once, as it was proper for her to do when Isaac was on foot, and covered herself with a long cloak-like veil, just as an Eastern bride would do now if she saw the bridegroom coming. Sarah, Rebekah, and Rachel were all beautiful, and their husbands loved them, but Isaac and Rebekah are the only two of whom so long and pretty a story is told.

## HOW ALARIC TOOK THE SENATOR TO COVERDALE.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

IT was a bright winter day with plenty of skating outside, for there was as yet no snow; but the Senator and his wife were too old for skating, so they sat in front of a cheerful wood fire and talked.

"I'm glad to have been with you so long," said Senator Edwards; "but I wish I had selected some other time to be sick. However, I can go on to Washington to-morrow or the day after, and Cooper 'll hardly dare to report the bill till I get back. It would look suspicious. If it is reported while I'm away, I'm afraid it will fail, for there's

no one else to push it through. I think I must go on to-morrow."

"Oh, not to-morrow, Charles! Who's that at the door? Come in, Kennedy!"

"A telegram for the Senator," said Kennedy, with a military salute. Kennedy had served in the Twenty-fifth Cavalry under the Senator, and had been head man in the Senatorial household ever since.

The Senator's brow clouded. Then he read the telegram:

"Minot has persuaded Cooper to report bill to-morrow. Come on to-day or we are beaten. PRESCOTT."

The Senator looked at his watch.

"The last train's gone," he said. "But the Flying Express stops at Coverdale. Kennedy, you must get me over to Coverdale in fifty-five minutes. That will give you three minutes to get your horse round."

When the Senator's words came quick and sharp, as they used to come on the battle-field, Kennedy hated to stand in his way. He started to go out, but stopped with his hand on the door-handle.

"There ain't no use tryin'," he said. "The mare's lame, and she couldn't do it, anyway. None o' the others could do it either. It's twelve mile good to—"

"Hold your tongue, Kennedy! Is there any horse in all Annisville that can do it?"

"Not unless the butcher-boy's hoss can."

"He must! Run down the street and tell the butcher's boy he must bring his horse here in five minutes, ready to start. And, Kennedy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him it's *on the country's business*."

"Do you think you'll catch it?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

"I must," said the Senator. "If it weren't for my two hundred pounds I'd ride there; but I haven't ridden for twenty years."

When the necessary preparations had been made, and the Senator stepped out upon the front steps, John Conway, the butcher's boy, had already arrived. He was in a very light butcher's wagon with one seat. "Conway, Provisions," was painted on the side. Kennedy and the boy had evidently been disputing.

"He wouldn't let me put his horse in the buggy," said Kennedy.

"Never mind; I like this team," said the Senator, getting in. "But you'd better let Kennedy drive," he said to Conway. "He's an old hand."

Kennedy stepped up to the wagon, ready to get in. The boy turned slowly round and faced the Senator.

"Either you go with me, or not at all," he said, coolly.

"All right, Alaric."

Alaric started. The Senator smiled. This boy seemed to him made out of the right stuff. Alaric quickened his pace, the Senator waved his hat to his wife, and the journey began.

Alaric was a coal-black horse with a white star on his forehead. The boy drove entirely with his voice. He talked to his horse just as if Alaric were a man.

"Slowly here, Alaric. Look out for those stones. Careful! Now a trifle faster." And at the word faster, Alaric flew forward like a locomotive.

John Conway was about sixteen years old; rather small for his age. He had strong, manly features, and a fixed look about his lower jaw. The Senator had perfect confidence in him.

"Will you please let me borrow your watch, Senator Edwards?"

The Senator lent him his great gold watch. John had never seen its like before, but he put it in his pocket, and only looked at it at the end of each mile.

The ground was frozen, and even Alaric's light step made a considerable noise. The road was so rough that the wagon was shaken about a good deal.

"I'm sorry I couldn't take one of your carriages," said Conway. "But there was no time, and I knew that Alaric could do the job in this. Faster, Alaric!"

Every time he said "Faster, Alaric!" the horse set himself a new pace. They had rattled out of Annisville at a good rate. Half-way to Coverdale they were flying. Alaric's ears were back, and he spurned the ground with his hind feet like a racer.

"I'd almost give any price for that horse," said the Senator; and then, realizing the sort of boy he was talking to, he added, "But of course you won't part with him?"

"Of course not," said John. "I've promised him I wouldn't lots of times. Faster yet, Alaric."

The Senator involuntarily caught hold of the side of the seat at this last command. Alaric sprang forward with a rush as if another horse were coming up behind. The trees and fences flew past as if they were railroad trains. Up hill and down the horse held his pace till the railroad track came in sight. The road ran close to the track for two miles before it reached Coverdale. Far away the Senator could see a wreath of smoke. It came from the Flying Express. John saw it too.

"Your watch must be slow," he said, rather bitterly. "But we'll catch the train yet. Now, Alaric, show us how you can trot."

The Senator was very angry. The night before he had showed his little daughter how he set his watch, and she must have been playing with it since then. He bit his lip, and the jolting wagon made him bite it harder than he had intended. Alaric went like the wind, but they could hear the express, louder and louder.

They were about a mile from Coverdale when the Senator looked back and saw the train coming.

"They've beaten us, John, they've beaten us," he said.

"They haven't beaten us, and they won't!" cried John, getting up on his feet in the trembling wagon. "Faster, Alaric! Faster, faster! Run! Run! As fast as you can!"

There was a moment of indecision when Alaric seemed to go slower before he burst into a run. He gathered himself together, and then shot forward like a cannon-ball. The wagon swayed from side to side, and tipped dreadfully. The Senator clung to his seat for life and death; but John seemed to have gone crazy. He stood up in the wagon, and shouted to Alaric without stopping.

"That's it, Alaric; only half a mile more! Keep it up, boy; keep it up! Faster! Faster!"

"They're passing us!" said the Senator.

"He won't let 'em pass him!" cried the boy. "Nothing can pass him when I tell him to keep ahead! Keep ahead, Alaric! Keep ahead!"

Perhaps in a race to Washington the train might have beaten. But Alaric had the great advantage that the train had to slow up in order to stop at Coverdale. The minute the engineer began to reduce speed, John Conway began to reduce speed, too, and by the time they came to the outskirts of the town Alaric was going at a fast trot, though John always kept him some twenty yards ahead of the engine.

When they reached the station, John got out and helped his passenger upon the platform. The Senator was pretty well shaken up, but he was in good spirits, and very thankful to his two preservers, as he called Alaric and John. He did not offer Conway any money, but he said he would remember what John had done for him; and the Senator always did remember when he said he would.

"Good-by, John," he said, as he stepped on the train. Then, suddenly turning round, he added, "Would you have driven me here if I hadn't sent word that it was 'on the country's business'?"

"No," said John, "I wouldn't."



A CASH CUSTOMER.

REYNARD. "DOCTOR, I THINK YOU WILL FIND A BIG CAVITY BACK THERE. IT HAS BEEN FILLED SEVERAL TIMES, BUT HAS ALWAYS GIVEN ME A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE. NOW IF YOU WILL TRY TO FILL IT, I WILL SETTLE YOUR BILL IN SHORT ORDER."

VERY LIKELY.

"BRIDGET," said little Jack to his nurse, "when you go away, why do you say 'good-boy,' instead of 'good-by?'"

"I dunno, darlint," said the good natured nurse.

"I guess it's for the same reason that when I behave myself you call me a 'good bye,' instead of a 'good boy.'"

THE BEST PLAN.

If I had a goat that wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh, no, no!
I'd take that balky goat, yes, I should,
And I'd swap him right off for one that would.

A PARENT'S ERROR.

"I GUESS my pa is color-blind," said Tommy. "He's all the time singing, ''Twas off the blue Canary Isles.' He'd oughter know by this time that there ain't any blue canaries. They're yellow."

A MUSICAL CRITICISM.

De doctor called my little nose
A "organ" diss forenoon;
But I can't say when it I blows
It plays a pretty tune.

AN ORIENT ORIGIN.

UNCLE KIPTON. "Why is this called *yeast*?"

ROBBIE. "I guess because it's where the sun rises. The sun doesn't ever rise in the West, you know."

A CURIOUS FACT.

If 'twasn't for my grandpa's nose
He couldn't see a bit,
For it's the only place he has
On which his specs can sit.

FRED. "Mamma, can I go out and play ball?"

MOTHER. "No, Fred; I'm afraid you will catch a cold."

FRED. "Oh no, mamma; I'll only catch a ball."

SCHOOL NOTES.

EXTRACTS FROM "THE JIMTOWN PENNY WHISTLE."

WILLIE WILKINS, EDITOR.

"MR. TOMMY HAWKINS'S friends prophesy a brilliant commercial future for him, owing to his extraordinary success in his recent postage-stamp venture, swapping, as he did, ten cents' worth of cancelled stamps for fifteen cents in money, five good-behavior cards, a chocolate eclair, and a $1000 Confederate bond. It is perhaps fortunate that Mr. Hicks, the Head Master, confiscated Tommy's second batch of stamps. If he had been allowed to continue, it is probable that he would shortly have owned the school."

"The Jimtown Debating Society will meet on Saturday morning in Perkins's Saw Mill to discuss the question, "Resolved: Toothache is worse than Mental Arithmetic." Robbie Smithers will take the negative, Harry Parker the affirmative, and the editor of this paper will judge as to the literary merits of the arguments submitted."

"The proprietors of the Military School building will be pleased to hear of an unexpected increase in the value of their property. Corporal Garraway, of the second form, while searching his pockets for his pocket-knife last Thursday, dropped a silver dollar down a rat-hole behind his desk, and after vain efforts to recover it has finally abandoned it to its fate."

"Owing to the arrival of a large box of oranges, the gift of her brother to Susie Attleberry, at the Jimtown Seminary, Miss Attleberry has developed an extraordinary popularity in that institution, and will in all probability be elected president of her class if the polls are closed before the oranges give out."

"A very sad accident happened in the primary class of the Hicks Academy yesterday morning. Little Willie Reddall, who had succeeded, after three hours of the hardest kind of work, in subtracting seven from nine, dropped his slate upon the floor, and broke all his morning's work. With Mrs. Hicks's kind assistance, however, the little fellow recovered his lost labors in an hour and a half, and was able to get out in time to act as ball-chaser for the nine."

"A curious inadvertence in declamation is reported from the Military Academy. Private Slowboy, in declaiming Marc Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar, in some manner switched off onto Paul Revere, and finished up with the third verse of that popular song Daisy Bell. The principal has ordered an investigation, and it is possible that private Slowboy will spend Saturday afternoon in the Guard-House."

A TRIAL.

Sometimes I'm full of woe.
Most bitter is my cup,
When mamma cries "Sit down,"
And pa says "Do sit up!"

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

"I DON'T ever go fishing any more," said the small country boy.

"Why not?" asked the visitor. "Tired of it?"

"No; but I was casting a fly on the pond one day, and the hook caught me in the back, and it hurt so I've been sort of too sorry for the fish ever since."



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## ZEB AND THE GUERILLAS.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

MOUNTAIN and valley were enchanting with the tender green of May, but the Magraw clearing was about as shiftless a looking place as one can well fancy. A ramshackle log house set in the midst of a two-acre lot, with a great litter of rubbish in front, and a slatternly looking woman standing in the doorway, razor-back pigs and scrawny fowls running at will, sullen poverty staring one in the face at every turn, it was such a place as was the rule rather than the exception in the mountain regions of the South during Confederate war days.

Mrs. Magraw saw the ancient mule and the no less decrepit plough standing still in the furrow of the field, where Zeb ought to have been hard at work.

"Zeb! Zeb! ye lazy ornery scamp, whar are ye?" she bawled, shrilly. "Git right back to that thar ploughin', or I'll cut the hide offen yer back."

No answer came from Zeb, and the irate mother set out to find him. Some instinct led her to the rotten old corn-crib, in the rear of which, squatted against a pile of fence-rails, she found her young Beelzebub absorbed in a wrestling match that was going on.

Two of his cronies, ragged little fellows like himself, and sons of just such women as Mrs. Magraw, were doing their best to throw each other, while Zeb took upon himself to referee the match, and fill the place of coacher to both sides.

"Ha! that was a stunner, Jimmie! you nearly got him down then. Give it to 'im, Steve. Look out, thar, he's gwine ter git yer 'cross his knee. Plunk 'im right on his back, Jimmie. That's fine, Steve. I tell ye, go in, old boy, and never say die."



Pouring out such words of cheer to the rivals, and utterly oblivious to all things but the chances of the fight, Zeb was only brought to a sense of things by a cuff which made his ears ring.

"What d'ye mean by idlin' the time away day arter day, and we likely to starve for lack er bread bymeby; and you two boys, you get out o' this and go home this minute," and the weary-faced woman's eyes snapped. Then her face softened as she caught the mischievous look

with which Zeb cocked his tow head at her, and she went on:

"Oh, Zeb, what shall we do? Your daddy away in the Confederate army, nobody but you and me to raise a little corn an' bacon, and that thar ye Lum Bull Baxter a-raidin' thro' the kentry, stealin' from poor folks on both sides to the very last chunk o' pork."

"Come, come, mamsy, keep yerself peart. The Lord 'll pervide somehow. I'll work as hard as our ole mule 'll let me. But I say, mamsy, warn't that jess a fine match?" And Zeb grinned as if he would like to get up another and take part in it himself, when his mother marched him off by the scruff of his neck.

Sandy Magraw had gone into the Confederate army, and was away at Corinth under General Beauregard, his good woman was a Unionist in her feelings, and young Zeb preserved a very happy neutrality in his views, pulled this way and then that. But the rogue couldn't help a thrill of pride when, a short time before, the news had come that Beauregard's army had won a victory, though, to be sure, it was all on account of his daddy. Mrs. Magraw had been hard put to it at times to get enough to eat, and if it had not been for the kind-hearted commissary officer of the Federal garrison at Knoxville, who sometimes supplied her extreme needs, she could never have made both ends meet from day to day.

The sun had sunk over the mountain-tops, though the clouds still flamed with his glory, and the repentant Zeb was industriously prodding Methuselah in the furrow, when there was a great clatter of hoofs on the road, and a band of ragamuffin horsemen swept into the clearing. Zeb's heart sank to his naked dirty toes as he recognized Bull Baxter and his guerillas, a ruffianly gang generally detested through West Tennessee, where they burned and plundered and murdered with a free hand, though claiming to be Confederates.

"Come down hyar, ye wolf's brat!" shouted the leader. "Whar's the old woman?" as the boy approached them, trembling with hate and fear. These tatterdemalions, clad in shreds and patches of both uniforms, but all armed to the teeth, looked the hardened miscreants they were, and Bull Baxter was a worthy chief. Short but immensely broad, with neck and shoulders of the animal after which he was named, and with a face and head covered with tangled black hair, growing even to the fierce little pig-like eyes, no one needed to see him twice to know a born outcast. He had been a convict before the war.

"Gone to the spring arter water, I reckon," said Zeb, sullenly.

"Whar's the pork bar'l?" said the guerilla. "We're all hungry as bears. Nuthin' to eat for twelve hours. Your pap's a-fightin' on our side, and wouldn't grudge it to his fellow-sojers," and the wretches all laughed at their leader's witticism.

Zeb remained silent, when his mother came down the path from the spring in the corner of the woods with her pails of water.

"Good-arternoon, marm," bowed Bull Baxter, doffing his slouch hat with sarcastic politeness. "Yer a-lookin' quite peart and harnsome, and I know ye'll be glad to give us suthin' to eat for the sake o' your good man, who's one uv us."

"One uv you?" said the brave mountain woman, looking fearlessly in his eyes—"one uv you? My man's an *honest* man."

The guerilla laughed. "Empty the pork bar'l and cook our dinner, and spare a crusty tongue, or 'twill be wuss for ye."

Mrs. Magraw shook her head. "We've scarcely enough to put into our own mouths," said she.

"I'll see about that," said Bull Baxter, savagely. "Take that thar young dog and truss him up." Zeb was at once seized, and suspended from the limb of a small tree by a stout cord twisted about his thumbs.

Zeb bore it unflinchingly, but the mother's heart broke down, and the treasure of the hidden pork barrel was quickly given up. Not satisfied with this, the guerillas killed one of the hogs and all the fowls they could find. They kept their unwilling hostess frying meat and baking corn cake till a late hour in the evening, and the meal ended in a debauch on mountain whiskey.

The ruffians had lit a big fire of fence-rails, and as their drunken tongues broke loose Zeb caught words which made him prick his ears. He crept stealthily to the rear of some bushes close at hand, and quickly pieced together the story. The guerilla Captain, through some spy in Knoxville, had learned that the Federal paymaster, Major X., would go down on a special train of three cars, guarded by a company of soldiers, to pay off General Nelson's division. The track, which had been hastily patched up for military use, passed over a ravine on trestle-work twenty feet high at a point some five miles away. This frail bridge the marauders had sawed or cut away in all its main supports, and their plot was to hide in ambush at the side of the ravine, shoot down all those who survived the wreck, and then rob the paymaster's safe at their ease. It was expected the train would reach the bridge about six o'clock the next morning. Reckless in their cups, they talked freely about the adventure which was to enrich them all.

"A quarter-million in greenbacks," hiccoughed Baxter, with drunken gravity. "We'll all be richer'n Jeff Davis himself, boys, for I reckin he hain't got much o' the rhino lyin' round loose jess now. And to think o' them Yankees a-squirmin' and groanin' under the broken timbers while we're a-goin' thro' the cash-box! We're right sorry for ye, ye poor devils, but it cudn't be helped," he went on, with a chuckle, as if reviewing the pleasant scene in his mind. "An' to show we b'ar no malice, we'll put ye out o' pain afore we leave. But see hyar, boys," he continued, scratching his shock head, as if with some gleams of returning sense, "we must stop whiskey-fuddlin' now, an' get a little snooze afore daybreak, for thar's big bizness to be done. And whar's that kid? P'r'aps he's been lyin' around listenin'."

There was a yell from the staggering desperadoes as they jumped to their feet and looked about. Some searched through the yard; some entered the empty log house. Neither Zeb nor his mother could be found.

Instantly the boy had got a clear notion of the guerilla plot, he threw himself on his belly, and wriggled like a snake on the earth till he had retreated beyond the vivid light of the blaze. Then his bare feet carried him swiftly to the rear of the cabin.

"Mamsy, mamsy!" he said, and she went to the window. "Ye must skip to the woods at once, for I've got a tramp afore me." The lad had risen straightway to the firmness and quick decision of manhood. He told her what he had heard. "Now I'm goin' to cut 'cross the flank o' the mountain, stop that Yankee train on Deadman's Flat, an' tell 'em what's up. I kinder believe pap hisself would do it ef he was to hum to beat that devil Bull Baxter."

"But, Zeb, they'll suspeck suthin' when yer gone, an' burn the house down, an' leave us without a roof. Yet, p'r'aps it's best," she said, with a sigh, looking into the lad's frowning eyes, and recognizing that he was no longer the easy-going youngster whom she had taken by the ear.

Zeb started at once on his mission, and his mother remained hidden in the edge of the forest. It was not long before she heard the angry shouts of the ruffians, and, as she had feared, a brighter glare proved that they had fired the cabin. They searched everywhere for the fugitives, and once she heard the voice of Bull Baxter himself not

more than ten feet away from the dense thicket where she crouched.

"I reckin it's all right. That young pup cudn't 'a' hearn anything. They're afeard, and lyin' snug in the woods. Waal, they'll hev to lie in the woods for some time to come," he said, with a brutal laugh.

An hour later Zeb stood on the track which ran through the three miles of open valley known as Deadman's Flat. A big bonfire blazed between the rails, and Zeb waited anxiously for the coming of the train. At last he heard the irons begin to sing, and finally the distant puffing of the engine as the flush of dawn colored the East. Then he saw the headlight slowly nearing till the train stopped. A dozen soldiers with an officer marched down the track.

When they made out the bareheaded boy in ragged butternut, the officer suspected a trick. "What does all this mean?" he said, sternly, while the soldiers stood with cocked pieces.

Zeb told his story in few words, and was taken back to be examined by the Captain and paymaster. His words had such a ring of truth, and his eyes were so honest and brave, that the two officers were impressed in spite of their caution.

"Best to be on the safe side," said Major X. "There's too much money on board to take chances. I'll return to Knoxville with the train, and do you, Captain, march your company through the woods under this boy's lead, and see if you can surprise Baxter's crew. If you see any sign of treachery, shoot your guide." (Here Zeb smiled fearlessly.) "And hark you; if you find the scoundrels, don't bring back any prisoners. Finish the job."

The little train puffed back again toward Knoxville, and the company of soldiers plunged into the forest, Zeb marching by the Captain's side, and answering the questions put to him with the utmost frankness. The boy knew every foot of the country for miles around, and in pursuance of the officer's plan, led the little force by a detour so as to approach the guerilla ambush from the rear. Zeb could guess exactly where Baxter's gang would post themselves. The ravine near where it was crossed by the bridge was steep continuously, except at one place. Here the bank sloped easily to the bottom fifty yards away from the trestle, and here pretty surely the soldiers would find their prey, watching for their own expected victims.

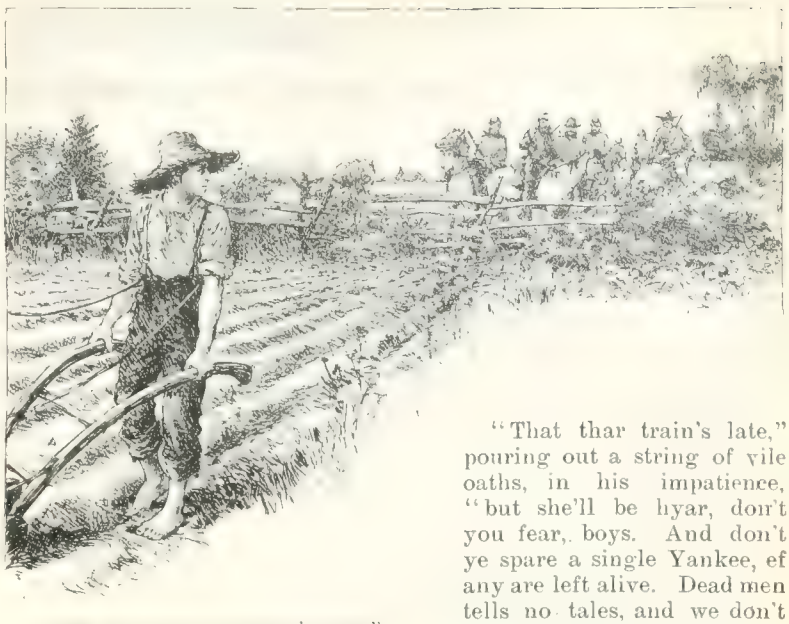
The sun was well up in the sky when Zeb said, "Ye better go slow, now, Capen, it's on'y a mile away," and he laughed, silently, till he fairly shook.

"What's the matter with you?" queried the officer, suspiciously.

"Waal," said Zeb, "it makes me feel like snickerin'. To think o' them thievin' skunks hidin' in the bush almost within gun-shot waitin' for that train to go clumpity-smash through the bridge, an' they thinkin' they're already a-fingerin' their greenbacks, an' the sojers creepin' up on 'em behind."

Stealthily as Indians on the trail, the men in open order glided now from tree to tree, Zeb and the Captain in advance, and not many minutes passed before they saw the jutting brow of the bank. The soldiers closed up, and the Captain, throwing himself flat at the sound of not distant voices, crawled silently to a big tree, which overhung the ravine, where Zeb followed him.

The words of the guerilla leader broke clearly on the mountain silence, otherwise unstirred except by the warble of birds:



"COME DOWN HYAR, YE WOLF'S BRAT."

"That thar train's late," pouring out a string of vile oaths, in his impatience, "but she'll be hyar, don't you fear, boys. And don't ye spare a single Yankee, ef any are left alive. Dead men tells no tales, and we don't want the cavalry scourin' the kentry arter us."

The watchful Captain made a motion with his hand, and the soldiers came on noiselessly to the very top of the hill and down across the mouth of the slope.

"How they'll cuss and jaw up at Knuxville!" laughed Bull Baxter, with a loud "ho! ho!" that echoed among the hills, "when they get the news of ther dead sojers and ther lost greenbacks; I'd like to be thar to hear the fun. Thar's on'y one thing I missed doin'. I'd oughter hev slit the windpipe of that boy Zeb; p'r'aps he s'pected suthin', arter all, an' 'll split on us," and the fellow just then looked up.

Zeb in his eagerness had peered far over the brink, and the guerilla saw him. The boy could no longer restrain himself: "Bull Baxter, robber and murderer that y'ar, say your pr'ars now, ef ye know how. 'Tain't that ye hung up a poor boy, that never harmed ye, by the thumbs, but the Lord hisself calls down vengeance on ye for a cussed life," and there was something solemn, almost pitying, in Zeb's voice. The ruffian's jaw dropped with terror. He saw not only the young judge, but the levelled rifles.

When all was over, the Captain said: "This is not war, but a military execution. I guess the Johnny Rebs will thank us as much as our own folks for this job."

Next year, when Sandy Magraw came back from the Confederate army, a discharged cripple, Zeb learned that the rumor had been abroad among the Tennessee regiments how General Beauregard had ordered his cavalry leaders to hang Bull Baxter without trial whenever they caught him. The Magraws had no occasion to regret their burned cabin, even if there was among them an old grayback who had shot lead at the bluecoats. The lad whom we have chosen to call Zeb Magraw is now a prosperous lawyer in one of the States of the Pacific slope.

## THE AFFLICTION OF BARON HUMPFELHIMMEL.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

EVERYBODY said it was an extraordinary affair altogether, and for once everybody was right. Baron Humpfelhimmel himself would say nothing about it for two reasons. The first reason was that nobody dared ask him what he thought about it, and the second was that he was too proud to speak to anybody concerning any subject whatsoever, unless questioned. That he



"MY CASTLE'S BURNING, EH? HA HA HA!"

always laughed, no matter what happened, was the melancholy fact, and had been a melancholy fact from his childhood's earliest hour. He was born laughing. He laughed in church, he laughed at home. When his father spanked him he roared with laughter, and when he suffered from the measles he could not begin to restrain his mirth.

The situation seemed all the more singular when it was remembered that Rudolf von Pepperpotz, the previous Baron Humpfelhimmel, and father of the Laughing Baron, as he was called, was never known to smile from his childhood's earliest hour to his dying day, and, strangest of all, was a far more amiable person, despite his solemnity, than the present Baron for all his laughter.

"What does it mean, do you suppose?" Frau Ehrenbreitstein once asked of Hans Pumpernickel, her husband's private secretary, of whom you have already had some account.

"I cannot tell," Hans had answered, "and I have my reason for saying that I cannot tell," he added, significantly.

"What is that reason, Hans?" asked the good lady, her curiosity aroused by the boy's manner.

"It is this," said Hans, his voice sinking to a whisper. "I cannot tell, because—because I do not know!"

And this, let me say in passing, was why Hans Pumpernickel was thought by all to be so wise. He had a reason always for what he did, and was ever willing to give it.

"They say," the good Lady Ehrenbreitstein went on "they do say that when last winter the Baron while hunting boars was thrown from his horse, breaking his leg and two of his ribs, they could not be set because of his convulsions of laughter, though for my part I cannot see wherein having one's leg and ribs broken is provocative of merriment."

"Nor I," quoth Hans. "I have an eye for jokes. In most things I can see the fun, but in the breaking of one's bones I see more cause for tears than smiles."

And it was true. As Frau Ehrenbreitstein had heard, the Baron Humpfelhimmel had broken one leg and two ribs—only it was while hunting wolves and not in a boar chase—and when the Emperor's physician, who was one of the party, came to where the suffering man lay he found him roaring with laughter.

"Good!" cried the physician, leaning over his prostrate form. "I am glad to see that you are not hurt. I feared you were injured."

"I am injured," the Baron replied, with a loud laugh. "My left leg—ha ha ha!—is nearly killing me—hee-hee!—with p-pain, and if I mistake not, either my heart—ha-ha-ha ha!—or my ribs—hee-hee-hee!—are broken in nineteen places."

Then he went off into such an explosion of mirth as not only appeared unseemly, but also deprived him of the power of speech for five or six minutes.

"I fail to see the joke," said the physician, as the Baron's laughter echoed and re-echoed throughout the forest.

"Th-there—hee hee!—there isn't a-any joke," the Baron answered, smiling. "Confound you—ha-ha-ha-ha!—oho-ho ho!—can't you see I'm suffering?"

"I see you are laughing," the physician replied. "Laughing as if you were reading a comic paper full of real jokes. What are you laughing at?"

"Ha-ha! I—I d-dud-don't know," stammered the Baron, vainly endeavoring to suppress his mirth. "I—I don't feel like laughing—hee-hee!—but I can't help it." And off he went into another gale. Nor did he stop there. The physician tried vainly to quiet him down so that he could set the fractured bones, but in spite of all he could do for him the Baron either would not or could not stop laughing. When he was able to move about again it was only with a limp, and even that appeared to have its humorous side, for whenever the Baron appeared on the public streets he was always smiling, and when the Mayor ventured to express his sympathy with him over his misfortune the Baron laughed again, and mirthfully requested him to mind his own business.

Then it was recalled how that ten years before, when the famous Von Pepperpotz castle was destroyed by fire, the Baron was found writing in his study by the messenger who brought the news.

"Baron," the messenger cried—"Baron, the château is burning. The flames have already destroyed the armory, and are now eating their way through the corridors to the state banquet-hall."

The Baron looked the messenger in the eye for an instant, and then his face wreathed with smiles.

"My castle's burning, eh? Ha-ha-ha!" was what he said; and then rising hurriedly from his desk, he hastened, shouting with laughter, to the scene, where no one worked harder than he to stay the devastating course of the flames.

"You seem to be pleased," said one who noticed his merriment.

The Baron's answer was a blow which knocked the fellow down, and then striking him across the shoulders with his staff, he walked away, muttering to himself: "Pleased! Ha-ha-ha! Does ruin please anybody—tee-hee-hee! If the churls only—tee-hee!—only knew—ha-ha-ha-ha!"

That was it! If they only knew! And no one did know until after the Baron had died without children—for he had never married—and all his possessions and papers became the property of the state. Through these papers the secret of the Baron's laughter became known to the good people of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, and through them it became known to me. Hans Pumpernickel himself told me the tale, and as he has

risen to the exalted position of Mayor of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, an honor conferred only on the truly good and worthy, I have no reason to doubt that the story is in every way truthful.

"When Baron Humpfelhimmel died," said Hans, as he and I walked together along the beautiful sylvan path that runs by the side of the Zugvitz River, "I am sorry to say there were few mourners. A man who laughs, as a rule, is popular, but the man who laughs always, without regard to circumstances, makes enemies.

"Fritz von Pepperpotz, my friend, laughed because he could not help it, as a statement found among his papers after he died showed. The statement contained the whole story, and in some of its details it is a sad one. It was all the fault of the grandfather of the late Baron that he could do nothing but laugh all his days, that he died unmarried, and that the name of Von Pepperpotz has died off the face of the earth forever.

"According to the Baron's statement, while he himself could not restrain his mirth, no matter how badly he felt, his father, Rupert von Pepperpotz, could never smile, although he was a man of most genial disposition. Just as Fritz was ushered into the world, grinning like a Cheshire cheese—"

"Cat," I suggested, noting Hans's error.

"Cat, is it?" he said. "Well, now, do you know I am glad to hear that. I always supposed the term used was cheese, and positively I have lain awake night after night trying to comprehend how a cheese could grin, and finally I gave it up, setting it down as one of the peculiarities of the English language. If it's Cheshire cat and not Cheshire cheese, why, it's all clear as a pikestaff. But as I was saying, just as Fritz was born grinning like a Cheshire cat, his father Rupert was born frowning apparently



RUPERT WAS ALWAYS MERRY, THOUGH NONE WOULD GUESS IT.



SIEGFRIED VON PEPPERPOTZ GREW ILL OF IT.

with rage. He was the most ill-natured-looking baby you ever saw, according to the chronicles. Nothing seemed to please him. When you or I would have cooed, Rupert von Pepperpotz would wrinkle up his forehead until the furrows, if his nurse tells the truth, were deep enough to hide letters in.

"And yet he was rarely cross, and never disobedient. It was the strangest thing in the world. Here was a being who always frowned and never laughed, and yet who was as obliging in his actions as could be. As he grew older his active amiability increased, but his frown grew more terrible than ever. He became a great wit. As he walked through the streets of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz he was always merry, though none would have guessed it to look at him. He had a pleasant voice, and his neighbors all said it was a most startling thing to hear in the distance a jolly roistering song, and then to walk along a little way and see that it was this forbidding-looking person who was doing the singing.

"How Rupert got Wilhelmina de Grootzenburg to become his wife, considering his seeming solemnity, which made him appear to be positively ugly, nobody ever knew. It is probable, however, that it was sympathy which moved her to like him, unless it was that his ugliness fascinated her. Rupert himself said that it was not sympathy for his inability to laugh or smile, because he did not want sympathy for that. He didn't feel badly about it himself. He never had smiled, and so did not know the pleasure of it. Consequently he didn't miss it. When little Fritz was born, and did nothing but laugh even when he had the colic, the solemn-looking Rupert observed that the baby simply proved the truth of what he said.

"'What a donkey the child is,' he cried, 'to spoil his pretty face by stretching his mouth so that you almost fear his ears will drop into it! And those wild whoops, which you call laughter, what earthly use are they? I can't see why, if he is glad about something, he can't just say, "I'm glad about so and so," mildly, instead of making me deaf with his roars. Truly, laughter is not what it is cracked up to be.'

"'Ah, my dear Rupert,' Wilhelmina, his wife, had said, 'you do not really know what you are talking about! If you could enjoy the sensation of laughing once you would never wish to be without it.'

"'Nonsense,' replied the Baron. 'My father never laughed, so why should I wish to?'

"Now, then," continued Hans, "according to Fritz von Pepperpotz's statement, there was where Rupert was

wrong. Siegfried von Pepperpotz had known what it was to laugh, but he had not known when to laugh, which was why the family of Von Pepperpotz was afflicted with a curse, which only the final dying out of the family could remove, and there lay the solution of the mystery. It seems that Siegfried von Pepperpotz, grandfather of Fritz and father of Rupert, had been a wild sort of a youth, who smiled when he wished and frowned when he wished, no matter what the occasion may have been, and he smiled once too often. A miserable-looking figure of a man once passed through the village of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, selling sugar dolls and other sweets. To Siegfried and his comrades it seemed good to play a prank on the old fellow. They sent him two miles off into the country to where, they said, was a rich Countess who would buy his whole stock, when in reality there was no rich Countess there at all, so that the old man had his trouble for his pains.

"That he was a magician they did not know, but so he was, and in those days magicians could do everything. Of course he was angry at the deception, and on his return to Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz he sent for the young men, and got all of them to apologize and buy his wares except Siegfried. Siegfried not only refused to apologize and buy the old man's candies, but had the audacity to laugh in his face, and tell him about a wealthy old Duke who lived two miles out on the other side of the village, which the magician immediately recognized as another attempt to play a practical joke upon him.

"'Enough, Siegfried von Pepperpotz!' he cried, in his rage. 'Laugh away while you can. After to-day may you never smile, and may your son never smile, and may your son's son, willing or unwilling, smile smiles that you two would have smiled, and so may it ever go! May every third generation get the laughter that the preceding two shall lose, according to my curse!'

"This made Siegfried laugh all the harder, for, not knowing, as I have said, that the old man was a magician, he had no fear of him. Next day, however, he changed his mind. He found that he could not laugh. He could not even smile. Try as he would, his lips refused to do his bidding.

"It ruined his disposition. Siegfried von Pepperpotz grew ill over it. The greatest doctors in the world were summoned to his aid, but to no avail. If the curse had ended with him, he might not have minded it so much, but when he found out from a paper he discovered in a secret drawer in the old chest in the château what the curse was — for Siegfried never told his son, and alone knew from what it was he suffered, and that it was perpetual — he resolved that there should be no posterity to whom it should be handed down.

"That," said Hans, "is the story of Baron Humpfelhimmel's affliction."

"And a strange story it is," said I. "Though I don't know that it has any particular moral."

"Oh yes, it has!" said Hans. "It has a good moral."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Don't laugh at your own jokes," he replied. "If Siegfried von Pepperpotz had not laughed when the magician came back, he never would have been cursed, and this story never would have been told."

## A TRUANT FRIEND.

BY GERTRUDE SMITH.

"WAIT for me, Margery; I want to tell you something."

"Mother told me to hurry home from school. I can't wait, Helen." Margery turned and ran backwards. "What do you want to tell me?"

"It's a secret. You'll be sorry if you don't wait. I won't tell you if you don't."

Margery stopped on the edge of the sidewalk, balancing herself first on one foot and then on the other. "Well, hurry; I'm waiting."

Helen was several years older than Margery. It made the little girl feel very important to have for her most intimate friend one of the largest girls in school. This friendship had made her many enemies among the children of her own age, but Margery believed it was only because they were jealous of her having a girl in one of the higher classes for her friend.

They were going down a shady street in South Boston. Margery's home was the first door in the next block, and Helen's was a few doors beyond.

Until she had known Helen, Margery had accepted the severe discipline of her home as nothing unusual. All little girls were reproved and punished when they did anything that displeased their parents, she had supposed. Her father and mother were not really unkind to her, but they had never made her feel her love for them a motive for doing as they asked her to.

Margery's father was wealthy, and in one respect she was wonderfully fortunate; at least all the other little girls told her that she was. Her father believed it was important for a child to learn the value of money by experience, and Margery was given a very liberal allowance. All that was asked of her was to keep her accounts correctly, and show him her account-book once every month.

Perhaps this was an unwise kindness, for Margery usually spent the greater part of it in candy and pickles and cakes. She was generous, and it was very pleasant to be her best friend, as Helen had discovered. Helen was generous too, and every month, before Margery's allowance was given her, this best friend had proposed some delightful way of spending it.

"Well, you know the Rollo Books," Helen said, as they walked along. "Have you read them?"

"No, but I've heard of them; I know what they're about."

"When you're as old as I am, of course you'll read them all. I have, a dozen times. There's a place in one that's made me think of the loveliest plan!"

"What is it? We *must* walk fast, Helen; mother—"

"It's about a gypsy party," Helen interrupted her. "If you're afraid of your mother, you better run along."

"I don't know what you mean by a gypsy party?"

"Well, I'm going to tell you, if you'll just wait. They have some tents—two or three in the woods—and a campfire, like gypsies. All who are invited come in gypsy costumes, and one has to dress up like an old hag and tell fortunes. That isn't just the way in the Rollo Book. Of course every one would take their own lunch, but some one would have to hire a man to put up the tents."

"I have a tent up in the attic, besides the one on our lawn. I could take both of them. Wouldn't it be fun? Do you suppose we could get it up? Of course I could give the money to have the tents put up, because I have more than the other girls."

"Yes, you'd have to," Helen answered, decidedly. "If the other girls get their costumes and pay their car fare they'll do pretty well."

"I suppose it would take all this month's allowance; but I don't care; we'd have a perfectly splendid time, wouldn't we?" Margery said, enthusiastically.

"I thought it would be nice to have it out on Chelsey Beach, for we could go on the open horse-cars, and then we could go in bathing when we got tired of all the rest if we wanted to."

"All right; let's do it! I don't see why we can't just as easy as not." Margery put her arm around Helen. "You do think of the loveliest things. I don't see how you do it."

"This is the best yet, isn't it?"

They had come to Margery's door, and the little girl ran up the steps. Helen called her back. "Oh, come here, just a minute. I wouldn't tell my mother a thing about it, if I were you," she whispered. "I'm not going to. Perhaps they'd think we couldn't carry it out. We'll get it all up, then tell them, and ask them to come down in the afternoon and see us, and that will make it all right."

Margery ran back up the stairs, laughing at Helen's cleverness, and honestly believing that it would make it all right.

The next day, when they were going home from school, they decided the number of children they would ask.

"I think," Helen said, "we'll have to tell my mother, Margery, so she can make the dresses?"

"Why, if you are going to tell your mother, I must tell mine too, Helen. She'll let me go, I know. She almost always lets me go to places."

"Well, perhaps she would, but she objects and scolds about things so much I won't risk it. I wouldn't tell mine if some one didn't have to make our dresses. When it's all planned, she can't do anything, and, as you say, she won't care anyway."

Margery's heart misgave her, but Helen had a greater hold on her confidence than her mother had ever gained.

It was the night before the day set for the picnic, and Margery must tell her mother and father about it before she went to bed. She had no great fear of their objecting to the plan. The money she had spent had been from her allowance, and she had often been permitted to go to the beach when there were older girls in the party. Her mother had always trusted her with Helen.

They were in the library; and long after, when she was a woman, Margery could see the room just as it looked that night. Her father sitting on one side of the table, reading his newspaper, her mother on the opposite side, working the button-holes in a little blue dress for herself. What a terror she had of her own voice as she sat there in a chair between them, pretending to study, while she struggled to begin to speak!

Finally, when the clock struck eight, her mother said, "Margery, put down your book and come here."

She supposed, of course, it was something about the new dress her mother was making, and went at once and stood by her side.

"Your father and I know what you have been doing, Margery. We know how deceitful and"—Mrs. Burton's face flushed—"and sneaking you have been. How did you dare send out invitations without consulting me?"

"I was just going to tell you. I was going to tell you to-night," Margery said, beginning to cry.

"I only found out about it this afternoon. To-night is a great time to tell about it, when it is to-morrow you intend to have the picnic party. Why, when I was ten years old I would no more have thought I could do such a thing than that I could cut off one of my hands!"

"How did you know your mother would let you have this party, Margery?" her father asked.

"I thought she would. I am only going to spend my money for the ice-cream and tents. The girls are going to take their own lunch. You never do care how I spend my allowance, and mamma has let me go to the beach with the girls ever so many times when Helen was going," she sobbed out. It never occurred to her faithful little heart to lay any of the blame on Helen.

"But this is a different affair altogether, going off with twenty or thirty children to be gone all day. I understand you have planned to have a camp-fire too. Why, it's the wildest thing I ever heard of! I wonder any parent has consented to let his child go."

"But they are all going. Some of the mothers are going too, so we'll be all right. I thought maybe mamma would come down in the afternoon."

Margery sank down on the floor at her mother's feet, and buried her face in her apron.

Mr. Burton cleared his throat, and picked up his paper. He had said all that he had to say on the subject.

"Well, I'll tell you just what *is* going to happen, Margery," her mother said, looking down at her, "and I hope it will be a lesson you will never forget." She paused for a moment. "We are going upstairs now and pack your things, and in the morning at eight o'clock your father is going to take you to your uncle Harvey's in Brookline, and you are going to stay two weeks."

"Mamma!" Margery screamed, "I can't go. I've got to stay at home and go to the picnic! They are going to meet up here between our house and Helen's, and all go together. They'll have their lunches, and I've promised my tents and hammocks. I've got to stay. I—I can't stay out of school either, and get down in my class."

"I shall go to the door and tell the children you have gone away and are not going. As for your place in your class, you should have thought of that before."

"But it will spoil everything! I hired a man to come for our tents. None of the girls have an allowance but me!"

"There, now, that will do," her father said, looking over his paper.

Margery sprang up and ran screaming out of the room and up the stairs. Her father came up and spoke to her sternly, and she was silent, but for long hours she lay awake, crying and thinking of the shame and disgrace that had befallen her.

When the two weeks of her exile in Brookline were over she came home, nervously dreading to go back into school. She had heard nothing of what had happened on that morning when she went away. Before she started to school her mother said to her:

"Don't speak of the picnic or your going away, Margery. Just keep still, and let it all be forgotten as soon as possible."

"Did they all come?" Margery asked, tearfully.

"I don't know. There was a crowd of them."

"Did they go anyway, without me?"

"I didn't ask. Go on to school; you'll be late."

The poor child found out all that she wanted to know before night. Helen came out of her door as she was going down the steps.

"Oh, Helen, I'm home! I'm going to school!" Margery called to her.

Helen did not answer. She crossed over on to the other side of the street, and did not look back. Margery was too greatly surprised to think what it could mean. She ran across the street and walked by her side.

"Are you angry with me, Helen? I couldn't help going away. Mother sent me. Is that what's the matter? Oh, Helen, did everybody else go?"

Helen shook off Margery's arm that she had put around her waist.

"I wish you'd go away. I don't intend ever to have anything to do with you!"

Margery turned and went slowly back across the street. It seemed as though the world had suddenly stopped moving and her heart would break. She longed to go home, but she knew that her mother would not let her stay at home, and it would be of no use.

It was fortunate that the very hardest part of that hard day came first. Nothing could ever be harder for her than having Helen turn against her like this.

She went on to school alone. No one spoke to her as she crossed the school-grounds where all the children were playing.

She went into the quiet school-room and took her seat and put her head down on her desk. There was no one in the room but the teacher.



LONG AFTER, WHEN SHE WAS A WOMAN, MARGERY COULD SEE THE ROOM AS IT LOOKED THAT NIGHT.

"Why, I'm glad you're back again, Margery. It is too bad you had to stay out so near the end of the year."

Margery lifted her pale little face and looked at her. "Do you suppose I will miss my examinations and not be promoted, Miss Lyon?"

"I hope not. You have nearly three weeks to make up the work. I guess you can do it if you study hard." Miss Lyon came down between the seats and took Margery's face between her hands and kissed her on each of her cheeks. "Don't be discouraged, dear. There's always a sunny day coming."

The bell out in the cupola rang, and the children came in and took their places.

All day these kind words and kisses were a source of secret joy to Margery's wounded little heart.

She walked home from school alone at noon and again at night. No one offered to play with her, or to talk to her, and she was very lonely and miserable. The next morning she made a second and last attempt to renew her old friendship with Helen.

"The idea of getting up a picnic party, and inviting everybody, and saying you'd have the tents put up, and pay for the ice-cream, and then going off and not leaving any word or anything!" Helen said.

"Oh, Helen, I couldn't help it! Did every one go?"

"Yes, and I had to pay for the ice-cream, and every one was cross because we didn't have any tents, and it rained and soaked us all to the skin; and it's all your fault, and I'm not going to have anything more to do with babies."

The next day Margery did not go to school; she lay on the lounge in the library the greater part of the day and slept, and was so listless and unlike herself that her mother became quite alarmed about her.

In the evening Miss Lyon came over to see her. Her teacher had never been to see her before, and Margery wondered about it and was very happy.

She went into another room with her mother, and Margery heard them talking together in low tones for a long time. When they came back her mother said to her:

"I understand some things that I wish I had known before, Margery," and stooped and kissed her. "Miss Lyon has been asking me to let you go home with her to Vermont when school is out, and I have said you may."

Margery jumped up and threw her arms around Miss Lyon's neck. "Oh, I'm so glad. I'll love to go."

"I thought you would. I have a little niece just your own age. You will have nice times together, and you will get back your rosy cheeks again. So I don't want you to worry about being promoted any more. If you don't get your promotion now you can study a little with me this summer, and you will be all ready to go into the next class in the fall."

Margery never knew what was said out in the other room that night. She never guessed that this wise teacher knew all about her trouble, and how largely Helen had been the cause of it. There was a new tenderness in Margery's mother after that night. She sought and gained her little daughter's confidence as she never had before.

And when at the end of a happy summer in Vermont she came back to school the trouble had grown quite dreamlike. Helen had fortunately moved to another part of the city, and the other children seemed to have forgotten all about it.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### CASTAWAYS ON OONIMAK.

"YOU see, boys," began Jalap Coombs, after it was certain that the *Seamew* had been captured, "as my friend old Kite Roberson uster say, 'I ain't no pig in a poke.' Not that I've ever got onto the exact bearings of a 'poke'; but nigh as I can make out, it's some turrible dark place like a ship's hold with the hatches battened down, or maybe a tomb. Anyhow, I haven't been in the dark all this time so much as Cap'n Duff thought I was. He 'lowed he was the only navigator 'boardship, while I 'lowed there was two of us. So, while he kep' his log, I likewise kep' mine. Now, 'cording to my reckoning, we are not, at this blessed minute, more'n fifty mile from the island of Oonimak, with a breeze that's coming on a gale blowing dead for it. If we choose, we can make it inside of six hours, and I reckon we'll make it anyway sooner or later, whether we choose or no, ef this wind holds. There is water there and maybe something to eat, both of which is wanting with us at the present time."

"There are seal-skins there too," interrupted Serge.

"Sartain there is, lad, and I was meaning to have fetched 'em on the next tack. Now the question is, who owns them seal-skins, and what shall be did with 'em? Ef they is left where they be too long, they'll spile. Ef the natyves finds 'em, they'll be stole. Ef they stays there till Cap'n Duff can come for them, they'll be spiled. Ef the gover'ment finds 'em, they'll be confiskercated, though being took in the open sea they ain't in no ways liable. Ef we find 'em, we'll save 'em and make good use of 'em. A part of 'em belongs to us, anyway, and the rest would naturally be ours by the right of salvage ef we saved 'em from destruction. So now I leaves it to you two ef our best plan ain't to clap sail onto this little packet, head her for Oonimak Island, do the best we can with our seal-skins, and afterwards shape our course 'cording to sarcumstances?"

Both lads agreed that they could suggest no better plan of action than this, whereupon the mate remarked that "them was his sentiments and likewise old Kite Roberson's, who uster say, 'When ye sight a good thing, keep your eye on it; if not, what's the use of eyes?'"

So the whale-boat's sail was hoisted, she was got before the wind, and on the fierce breath of the rising gale she was whirled away like an autumn leaf in the direction of Oonimak Island.

So strongly did the gale blow by the time the day was half spent, and with such prodigious leapings did the light boat spring from crest to crest of the leaden seas, that every ounce of Jalap Coombs's strength and every atom of his skill were necessary to her safe steering and to keeping her from being swamped. While he stood up in the stern in order to get a better purchase on his long steering-oar, the lads, crouched in the boat's bottom amidship in order to steady her as much as possible, were obliged to devote most of their time to bailing. In spite of their thick clothing and oil-skins, the damp chill of the wind penetrated to the bone, and they were drenched by incessant showers of flying spray.

After six hours of this terribly exciting and arduous sailing, all hands began to look anxiously for a break in the fog, and strain their eyes for some glimpse of the land they felt sure must be near at hand. At length, in a momentary lift, they caught sight of Shishaldin's snowy cone, and knew that Jalap Coombs had indeed brought them to Oonimak. Now they heard the roar of breakers, though they could see nothing of the coast against which these were so furiously thundering. To keep on seemed suicidal; while to either halt or retreat in the face of the furious gale now raging was impossible.

A warning cry from Phil, a mighty sweep of Jalap Coombs's steering-oar, and their cockle-shell swerved from a jagged rock against which the hissing waves were churned to a yeasty froth. Their tremendous speed was apparent as they swept by this mark so swiftly that in a moment it was again swallowed by the mist, and had vanished behind them.

"If we can only have the luck to strike a beach," said Serge, though his words were unheard save by himself.

"Hold hard! and stand by!" shouted Jalap Coombs, as with set face and unflinching gaze he stared through the gray thickness at a line of leaping white, behind which was a dim background of land. "We're close in now, and she'll strike in another minute! When she does, then jump and run for your lives. Look out!"



WITHIN THREE MINUTES THE MATE HAD TWO FINE FISH SECURED.

Even as he spoke the whale-boat was tossed high in the air, poised for a moment like a bird in mid-flight, and then hurled forward amid a smother of foam and a roar of rushing waters. An instant later she struck with a crash that left her occupants dazed and breathless. There was no time, however, to consider bruises or aches, and almost with the shock itself they had gained their feet and leaped into water up to their knees.

Phil had grasped both shot-gun and rifle with the hope that he might save them from the wreck. Whether or not he was overbalanced by their weight he never knew; but with his first step into the water he slipped on the kelp-covered rocks, fell face downward, and would have been swept away by the outward rush of the sea had not the mate seized his collar. With a single movement of the sinewy arm Phil was lifted to his feet, and in another minute had been dragged beyond reach of the breakers, that chafed and roared in impotent rage at this escape of the prey they had deemed so surely their own.

The next sea sprang upon the boat, rolled it over and over, bit at it with savage teeth, and finally tossed it, hopelessly shattered, at the feet of its recent occupants.

Serge could have cried at this wanton destruction of that upon which they had so depended, while Phil was equally disconsolate over the loss of his guns. To Jalap Coombs, however, these successive disasters seemed only to lend an access of cheerfulness and activity. Rushing into the ravenous waters, he snatched from them the boat's mast and sail, the long-handled gaff, a couple of oars, a coil of line, and some loose bits of rope.

"Don't ye be cast down, lads!" he cried, cheerily, after this had been accomplished, and the three stood together on the beach. "We've more to be thankful for than to grieve over. We've lost our boat, to be sure; but it's a marcy it brung us safe to shore as it did. There's no use in crying over it now; for, as old Kite uster say, 'What can't be mended had best stay broke.'"

"But what are we going to do for a living now that our guns are gone?" asked Phil.

"Guns!" cried Mr. Coombs, contemptuously. "Ef we hadn't nothing but guns to depend on in this world, I reckon there'd be a-many of us wouldn't make no living. I know I wouldn't, nor do I think Kite Roberson would have; for, good soul as he was, he never could a-bear the sight of a gun. Said his daddy uster lick him with a ramrod from the time he was broiling age till he run away to sea. What air we going to do for a living? Go fishing for one thing; develop the resources of this here island for another. When we're tired of developing, we can go into the fur business, and take to trading seal-skins. You've forgot the wealth we've got stowed away up yonder, haven't ye, and that we come here a-purpose to look after?"

"Yes, I had," answered Phil, soberly, "and I had forgotten our many other mercies as well. I had almost forgotten the miraculous preservation of our lives; but I shall remember, and be thankful for it from this time on."

"We are fortunate to be cast away on this particular island," broke in Serge, "for, from what I have heard, it has plenty of water, which some of them have not, plenty of food, such as it is, plenty of material for making a fire, plenty of old houses in which we can find shelter, and, above all, it is located right in the track of all vessels going into or out of Bering Sea, as well as up and down the coast."

"If food, drink, fire, and shelter are awaiting us, let's go to them, and not keep them waiting any longer," cried Phil, "for I am hungry, thirsty, wet, cold, and tired, and if you two are not all of those things you ought to be."

"Speaking of fire," remarked Jalap Coombs, as he ruefully withdrew the shattered remains of what had been a water-tight match-box, "I hope you boys have got some dry matches with ye, for mine are all spiled."

As neither of them had any matches, the mate's face grew very sober; but he brightened as Serge remarked, confidently, "If you will provide food, Mr. Coombs, I will provide you the fire to cook it with, unless all the stories I have heard of this island are false."

"Good for you, lad! Fire's one of the most important things; but I must say I don't see how you're going to get it, unless ye mean to climb to the top of yon smoking mountain."

"I don't believe I shall have to go quite as far as that," replied Serge, "but I'll get it, and the question is where will you have it put. Do you know what part of the island we have landed on, or where the seal-skin cache is?"

"I do," answered Phil; "for I recognize that far point with the ugly-looking water just beyond."

"Right you are, lad," said Jalap Coombs. "It was just to the east'ard of this very place we landed the skins, and the cache isn't more'n half a mile away from where we stand. You're right in calling that 'ugly' water too, for it's the beginning of Krenitzin Strait, as nasty a bit of roaring tide-rip and eddy, rock and reef, as ye'll find on the coast. It's God's marcy that we warn't flung in there instead of onto this beach. Ef we had been, we wouldn't have stood no more show than a butterfly in a whirlwind."

## CHAPTER XX.

### BRIMSTONE AND FEATHERS.

WHILE they talked, the three drenched and shivering castaways walked briskly up the beach, through a broad belt of golden-green moss, crossed a little stream of fresh water, from which they drank eagerly, and finally reached a wind-swept plateau overlooking both the sea and the mad waters of Krenitzin Strait. Here they found the ruins of many ancient dwellings huddled closely together, and marking the site of a once populous Aleutian settlement. Although the mate and the two lads knew that Oonimak Island had not been inhabited for many years, they could not help expecting to see human forms emerge from some of the ancient dwellings, and fancying that in the shriek of the wind over the roofless structures they heard despairing human voices.

Phil and Serge had never been there before, but Jalap Coombs had, though only in the night-time, and he pointed out the ruin that stood nearest the beach as the one containing the cache of seal-skins.

They did not visit it, but searched among the others for one suited to their purpose. At length they found an old barrabkie, or primitive Aleut hut, three walls of which were still standing, though the other wall and the roof had fallen in, filling the interior with a confused mass of rubbish.

"My! what a dismal looking place!" exclaimed Phil, with a shiver. "If it wasn't for this terrible wind that seems to blow right through me, I'd rather take my chances outside."

"Wait till we get through with it, lad, afore ye pass jedgment," said Jalap Coombs. "I never see a place yet so dismal but what a couple of live Yankees like me and you, one of which is likewise a subjeck, couldn't knock the dismalness out of. Now, Serge, my boy, ef ye'll only go ahead with that fire scheme of your'n, the rest of us 'll overhaul this shebang, and see ef we can't make it a little more shipshape."

So Serge departed on his self-imposed mission, while the others began a vigorous cleaning out of the old barrabkie.

The floor of this ancient habitation, which was of the same style as those built by many Aleuts of to-day, was of hard-packed earth, and was sunk about four feet below the level of the surrounding surface. A stout frame of whale ribs standing about six feet high had been erected

and enclosed in a wall two feet thick of tough, peaty sods. This in turn had been protected by an outer wall of loose rocks, while the whole had at one time been roofed with whalebone rafters and a thick thatch of the heavy sedge-grass that grows on all those islands.

For an hour Phil and the mate worked like beavers to clear this place of its ruinous litter. Then they returned to the beach and brought up everything that had been saved from the wrecked boat, including, of course, its sail. This with great difficulty, on account of the high wind, they fashioned into a sort of a tent roof, supported by oars, over one end of the barrabkie. This being finished to their satisfaction, the mate went to the beach for drift-wood in anticipation of their promised fire, while Phil gathered a quantity of sphagnum moss, which he spread thickly over the earthen floor of their shelter.

While the latter was wondering what he should do next, and what had become of Serge, and if any one else had ever been so hungry as he without the slightest pros pect of supper, Jalap Coombs appeared staggering beneath an immense load of drift-wood, and greatly excited.

"Come, lad," he cried, as he seized the long-handled steel gaff, "let's go fishing. We may have to eat 'em raw, for I don't see any sign of Serge or his fire. But even that 'll be better than starving."

"Fishing for what?" called out Phil, as he hurried after his companion.

"Salmon!" shouted back the mate. "They're running in the straits."

Now Phil had seen salmon-fishing in Canada, where after hours of wading and patient labor an occasional fish had been lured with a fly, and finally hooked. Then, after a protracted struggle, in which the angler had displayed infinite skill and patience, the fish had either escaped or been brought within reach of a gaff. With this as his sole experience in salmon-fishing, he could not help thinking that Jalap Coombs must be crazy to fancy that without rod, line, reel, fly, or hook he was going to capture one of the wariest and gamest of fish with a gaff.

Nevertheless, that is just what our young hunter did see done. He also saw another sight that filled him with wonder. It was a stream of fresh water flowing into Krenitzin Strait, and filled from bank to bank with salmon, thousands and tens of thousands of them leaping, crowding each other almost to suffocation, and eagerly working their way up against the swift current to their spawning-beds some miles inland. In these beds they had been born, and to them they returned as surely as came the seasons themselves. It is so with every Alaskan river and stream, from the mighty Yukon southward. Every summer sees them swarm with uncounted myriads of this noble fish. Millions are caught for canneries and salteries, whence they are shipped to all parts of the world, and by the natives, who thus obtain their chief food supply for the ensuing year, while millions more are never even seen by man.

Phil had known of canned salmon, but had an idea that they came only from the Columbia River. He had never imagined that in far-away Alaska these splendid fish outnumbered those of the mighty Oregon stream a thousand to one. And he had just now been wondering if Jalap Coombs could catch one with a gaff! Had even laughed at the idea! Now he smiled as he reflected on his own previous ignorance concerning salmon and their ways. Why, he could catch them with his hands if he cared to go into the water; while to hook out any required number with a gaff was as simple as catching oysters with a rake.

Within three minutes the mate had secured two fine fish, weighing between ten and twenty pounds each. Then he and Phil went a short distance down the beach, and inside of fifteen minutes more had captured half a dozen paper-shelled crabs, each as large as a soup-plate. Phil also filled his pockets with mussels, and laden with this abundant supply of food they again turned their steps toward the barrabkie.

As they approached it they were overjoyed to see a thin column of smoke rising above its low walls.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil. "Serge has got a fire sure enough. But what a horrible, vile, dreadful smell! What can it be? Phew!"

"Smells like burning feathers," said Jalap Coombs. "Wonder who's fainted?"

Filled with curiosity, they hurried forward, and as they entered the barrabkie they beheld Serge on his knees before a large flat stone in one corner. He was bending over it, and blowing with furious energy at a little bunch of something, from which a dense cloud of smoke and the most nauseous fumes were issuing.

Hearing the voices of his companions, he shouted joyfully, without looking up, and hardly pausing in his bellowslike blowing, "I've got it."

"What?" asked Phil, holding his nose. "The cholera? If so, keep right on with your fumigating. If not, do take pity on a suffering community, and feed your flame with leather, or rubber, or bones, or something else that is sweeter and pleasanter to the smell than the frightful stuff you are burning."

Just then the smouldering mass burst into a blaze, and Serge sprang to his feet, jubilant over his success.

"Isn't it glorious?" he shouted, as he added a few wood shavings to his blaze. Then lighting a sliver, he thrust it into a previously prepared pile of small sticks that he had placed directly before the open end of the tent. These were kindled in a moment. Larger sticks and billets of wood were carefully added, until in a few minutes more a fine, leaping, crackling, sparkling, and altogether lovely fire was banishing the last trace of gloom from the interior of the old barrabkie, and extending a cheery welcome of glowing warmth to the three castaways, from whose soaked garments little clouds of steamy fog began to ascend as they gathered admiringly about it.

At length Serge stood up, and stepped back a pace or two with an expression of triumphant satisfaction that said as plainly as words, "Now I am ready for congratulations." And the others did congratulate him most heartily. Jalap Coombs said, "I wouldn't have believed it could be did ef I hadn't seen it."

"It didn't take seeing to make me believe it," said Phil. "Smelling was sufficient. What was the magic compound from which you produced such a frightful smell, and such satisfactory results?"

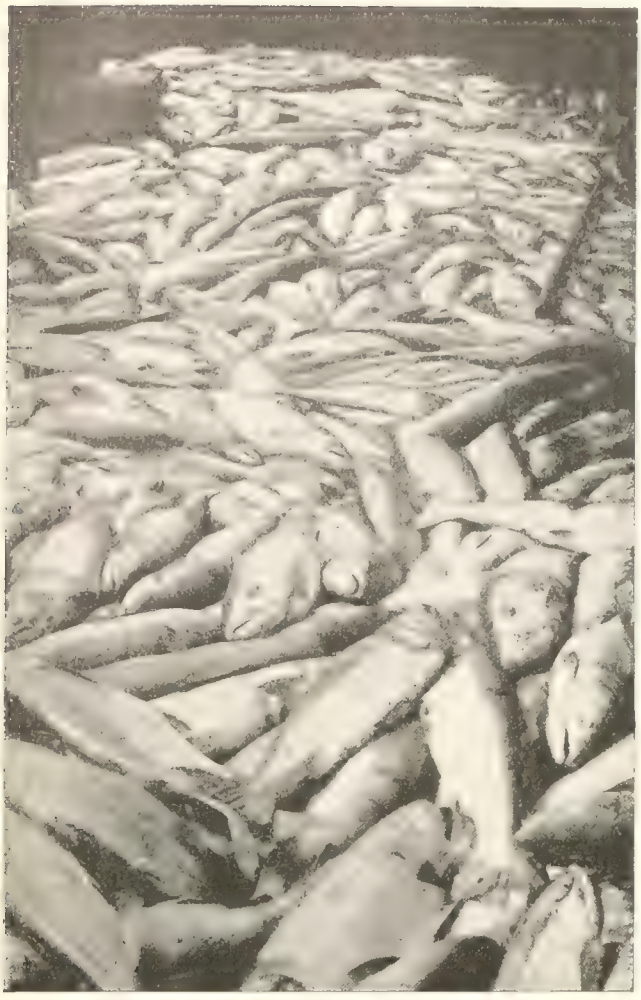
"Eider-down and sulphur," answered Serge, smiling.

"Brimstone *and* feathers!" shouted Jalap Coombs. "I knowed it. That's what old Mis' Roberson—she that was Kite's wife, you understand—allers kep' on hand for fainting fits. I've smelled 'em many a time, and to this day their parfume carries me back to my childhood."

"It was certainly strong enough to carry one 'most anywhere," interrupted Phil. "But where did you get 'em, old man, and how did you set 'em afire?"

"I had a long tramp after the sulphur," replied Serge, and only found it in a cañon about three miles back of here, near the foot of the mountain. As I couldn't find any dry moss to go with it, I hunted for feathers as the next-best thing, and was lucky enough to discover an eider-duck's nest on the cliffs. Then I came back here and found my 'fire-stick,' that flat bit of flint-rock, in one of the old huts, also my 'striker,' that bit of quartz. After that the getting of fire was simple enough. I spread a layer of eider-down on the flat rock, sprinkled a little sulphur over it, and pounded the mixture with my quartz rock until it was set on fire by a spark struck from the flint."

"Well, if that isn't one way of getting a fire!" exclaimed Phil. "I say, Serge, what a wise sort of a chap you



MILLIONS ARE CAUGHT FOR CANNERIES EACH YEAR.

are, anyway! I am only just beginning to find it out. Why didn't you tell us how much you knew back there in New London?"

"Because the kind of things I know best are only worth knowing in this country, where I learned them," replied Serge. "They would not be appreciated in New London."

"I suppose not," said Phil, thoughtfully; "and the kind of things I have been taught, such as Latin and English literature, don't seem to count for much out here. Neither does the thing that I know best of all seem to be appreciated by the present company. It is that I am as hungry as sixteen wolves, and want my supper."

With this startling statement Phil pounced upon an unoffending crab and thrust him without the slightest compunction into a bed of glowing coals.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKED.

SAID Ted to Tim, as the twins sat upon opposite arms of Uncle Rob's arm-chair,

"Tim, we're visitors."

"Yes, we're visitors, Uncle Rob," echoed Tim.

"Ah!" exclaimed Uncle Rob.

"It's a very rainy day, Tim," went on Ted.

"Very rainy, indeed, Uncle Rob," reiterated Tim.

"And what follows?" calmly inquired Uncle Rob. His eyes twinkled, but he went on reading.

"You should entertain us, Uncle Rob," answered Ted, decidedly.

"That's what mamma always says when we have company," finished Tim, triumphantly.

"Well!" ejaculated Uncle Rob. He put down his paper suddenly. "I'll entertain you! How many days would it take to cut up a piece of cloth fifty yards long, if a yard was cut off each day?"

"Fifty!" shouted Ted, without thinking a minute. "Pshaw! Uncle Rob, don't ask us those foolish, easy puzzles. They're as old old old as the hills!"

"Seems to me," retorted Uncle Rob, "if they are old, they are not so wonderfully easy as you think. You're wrong, Ted. You've got to give me a better answer, or I won't think much of your smartness. Now, here's another awfully easy one—as old as the hills, too. But it has puzzled many a small boy before you. If a goose weighs ten pounds and half its own weight, what is the weight of the goose?"

Tim was just going to call out, "Fifteen pounds!" But Uncle Rob's solemn expression disconcerted him. Instead, he pursed up his mouth and looked at Ted, and Ted wrinkled his brows and looked at Tim.

"Doesn't sound hard," faintly from Tim.

"It's very easy, indeed," replied Uncle Rob. "And here's one more of the same sort: A snail climbing a post twenty feet high ascends five feet every day, and slips back four feet every night. How long will it take him to reach the top?"

"A snail?" sighed Ted, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a snail," repeated Uncle Rob.

"Seems as if he only got up one foot each day—at that rate," considered Tim.

"So he did!"

"And the post was twenty feet high?"

"Yes, Ted, twenty feet."

"Well, then," pursued Tim, "it must have been twen—enty—"

Uncle Rob laughed. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You boys each take a pencil and paper, if you find them necessary, and work out those three puzzles. And when you each bring me the right answer we'll go to the circus and rest our brains for the afternoon."

Then Uncle Rob went back to his paper, and Ted and Tim slipped softly down from the arms of his chair, and went to the drawer of the library table to hunt for lead-pencils.

## MAY BASKETS.

BY GRACE BROWNELL PECK.

THE first thing needed for these May baskets is a number of either round, square, or oblong boxes.

Perhaps you have plenty of these, but if not they can easily be made from any stiff Bristol-board, or even from heavy wrapping-paper. To make the square box, cut a long strip twelve and one-quarter inches long by three high, and another piece three inches square.

Fold the longer piece by bending the Bristol-board in a four-sided figure, using the square piece to make the bottom of the box. Stick the ends of the long strip together, and fasten the bottom in by the small flaps.

The oblong box can be made by making the bottom piece longer one way, and increasing the length of the strip that forms the sides.

Make the round box in the same manner, fastening the sides and bottom together as you did in the square box. It can be of any size wished, if you simply remember to make the strip three and one-half times as long as the width of the circle that forms the bottom.

The orange basket (Fig. 1) is made by taking one of your round baskets and winding several thicknesses of cotton around the middle. The cotton need not go inside or on the bottom. Cover it with orange-colored paper, sticking it well inside the top, and tying it to-

gether at the bottom. Line the inside, and trim off the tassel at the bottom. Now hang it up by double ribbons or strips of paper fastened at the bottom, and it will look quite like a real orange.

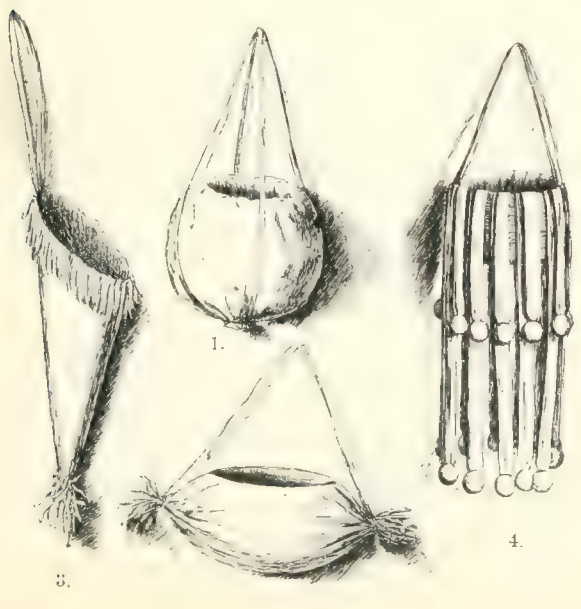
Apple baskets may be made in the same way by using green or red paper, or by making one half green and the other half red.

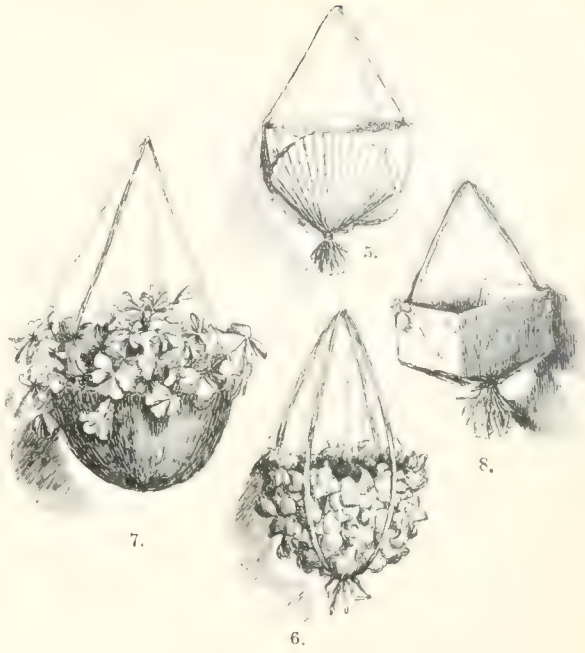
The lemon basket (Fig. 2) is made on a round box also. Take a strip of yellow paper five inches wider than the width of your box and long enough to go around and down into it. Wind some cotton around the box, pulling it well out at each side, or putting in a little loose cotton at each end. Fasten the two ends of the paper to the inside of the box. Bring it together at each end, and tie. Line with a bit of paper. Fringe out the ends, and hang by a yellow ribbon.

You can make a cornucopia (Fig. 3) by gluing together two sides of a square of stiff paper. Cover it with a layer of cotton. Then cover with paper, and finish with a tassel at the bottom and a border of double fringe at the top. To make the double fringe, fold a two-inch piece of paper in the middle, double many times, and cut it nearly to the crease.

A peppermint basket (Fig. 4) particularly pleases the little ones. Take one of the round baskets, cut twenty strips of pink and white paper — the ten pink ones six inches long and the ten white ones five inches. On the end of each strip stick a pink or white peppermint drop, and then lay them away until they are thoroughly dry. The flour paste is not harmful to children, even though the candy on your pretty basket should some day be eaten. When the candies are dried on, take the long white strips and fasten each one inside the box. Over these fasten the pink strips. The box can first be covered with pink paper if desired. Now line the basket, and hang it by strips of paper. One pennyworth of candies will make a basket.

To make a scallop-shell basket (Fig. 5), take a piece of tissue-paper twice as large as you wish for the height of the basket and about nine inches long. Fold it one-third of the way down, so that the inner thickness will do for a lining to it. Draw it together, and tie at the bottom. Now stick on the scallop shells, one on each side, being careful that the paste does not go through the inside lining. The shells will stick nicely if it is laid away until thoroughly dry. Cut the tassel into fringe, put a small round bit of paper inside to line the bottom, and hang by paper ribbons. A double fringe can be put around the top if desired.




The pop-corn basket (Fig. 6) is a great favorite with the younger children. Pop the corn, and boil a little molasses. Stir in the corn. Then take out a good handful and shape it like a pop-corn ball, making it quite flat on top. When the balls are dry, but not too hard, pick out part of the inside and top, leaving a cup-shaped basket. It is not necessary to take out very much. Now hang the basket by double ribbons, making a little bow at the bottom. These can be made from corn balls bought at the store equally well. They should be hung by pink or white ribbon or paper.

The little cocoanut May basket (Fig. 7) will give more lasting pleasure than any of the others, although it is a little harder to make. Ask some one to saw a cocoanut into two parts. Then take out the inside, which can be used for cooking or candy. Burn a small hole in the bottom for drainage, and two holes in the sides. Fill the shell with good earth, and plant in it a plant of liverwort, violets, or a few hardy ferns. Cover the dirt with moss, and hang the basket by picture wire or ribbon. If you think of your basket in season you can put in a few oxalis bulbs. They cost only a penny for three or four bulbs, and it will soon be a mass of dainty pink and white blossoms. If you cannot make the holes, the basket may be hung by double ribbons fastened with a drop of glue at the bottom and sides under the flowers.

To make the square basket (Fig. 8) take a piece of cotton batting about twice as wide as the box, wind it around the box, and fasten it with a little paste at one corner. Put a little paste in the middle of the inside of the box, and stick the cotton there for a lining. Gather it together at the bottom with your hand, though it need not be fastened; the paper covering will hold it in place. Now cut a piece of either plain or crinkled tissue-paper about two inches wider than the cotton was, and fasten it on in the same way. Put in a square bit to line the bottom of the box, gather the paper together at the bottom, and tie with a narrow strip. Cut this tassel into fringe, and hang your dainty basket by a strip of paper, with little bows at the corners, or by a bit of Tom-Thumb ribbon. This basket will be pretty enough to be used for hair-pins, matches, or scraps after its May-day use is over. It can be made without the cotton, but is much prettier with it, and the cotton costs but three cents a square yard.

## THE BIRTH OF THE CITY OF ST. PAUL.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

TO tell about the birth of St. Paul, Minnesota, is a long story, but it is very interesting. The strangest part of it is that although it is long, it is about events which began to happen within the lifetime of men now alive, and yet the characters who take part in it now seem as strange as if they had lived in some very different land from ours. Only as short a time ago as 1845, when living men like Gladstone and Bismarck were already prominent, the region in which St. Paul is but one of many thriving cities was spoken of in "the National Geography" as being largely unknown, except that it was inhabited by Indians, who ate a great deal of rice that grew in the marshes. But even that book said that the soil was fine. That was true, and that is one great reason why St. Paul is now a great city, close beside that other city, Minneapolis, which is called its twin, because the two cities are close together, and are nearly the same age and size.

But before even the Indians lived in that region the very spot where St. Paul stands was occupied by the Mound-builders, that mysterious race about whom we know little more than that they built great mounds wherever they gathered. Many of these mounds were dug away to make room for the houses of St. Paul, and in them were found stone axes, arrow-heads, chisels, and beads. If we consider the whole Northwest, of which St. Paul is a capital, we are able to say that the first discoverers were the French, whose wonderfully brave priests went far ahead of their hardy brethren, the hunters and trappers. No matter what our religious beliefs are, we must all acknowledge the heroism of those Catholic missionaries who went on foot or in canoes, without any weapons, from savage tribe to savage tribe all over our West. I have seen them among the Indians of Canada quite recently, and I know how fearless they are. And in a recent fight between our soldiers and the red men a priest rode through the Indian lines with only his Bible and his little brass crucifix upon his person. That shows that the same brave men live to-day, and we all know that in other lands, even in savage Africa, the missionaries of every Christian church are showing the same heroism.

The first white man who saw that part of the Mississippi where St. Paul stands was Father Hennepin. He would have made a good sailor or soldier if he had not been a priest. As a boy he so loved adventure and travel that he read and listened to every tale of travel that came his way, and he even used to hide in those taverns where sailors came in order to listen to their stories. Boys did not always choose for themselves in those days, and we do not know whether he wished to be a priest, but he became one. He was sent to Canada, where, at forty years of age, in 1680, he started down the Illinois and up the Mississippi River. He had two French companions in his canoe. The wild Sioux Indians captured all three, and carried them as prisoners up the river to where St. Paul now is. They stole everything the three Frenchmen had, and made the poor fellows live with them all summer. But when autumn came and the Indians wanted to hunt the buffalo for their winter's supply of food and tent skins, Father Hennepin was told that he could have his freedom. He then discovered the Falls of St. Anthony, a few miles farther up the great river, where Minneapolis is now. It was he who gave the name of St. Anthony to that cataract which is at the end of navigation on the mighty river. He wanted to call the Mississippi "the St. Louis River," in honor of the King of France; and that reminds me of an interesting thing. The Mississippi River never could be misnamed. The Indians called it *Mese* or *Mesce* (big) *Seepee* (river), and so it is called to-day and will be forever. The French kept on trying to give it other names. Father Hennepin called it the St. Louis, Marquette called it the River Conception, La Salle called it the Colbert, and the Spaniards gave it names to suit themselves, yet the simple Indian name clung to it.

There is little to tell of that wilderness until, after our Revolutionary war, it became "the Northwest Territory," which embraced an enormous region where now are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota. The rest of Minnesota—the part west of the great river—came to us by the Louisiana Treaty still later. Settlers began to go into it slowly, and found Indians and Indian traders there. In 1805 Lieutenant Z. M. Pike, of whom you will read more in history, met the Sioux Indians, and got a grant of land, which is now Fort Snelling military reservation, near St. Paul. No fort was built there for many years, but in the mean time a lord named Selkirk, a partner in the Hudson Bay Fur-trading Company, established a colony around where Winnipeg in Manitoba is, and then we built the fort because the English put up one comparatively close by on their land. That fort was finished in 1822, and the next year the first steamboat came up the river, frightening the Indians terribly. There was much fur-trading there, and 150 people had come to live near the fort. They began to sell liquor also, and it was this that led to the building of St. Paul, for, on account of it, all except the soldiers were sent off the government land. That was in 1839, and the first man who established himself where St. Paul is was a man who sold liquor. He had only one eye, and that fact led to the place being called "Pig's Eye," a name that stuck to the place a long while. A few Indian traders, refugees from the Selkirk (Red River) colony, and several half-breeds, gathered there, and in 1840 a Roman Catholic chapel was built there. It was called St. Paul's Church, and so the town got its present name. It was only a log house with a cross on it, however. In 1845 there were thirty families of Canadian-French, Red River refugees, and Americans there, but in the next two or three years the place boasted a school, a post-office, a hotel, and several steamboats. In 1849 the Territory of Minnesota was created—though it was a wilderness with only 1000 inhabitants—and St. Paul was made its capital. After that the people began to swarm into the new Territory and its pretty city.

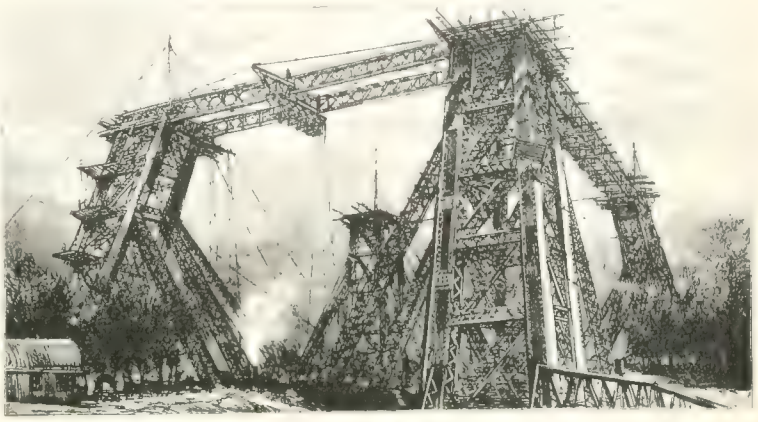
Fur-trading was its biggest business at first, and travellers tell interesting stories of the way the furs were brought down from Canada in trains of Red River carts made of wood and leather, without a particle of metal—not even a nail. They creaked so that they could be heard for miles, it is said. The drivers were strange dark men, half-breeds—Scotch and Indian, French and Indian, or English and Indian. They wore blue suits with a great many big brass buttons, bead-worked caps, and Indian moccasins, and one driver managed many carts, for every ox or pony who dragged a cart was tethered to the cart in front of him. A very talented woman, named Fredrika Bremer, visited St. Paul in 1850, and lived with the Governor of Minnesota. She wrote that the Governor's drawing-room was also his office, "and Indians and work-people and ladies and gentlemen are all alike admitted. The city is thronged with Indians. The men, for the most part, go about grandly ornamented, with naked hatchets, the shafts of which serve them as pipes. They paint themselves so utterly without any taste that it is incredible." After those first few years the city soon lost most of its strangeness, and rapidly became what it is now, a bustling, modern, handsome place. It is predicted that in the next ten years, or less time, it and Minneapolis will have become one unbroken mass of houses, sheltering one million souls.

## THE HIGHEST TOWER IN THE WORLD.

WHEN the Eiffel Tower that overlooks all Paris was finished it was supposed that the next tower to be built would be built by Americans, and of course it was expected that it would overtop all the efforts of the Frenchmen. But it has remained for the English to accomplish this. At Wembley Park, which is about six miles from the heart of London, there is in the course of erection at the present time a tower the total height of which is 1150 feet—175 feet higher than the Eiffel Tower. Unlike the latter tower, which gazes down on the houses and roofs of the crowded city, the Wembley Tower crowns an eminence of the beautiful Wembley Park, affording a lovely view of the surrounding country.

How this tower came to be built is quite interesting. The park in which it stands has always been one of the breathing-spots about London. A little river, called the Brent, flows through it, and this has been closed with a dam, and a lake of eight acres has been made. A beautiful football and cricket ground was laid out, and a fine cinder path was made for athletic meetings, and then the idea of having the highest tower in the world occurred to Sir Edward Watkin, who offered a prize for the most meritorious design. Mr. A. W. Stewart was the successful competitor.

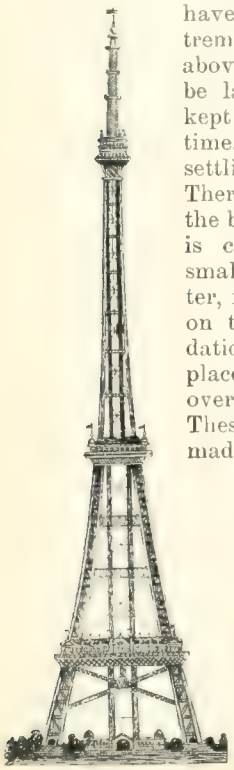
It will be a strange sight to look on the birds flying in the trees so far beneath one, for at the foot of the tower is a famous rookery, where the rooks gather and chatter from morning till night, and also one of the old ivy-covered English cottages which has stood there for over a hundred years. A few years ago the building of such towers as these would have been impossible. It is only with the new methods of handling steel and iron girders that such erections can be successfully put up. Over 150 men are now employed fitting pieces of the tower together, and it is wonderful what rapid progress they make. The foundations which have to support such tremendous weight above them have to be laid in place, and kept there for a long time, to allow for the settling in the earth. There are four legs at the base, and each leg is composed of four smaller legs, or, better, feet. These rest on tremendous foundations that were placed in position over two years ago. These foundations are made of stone and concrete, upon which are fastened the iron plates to which the legs are attached. The material of which the tower proper is composed is called "mild steel." There is not such a net-work of intricate little girders which we see in the Eiffel Tower; the spaces are more open, and the tower appears to be narrower and lighter in the air. The "lifts," as they call them in England, or the elevators, as we call them here, which are to carry the people to the top of the observatory, are four in number. Two of them go up to the first platform only, which is at a height of 150 feet from the ground, and two will go up to 900 feet, where there is to be an upper landing. Above this there will be several smaller landings, to be reached by stairs only. Many of our readers may remember that in going up the Eiffel Tower we first took cars that slid up the legs at an angle.



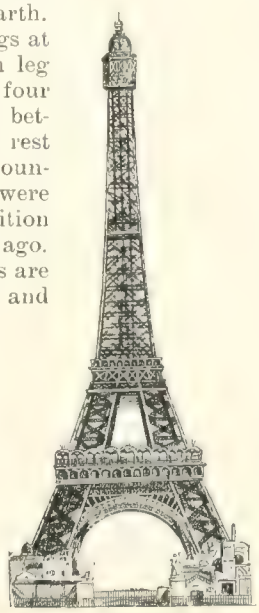
THE FOUR LEGS OF THE TOWER AS THEY NOW LOOK.

In the Wembley Tower the elevators begin straight beneath the platforms, and ascend by winding drums, the same way that many of the elevators in use in our great buildings do. These elevators are capable of carrying 60,000 people in one day, though it is doubtful if that large number will ever take advantage of them. The first platform or landing is about 200 feet square, contains shops, restaurants, side shows, and even a large concert-hall. The second platform, at the height of 500 feet, will contain smaller buildings, as the space is much less; and still it will be strange visiting these aerial settlements one after another on the way to the top, where there is nothing but an observatory. The light of the Eiffel Tower has been seen at the distance of seventy miles. It will be interesting to think that the top of the Wembley Tower will be visible at the distance of over one hundred. Although the practical uses of such a tower are very few, still we can imagine that in case of war it might be of great use to signal various garrisons and regiments that would be scattered through that part of England.

The tower will weigh when completed about 7000 tons. At present only the base and the legs are in position. The main girders are being riveted together, after being lifted into place by means of electric cranes. These cranes themselves weigh about 20 tons, but are capable of lifting weights much heavier than that. One of the girders alone weighs 40 tons. They say it takes some time for the workmen to become used to working so high above the ground, and that where they first crawl from one place to another they soon learn to walk with the agility of tight-rope walkers, and laugh and joke among themselves as if it were but a jump to Mother Earth. Unlike the Eiffel Tower, which was named after its designer, this tower will be named after the presenter of the prize, and will no doubt hand down his name for many years to come.



WEMBLEY TOWER.



EIFFEL TOWER.





A KITE-TIME INCIDENT.

PETS FROM THE CLOUDS.

LIONEL. "I say, Budge, where do the Skye terriers come from?"

BUDGE. "Why, from the clouds, when it rains cats and dogs, you know."

POLLY'S WISH.

I LOVE my little doll, I do—
I love her like creation!
But I do wish she had a ti-
Ny bit of conversation.

A WATCH-DOG.

"THAT'S my watch-dog," said Robbie, pointing to his little Skye terrier. "He always wants a drink of water at four o'clock, and that's the way I tell time by him."

THE OLD FELLOW IN MAINE.

THERE was an old fellow in Me.,
Was so terribly, horribly ve.,
That people who called
Were so much appalled
They never went near him age.

AN OBSERVATION.

"I THINK dogs is more sensible 'n people," said Mollie. "People speak different languages, and so can't always understand each other, but German dogs and English dogs and French dogs all bark just the same way, and seem to understand each other as soon as they're introduced."

CAREFUL OF HIS HEALTH.

WILLIE had had a cold, but was quite recovered. When he came to take his bath the other morning it was evident that he had learned something.

"Mamma!" he cried, "hadn't I better wear my rubber boots when I have my bath! I'll get my feet wet if I don't."

SOME REMARKS ABOUT NAPOLEON.

"YES," said Old Jack, in response to Tommy's question—"yes, I know considerabal 'bout Napoleon Bonyparte, though I never knowed him personally. He was a great man, though. The way he useter get in musses with everybody an' come out on top was a caution. I recollec', like as though it was on'y yesterday, when the story came 'bout how Brutus an' those fellers killed him there in the Senate House. I says to my wife I don't believe it's him they killed, an', by Joe! later on, it turned out just as I said. The feller they killed was named Julyus Cæsar, and not Napoleon Bonyparte at all—which just shows the differences 'tween the two men, though there be folks as crack Cæsar up for bein' a very much bigger man than Napoleon. Nevertheless, my p'int remains. Them fellers succeeded in killin' Cæsar, an' Napoleon wasn't killed at all, which it takes a mighty smart soldier not to be. What? Yes, he did get licked oncet up at a place named Waterloo, but he deserved what he got for bein' careless. Then he made another mistake goin' to Moscow out in Roosher. He'd never heard o' blizzids an' snow-balls, an' so o' course he sort o' thought Roosher was nothin' but a summer resort like France, an', by Joe! when he got there it was so cold he had to set the town afire to keep him an' his army from freezin'. Nevertheless, he was a great man, an' 'twouldn't s'prise me to hear at any minnit that he'd come up ag'in an' walloped Europe oncet more. Eh? What's that you say? *He's dead?* Why, Tommie, ye surprise me. Well, well, well. Too bad. He *was* a great man."

MOTHER. "Jack, what are you doing on your bank with that pencil?"

JACK. "I'm only 'drawing on the bank.'"

LAZY NED.

"I WISH, indeed," said lazy Ned,
"That night would be as long as day!
It seems to me I lie in bed
A minute, then I hear Ann say,
'Get up, it's morning, bright and cool,
And time for you to be at school!'"

AT THE MUSIC LESSON.

PROFESSOR SEMIQUAVER. "Does your father practise law now, Ethel?"

ETHEL. "Oh no, Professor. He got through years ago, and knows all about it. I wish it were so with my music."

AN OBJECTION TO BICYCLES IN WARFARE.

"I DON'T think bicycles are much good for soldiers," observed Wilbur, after his father had told him how they had been introduced into the French army. "I like to read in histories how brave generals have horses shot under them. It wouldn't sound half as fine if it said they'd had their bicycles shot under them."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# A GUARDIAN IN A LIFE-BOAT.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"TOM, your affection for that boy is wonderful. They say he's your son; is that so?"

"Not exactly so, sir. I adopted him."

"Adopted him, eh? And is it true that you found him afloat on a raft?"

"No, that isn't true, sir. However, if you've a mind to hear it, I'll spin the yarn, providing you've got time to hear it."

"I think so," said Fred Bryce. "Oh yes, the Captain won't be ready to come off for an hour yet."

The light five-oared whale-boat of the United States steamship *Buffalo* was thumping her fenders against a float at the outer end of a long wooden pier. A wide gusty sweep of bay opened out to the eastward, where the morning sun was sowing spangles of dancing gold along the restless blue. An olive-green headland, capped by the chalk-white spindle of a light-house standing clear and strong against the cobalt sky, closed the vista on one side, while on the other the border was a line of low sand ridges topped with tangled tufts of coarse salt grass. Plumb in the middle of the picture rode the *Buffalo*, her white sides mirrored in milky caricature in the crinkled water, her snapping ensign and a thin veil of tremulous blue above her salmon-tinted stacks giving the only evidences of life aboard her. The steam-launch was absent on towing duty, and the Captain had gone ashore in the sharp-nosed whale-boat, which in his heart of hearts he preferred to the fussy, lubberly launch. Fred Bryce was



the naval cadet in charge of the boat, and Tom Treenail was a grizzled old seaman who acted as coxswain of the [illegible]. Kerry Treenail, as the cadet was called, was fresh from the Training School at Coasters Island. He was a [illegible] boy, and was stretching his legs on the pier by the side of Fred.

"Well, sir," said old Tom, "may I never see home again if this wasn't the way of it. I'd served my time and had gone to New York from the Gulf in the old *Arethusa*. I used to call Sea View my home then, because I had a cousin down there in the life saving service. I went there as soon as I got ashore, and put up at his place till I'd pretty well run through all my pay. It was near the end of the summer, and I was mortal fond of stretching out on my back on the broad beach and sucking cheap comfort out of my old pipe. So I says to my cousin—Peter his name was—'Peter, I don't much fancy going to sea again right away. If I go, I'll go in a man-o'-war, and that means three years' enlistment, you know.'

"'Well,' says Peter, 'why don't you ship in my life-saving crew? I've got a vacant berth.'

"With that I ups and slaps my leg, and says I'd do it. And bless you, sir, till the really tough winter weather set in, I found it a heap easier than standing a forecastle watch of a dirty night. But don't you let any one make you believe that it's any fun patrolling a couple of miles of beach in a gale in January with the snow and sand whipping into your face like a thousand red-hot needles. However, that isn't what I started out to tell you. Nevertheless, I might stop here long enough to say that, except for the fact that the life-savers have got solid earth to stand on, and not a tumbling, reeling platform of groaning planks, I don't see that they're much better off on a stormy night than the crew of one of Uncle Sam's cruisers.

"Well, as I was saying, sir," continued old Tom, after a momentary pause for breath, "there I was enrolled in the life-saving service. The fall season wasn't a bad one at all, so Peter said, though I thought we were kept pretty busy. Not that there were any big wrecks; but there would have been if we hadn't kept a pretty sharp look-out, and warned off three vessels that were standing into danger. The winter was very rough, and we had two heavy wrecks—one a bark and the other a steamer. We saved all hands on both of 'em, though two of the bark's crew died afterwards from the effects of exposure. The month of March was a nasty one at sea, but as the gales were all off shore they didn't bring any trouble for us. It wasn't till the middle of April that we had a gale on shore, and that was a storm that will never be forgotten by any one in our crew; leastways, not by me, for that's when I found Kerry.

"It was the 16th of April, sir. The day before that was as strange a day as a man might see in a lifetime on the sea or alongside of it. I turned out of my bunk in the station that morning with a sort of suffocating feeling, as if there was a kind of a weight on my chest. I've heard tell of the air being heavy, but that morning you could just feel it. I went out on the beach in front of our station and took a look about me. The heavens were a solid mass of greenish-gray clouds. It was the green that made it look so nasty, sir. It didn't look natural at all. Then the sea was a dark threatening green, and the swells rolled in so soft and slick that you might have fancied they were all covered with oil. The surf didn't stand up and topple over as it ought to have done, but seemed to crush down on the beach and spread out as if it had some enormous weight pressing down on it. I'm free to say I think the sea felt the weight of that air. I know the barometer did, for it went down slowly and steadily all day. A sort of moaning seemed to come from away off near the horizon, but there wasn't a solitary breath of breeze. Two or three fishermen were off in their skiffs mending their nets, and I could hear every word they said when they called to one another. But they came in early, for the swell was growing deeper and wider, and there was beginning to be a deep and ugly growl in the noise of the breakers.

"Well, sir, it was like that all day, except that toward dark the breakers began to make a dull booming, like distant gun-fire. At nine o'clock I was sitting in the station when I saw the whole place spring into the blue glare of a flash of lightning, and heard the long roll of thunder, followed by a spiteful puff of wind that made the crannies of the station shriek. The wind began to rise in gusts, and the lightning kept everything dancing. Then down came such a pour of rain that I don't believe a man could have breathed if he'd turned his face up to it. The wind died clean out, while the rain tumbled for half an hour; and then, sir, the gale let itself loose with one awful crashing burst of wind that made every man jack of us jump to his feet. I bolted out to the beach, followed by three or four others; but we were glad enough to go back. The wind blew so hard, sir, it seemed to flatten my eyes into my head, and the yelling of it through the salt grass sounded like the screaming of human beings in agony. The ocean was blown out into a flat caldron of white foam; but I could tell that in half an hour there would be a great sea running. We all hurried back to the station, and made ourselves comfortable for the night, except those that had the patrol. It was about two o'clock in the morning when Danny Ferris came in and roused us with the news that a big bark was driving ashore right below the station.

"Well, sir, we tumbled out, and got the gun, and the lines, and the breeches-buoy along, and butted our way out on the beach. Goodness, sir, but I never saw a wilder night. Danny had started a beacon fire on the sand, and the light of it showed an awful sea thundering in great inky walls that broke into twisting clouds of smoky spray. Out beyond the surf we could see the spars of the bark. Her mizzen-mast was gone, and the upper sails on the others were slatting in a fringe of streamers from the idle yards. As we gathered around the fire waiting for her to strike, she sent a couple of rockets flashing up against the coal-black gloom of the sky. A moment later she struck, and the foremast went over with a crash and, as we thought, a pitiful cry of human voices. There were no more rockets, sir, but our gun roared, and a line was shot out at her. It parted, sir, and we tried a second, and that parted too. The third line fell fairly across the bark, but it lay idle, sir; and we feared that all hands had been carried overboard by the terrific seas that were bursting over her deck.

"Well, sir, we were foolish enough to talk about trying to launch the life-boat, but Peter pointed at a great, writhing sea that reared up and burst with a dreadful roar on the beach, and he says: 'Boys, it's no use; those seas would turn her end over end and smash her into kindling wood.' So we made up our minds that Peter was right, and that the only thing for us to do was to stand by all night in case anything was to come ashore from the bark. It was a long and cruel night, sir, but nothing came in, not even a dead body to tell us what manner of men had met their fate in that short, fierce gale.

"You see it was a short one, sir, for it had blown itself out in twelve hours, and the sea began to go down. I suppose it was only the tail end of a bigger storm that had passed further out to sea. As soon as the sea had moderated a little we stood by to launch the big lifeboat; for you see, sir, we didn't know but there might be some of the crew still alive aboard of her. It was a very hard struggle to get the boat out through the surf, and she shipped a very uncomfortable lot of water. But we finally

got her outside of the worst of it, and forced her under the lee quarter of the bark. My! my! it was a sad sight to see the wreckage, sir. And tangled up in the twisted cordage of the mizzen was one poor fellow's body.

"But we didn't tarry long over the dead, because we heard a faint cry from on board. 'Jump up, Tommy,' says Peter to me, 'and see who's there.' It was easier to say jump than to do it, but I got aboard, and what do you think I saw? Well, sir, there was a big black Newfoundland dog lying stone dead on the lee side of the poop, with a great piece of spar across him, and a little boy trying to pull it off.

"'I'm so glad you've come,' says the little fellow. 'I've been trying all day to take this log off poor Rover. He can't get up because it's so heavy.'

"The poor little boy couldn't realize that his dog was dead. He was the Captain's son—Captain John Kerry—and a big sea had washed him overboard when the ship struck. The dog jumped in after him and held his head up, while another sea hove them back on the bark. They were all alone there, for the rest had been carried off; and then a piece of spar came down and killed the dog. So there the poor little boy was all alone. And he was left without a living relative on earth, sir, for his father was all he had. So as he came to me, why, I took him. I'm only a poor sailor man, and I've done the best I could for him. But he's a mighty good boy, sir, and I'm glad I've got him to keep me from falling into bad habits."

And then the Captain came, and the whale-boat got under way for the ship.

## A JOURNEY INTO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE.

BY R. L. GARNER

WHEN I had about concluded the mission which took me to Africa, and had completed my study of the gorillas and chimpanzees in Fernan Vaz, I started out to explore the country known as Esyira. That country lies on the south side of the head-waters of the Rembo N'Kami, in the French province in western Africa near the equator; but its limits are unknown to travellers or to geography. The west side of it has been visited by several white men, and the people are known to be kindly disposed and timid. However, a part of their country consists of vast plains, along the borders of which grow countless acres of wild pineapples, and they raise plantains and bananas in the greatest abundance. The part of their country through which I passed was well watered, and I crossed many beautiful limpid streams of cool water flowing over beds of clean yellow sand. The country, however, so far as I could see, is not very fertile, and even in the unbroken forests in many places the growth is dwarfish and scraggy.

In order to perform this journey at as little cost as possible I formed a joint arrangement with a priest who desired also to visit this district, and we prepared for a journey of twenty or thirty days through the dominions of the tribe. The priest agreed to furnish a number of carriers sufficient to transport our effects, including a good supply of food and sufficient cargo to use in trade or treating with the natives.

It was further agreed that he should furnish me three men to carry my baggage, and that he should take the same number himself. It would require eight men to carry our cargo and food, which would give us a caravan of fourteen men, besides one guide and one interpreter. However, he wanted to take so many additional things that it required a caravan of thirty-two men in all, besides the guide and two interpreters. I furnished all the food from the stores which I took out with me from England, and I furnished more than half the cargo: twenty pieces of cloth, five gallons of rum, twenty hands of tobacco, some salt, and other small articles, also a large tent that I had with me. The priest would carry with him a mattress, pillows, and other luxuries which were better suited to in-door life in a great city than to one of long marches and short rations through the dense forests of central Africa. However, in a large canoe furnished by the priest, we set out on our journey together.

All went well. We spent the last night on the Rembo at a village called Tyimba, and from thence we set out to explore the bush and plains of Esyira. At this town we secured a guide who was a N'Kami man, and at seven o'clock in the morning he made his appearance dressed in the height of style, which consisted of a single piece of cloth tied around his waist and reaching half-way to his knees. He was painted in a novel and startling style. Over the top of his head down to the nose was a white stripe, made with some white earth resembling chalk. From the edge of the hair on the forehead to the bridge of the nose was a smear of some red pigment, and from temple to temple was a red mark. On the breast was an ellipse of white, inside of which was a diamond-shaped red figure. Down the exterior of each arm was a broad white stripe, and also down the leg to the knee. With this fantastic decoration our guide was supposed to be proof against all accident or attack from the wild animals in the bush or the people of the other tribe into which we were then moving. Armed with a small spear, he stepped out and directed the caravan to go forward in a little path leading into the hills. He was the last man to leave the town, but the first to reach the top of a certain hill about a mile away.

We were now fairly upon our journey. The only road was a little winding path, in some places scarcely visible. It led us over rough steep hills, small cliffs, ravines, and gorges. The bush was dense, but of dwarfish growth, interspersed with tall slender trees, all of which was strictly of the upland character. By four o'clock we had covered about sixteen miles, in which we crossed some of the worst marshes and swamps that I have ever seen. I waded most of them with great difficulty, sometimes climbing through masses of poisonous vines, struggling through great clusters of decaying vegetation, marsh moss, fungus, and slime.

We then went into camp in a dense jungle near a stream of clear cold water, but like all other waters of this land of death, it was full of microbes, and we had no means of filtering it. My sleep during that night was not refreshing, and I coughed a great deal. We struck tent at seven o'clock, and continued our journey to Esyira with but few instances of note. On the third morning I felt symptoms of fever, but hoped that they would pass away. By ten o'clock, however, I felt the fatigue very much, and was scarcely able to keep up with the caravan. By eleven I was completely overcome and ready to yield to the inevitable. The priest and the caravan had passed on, and I lay down in the forest quite helpless. I was aware at the time that the damp earth was not a good bed for fever, but nothing else remained for me to do. Exhausted, helpless, and alone I sank down upon the ground, with no hope that I would ever rise again. I felt delirium approaching, and, with my past experience, I was aware that unless I should very soon be sought and found I would either die from the effects of lying on the cold ground or wander from the route into the forest and be lost. When I lay down upon the wet ground it seemed to me that I could feel my vitality escaping from every part of my body. I fell asleep, and after some time had elapsed, I did not know how long, I felt some one pulling at my sleeve, and calling me, in very broken accents, "Master, master, yogo, yogo," by which he meant, "Master, master, come, come." I awoke, and recognized three of the native carriers, who had separated from the caravan, wan-

stopped for a while, at last found the trail, and were now hurrying on to overtake the rest. Close by me rippled a bright clear stream of water over clean yellow sand. I was burning with thirst, and, crawling to the edge of it, dipped my head and face into it, and drank to my heart's content. The natives begged me not to do so; but I did, and in a few minutes felt refreshed. Then the strongest man of the three laid down his cargo, took me on his back, and carried me across this stream, and over a long marsh, and I made another effort to overtake the priest and caravan. As we approached we met two other men, who had been sent back to look for me. They told me that the priest had stopped to rest only a little way from there, and I walked on slowly until the camp was reached. Then I dropped down upon the ground on a mat, and fell fast asleep while the boys were preparing a bed. I took a draught of rum and a plate of soup, and went to sleep again. After an hour or so I felt relieved.

During this time a stranger came into the camp. He was the son of one of the Kings of Esyira. He spoke the N'Kami language well, and he told us that he and a number of his father's slaves were camped not far away, where they were cutting rubber. He assured the priest that I would be welcome to come and remain with them till I could travel on. The priest proposed to leave my boys with me, and he would continue to Milamba, another day from there, and from that place he would send men to bring me to the King's town, where I would meet the caravan and go on. We decamped and proceeded to the olapo, as the natives called a temporary dwelling-place. On reaching there a mat was spread on the ground and I lay down, and was soon so overcome with delirium that I do not remember what happened afterwards. I said good-by to the priest, but was not aware of what it meant, or where he had gone, or when he would return, except that my boy explained to me what he had said. As night approached I revived, and when I realized the facts I really felt angered at the conduct of my companion. He had left me only one boy, but cargo for three to carry. He had taken all of my food except six ounce papers of prepared soup, the skin and gristle from the shank of the ham, and a can of my coffee, with four or five pieces of bread which were quite green from mildew, and which even my boy declined to eat. He had carried off with him my medicine-belt, camera, revolver, tools, and tent, and I was left in this rubber camp without interpreter or guide. The one boy, about sixteen years old, which he had left me could not speak their language well, and had no food except seven fingers of plantain.



IN A LARGE CANOE WE SET OUT ON OUR JOURNEY.

The natives call every place where any one lives a town, and this town consisted of one shed built of sticks, bark, and leaves, and its population consisted of two women, six small boys, and ten men. Their sojourn here was only temporary, but they return from year to year to this forest to cut rubber. The forest around it for miles and miles has no human inhabitant. The bush is wild, and in places very dense. Even birds are rare, but there are many wild beasts. During the first two nights of my stay in this town I was kindly treated by Ogueli, the headman of the town, who was a slave, but a man of good character. On the second day after my arrival in the town Ogueli prepared to go with a caravan to a place called N'Gumbi on the Rembo with a load of rubber. His wife and five men were to go with him, and I would be left in the town with the others.



ONE OF THE CARRIER BOYS.

Before I was aware of his intention to go I had formed an opinion of each one of the people of this town, and, strange to say, every one of whom I had formed a high opinion was to be included in this caravan, and those for whom I had formed an adverse opinion were to remain in the town. After the departure of the caravan I began to apprehend that some trouble was in store for me, and while I could not define it, I felt sure that the man who now assumed the dignity of King, as he called himself, was laying a plan to compel me to pay him a big price to pass the country from here to Tyinenyeni. As late as ten o'clock the men had not gone out in the bush to cut rubber, and I began to realize my fears. The vicious fellow who now claimed to be King of the town demanded of me a "book"—that is, a written order on all traders for rum, "chop" (food), and cargo, so that he could get it at any time or any place that he might demand it. It was upon this condition, he said, that I might pass through his country, but I strenuously and absolutely declined to give any "book" to any one. He continued from time to time to wrangle about this "book," but I held out firmly in my refusal to grant it.

Along about mid-day, while the men were all in the bush, and I was in the town alone, except my boy, there came four strange men and one woman passing through with rubber, on their way to Milamba, where there was a black trader buying rubber. They were Esyira people. They stopped and begged me for some tobacco, which I gave them, and they sat down and smoked it in the pipe that belonged to the town.

I must here tell you something about this pipe, and the manner in which it is used. In every town of this tribe you will find a pipe with a bowl the shape of an inverted cone. It is attached to a bamboo stem about five feet long, through which is a hole about the circumference of a lead-pencil. It holds about two liquid ounces. After the natives have eaten their morning meal, they sit around in no special order, but one of them, usually a woman or child, fills this pipe about half full of tobacco, places a coal of fire on top of it, and hands it to the nearest person sitting around the fire. He will then blow through it until the tobacco is well lighted. Then he reverses the operation, and draws as long as he can hold his breath, releases the stem from his mouth, and discharges a perfect cloud of smoke from his mouth and nostrils. As a rule each person takes two draws and

passes the pipe to the next one. Women and children, however, frequently take but one draw.

By the strangers that passed through the town I sent a message to the trader said to be in the town to which they were going, and told them to tell him that I was sick and had nothing to eat, and that I had also written a note to Mr. Alfred Wolfgang, a white trader in Fernan Vaz, not that I expected any relief from him, as I was at least seven days' journey from him, and had no assurance that the note would ever reach him at all. I sent it, however, by Ogueli when he left for N'Gumbi. In order to get him to carry it with safety I gave him an order for a bottle of rum in payment of his services, but I could not make him understand how he could get a bottle of rum for this bit of paper. My boy explained to him, however, as well as possible, but he was still in doubt if any man would know this paper was worth a bottle of rum; besides, he could not remember which one was intended for the white man and which was for the rum. To satisfy him I took the paper and drew upon the corner the picture of a bottle, which they all recognized at once, and with this postage attached they were delighted to start on their journey with my letter. The note was delivered promptly and sent down the Rembo, and reached the trader by the time I returned. The order for the rum had also been honored, and passed down the river. That picture of the bottle, I think, was the first postage-stamp ever used in the native royal mail. I have brought home with me the original document, which I redeemed at the coast, and keep now as a curio.

While in this town a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of taking my life in order to obtain my gun and cargo, but fortunately I discovered it in time to escape.

I continued my journey on to Tyinenyeni, passing through many other villages, some of which had never been visited by a white man, and of course at these places the natives regarded me with great curiosity. When I arrived at Tyinenyeni, which lies on the head-waters of the Rembo N'Dogo, I found a white man trading at that point. About the time of my arrival at his trading-place a native brought in from another town in the bush a young and handsome kulukamba, or chimpanzee, to sell to the trader in settlement of some difficulty in trading which they had had. On seeing him I immediately laid claim to him, and told the trader I must have him on any terms. He told me in response that if I would spend three days with him I should have the animal, and this I did with double pleasure. We named him Aaron, because he was intended to be a companion and brother to Moses, and on my departure from there I had Aaron carried on the back of a small boy five days through the bush and three days by canoe to Fernan Vaz, thence four days more to the coast. We became the most devoted friends, and you will see him in the picture sitting on my knee, and the small boy that carried him standing beside me holding my rifle. Aaron and the small boy did not get along well. The boy did not like Aaron, because he had to take care of him, and Aaron did not like the boy because the boy did not care for him, and many funny incidents occurred from time to time in which I had to come between them as an umpire. I did not allow the boy to flog the ape, and Aaron seemed to know this, and would show a very ugly disposition toward the boy. Poor little Aaron travelled all those weary miles with me, and then made a voyage with me of forty-two days, and arrived in England in good health, but at last succumbed to the cold climate. But for nearly eight months we were boon companions, and he was the jolliest, brightest little ape that ever came out of Africa.



MR. GARNER, "AARON," AND THE BOY.



THE NATIVES CALL EVERY PLACE WHERE ANY ONE LIVES A TOWN.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXI.

### LUXURY ON A DESOLATE ALEUTIAN ISLAND.

BOTH Jalap Coombs and Serge quickly followed Phil's example so far as the crabs were concerned, and while these were baking, the lads amused themselves by roasting and eating the mussels with which the young hunter had filled his pockets. "My, but aren't these good!" cried Phil, smacking his lips over one of the little yellow mussels that he had just withdrawn steaming hot from its shell and eaten. "I wish we had a bushel of them."

"Ef ye had, ye'd be sorry ye ever seen a mussel afore ye'd finished with 'em," remarked the mate, with a knowing shake of his head. Disdaining to waste his time over anything so trifling and unsatisfactory as mussels, he was devoting himself to the spitting of a salmon on a long stick, which, by the aid of several bits of rock, he so arranged that the fish was held just above a bed of coals.

"Why?" asked Phil and Serge together.

"Because ye'd be made sicker 'n I be of my given name, which seeing as mussels was the cause of it, I never could abide the pesky things. I never have et 'em, *and*

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

never will long 's I kin find anything else to starve on."

"How could mussels possibly be the cause of your having so quiet I mean so distinguished a name?" asked Phil, with undisguised curiosity.

"Waal, I tell ye what It's quite a yarn how the hull thing kim about; but ef you boys will run down to the beach once more for another load of firewood afore it gets plumb dark, and while I tend to the cooking of the fish, I'll spin it to ye after supper."

Agreeing to this, the lads, tired and hungry as they were, set forth into the outside darkness and chill, both of which were intensified by the brief period of firelight and warmth they had just enjoyed. The wind was howling with such an increase of fury that it was all they could do to force their way against it, while the fog had given place to dashes of sleety rain.

Glad enough were they when, their mission accomplished, they once more regained the barrabkie, bending beneath great loads of wood, which they flung down with sighs of relief.

How bright and cheery the once despised interior now looked! What a comfort it was to be sheltered from the tempest, and, above all, what deliciously tantalizing odors of cooking pervaded the whole place! The crabs, beautifully baked, had been drawn from the ashes, and with uplifted claws seemed to beckon the famished lads to come and eat them. The great salmon was nearly done, and was being basted with its own drippings caught in a mussel-shell that Jalap Coombs had thrust into the cleft end of a stick.

No second invitation from the big crabs was needed, for hardly had Phil and Serge caught sight of them before they pounced upon them with such ferocity that the mate was obliged to suspend culinary operations for the time being in order to obtain his share of the first course.

"I always thought that crabs were only good when deviled," remarked Phil at length, as he paused in his eating to look for something on which to crack a big claw. "That's the way my aunt Ruth cooks them. It's an awful bother, though, and why people should take all that trouble for nothing I can't imagine. I'm sure these knock any deviled crabs I ever ate away out of sight."

Then came the fish, which was rather smoky, to be sure, and was served on a bit of board, without sauce garnishings, condiments, or accessories, but which the guests at this wilderness feast pronounced the very finest and best cooked salmon they had ever tasted. Jalap Coombs congratulated his young companions on their splendid appetites, before which the great fish rapidly disappeared, until nothing was left but head, tail, and cleanly picked bones, and they complimented him upon his cooking.

"Wouldn't it make my aunt Ruth open her eyes, though!" said Phil. "She's a good cook, and she knows it too; but she never cooked a salmon like this—that is, not when I was around. Yes indeed, Mr. Coombs, you certainly could give her points."

If Miss Ruth Ryder could have seen her fastidious nephew at that moment, seated on the earthen floor of a ruinous Aleutian barrabkie, and tearing with knife and fingers at a smoky half-cooked salmon, while in the glow of a drift-wood fire his honest freckled face shone with a complete satisfaction, she would have marvelled at him. Could she also have heard his unstinted praise of this rudely served meal, and his extraordinary comparing of her own dainty cooking with the rough-and-ready methods of the uncouth sailor-man who sat beside him in favor of the latter, she would have mourned over him as over one who had lost his mind, and knew not whereof he spoke.

Could she, however, have known how very, very hungry this same nephew had been but a few minutes before, and realized the wonderful properties of the sauce named appetite, she would have rejoiced with him both in his possession of it and his present opportunity for ridding himself of it. She might have been shocked at his apparent forgetfulness of all her teachings in the matter of table manners, but she would have been comforted by his appearance of perfect content with his situation and its surroundings

"I say, isn't this jolly?" he cried, as, having performed his share of clearing up by wiping his knife on a wisp of grass, he lay back luxuriously on his yielding couch of moss and basked in the fireglow. "I'm sure I don't know what a fellow could want in the way of camping out any better than this. We've a good shelter, comfortable beds, plenty to eat, an interesting country to explore, no one to bother us, the best fishing I ever heard of, and good shooting. You said there was plenty of game here, didn't you, Serge?"

"I don't know that I did," answered the young Alaskan, "but there is. I found fresh reindeer tracks to-day, and wherever there are reindeer there are big brown bears as well. In fact, I saw what I am sure must be a bear road."

"What do you mean?" asked Phil, showing his interest by rising into a sitting posture and gazing at the speaker.

"I mean what I said. A regular bear and reindeer road. I never saw one before, but I have often heard hunters describe the well-beaten trail that starts away off on the mainland somewhere beyond the head of Cook's Inlet, and follows the Kenai peninsula for two or three hundred miles down to these very straits of Krenitzin, and so to this island. Every summer many reindeer follow it, and come to Oonimak for the sake of the moss and lichens that grow here more luxuriantly than anywhere else. Wherever the deer go the bears follow, so I expect there are plenty of both on the island now."

"Oh, if I only had a rifle!" sighed Phil. "Is there anything else in the way of game?"

"Not much; only sea-lions, and hair-seals, and foxes, and any quantity of sea-fowl, including ducks and geese, and now and then a sea-otter."

"I call that a pretty fair list. By-the-way, what is a sea-otter? I don't remember ever to have seen one."

"Probably not," laughed Serge. "Along the southern coast of these very islands is about the only place in the whole world where they are now found, and even here they are rarely seen. I tell you the hunter who gets a sea-otter nowadays is in great luck; and yet the only money or trade goods that the four or five thousand Aleuts of these islands ever see come to them in exchange for sea-otter skins. It is the only paying kind of hunting that is left entirely to the natives, and in which white men do not engage."

"Why don't they?"

"Because it is too hard work and too dangerous."

"Is it any harder or more dangerous than seal-hunting?"

"I should say it was! The sea-otter is one of the shyest and most keen-scented of animals. If the tiniest bit of a fire is lighted to windward of him, even miles away, he will scent it and be off. If a man walks on a beach many tides must wash out the scent of his footsteps before a sea-otter will approach that place. So when the wind is off shore the hunters have to go without fire, even for cooking, in winter as well as in summer, sometimes for weeks at a time. Then, too, the sea-otter never really comes ashore, but spends most of his time in the water among the great kelp-beds that you have seen floating in the North Pacific. Even their young are born in those floating cradles. The only place you can catch him ashore is on the rocky reefs and half-submerged islands lying twenty or thirty miles off the coast, and as he only lands on them when driven to do so by the severest gales, it is then that he must be hunted."

"How do they hunt him?" asked Phil, who seemed to follow this investigation to its end.

"If the storm is off shore, like this one, the hunters wait till it shows signs of breaking. Then they launch their bidarkies, fasten their kamleikas tightly around the hatch coamings so that not a drop of water can get in, and run down the gale through seas that would swamp many a larger craft, until they reach the reef, and make a landing under its lee. Then they creep up to windward over the rocks, and generally catch Mr. Otter asleep in the seaweed, where they kill him with short clubs. The story is told of two native hunters who once got seventy-eight in a single hour by this method."

"What is a bidarkie? And what is a kamleika?" asked Phil, to whom these were strange terms.

"A bidarkie," laughed Serge, "is a kyack or skin canoe, such as is used by all Aleuts. It is all covered over, and is absolutely water-tight, except for the round holes or hatches in which its occupants sit. Some bidarkies have three of these holes, some two, and many only one. As a general thing, sea-otter hunters go in couples, and use two-holed bidarkies. A kamleika is a loose water-proof over-garment made of sea-lion intestines. When a hunter, wearing one of these and sitting in a bidarkie, makes its skirts fast to the coaming of his hatch no water can enter his boat, no matter how many seas break over it."

"Do you mean to say that the only way of hunting sea-otters is to go thirty miles from land, in a gale, with a chance of finding an almost invisible reef of rocks and landing on it, or of being blown out to sea if you don't happen to hit it?"

"That's just about it," replied Serge, "though some are shot in the surf, and some are caught by surrounds in the open water, where they are driven by a whole fleet of bidarkies until they are out of breath; for an otter is obliged to come up every now and then to breathe, like a seal."

"And what does it all amount to, anyway? I mean, what are the pelts worth?"

"I have known of a single skin bringing as high as eight hundred dollars," was the answer.

"Phe-w-w!" whistled Phil. "No wonder they are hunted. Did you say there were any left?"

"Not many. They used to be found along the entire American coast as far south as California, and on the northeast coast of Asia as well; but now, as I said, they are only to be found in the wilder parts of Alaska."

"Who buys the skins?"

"Traders who make that their sole business, and engage the hunters by the year, paying them fifty, sixty, and even as high as one hundred dollars a skin."

"I mean, where do they go finally?"

"Oh, to Russia and China mostly, where they are used to trim military uniforms and mandarin robes."

"Well," said Phil, who had been intensely interested in all this, "I don't know of anything I'd rather get a shot at, and if I only had a rifle I'd try for one, though I suppose I'd have to have a bid—what do you call it?—too."

"A bidarkie," laughed Serge. "No, not necessarily; sea-otters are often shot in the surf from the beach, and then the hunter waits until the waves bring the body ashore."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### HOW JALAP COOMBS GOT HIS NAME.

WHILE the lads talked of sea-otters, their companion, who had cleaned up the dishes by the simple process of sweeping the remains of their meal into the fire, had been deliberately shaving bits of tobacco from a plug that had fortunately escaped a wetting, and filling his beloved pipe. This he had lighted with a live coal deftly picked up in his callous fingers, and he now sat surrounded by a halo of fragrant smoke, blinking in the firelight, a picture of placid content. Seizing the opportunity of a pause in the conversation he broke in with:

"Sea-otters allers reminds me of old Kite Roberson, who once said, consarning 'em, 'Jal' he allers called me 'Jal,' short for Jalap, ye understand—"

"By the way," interrupted Phil, "you promised to tell us how you happened to have such an outlan—I mean, such a peculiar name."

"So I did, *and* so I will. To begin with, I want to say that I don't believe as a gineral thing in rebelling again' the name your parents have give ye, when like as not they didn't have nothing else *to* give. In some cases, though, it's difficult to become resigned. I've striv faithful to get reconciled to Jalap, without getting an inch nearer to it to-day than I was when I fust realized what a heathenish hail it war. Being the youngest of thirteen boys, and my father allers hankering fur a gal baby, I was naturally a turrible disappointment to him, in addition to being a mortal ugly young duffer to look at. Seeing he was about run out of Scripter names for boys, my father was hard put to it to know what to call me, and as christening day drew nigh he was in a wuss quandary than ever.

"'Bout this time old Kite Roberson—he was young Kite then—came back from his fust v'y'ge, which he had been four years arter whales in the South Pacific. Now in my town and his'n mussels, such as you two was eating just now, was plenty, and the boys uster have mussel roasts as a reg'lar thing. Kite was mortal fond of 'em, and seeing as he hadn't had none in four years, made up his mind the fust thing when he got back to have the biggest kind of a mussel roast. And so he did. From all accounts he must have eaten nigh onto a bushel, and naturally they made him so sick that he like to ha' died. Now old Mis' Roberson, Kite's ma, was a master hand at doctorin', and what she doctored with mostly was jalap. Of course she gives this to Kite, and stood over him while he swallowed it, till he didn't know which was wust, it or dying.

"Fust time he got round he come over to our house, we being neighbors, to see me, which he hadn't ever sot eyes on me afore. My father fetched me out, and says, referring to me, ye understand, 'He ain't no beauty, is he?'

"'No,' says Kite, who was allers plain-spoken, 'he ain't, for a fact; and to tell ye the truth, Mr. Coombs, I can't think of anything he favors so much as he does a dose of jalap.'

"'Jalap,' says my father, meditating and turning of the word over in his mouth—'Jalap. It's bitter but wholesome, and as he's the dose I've got to take whether or no, I'll call him Jalap, and done with it.'

"He kep' his word, and that's how I come to be sot agin mussels."

"I declare! I don't blame you, Mr. Coombs," said Phil, laughing at this quaint bit of family history; "and if I had been in your place I would have had it changed as soon as I grew up."

"No," said the mate, decidedly, "that wouldn't have done, 'cause, you see, it were all owing to the name, for which Kite naturally felt responserble, that he come to be so friendly with me. Sorter trying to make up for what he'd did, ye understand: and his friendship, he being a powerful smart man, made me what I be."

Phil wanted to laugh again at the evident pride with which the mate of the *Seamew* regarded his station in life, but realizing that it would be very rude, hastily changed the subject by inquiring: "By-the-way, Mr. Coombs, how soon do you think we shall be obliged to leave this island? If it wasn't for my poor father's anxiety I should like to stay here a month. You see, after what Serge has told me, I find there are ever so many things here that I want to see. In fact, I feel as if I must



A SECOND SHOT, FROM SOME UNSEEN SOURCE, STRETCHED HIM DEAD AT THEIR FEET.

see a sea-otter. That is," he added, mischievously, "it seems as if a sea-otter was the one thing I otter see."

"Hey?" ejaculated the mate, taking his pipe from his mouth and gazing at Phil as though he feared something had gone wrong with the lad. Then, as a twinkle in the other's eye betrayed him, he exclaimed: "Get along, ye young villain! We'll stay here long enough to let you see all you want of this island, and more too, if I'm not mightily mistaken in the weather. And now ye'd best follow your chum's example and turn in, for ef ye ain't sleepy, ye ought to be arter the day we've had and the to-morrows that is a-coming."

So the three castaways on that desolate northern island slept on their mossy couch as soundly and peacefully as though in their bunks on board the *Seamew* or in the beds of their distant homes. All night long the wind howled about the stout walls of their shelter, the rain beat on the canvas roof above them, and a mighty roar from the sea filled the air; but none of these things disturbed them, and not until long after daylight did one of them awake.

For a solid week did the tempest rage with unabated fury, and long before the end of that time they were wearied almost beyond endurance with their enforced inaction and monotonous diet. To Phil in particular did the salmon and crabs, that he had thought so good on that first night, grow so distasteful that it became almost impossible for him to swallow the hated food.

During those seven long, weary days they only left the hut when forced to do so to obtain food, wood, or water. Serge went as far as the wreck of their boat, where he obtained several oak ribs and half a dozen nails. The latter were ground, or, rather, rubbed down to sharp points by his companions, while he busied himself in cutting out two of the great clumsy-looking wooden halibut-hooks, such as are used by the Indians about Sitka, and specimens of which are brought from there by every Alaskan tourist. At the proper point in each of these he inserted one of the sharpened nails, and Jalap Coombs lashed them solidly into place with bits of twine.

One morning, at the beginning of their second week of captivity, the castaways were awakened by a burst of sunshine, and sprang from their couch of moss to be greeted by as glorious a July day as any of them had ever seen. It was made up of sunshine, blue sky, a dimpled sea, a landscape of plain, foot-hill, and snow-capped mountains all glowing with the yellows, reds, purples, and greens of mosses, lichens, and volcanic cliffs. Above all, Shishaldin reared his lofty crest that his filmy smoke-plumes might stream out bravely in the crisp morning breeze.

During the week just past our friends had discussed over and over again their plans for the future, and had decided that the first thing was to attract the attention of some passing vessel that might be induced to take them and their seal-skins to Oonalaska. This place, although lying many miles to the westward, was the nearest settlement and trading-post, and also the point of departure for the monthly steamer to Sitka. At Oonalaska they would dispose of their furs. Phil and Serge would engage passage for the destination they so longed to reach, and Jalap Coombs's future would be laid out according to circumstances. But first they must catch their schooner.

As vessels were more likely to be seen on the Pacific than on the Bering Sea side of the island, they decided first of all to climb a very considerable elevation that rose almost directly from the Krenitzin Straits, and a couple of miles south of their camp. From this they hoped to see both waters. During their walk they caught glimpses of several small bands of reindeer, and of one or two distant moving objects that Phil was certain must be bear. Never had he wished for a rifle so much as now. Venison and bear meat! How good either or both of them would taste! How he hated fish and longed for meat! But there was probably no gun of any kind within a hundred miles of him save those that he knew of at the bottom of the sea.

They were disappointed to find that the Pacific was hidden from the elevation they ascended by another rising beyond it. As they descended into the valley between the two, with the intention of climbing the second hill, they were startled by the ringing report of a rifle-shot. A moment later three reindeer came flying up the valley with the speed of the wind, rushed past them so closely that they involuntarily stepped back for fear of being trampled underfoot, and disappeared. A fourth who was lagging behind, evidently wounded, stumbled, and halted but a short distance from them. Ere he could resume his flight, a second shot, still from some unseen source, stretched him dead at their feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# A YOUNG CAROLINA REBEL.

BY G. T. FERRIS

"COME, come, Snowball, step out smartly and fetch me here the horses if you would save that precious black hide of yours," said Major Innis, the leader of the Tory band; and then, with an exaggerated sweep of the hat and a sarcastic smile to the young girl who stood on the broad veranda with a frown on her childish face, "Captain Savage's taste in horseflesh is so well known that it would ill become a connoisseur to do him the poor compliment of passing them by."

"Not one step, Pompey. I command you to stay where you are," said Betty Moore, with a ring in her voice.

The old darky rolled the whites of his eyes from his young mistress to the Tory partisan, whose face showed he was in no mood for fooling, and his skin began to approach the hue of his grizzled wool.

"Dem hosses—dem hosses," stammered Pomp, shaking with terror, "dey's done gone out in de grass lot. Takes mor'n one pore ole nigger to cotch dem beastisses, Massa Ossifer."

"I see your skin's itching for a taste of cowhide," replied Major Innis, grimly. "Here, sergeant, truss old ebony up to the gate-post, and give him a couple dozen licks with the cat. Lay 'em on well, and we'll see if he can't catch those horses without help."

Betty darted from her perch like a young fury, and threw her arms about old Pompey's neck. "You cowards," she panted, "to whip a helpless black man! You shall whip me first. It won't be the first time you've lashed women and girls, if stories are true."

Major Innis, a Carolinian born and a fierce partisan, whose cruelty had made his name detested far and wide, had yet a spark of chivalry in his heart to which the girl's brave taunt appealed. His face softened, and he ordered his troopers to desist, detailing two of them to catch the thoroughbreds, which were famous in the Edgefield district, and to capture which was the main purpose of his halt at the Beeches.

"And now, Miss Betty, that I've shown myself not quite the brute which Whig slanders make me, permit me and my officers to be your guests for an hour or two," he continued, with a touch of the former cynical humor. The unwilling girl turned and gave the needful orders, for her step-father, Captain Savage, was absent, and her mother was an invalid.

Lower South Carolina was entirely in the hands of the enemy in the summer of 1780. The western section, the beautiful hill country at the foot of the Alleghanies, was harried by squadrons of British and Tory troopers, who burned and looted with both hands. Only Marion and Sumter, hiding in the swamps, now and then struck lightning blows, like rattlesnakes from the coil.

Betty Moore's heart swelled with bitterness as she looked out on an animated scene that July afternoon, the yard and adjoining field gay with the military trappings of two hundred men and horses. This child of fourteen was as hot a little rebel as could be found in the province, and the times had made her older than the count of summers and winters. Her own father had served with Washington in the Braddock expedition, and a brave stock flashed in her black eyes and stirred in every motion of her lithe young figure. Betty had never thrummed the harpsichord, nor walked a minuet; but she could ride an unbroken colt bareback; she could hit the bull's-eye with the rifle at a hundred paces, young as she was; and as for other accomplishments, she could fry and stew and bake and roast as well as old black Chloe herself—a perfect sorceress at the kitchen fire. These arts would not go far in the training of a growing damsel of to-day, but they served very well for a country girl of 1780.

Major Innis and his underlings were holding "high jinks" in the big dining-room. Betty had ordered the best to be set before them, and Pompey, to his great disgust, had been obliged to unearth the Captain's finest old "peach" from its secret store. She was a lass of sense as well as spirit, and she thought thus to restrain these enforced guests from worse rapine.

The dishes rattled, the glasses clinked, and coarse jests flew from mouth to mouth as Pompey's shrunken shanks trotted around the table to serve the clamorous bawling of the feasters.

"Here's to the health of Miss Betty," hiccupped the Major, "the very worst little spitfire of a rebel in the country. 'Tis a brave little lass, and when his Majesty's forces shall have crushed out all the vipers, will grow into a fine match five years hence for some loyal subject with no guineas to his purse, for there's a pretty estate to boot, they say."

The wool bristled on Pompey's gray poll at such lib-



"YOU COWARDS, TO WHIP A HELPLESS BLACK MAN!"

erties taken with the name of his little "missy," and, much as he feared the rude soldiers he was waiting on, he dropped the platter he was bearing before Major Innis with such a clatter and a push as to upset a decanter.

"Out of this, you clumsy black knave!" roared the Major, in high dudgeon. "Waste of such nectar as this is a crying sin. We've that to say too which wants no sheaskin' nigger around. And, look ye, Snowball, no key-hole work. If I catch ye at that, I'll hang ye as high as Haman."

Pomp's teeth chattered as he went out, and much as he dreaded the notion of being honored as Haman was, some fascination rooted him near the door. Here he lingered, till finally, drawn as a bird is attracted to a snake, the old fellow settled down on his marrow-bones and glued his ear to that prohibited key-hole. Here Betty, who had been upstairs with her mother, found him, his eyes shining big and white, and his wrinkled face working portentously, as if he were bursting with news. Wriggling to his feet, he winked and motioned and led the way far out of ear-shot.

"Oh, missy! missy!" he stuttered, scarcely able to talk, "dose redcoat willyums! Lor'a'massy! I's so conflusterated! Dey's gwine to 'tack our sojer folkses 'bout fifteen mile down de ribber, whar dey's in camp waitin' to hyar whar Gen'l Maryem is. Deh bloody Tories swar dey'll shoot and hang ebery soul and gib no quarter, 'case our sojers has wiolated dyar p'rol. Yes, 'um, dat's what dey done says. Our folkses is sho dead sojers befo' sunrise unless dey get warnin', fo' dey's on'y fifty ob 'em."

Betty's eyes flashed, and her nerves thrilled, and her thoughts worked quickly. Old Pompey was doubled up with rheumatism, and he was out of the question. Then, too, all their horses were gone. Were it not for that, she herself could slip stealthily out of sight, saddle one of these thoroughbreds which she had fondled from colts up (the cruel, cruel wretches, she thought, to have stolen her pets!), and cover the ground in less than four hours. But, thank goodness! there was the river. That way was fifteen miles, but by the only road for cavalry which could be taken it was nearly double the distance.

A mile away from the back of the mansion, flashing down from its mountain sources, the Savannah River flowed in irregular curves, now spreading almost lake-like in the midst of rich meadows, now rushing through mountain gorges, now smiling unruffled in the sunshine, now boiling in rapids through a channel partly choked with jagged rocks. So steeply did precipices beetle over its flood in places that the road swept far inland to find a gap through the broken and transverse ridges, whose purple tops could be seen mingling with the sky from the "Beeches." Down this treacherous track was to be Betty's roadway, for she had already shaped her purpose. There was no other way, and she thought she knew very nearly where the American camp must be. She had often paddled up and down the river for miles, and even dared the rapids themselves in sport. Betty was as skilful in her canoe as she was on horseback, and could swim like a young mermaid.

"Pompey," she said, "not a word to Mamsey till I am gone, and tell her not to be worried. I don't dare see her. But go I must to save our soldiers; and I must go down the river, too."

"B-b-but, h'l' missy," said Pompey, scared out of his wits at this expedition, "t'ink ob all de wile beastisses de painters, de wolves, de byars, de wile-cats, an'—" here there was a fresh fit of the shivers, and his eyes got big as saucers—"t'ink ob dey Injun ghostesis down dyar in de ole grabeyard, whar I seed 'um myse'f once."

Betty smiled amidst her graver cares, and assured Pomp she feared other things more than ghosts.

The girl made her preparations quickly. She longed to dart up stairs and kiss her mother good-by, and her eyes filled with tears. But the luxury was a risk, for it might mean avowal and a veto. She shouldered the light rifle she had learned to use, and with old Pompey hobbling after, slipped through the dark lane; for the sun had already sunk behind the crest of the distant peaks, crowning them with unspeakable splendor, but leaving the earth below in shade.

"Hello, sis! Goin' canoein' and shootin' too? Lem me go. I've been down here fishin' for perch, but nary a bite. Got tired of watchin' them redcoats." This hail at the river-bank came from little Peter Savage, Betty's half-brother, a sturdy imp of ten.

"No, no, Pete, you must go back!" Then a thought flashed on her. Running the rapids in the dark alone was a fearful risk, even with a pine torch flaring at the bow. But with sharp-eyed Peter, who was almost as handy in a canoe as herself, to watch for rocks, the peril was far less. To do her work she would even put her little brother in peril. "Yes, get in," she said at last, as if it would choke her. And they pushed the frail boat from the bank, leaving Pompey groaning and wringing his hands. Down the smooth, dark, glancing current they shot swiftly. The river was fringed with bushes, shutting them out from view of any prowling scout. Peter's eyes danced with mischievous glee.

"I say, Bet, whar are we goin'? 'Twill be dark in less 'n an hour. Anyway it's fun!" And when she told all, he clapped his hands, and there was intense approval in his freckled young face. She told him just what to do at the bow of the canoe; and as the river swept toward the hills, the torch was lighted with flint and steel.

Betty listened intently, and she fancied she heard the faint notes of music far away. Perhaps it was the dragoon trumpeters sounding to horse. She knew it was the plan of Major Innis to strike the American camp in the dead of night. With the start she had she ought to be in good season, unless—and as she looked ahead and saw the eddies swirling around great bowlders and over sharp ledges her heart sickened with dread. On the canoe dashed through the gateway of the hills, while Peter, absorbed in his task and too young for fear, watched the pine-knot glare on the ripples with cries of "Left! right!" It was jolly fun.

Betty thrilled through and through with vague fears, but there was no swerving of heart. The prowling creatures of night that howled in the thickets of laurel growing to the bank she scarcely heard. The moon had now begun to flood the stream with silver, and a far stretch of foam and flash glittered terribly, and the hissing was that of a serpent gaping for a victim. A hundred times a timely paddle-stroke barely cleared destruction. The young girl prayed silently, while the canoe was whirled onward, dancing as if it were a bubble. Hours seemed to have passed, and suddenly the thought lit her hopes as the moon lit the river, "We must be nearly there," and in the good cheer of it she forgot her vigilance for a second.

"Left! left!" screamed little Peter. Too late! A bowlder lying under the shoulder of a cliff in deep shadow smashed the canoe like an egg-shell, and Betty found herself waist-deep in the water. "I'm all right," piped the boy, already scrambling up the bank by help of the bushes; and Betty, too, was quickly on dry land, with the rifle in her hand, for some unconscious instinct had made her seize it in time. She was alone there in the bowels of the wilderness, with a child more helpless than herself, without a clew to guide her steps through the cruel thickets and gloomy forest. Hope went out as if it were the pine knot quenched in the river, and her slender frame shook with sobs. Peter now began to whimper, for it had ceased to be fun. Strange to say, at that wail Betty dried her own tears. She took him in her arms, coddled him mother fashion, and both these "babes in the

wood" felt their spirits rise. "So, so, little man," she said, "keep good heart. We can't be far from camp now."

The pair pushed through the dense covert, and emerged in open but lofty woods. The moonshine glimmered through the flutter of the leaves, and made the forest an enchanted park, a very playground for the fairies. The two swung on gayly hand in hand, and Betty felt almost sure that when they turned the corner of the mountain they would see the blaze of the camp-fires.

Why did Peter's fingers clutch hers so hard? Betty looked upward, and her blood froze. On the limb of a tree twenty feet away crouched a snarling creature partly hidden in the foliage, and two green fire-balls shining. Her limbs stiffened as she sprang in front of the child. She muttered a childish prayer she had learned at her mother's knee as she stared into those appalling eyes. It was the force of an automaton that raised her rifle to the shoulder, some power she knew not of which guided the aim and touched the trigger, and she only heard a muffled report as her senses slipped away and she fell.

When she came to herself, Peter was hugging and patting her, and two bronzed riflemen, half soldiers, half woodsmen in garb, chafing her hands. A few feet away lay the form of the huge cat which she had last seen gathered for a fatal leap. With the expiring quiver of strength her finger had sped the bullet which smashed through the wicked eyeball. The crack of the rifle had been heard by the two hunters, who had been scouring the forest for venison to supply the brother soldiers camped not a mile distant, and they had hastened to the spot. When they reached the camp and Betty told the story of her mission in shy and hesitating words, tears glistened in the eyes of the men she had saved, and they crowded around her and kissed her little brown hands with passionate gratitude.



"LEFT! LEFT!" SCREAMED PETER.

"Brave fighting-men, and hardy as you are, each and all," said Captain Butler, their young leader, as he spoke to them with words of fire, "the stoutest heart here might feel honored by this night's work done by a weak girl. Let this memory, my gallant lads, whet your spirits to a keener edge, and put more downright force into every blow for the good cause." And so it did wherever it got buzzed abroad, and many a heart was stirred and lifted by the story of Betty Moore's adventure during two years of gloom and discouragement in the Carolinas. When Major Innis reached the American camp that night, the embers of the camp-fires still smouldered, but the nest was empty, the birds flown. The news of how he had been cheated by-and-by reached the ears of the fierce Tory raider. But who can gauge the heart of man? Rumor said it was once proposed to him to smoke out the "Beeches" and the rebel vermin that harbored there, and that thereupon Major Innis clapped his hand to his sword-hilt, and with a few curt words said:

"The man that sets torch to the roof sheltering Betty Moore, if he bear his Majesty's commission, shall answer to me with this; if he be enlisted man, 'twill be short shrift and long rope."

## THE GIRL FURNISHES HER ROOM.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

A ROOM should, so far as possible, reflect its owner's individuality. It is not enough that it should be pretty and dainty and well kept. All these it should be, and more.

When a girl has a room of her very own upon which she can exercise her taste, she has a golden opportunity, and she should do nothing hastily or rashly. She should outline the general plan of the room first of all, and then proceed to particulars, bearing in mind always that a harmonious whole is the end to keep in view, and that this can only be achieved by thought and skill.

In selecting the tone of color in which a room is to be furnished—and when I say furnished I refer to the covering of the walls and floor and to the hangings, as well as to the various pieces of furniture the chamber will contain—due consideration must be given to the exposure of the room. If the sun pours into it all day, cool soft tints may be used—grays, blues, greens. If, however, the room should have a northern exposure, the lack of sunlight must be considered, and in a measure supplied by the colors used in fitting it up. Here warm browns and reds, pink or yellow, find their proper place.

Do not have a hodge-podge of colors in your room. Choose one general tint and stick to it. This does not imply that there must be absolute uniformity of tint, unrelieved by a spot of any other color. Nature is a tolerably good example to follow, and every one knows the delight it gives the eye to see a splash of splendid scarlet, autumn's earliest banner, hung against a background of deep forest green, or how a knot of yellow dandelions accentuates the beauty of the spring grass. But use these exclamation points of color sparingly and judiciously. When too frequent, they lose their force.

It seldom happens that a girl has a charming room given her, with a liberal sum for furnishing it from carpet to bric-à-brac. Generally she has a chamber already furnished in the taste of some older person—a taste which may be excellent, and yet is not her own. How the girl longs to pull it to pieces, to cast out the carpet that has perhaps seen its best days on the parlor floor, to tear down the paper, whose colors "swear" at those in the curtains, to bundle off to an auction-room the furniture that is so ungraceful, and alas! so substantial, and to replace all these by pretty rugs, artistic paper and hangings, a little brass and-iron bedstead, a quaint dressing table, and odd chairs and tables!

Rarely indeed can a girl do this. And almost as rarely is found a girl who can, in the approved fashion of story-books, refurnish her room from an astonishing attic, where she finds spinning-wheels, spindle-legged chairs and tables, brass-handled chests of drawers, and gilt-framed grandmothers' mirrors. The attics have been emptied now, and their contents are rubbed up and proudly displayed in the drawing-rooms.

There are, however, many girls who can manage to do their rooms over little by little, and so gradually to bring them up to their ideals. If it is known that the daughter

of the house is planning for this nearly every member of the family will feel an interest in it. When the father is considering her birthday gift he will make it take the form of a check or a crisp bill that will repaper the walls, or lay a rug for the floor, or put new curtains at the windows. When the mother does her sprucing and fall stooping she will be on the lookout for remnants that will serve as drapery for a table or a picture, or to cover a sofa cushion or a chair back. She will pick up a few pretty towels or a dainty bed spread for the little daughter's room. And when the big brother is buying Christmas gifts, if he knows his sister's desires, he may speak a word to Santa Claus that will result in a new picture, or lamp, or a fine cast, while the girl's friends will be only too happy to know that something for the new room will be the most acceptable present.

Moreover, when the girl once becomes thoroughly interested in making her room charming, she will find many times that she will forego caramels and ice-cream for the sake of slipping a dime into the box she keeps as a savings-bank. If she has an allowance for dress, she will be more careful with her gloves and make her ribbons last a little longer for the sake of buying something pretty and satisfactory for her room. Such an apartment will be far dearer to her than one she had furnished out of hand from a full purse, as all things are more precious that are purchased by any sacrifice, small or great.

The decoration of a room need not be expensive in order to be both pretty and good. Take the matter of wall-paper, for instance. Nothing is better for a background than a solid color, such as is provided by a heavy cartridge paper. This wears well, and is not costly. It is a great mistake to put a gayly colored or conspicuously figured paper on a wall unless one is able to change it when she grows weary of it. Such a paper has the added disadvantage of distracting the eye from the pictures hung against it, so that they do not show at their best. If a paper is not absolutely plain, it should have an unremarkable figure, and the tints should be so harmoniously blended that no one asserts itself prominently above the others.



THE "FAMILY MANTEL."

Where the wall is a good hard-finish, and paper is beyond the purse of the furnisher, excellent effects may be obtained at a trifling cost by kalsomining. I have known ingenious girls who not only stain their walls themselves, but also put up with their own hands friezes of fish-net, matting, and paper.

When the walls of a room are done in a plain color, it is to the frieze one must look for an eccentric or striking effect that will prevent monotony. A fish-net frieze is pretty, and not costly. The attractive finish it makes to a wall in a solid color is shown in the illustration. A narrow picture-moulding holds it in place at top and bottom. The net may be put up before the wall is tinted, and receive a coat of color with the rest. Where paper is used, the net frieze may be painted a contrasting color or gilded, or if the walls are light the frieze may be a deeper shade of the same tint.

Another good frieze may be made of the matting with which tea-chests are covered. In its natural shade it would harmonize with some papers, but when used with paper of an écru or light brown shade it is extremely pretty to paint or stain the matting a dark brown, and fleck it irregularly here and there with gold. Any girl who knows enough to manage a paint-brush in applying stain to a floor can do this coloring herself. Jute bagging, similarly treated, is very satisfactory, and I have seen an effective frieze made of the corrugated paper in which bottles are packed. It was fastened to the wall by tiny tacks and then gilded. A gilt picture-moulding finished the lower edge. Should none of these fancies suit the caprice of the young house-furnisher she can find wall-paper friezes in endless variety, and among them all she can hardly fail to find something that will accord with the general scheme of her apartment.

While carpets are always eminently comfortable coverings for the floors of bedrooms, they are less desirable from a hygienic stand-point than either a matting or a bare floor and rugs. Nothing could be better than a polished floor with rugs laid by the bed, the bureau, the washstand, or the fireplace. These rugs need not all match either in color or design, but while fur rugs look well with anything it is not wise to have Turkish and Japanese rugs in the same room. The latter are admirable for a bedroom, and their soft colors are especially suitable to a room where light tints predominate. For instance, in a room where the keynote is blue, where the walls are of this shade, the draperies of the blue and white Japanese crape that washes like a handkerchief, the bed of white enamelled iron with brass knobs, draped and canopied in white with a bit of blue in ribbons or duvet, what would be prettier on a polished or shellaced floor than one large Japanese rug or two or three smaller ones in gray and dull-shaded blues? There should be blue-framed etchings and engravings on the wall of such a room, and two or three water-colors in soft tints. And in some corner where the blues are deepest in drapery or hangings there should be a picture framed in dead gold, or a "throw" bright with gilt, and there should be a fireplace with shining brass andirons and fender, that the bit of vivid contrast may bring out the beauty of the blues, as in cooking a few drops of lemon-juice intensifies the flavor of strawberries.

As I have said before, a girl often has to use what she has in the way of furniture. But occasionally she is given the bliss of choosing it for herself, and then it behooves her to keep a steady head, and not be carried away by any tricks of ornamentation or passing desires. She must remember that this set of furniture is a permanency, and that she would soon weary of anything not really

good. She can hardly go astray in purchasing a brass bedstead, or a white enamelled iron bed with brass finishings. One of these costs more than a wooden bed at the first, but it generally proves more satisfactory. It is easily kept clean, does not harbor dust, and a painter can make the iron bed as good as new if the white becomes defaced. As the brass is lacquered there is no trouble in keeping it bright.



THE "FISH-NET" FRIEZE WITH WHITE ENAMELLED FURNITURE.

While too many draperies are never desirable in a sleeping-room the temptation to add a pretty canopy to a bed is almost irresistible. The support for this is made by carrying two slender upright rods from the head bed-posts to the height at which the canopy is to be placed, and securing to these a half-hoop, whose round will project over the bed. On this are gathered the draperies of some light wash-stuff. They are long enough to reach the floor, and are gathered back and tied to the bed-posts by ribbons. The open space between the outer edge of the half-hoop and the wall may be filled in by a piece of material like the curtains, fastened at the back to a strip extending between the two uprights and caught to the curtains by a few stitches. Many of the iron beds come with the canopy frame attached to them.

The furniture to accompany an iron bed should be of a wood that will go well with the general tone of the room. Oak and ash are especially suitable in a room where blue is the prevailing shade.

Cherry also looks well with blue or with buff or brown. For a young girl's room the white-enamelled furniture is charming, and it can always be made to look as good as new by a fresh coat of paint. The girl who has one of the old-fashioned painted "cottage" sets can bring it up to date easily and inexpensively by treating it to a couple of coats of white enamel paint. She can also make shabby, worn chairs things of beauty by the same course, and by further embellishing them with cushions in the seat and on the back, covered with silk, sateen, or silkoline.

Many of these metamorphoses may be wrought at a little expense of money and thought. I have seen a charming dressing table made from a common kitchen table, draped first with ordinary white cambric or silesia, and this in turn covered with white dotted muslin. A pretty bureau scarf was spread on top, and a mirror hung above it. Colored silesia may be put under the white muslin, or one of the many cheap and pretty fabrics that tempt the eye everywhere may be used for the drapery.

With such a dressing table as this there should go a chest of drawers or a chiffonier. A most useful addition to the furniture of a girl's room is one of the box couches that are sold nowadays, with spring-cushion tops and a coffer underneath, in which the girl owner may lay at full length her dainty party gowns and her freshly laundered summer frocks. She should not put there articles that she will need very frequently, for the top of the couch will probably be piled with cushions. These will be of many shapes and sizes, and covered with stuffs of all sorts—unless, indeed, the girl takes advantage of some niche in her chamber to make there a divan of a box with a cushioned top and to convert it into the most luxurious of lounging-places by a stack of pillows. A wide window thus fitted with a bench is a delightful nook for reading and dreaming.

A word concerning window draperies. Let them be simple, hanging in straight folds that will not catch the dust, and of a wash goods, so that they go into the tub as often as they need it.

It seems a simple enough thing to adorn a room. The average girl does it by sticking up one pretty thing in this place and another in that, by tacking up a photograph here, a fan there, a luncheon card or german favor somewhere else. The below-the-average girl ornaments (?) her room with advertising calendars, pictures, and cards, and makes of it a sort of big scrap-basket. The effect of the first room is patchy, that of the second is vulgar. An accepted idea with some young people appears to be that anything that is gay or fanciful or unusual will be a valuable addition to a room. On the same principle many girls buy any pretty trifle that strikes their fancies and suits their purses. Bear in mind, dear girls, that the mere fact that a thing is pretty is not all that is needed in selecting ornaments for a room. There must be a certain suitability to their surroundings or they will take away from the beauty of your apartment.

An excellent idea is that of massing objects of a certain sort. That is well shown in one of the illustrations accompanying this paper. It is what is called by its owner a "family mantel," and here she has grouped the pictures of the household and various trifling souvenirs they have given her from time to time. Thus arranged, they produce a pretty effect, while if they were scattered here and there they would be trivial and uninteresting. The same idea of grouping should be applied to unframed photographs of friends, to cotillion favors, and to many

of the other trifles dear to a girl's heart. A trophy of Japanese fans may make a brilliant spot of color in one corner of the room, and add wonderfully to the artistic effect that would be destroyed if the fans were stuck here and there alone, with neither rhyme nor reason for their position.

The faculty of decorating her room with skill may not come all at once, but as the girl gives more time and thought to the pleasant task, she will devise charming new conceits. It may be a graceful idea, like that shown in the illustration, where fish-net, such as is used as a frieze, serves as a window drapery, with a long end that does duty as a table-cover. It may be the idea of covering a defaced table top with a pretty fine matting laid on flat and secured with small tacks. If she is a partisan of some college it may occur to her to work a big banner in the colors of her preferred institution, and hang it on a blank space on the wall, or on the back of a door which cannot be screened by a portière.

The girl need have no fear that she will finish her room too soon. There will always be plenty of work for her fancy and fingers. There will be a curtain for the book-case, a drapery for the mantel, scarfs for the bureau and dressing-table, towels to embroider for her own especial use, a worked counterpane for the little white bed, and if she is imbued with the passion for cushions that is raging at present, she can exercise her powers upon these, fashioning them in odd shapes for chairs, the floor, the window-bench, the divan, and bestowing all the skill of her fingers upon the risers, "ears," single and double ruffles, and rosettes with which she embellishes them.

About each girl will naturally gather the symbols of her favorite pursuit. The artistic girl will have her easel and palette, her brushes and sketches in evidence. The amateur photographer will give her camera and photographs posts of honor. The girl of literary tastes will have her chamber bear the aspect of a library, while the girl who loves music will have a corner dedicated to her banjo or guitar or mandolin, to the photographs, busts, and bass-reliefs of her favorite composers, and may even go so far as to have the frieze adorned with scattered notes and bars of music. A single glance at such a chamber as this will tell as plainly as a close examination that the room was not a happening, but was planned for and by the girl who makes it her sweet nest.

## A DUEL WITH HARPOONS.

BY PAUL HULL.

SOME years ago a "down-East" whaling Captain was dining with a number of American ship-masters at a hotel in Honolulu. The occasion was a Fourth-of-July dinner given in honor of the day by one of the resident merchants, who was a citizen of the United States. Being served on the piazza of the house, the surroundings were not altogether of a private nature, and while the spread-eagle talk of the guests at the table was quite amusing, and not devoid of interest to the general company seated in the vicinity, there was a group of foreign naval officers who evidently failed to relish the some what pointed and at times unkindly remarks aimed at them by the Yankees, whose enthusiasm and boasting kept pace with the generous measures of stimulant that went round the board with rather startling regularity. At high-water mark in the dinner the whaling Captain climbed on top of his chair and proceeded with an old-fashioned backwoods Fourth of July oration.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," he commenced, although there was an absence of the fair sex, "this is ther Fourth of July, ther day our forefathers made up their minds that it was 'bout time we stopped Johnny Bull from bullying us, an' treating us 's if we was only good 'nough ter crawl down in ther mud Jersey mud at that an' dust off' his shoes. This is ther day that ther people of this ere present United States of America declared their selves jest as good as any King—in fact, that they was all kings, but that as jewelry was putty high, they would dispense with ther crowns. Well, ladies an' gents, our daddies had told George, him that was King of that ten-acre lot across th' Atlantic, that if he didn't stop monkeying with us we would up an' do somethin' ter rile him putty sharp; but George didn't seem ter think we'd dare do it fer all our sass to him; but when he found out that our dog wasn't all bark, then he went ter work an' sent over his war-ships an' his soldiers, an' 's if he thought that wasn't going ter be 'nough ter wallop us, he went an' paid er lot of furrin troops ter come over an' make targets of our granddaddies. Well, yer see, ther Continental Congress wasn't no slouch, an' so they sent down ter Virginia an' told George Washington ter quit raising terbaccer long 'nough ter come up North an' lambaste them Britishers an' Hessians, an' teach 'em that Americans wasn't going ter let 'em go raidin' 'round this great an' glorious country a-shooting of peaceable people down at Lexington because they didn't git off ther public square quite quick 'nough for ter suit 'em; then ergen settin' fire ter barns, an' even goin' so far 's ter go inter houses an' rip open ther feather beds our grandmammies set sech store by an' empty ther molasses jug inter ther middle of 'em jest out of derned cussedness. Well, ladies an' gents, we went ter work an' gave ther Britishers a blame good lickin' at Bunker Hill, nigh Boston, State of Massachusetts; then, after we kinder got rested a bit, we started in and gave 'em hail Columbia at er place called Trenton; an' while sech of our boys as Morgan was er knockin' spots out of ther redcoats down South, old Ethan Allen, without firin' a shot, was capturin' forts in ther name of ther 'Great Jehovah an' ther Continental Congress', an' our old ships was lightin' ther best English frigates afloat, an' takin' 'em inter port ter be turned inter American men o' war. An' while we're talkin' about lickin' ther British navy, ladies an' gents, don't let us forgit about Paul Jones an' his rotten old ship called ther *Good Man Richard*, that went inter ther English Channel an' dared George ter send his ships out ter fight him, an' when at last George fitted out the *Serapis* a purpose to down John Paul, an' told Capt'n Pearson, him as commanded ther *Serapis*, ter go out an' git ther same John Paul an' bring him in chains ter London as er pirate, John Paul laughed, an' sent word ter George that 'f he didn't keep er civil tongue 'twixt his teeth he would sail up ther Thames River some mornin', an' chuck er cannon-ball inter George's palace jest as all ther swells was a-going ter breakfast. Well, ladies an' gents, ther two ships met, an' what was ther result of ther fight? Why, there was only one result. John Paul sees the *Serapis* a-comin', an' says John Paul, says he, 'She's a pretty nice-lookin' craft; guess I'd better capture her.' Well, ladies an' gents—no, not ladies an' gents, but fellow-citizens an' countrymen—what happened when John Paul let drive at ther proud Britisher? All his guns was old an' rotten, an' whenever he fired 'em off they bust an' killed ther men what were handlin' em, so in a few minutes John Paul had only a few guns left on the upper deck what hadn't bust, an' his ship was on fire close ter ther magazine, an' so many of his men was killed that ther blood was a-runnin' out of ther scuppers ankle-deep. Ther Britisher was less 'n er hundred feet away, a-plunkin' ther *Good Man Richard* at every crack with cannon-balls heated red-hot, so 's ter set fire to her; an' jest then John Paul's carpenter rushed up from below, an' runs up ter John Paul, who was a-standin' cool 's you please on ther poop-deck, an' he yells out, scart like, 'Ther ship's sinkin', sir!' Well, the Britisher was that close he hears what the car-

penter says, so he grabs up his speakin'-trumpet, an' calls ter John Paul, 'Do you surrender?' An' John Paul he looks at ther British Captain kinder scornful like, an' says, 'I haven't commenced ter fight yet.' What was ther result? As I said before, there was only one result, for John Paul he hooked on to ther Britisher, drove all ther English sailors below, clapped ther hatches on to 'em, then hauled down ther flag that George was so conceited over, an' runs up th' American banner that had a rattlesnake painted on it, an' underneath it was the words, 'Don't tread on me.' In conclusion, fellow-citizens, let us always remember that we've licked ther Britishers twice, an' we can do it again."

In the midst of the applause that followed the grand wind-up of the skipper's address one of the naval officers, conceiving that the speech just rendered had been intended as an insult to his party, approached the half-tipsy whaling Captain, and said:

"Sir, I demand satisfaction for your unpardonable public attack upon my nation. Unless *you are a coward*, you will not seek to escape the natural consequences of your contemptible conduct. I will send my representative to arrange the time and place of meeting;" and bowing haughtily, he rejoined his party.

It is needless to state that the utmost excitement attended the breaking up of the dinner. Several Hawaiian gentlemen present, who were familiar with the English officer's proficiency in sword and pistol practice, told the skipper that it would be simply committing suicide for him to encounter the naval gentleman, and suggested that he either evade the meeting by offering an explanation to the effect that no affront was intended, or by going on board his ship and setting sail. To all this well-meant advice the Captain turned a deaf ear, stating that he had only told the truth, and that he was willing to stand by what he had said, let the consequences be what they might. He then requested a brother Captain to act as his second, and arrange for the encounter, but gave him instructions to the effect that, being the challenged party, the choice of weapons rested with him, and that in case this matter was brought up by the other's second, to inform him that they would be produced on the field.

By morning it was known all over town that a duel was to be fought that afternoon on the beach just beyond the outskirts of the city

For an hour previous to the time appointed for the meeting, the majority of the male inhabitants had either reached the scene or were on their way thither. Promptly on time the Captain was rowed ashore in his whale-boat, and when he stepped out on the sand he was observed to carry a slender bundle under his arm. Almost immediately the English officer and his party arrived, the second carrying two delicate swords and a square case, inside of which reposed a pair of duelling-pistols. Upon being requested to make his choice between the two, our whaling friend refused to fight with either, and asked if the laws of the duello were not to govern the affair. Upon being so assured, the Captain then asserted that as the challenged party he would name and supply the weapons. Opening his bundle, he produced two harpoons, and coolly requested his second to present them to his opponent for selection. The English party protested against such savage implements, claiming that it was to be a fight between two civilized men, and not spear-throwing savages; but the Captain insisted that the harpoon was the only weapon with which he was familiar, and that his antagonist must, according to duelling law, abide by his choice. To this the challenger loftily stated that he was ready and anxious to settle the matter with such arms as became a gentleman, but that he positively refused to descend to the level of a butcher to satisfy the whale-sticking inclinations of his adversary. He then withdrew, followed by the laughter of the audience.

## A PARADOX.

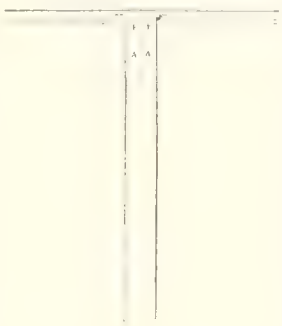
ROLL a piece of stiff writing-paper about three inches long and one inch wide into a tube of about the diameter of a pencil, and fasten down the edge with mucilage. Cut out a piece of very heavy card-board about two inches square, and cut a hole in the centre of this just the size of the tube.

Fit the pasteboard on the tube as in the figure, and fasten it with mucilage. Be very careful to have the surface of the pasteboard perfectly smooth.

Now cut out a piece of writing-paper the same size as the pasteboard, and stick a pin through the centre. Place the paper on the pasteboard as in the figure, with the pin running down into the tube.

Try to blow the paper and pin off by blowing through the other end of the tube. The harder you blow the tighter will the paper seem to stick to the pasteboard.

The tube may even be turned upside down, and the paper will stay on as long as you blow hard enough, but the instant you stop blowing, down it will fall.




The reason for this is as follows: When the air reaches AA it cannot turn a sharp corner, but comes out in the direction of the arrows. Since the space between the paper and the pasteboard is very small, the air moving between the arrows and the paper coheres to the air between the pasteboard and the arrows and pulls it along, so leaving a partial vacuum between the pasteboard and the paper. Then the pressure of the air on the outside of the paper holds it on to the pasteboard.

It will be found that the paper may be easily blown off if it is held a little way from the pasteboard at the start.

## TWO LADDIES.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

TWO of us stood in that hallowed place—
I, with my middle-aged sober air,
And a little street arab whose freckled face
Was fixed on the laddie pictured there
A beautiful child of a royal race,
Arrayed in satin and jewels rare,
With priceless trimmings of delicate lace,
And a plumed chapeau on his flowing hair.

"I wonder," he said, "if that chap knows
How a feller feels who has little to eat,
With a pile o' rags for his bestest clothes,
An' his home a corner on Baxter Street?
I'll bet yer he sits on an illigant throne,
An' he takes his males from a golden plate;
My velvet sofy's a cold curb-stone,
An' a whack on the head if I slape too late."

But I, with my knowledge of weal and woe,
With the dreary lesson that life will give
To those who watch the days as they go
And study the life that men must live
I looked at the lad with his merry smile,
And the freckled cheek so round and red,
Then back to the picture's mournful eyes,
And the sorrowful droop of that childish head;

And I thought perhaps were the stories known
Of the pictured child and the ragged boy,
The one might be read in a minor tone
The other would end in peace and joy.
Each child is held in a Father's care,
And their angels wait about His throne;
Each must his burden of sorrow bear,
And all the good gifts are not for one.



BASEBALL NOTE.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE ADELPHIS WENT OUT ON A FLY.

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

TOM. "I told my fat uncle he was like a whale, because he puffed and blowed so, and he whipped me, so I changed my mind."

DICK. "Did you take it back?"

TOM. "Yes. I told him he was a whaler."

A WORD IN SEASON.

Now that Spring and Winter flirt —
Their wont, as every boy will note—
Don't shirt;
look your
rate your
Don't coat.
For if you do, you'll learn to know—
This warning scored
should be
Diphtheria go,
you'll
Pneumonia 'll pitch you
board.

REMARKABLE DRIVING.

IT is generally the easiest thing in the world to drive a horse without spirit, but there is one recorded instance where a stage-coach driver covered himself with glory by doing just that thing. He was an old-timer, this driver, and one afternoon in the days of long ago he and his coach-and-four came rattling up to the tavern door like an avalanche. As the coach stopped, one of the horses dropped dead.

"That was a very sudden death," remarked a by-stander.

"That sudden!" coolly responded the driver. "That 'oss died at the top of the hill nine miles back, sir; but I wasn't going to let him down till I got to the reg'lar stoppin'-place."

OVERHEARD IN THE TOY CLOSET.

"Hi-hallo!" said the Wax Doll, wearily. "I'm awfully tired. I sat through two dolls' teas this afternoon, and then stood on my head in the corner for one mortal hour. I don't know which is stupider—tea, or standing on one's head."

"They're both hard work," said the Rubber Doll. "But think of me. The baby left me in the bath-tub this morning, and I was under water for forty minutes. I never got such a soaking in my life. I'm afraid I've caught cold. Doesn't my whistle sound a little hoarse?"

"It is sort of squeaky," put in the Hoople; "but I'd rather be squeaky in my voice than dizzy. I was going round and round for an hour and a half steady this morning; and the worst part of my work is that the more I attend to my duties the more the children hit me with a stick."

"I'm very sorry to have to hit you," said the Stick. "It hurts me just as much as it does you."

"I know, my dear," returned the Hoople. "You are as gentle with me as you can be. I suppose I ought to be glad you are not made of hard-wood, like the Bat."

"Yes, indeed, you ought," cried the Baseball. "I'm nearly dead being hit in the head by that old Bat."

"I miss you as often as I can," said the Bat.

"That's true enough," said the Ball, "but I think it's pretty hard on me just the same. The only pleasure I get is in stinging Bobbie's hands when he catches me. I hit his palms so hard and hot yesterday he had to drop me. He thought I was a bee."

"Well, isn't there ever going to be any rest for us?" asked the Wax Doll. "Seems to me we ought to have a vacation."

"You'll get it," said the old Rag Baby up on the shelf. "Wait until after next Christmas, and you'll have just as much rest as I'm getting, and you won't like it much. Mollie used to play with me all the time, but last Christmas when you came I was tossed up here, and here I've been ever since."

"Why don't you complain?" asked the Rubber Doll.

"Yes, and get given away!" returned the Rag Baby. "I might be worse off than I am."

"So might we all of us," put in the Baseball. "I'm satisfied with things as they are. Let's be happy as we are."

"That's what I say," said the Singing Doll, "and if the Rubber Band will accompany me, I'll warble you all to sleep."

And the Rubber Band good-naturedly agreeing, the Singing Doll did as she promised, and very shortly the toys were all snoring away as contentedly as can be.

JOHNNIE'S SYMPATHY.

THE other day Johnnie saw a branded mustang on the street.

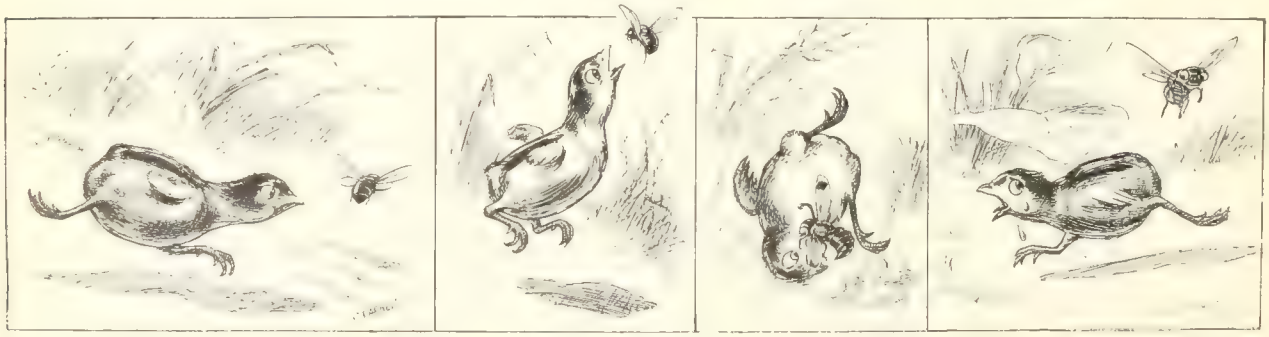
"Oh, mamma," he shouted, "just look how they've gone and vaccinated the poor thing!"

AN EARNEST PLEA.

BOBBIE. "Mamma, suppose some day I should be sailing on the ocean in a ship, and an awful big storm should come up, and the ship should be turned over, and then I should be spilled right out in the water with just nothing to hold on to. Wouldn't that be terrible?"

BOBBIE'S MOTHER. "Yes, Bobbie, it would indeed."

BOBBIE (*earnestly*). "Then don't you think you had better let me learn to swim this year?"



BUMPS OF EXPERIENCE.

"AH, WHAT A SWEET FAT FLY! I MUST GET HIM FOR MY DINNER."

"NOW I HAVE HIM!"

TOO LATE HE LEARNED THAT —

IT HAPPENED TO BE A BUMBLE-BEE.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## HOW I BECAME AN ADMIRAL.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a clear and bracing November morning. The off-shore wind was light but steady, so that the big three-masted schooners climbing upward toward Sandy Hook had aloft their stay-sails, and were gliding nobly along at a six-knot gait. Here and there in the middle distance dancing black spots on the steel-gray sea showed where the hardy cod-fisherman was at his chilling toil. Ever and anon a dull whir called the eye to masses of mottled coots cleaving their way southward. But it was not upon any of these familiar sights that the steady glance of the Old Sailor was fixed as he balanced himself on his sturdy legs near the end of the pier. He was gazing with the deepest interest upon a steamer which was churning the water into tangled swirls of silver and emerald-green under her stern, and tossing it in fountains of sunlit white under her fore-foot as she clove her way toward lower latitudes.

"He looks excited," said Henry.

"Let's go and find out what's the matter," said George. And the two boys ran down the pier with a merry clatter of nimble feet.

"An' how's the wind to-day?" asked the Old Sailor, without turning his head.

"West by north," answered Henry.

"Werry good, too. An' wot's that out yonder?"

"Why, a steamer, of course," said George.

"Of course, sez you. An' wot kind o' a steamer?"

"I don't know," said Henry; "I can't quite make out her flag. It looks like a green one with a yellow diamond in it."

"Werry good; werry good. You'll be able to see round a corner yet. An' wot's that on her fo'c's'le deck?"

"Why, it looks like a big cannon!" exclaimed George.

"So it are, my son; an' the flag are the flag o' Brayzil; an' the wessel are the new cruiser *Nigtheroy*, an' she are boun' 'way down fur Rio to smash Admiral Mello."

The boys now were deeply interested.

"Ah me!" exclaimed the Old Sailor; "she are ossifered by Americans, an' that reminds me o' the time a Kimee ship had a American Admiral, w'ich the same I were him."

"Oh, do tell us about that!" exclaimed Henry.



"That are the werry identical thing wot I'm a-goin' fur to do," said the Old Sailor.

"Waal," he continued, after a momentary pause, "you may call me a landsman ef this 'ere aren't the way wot it come about. I were fust mate o' the brig *Sky Blue Jones*, boun' from Lewes fur Durban with a cargo o' Noo Jarsee mosketeers—"

"Oh, please wait!" said George. "What did they want of mosquitoes at Durban?"

"Why, the natyves uses 'em to cure bilious fevers, w'ich the same their bites is werry good fur. Bilious fevers rages on them coasts owin' to the natyves a-livin' mostly on ostridges' eggs poached in goats' milk, an' that are werry bilious purwision, as them knows wot has tried it. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye. The *Sky Blue Jones* had werry good weather till she got 'way down b'low the line, an' then it come on to blow consid'able from the no'theast. Fur the fust two days it weren't no more'n a ordinary gale, an' we was able fur to run to the south'ard, a-keepin' o' the wind an' sea on our port quarter. But the Cap'n he sez to me, sez he, 'The glass are a-fallin' all the time, so look out fur squalls.' On the third day it blowed a giniwine hurricane, an' we hove the brig to on the port tack. The leeway an' drift was somethin' dreadful, an' by the follerin' noon we didn't have no putty good idee where we was. It blowed all that day an' all that night, an' jess after daybreak the next day one o' the hands yelled, 'Land ho!' Sure 'nuff, there it were, right under our lee, with half a mile o' surf outside to show that there was shoals an' reefs. 'We're a-goner,' sez the Cap'n to me, sez he; 'them's the Kimee Islan's, an' ef we ain't drownded we'll be made slaves.' W'ich the same it were not werry encouragin' fur to hear."

"Where are the Kimee Islands?" asked Henry.

"Latitood 29° south an' longitood 37° west. Leastways that's as near as I ever knowed where they was; but I never could find 'em on the chart. Waal, to make this 'ere yarn shorter, I mought as well say that the *Sky Blue Jones* struck the outer reefs bow on, an' the next minute a tremenjous sea swep' over her, an' I were carried overboard. I don't reckomember werry much o' the subsekent perceedin's till I found myself a-layin' onto the beach an' a delegation o' savidges a-dancin' a hornpipe around me. As soon as they seed I were come to, they poured some kind o' a peppery drink down my throat, an' I felt better right away. Then they set me on my feet an' started me inland. I wanted to know wot 'd become o' my shipmates, an' the savidges made me onderstan' by signs that they was all drownded. You may be sure I didn't feel werry happy, an' I wanted to sit right down. But a werry tall savidge, with a lady's fur boa tied around his waist an' a old leather hat-box onto his head, prodded me with his spear, an' sez he to me, sez he, 'No sit; walk.' So I jess walked. I found arterward that this 'ere savidge could speak English putty well, as he'd bin on exhibition once in a museum in England. They marched me off to their willage, w'ich the same it were nothin' but a lot o' tents made out o' hides. The nex' day they put me to work a-poundin' dried cocoanut up fur flour. It were the only kind o' flour they knowed anythin' about. I might 'a' bin there yet ef it hadn't been fur the war wot I got to be a Admiral in.

"Ye see," continued the Old Sailor, after another glance at the *Nictheroy*, now well to the southward, "the Kimee Islands was divided into two parts, an' the chiefs o' the two parts was mortal inimies, owin' to one o' them havin' stole from t'other the only plug-hat wot ever come ashore from a wrack there. He stole the box too, an' wore that fur his every-day hat. The other chief were allus a-tryin' to git that hat back, an' so Pusowynee, the feller wot had it—an' also me—were allus in hot water. Arter I'd bin there about two months an' had braced up Pusowynee's English so that him an' me could conwarse putty good, old Thakelbolen, the other chief, made one o' his attacks. Waal, it were more fun than a dog fight. Old Thakelbolen, wearin' a woman's blue sailor hat wi' a red feather in't, a gridiron for a breastplate, an' a umbrella cover wi' the ribs into 't yet fur a skirt, comes over in a big war canoe, paddled by a dozen savidges. He were followed by a dozen other canoes all loaded with Kimees. An' how do you s'pose them fellers fout?"

"Why, how?" asked both boys.

"They throwed things at one another! Honest! They throwed spears an' stones, w'ich the same them canoes was loaded with. An' they could throw mighty hard an' straight, too. O' course they didn't kill werry many on neither side, but they wounded a lot. Pusowynee, ye see, got out his canoes an' went to meet 'em, an' this 'ere remarkable naval battle took place outside o' the reefs in the open water. Waal, arter two hours o' hard fightin' Thakelbolen an' his gang had to sheer off, 'cos they didn't have nothin' more to throw, an' Pusowynee he wouldn't run away. W'en the chief come ashore he had lumps all over him w'ere he'd bin hit an' a hole in the leather hat-box, w'ere Thakelbolen hisself had sent a spear through 't. He were putty mad, were Pusowynee, an' sez he to me, sez he, 'Nex' time I go I kill him, sure.' Pusowynee were a werry pertikler man sometimes.

"Howsumever, that night w'en I were in my bunk, w'ich the same were a soft spot on the ground, I thort the thing over, an' sez I to myself, sez I, 'I reckon I kin l'arn Pusowynee a thing or two, an' preehaps he'll be so grateful he'll let me go. Ye see, them there savidges never used sails onto their canoes 'ceptin' w'en they was runnin' dead afore the wind; 'cos w'y, their canoes made so much leeway w'en they tried to sail 'em any other way. So I sez to Pusowynee, sez I, 'W'y don't ye put a centre-board into your canoe so's ye can sail to windward?' Waal, he looked at me a minute an' then shook his head. 'You gone crazy, eh?' he sez to me, sez he. 'Not much,' sez I to he, sez I; 'you gimme a canoe an' let me fix her up an' I'll show you.' Waal, he didn' seem to think there'd be no harm in a-givin' me a canoe to play with, an' so he gave me one about twenty-five foot long. In about two days I had a centre-board into her, an' I inwited the chief to take a sail. The wind were a-blowin' dead on shore, an' about three-quarters o' a mile to wind'ard were a big rock stickin' out o' the sea. Sez I to he, sez I, 'Can I sail to that rock?' Sez he to me, sez he, 'No; wind blow us back.' Then sez I to he, sez I, 'Watch us get there,' jess like that, him bein' a chief an' me a miseracious pris'ner. I got under way on the port tack, an' as soon as I headed the canoe up within about five points o' the wind, Pusowynee nearly had a fit. 'Canoe go backward!' he shouted. 'Not much,' sez I. An' when I went about an' headed her dead fur the rock on the starb'rd tack, he blame nigh jumped overboard. On the run back I explained the principle o' the centre-board to him. W'en we jumped ashore, all the savidges set up a yell and waved their spears, an' Pusowynee then an' there app'inted me chief o' his war canoes, w'ich were the same as bein' Admiral o' the fleet. I spent a couple o' weeks in fittin' 'em all out with centre-boards. Then news come that old Thakelbolen were approachin' with a fair wind. We got our fleet under way. I had already showed a lot o' the savidges how to sail to wind'ard, an' we beat up to meet Thakelbolen. Waal, w'en he seed us zigzaggin' up ag'in the wind, he were clean flabbergasted, an' his warriors begin to yell, 'Hovelko! hovelko!' W'ich the same in the Kimee langwidge means 'Magic.' Old Pusowynee he jess laid down in the bottom o' the canoe an' had a fit a-laughin'. 'Thakelbolen heap scared!' he screeched. But the nex' thing we knowed old Thak an' his fleet jess turned tail an' begin to paddle straight back. Now ye can paddle a canoe dead to wind'ard, but ye can't sail

that way. So Thakelbolen putty soon begin to get away from us. Waal, that settled the whole business with Pusowynee.

"'Centel-board no good!' he yelled. 'White slave bad man! Take down him sail! Paddle! Paddle hard!'

"But it wasn't any good. Thakelbolen had a good lead, an', besides, all the centre-boards was a-draggin' under our canoes an' a-holdin' 'em back. Pusowynee he looked as if he would eat me, an' I made up my mind that I were as good as cooked. Howsumever, I got off with fifty lashes; but Pusowynee had all the centre-boards took out o' the canoes as soon as he got ashore. It were werry lucky fur me that the canoe he lent me were a-lyin' all by herself in a little cove about a mile up the beach, an' so her centre-board staid in; 'cos w'y, she were furgot. Waal, Pusowynee he jess piled the work onto me arter that, an' I got putty much down in the mouth, till all on a suddent one night a idea come to me. Every mornin' arter that I turned out extra 'arly, an' managed to do a little work on my own hook down in the woods near the beach. I'd made up my mind to show Pusowynee a way to throw bigger stones, an' throw 'em furder 'n old Thak could. I reckoned to rig up a scheme to sink his canoes."

"How?" inquired both boys.

"That are the werry identical thing wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell ye. Oncet upon a time I heerd o' monkeys bendin' down cocoanut-trees an' lettin' 'em fly up ag'in so they chucked the nuts half a mile. So I picked out a nice stout young tree, an' trimmed off all the branches. Then I built a sort o' a box up near the top o' the tree, facin' to the sea. Arter that I hunted up some rope an' blocks wot 'd come ashore from the brig. I put a lashin' 'round the tree jess b'low the box, an' hooked a block into 't. Then I rove my rope through the block, an' ag'in through a snatch-block made fast to the foot o' another tree. I hauled down the top o' the tree, the young trunk bendin' like a fine bow. Now I seed that ef I let 'er go I'd soon bust my block all to pieces with the slashin' around it 'd git. So I rigged a kind o' trigger, like ye put on a rabbit snare, to hold the tree down. I put a stone weighin' about thirty pound inter the box, onhooked my block an' fall, an' pulled the trigger. Waal, that stone whistled like a cannon-ball w'en it went off. It whizzed out to sea a good 500 yards, an' then skipped three or four times, an' sank. The nex' day I begged fur a audience with Pusowynee, but he sent word back that he didn' want no more centre-boards. Lucky fur me, I'd made friends with one o' his right-hand men, an' I got him to go an' see my stone-chucker."

"The ancients called them catapults," said Henry.

"Well, maybe," answered the Old Sailor; "but I guess nobody but a sailor man would 'a' thort o' this scheme. Nex' day the chief came to see 't, an' he danced a war-dance. 'Now kill Thakelbolen from shore! No go in centre-board canoe! Good!' he sez. Then I told him I could make bigger ones than this, ef he would gimme crews to handle 'em. He agreed, an' in a few days I had five 'o them—wot d' ye call 'em?—catterpulps all ready fur old Thakelbolen. The werry nex' day old Thak's fleet o' canoes was seen a-comin'. Pusowynee allowed that this were a-goin' to be the greatest day o' his life. So he got out the sacred plug-hat. Thakelbolen didn' know wot to make o' our not comin' out to meet him, an' he brought his fleet to 'bout 400 yards off, an' set up a loud yellin'. Pusowynee tips me the nod, and I lets go a hundred-pound stone, w'ich the same hits one o' Thak's canoes an' smashes in one side. The water ran in an' the canoe turned over, dumpin' the savidges into the sea. Thak an' his forces was jess stunned by this new freak, an' they couldn't move. 'Now kill! Now kill!' yelled Pusowynee. So we lets go the whole broadside, an' w'en the spray cleared away there were only one canoe left, an' that were the flagship, with Thakelbolen in command. 'Kill quick!' screamed Pusowynee. We hauled down our biggest tree, an' hoisted in a 300-pounder. Pusowynee got so excited that he jumped forrard to onhook the block an' fall hisself. At that blessed minnit the feller at the trigger got out o' his senses, an' pulled without orders. Swish! Up went the tree, away went the stone an' also Pusowynee!

"We seed him a-sailin' through the air, holdin' the sacred plug-hat on with both hands, an' a-turnin' more somersaults than a Fourth-o'-July pinwheel. The stone fell short, but Pusowynee went ca-plump into the middle o' Thakelbolen's canoe, w'ere he laid senseless, while old Thak grabbed the sacred plug-hat, put it on his own head with a yell o' victory, an' then went off at full speed fur home, with Pusowynee a prisoner."

The Old Sailor paused for a minute, after which he resumed, with the deepest solemnity:

"Boys, I took adwantage o' the subsekent confusion to git into the woods as fast as my legs would carry me. I loaded my canoe with cocoanuts, an' that night, as soon as it were dark, I got under way with a brisk westerly wind, an' stood to the no'theast. I were picked up two days later by the English cruiser *Australia*, an' landed at Gibraltar, w'ere I shipped fur London on a collier. An' so I got back to Ameriky."

## EDISON'S LITTLE MEN.

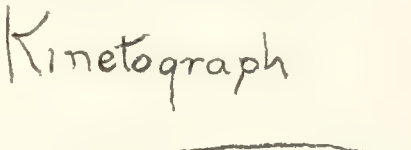
### WORKING THE KINETOGRAPH.

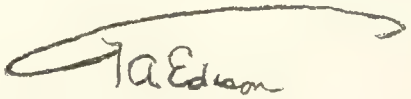
BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

ABOUT a twelvemonth ago I paid a visit to Mr. Thomas Edison at his laboratory in Orange, and he led me to a wooden box, and asked me to look into the inside of it through a narrow glass opening. I did so, when Mr. Edison started the machinery in the box, and what did I see? Why, a little man whom I remember reading about in the days of my childhood—a veritable little pygmy. There he was, sure enough. A figure about an inch high came out of a door. He took off his hat to me, and he danced for me, and he wheeled about and kicked and capered, and he wound up by bowing to me once more, then opened the door of his house, and disappeared.

"What might you call it, Mr. Edison?" I asked, delighted. "What's his name?"

"Oh, the apparatus?" said Mr. Edison. And he wrote down its name in his own hand, this way:



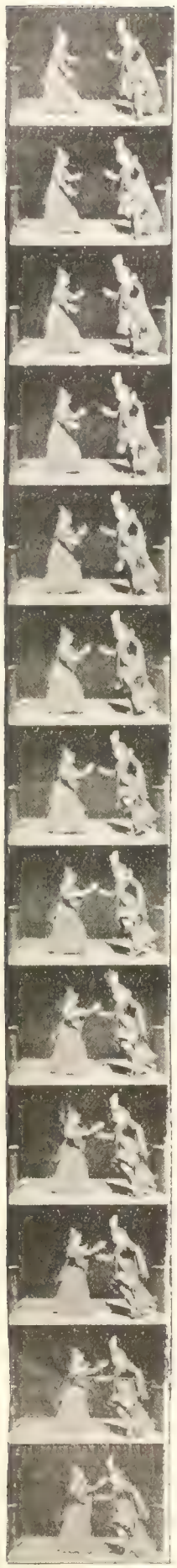

"It is a kinetograph. Had enough of it?" he asked.

"Nothing like enough. Why, that is an old friend of mine. I should so like to hear him talk."

"We have thought that out long ago. I am not now quite ready yet to put the apparatus before the public, but by-and-by the kinetograph will record every gesture, while the phonograph will repeat whatever he may say."

Now if an ordinary person had said that to me in the same kind of airy way I might have been doubtful as to his success, but we all know that Mr. Thomas Edison is an extraordinary genius, so I took what he said as positive and conclusive. I was certain that in a short time the kinetograph would be perfected, and so it is to-day.

Look at these little illustrations carefully.



The pictures, sixty-five of them, show a Scotch lad and lassie dancing a reel. In the No. 1 there is the beginning of it. Both figures are on their feet. They are not dancing yet. The introductory bars of the music, the bagpipes, have just started. Look at No. 3. The man has his left foot a trifle raised from the floor, but the woman has not. Her arms begin to rise in the Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and the man is about turning. In the No. 10 he has struck his dancing gait. Necessarily he can't hop around on the same foot all the time, and so he is putting that foot on the floor, so as to get another spring. That foot comes to the floor in the No. 13.

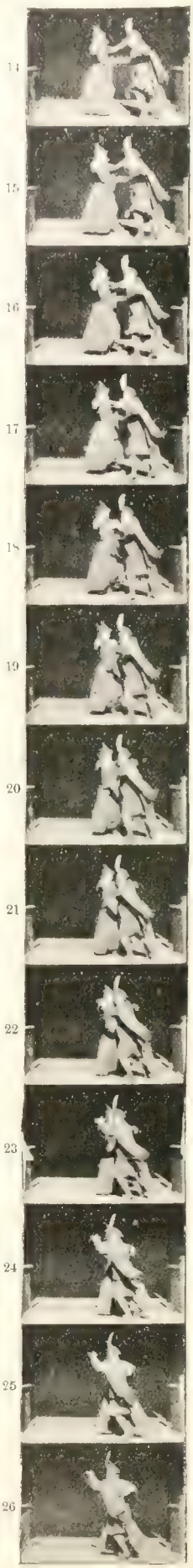
The dancer is ready now to take his partner and to spin her round, and she shows that she is preparing for that. In No. 18, you will see what was at first but a slight bending of her knee becomes more marked than in No. 16. In Nos. 17 and 18 she is jigging it. No. 19 shows the turning round of the figures at its commencement. The scarf of the man in No. 18, as the movement is getting to be more rapid, is beginning to stream out. Do not forget to watch the shadows, because they vary all the time with the position of the figures.

In the No. 20 the positive change of place is marked. It is the man in No. 25 who has now his back to you. The lassie is hidden, all but her hand and wrist, where she has them on his shoulder.

From Nos. 27 to 40 the lady is coming more and more to the front. The man is now entirely to the right, and the woman to the left. They have changed places after 42. They are to resume their first positions. In the whirl, see the movement of the scarf of both the dancers. They dance faster and faster, until in No. 61 they are about as when they started. The spin is rapid, because the woman's skirt indicates that.

What the prints do not show are the shuffle of the feet of the dancers, and how they mark the time; the graceful sway of the figures, or how they rise and fall, following the musical rhythm; or how the feathers in the man's bonnet bob up and down; or the changing expressions on the faces of the lad and lassie.

Place the pictures in the Edison box, however; start the machinery, and the actual movement is all there. Man and woman caper away, heel and toe, and there is no flagging. It is just as vivid as if it were a performance on the stage and you saw it from the boxes.



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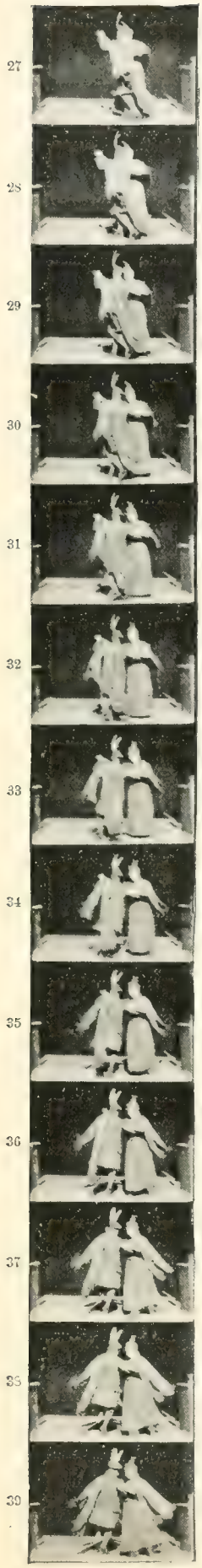
You must not be afraid of the explanation, and how the kinetographic pictures are made, and of the working of the machine.

The compound word "kinetograph" is derived from the Greek, and a fairly exact translation of this Greek would be a "movement record." Every movement we make is composed of many different movements. You hold your bat in your hand, and you hit the ball. But you who made the drive in a fraction of a second must know that the strike was brought about by ever so many movements. Not alone did you swing your arms: you gripped the bat with your hands; your shoulders, your head, neck, your legs, feet, your waist, and in fact the whole of your body went into action. Now this kinetograph insists in taking every one of your movements piecemeal and records them. It prints them, one by one, by means of the photograph.

The dancing figures make really only one turn in the reel, and there are 65 pictures of it. It took some time over a single second. The photographing apparatus Mr. Edison has invented catches 46 such pictures in a single second, and so these 65 prints took a trifle less time than a second and a half. If the photographing apparatus were to run for a minute, 2760 prints would be the resultant. Then each picture was impressed on a sensitive film in one-forty-sixth of a second. Think, now, how fast a band of paper or of anything else has to run in order to take impressions one after another! The band scurries along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. How easily things might snap or run off the track when going at such a high speed! Now do you think that is the end of it?

There is more than that. Here goes your band of paper or sensitive film as quick as a flash, and the camera is doing its level best. What would be the resultant? Nothing, only a long blur or smear of a picture that nobody could make out at all.

What the band does as it tears along is not to keep flying. It must stop at certain intervals, so as to give the camera a chance. Then it must start off at break-neck speed again. The shutter of the camera must be dropped and lifted, the latter when the band is at rest, and closed when the band is speeding. It is then a question of halting and starting, and that increases the speed of the band between the working points to a great degree.




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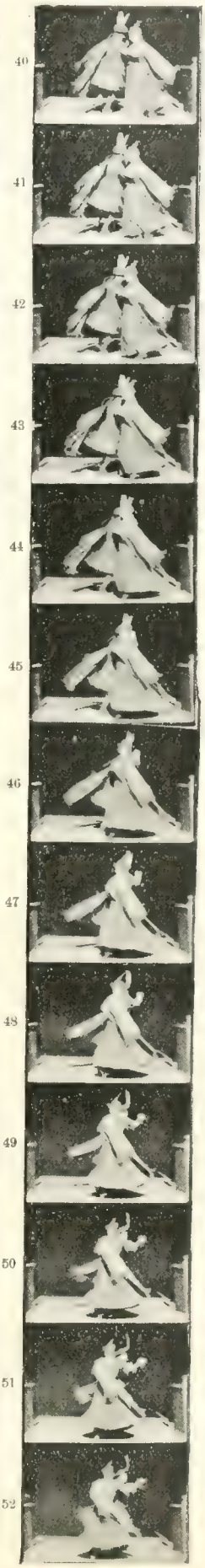
That was where Mr. Edison had the hardest work; but he is the most persistent of men, for he lives with the work he has in his brain, and having wrestled with it, he conquered what was an immensely difficult problem of mechanical motion.

Mr. G. P. Lathrop, who wrote about the kinetograph in HARPER'S WEEKLY, put it clearly in this way. You had a locomotive tearing along at fifty miles an hour, a speed sometimes made. But suppose you had to bring that locomotive to a halt 165,000 times in the hour? Some young readers have fathers who are engaged on railroads, and they will ask them what kind of a patent brake or starting machinery they would use under such circumstances.

This is the way Mr. Edison manages it. He has a disc, with four holes in it. The disc revolves rapidly, but stops at certain intervals, and so lets in or cuts off the light from the camera. The film runs along on two spools. The most absolute time must be kept of the revolving shutter and the band, a regularity of motion as exact as that of a chronometer. The sensitiveness of the film and the picture taken in $\frac{9}{460}$ of a second is one of the marvels of photography.

When the pictures in the illustration of this article are put in the machine and rolled before the eye at a proper speed, you retain in your vision their impression as a whole. They all blend, fuse, and you understand them as one perfect image.

Some of you may have seen the Muybridge pictures, and they were admirable. You had to examine the photographs separately. They were made by means of a number of photographing cameras. Each one picture came




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out separately, but there was a wide gap between the motions of the objects taken. They never could be comprehended as a whole. They were jerky. A jumping horse was not unlike a hobby-horse. When Mr. Edison's horse clears a barrier, he jumps all over as cleverly as if he were entered for a hurdle-race.

Here is something I want particularly to impress on the minds of my readers, young and old. There never was any invention which had not its use. To-day it may only amuse you. To-morrow it may be one of the great helps of life.

There is many an old reader of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, a university graduate, who remembers in his collegiate days the electrical machine as explained by his respected professor. It was an interesting toy, and the professor had no more idea of the vast stores of power in that apparatus than had the scholar. When the old gentleman turned the crank there was a feeble splutter of sparks. To-day it is a thousand horse-power steam-engine that moves the dynamo, and tremendous forces are evolved. What Mr. Edison has done in working up this kinetograph is to show how delicately accurate, to the thousandth part of a second, he can adjust electric force, for he uses electricity to run the whole picture-taking apparatus. Certainly no other force could accomplish this task.

It is the potentiality, or the possible power, or the possible use of any newly invented thing which must always be borne in mind. You never can tell what man, in the next year or in ten years, may do with it. I am quite certain, then, that some of my readers will live long enough to see for themselves how useful will become this kinetograph.




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# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DERRY[illegible]" "[illegible]" "CAN-EMALIS"
R[illegible]

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### KOOGA THE ALEUT, AND HIS BIDARKIE.

TO say that our friends were startled by the sound of these rifle-shots in that wilderness, which but a minute before they would have sworn did not contain a human being other than themselves, but feebly expresses their astonishment and joy. To them, or at least to Phil Ryder, a rifle-shot indicated the presence of white men. These must belong to a vessel that would take him and his companions to some point from which passage might be engaged for Sitka. Thus, ere the breeze had dissipated the little cloud of blue smoke from that second shot, all the perplexities of the situation had vanished, and Phil felt as though the object of his long journey were at length attained. To his amazement and dismay, the figure that bounded into view from behind a jutting point of rock as the reindeer fell was not that of a white man, but of a native. Although he was clad in hat, shirt, trousers, and boots of the quality adopted by all who lead rough out-of-door lives, his short figure, dark skin, and broad face proved him to be a full-blooded Aleut.

If the castaways were surprised to see him, he was equally so at their appearance, and at sight of them stopped short in his tracks. Then with a glance at his reindeer to assure himself that it was dead, he slowly advanced toward where they stood.

Serge, with extended hand, stepped forth to meet him, and, in the Russian trade patois common to that coast, told him how glad they were to see him, and asked how he happened to be in that place.

He replied that his name was Kooga, that he had come alone in his bidarkie from Oonga Island to act as hunter for, and keep supplied with food during the next three months, a party of sea-otter-catchers who were daily expected to reach that neighborhood from Oonalaska.

Having in turn learned who the strangers were, and expressed his gratification at meeting them, Kooga turned his attention to his game, which he proceeded to skin and cut up with the utmost dexterity.

As the others watched him with hungry anticipations, Serge continued to ply him with questions, and thus learned that he, like themselves, had been weather-bound on the island by the tempest of the past week, but for which his friends would long since have arrived. Now he thought they would leave Oonalaska in the traders' schooner that very day, and that the next one would witness their arrival off that point of Oonimak nearest the little outlying island of Saanak, where are the best sea-otter grounds of the coast.

"He also says," continued Serge, interpreting this communication for the benefit of the others, "that after leaving her hunters the schooner will run out to Saanak, where she will cache a store of provisions for their use, and will then return to Oonalaska, not to come back for three months."

"What a splendid chance for us!" cried Phil. "It is exactly such a one as we have been wanting. Talk about bad luck now!" he added, with a sly glance at Serge. "It seems to me ours couldn't be much better than it is if we had arranged it to suit ourselves."

Serge paid no attention to this remark, for he was listening attentively to Kooga, who was again talking, and saying that in four days from that time another trading-schooner bound for Oonalaska from the eastward was due to pass close to the north side of Oonimak Island.

"Better and better!" exclaimed Phil, when this was translated. "We surely can't miss them both, and must be taken off by one or the other. I hope it will be by the sea-otter fellow, though, as I should dearly love to see something of that hunting."

"And I," said Jalap Coombs, "hope it will be by the other one, seeing as it will be so much handier to load our seal-skins into her."

"Oh, I had forgotten them!" replied Phil, in a tone of disappointment. "Yes, I suppose we must take the north-side schooner."

"You speak as if you were certain of catching either one you wanted," laughed Serge; "but, for my part, I think there is a big chance of missing both of them. They may pass in the night, or in a fog, or too far out to notice our signals. Now I propose that we divide into two parties, and watch at both ends of the island at once. If Mr. Coombs is willing to remain in camp at the north end, you and I can go with Kooga to the south end, where we may have a chance to see something of sea-otter-hunting. If at the same time we can catch that schooner, and persuade her to come round to this side of the island, we sha'n't need the other. If we miss her, or she refuses to take us, we shall still have plenty of time to get back here before the other is due."

"Good for you, Serge!" shouted Phil. "That's an immense scheme, and I don't see why I didn't think of it myself, only I never do think of things until afterwards."

"It shows the result of a sea-training," said Jalap Coombs. "I was jest a-considering of that same plan, and would have laid it afore all hands arter dinner, which, it seems to me, is the thing to be thought of fust. So now if our oakum-colored friend will give us a hunk of his meat, we'll lay a course for our own galley fire over yonder. Arter stowing a cargo of grub we'll consider what's the next thing to be did."

"That suits me exactly," agreed Phil, who had been casting longing eyes at the tempting-looking venison, "and the sooner that plan is carried out the better. So open negotiations at once—won't you, Serge, like a good fellow? I don't believe I ever was more nearly starved."

Serge laughed, and after a few minutes' conversation with Kooga, informed his companions that the native was perfectly willing to go with them to the barrabkie, and that they were welcome to all the meat they wanted, as his bidarkie would not hold half of it. The fact is that the young Aleut was fully as hungry as they, and possessed of an equal longing for fresh meat, the gale having so interfered with his hunting as to compel him to live on shell-fish ever since he reached the island.

This being settled, all four loaded themselves with venison and followed Kooga's lead to the place where he had made his lonely and cheerless camp, and where his bidarkie was carefully hauled up on the beach beyond high-water mark. His shelter was a tiny A tent, supported by paddles and spears, and pitched in the lee of a huge bowlder. A quantity of moss heaped within it had formed for him a bed similar to that of our castaways. He had not, however, been able to make a fire, his supply of tinder being wet, and he not having had the good fortune to discover an eider-duck's nest.

The bidarkie excited Phil's curiosity to such an extent that it seemed as though he would never weary of examining it. It was one of the two-holed craft, and after it had been carefully launched and laden the Yankee lad asked Serge if he thought Kooga would allow him to occupy its vacant hatch for the short cruise.

When Serge made the request the young native looked dubious, and shook his head. He had seen too many self-confident white men spilled into the icy waters of that coast from those ticklish craft; but as Phil insisted, he finally yielded a reluctant consent. He, of course, did not know that the white lad had been considered the most

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

expert canoeman in New London, or that his own canoe was a tiny decked affair of cedar every whit as crank as this bidarkie. His eyes therefore opened wide with surprise as his new companion stepped lightly into the canoe and settled himself in its forward hatch, with all the confidence of one who had always been accustomed to such things. When, in addition to this, Phil seized a double-bladed paddle and began to wield it with the practised skill of an old canoeman, the young Aleut actually laughed aloud with gratified amazement.

As under the influence of its two well-handled paddlers the light craft shot away up the strait, Jalap Coombs and Serge watched it with a feeling of pride that their companion should thus prove himself the equal of a native in one of his own especial lines of business. The mate was especially outspoken in his admiration of this feat, which would have been as impossible to him as the navigating of a balloon. "I don't believe even old Kite Roberson hisself could have done it any handier," he said, as he resumed his burden of venison, and started with it along shore in the direction of the barrabkie.

The canoe reached a point opposite the hut some time before the others, and when they got there it was already unloaded. Most of its cargo had been transferred to the hut, and its occupants were just returning for the few things that were left. Among these was Kooga's rifle, which Phil picked up and examined with interest. He marvelled to find it so good a one, for it was a Winchester of the latest pattern. As he lifted it to his shoulder and sighted it his eye was caught by a slight movement on a small rock nearly half a mile out in the strait. A hair-seal which had been sleeping there had just lifted its head. At that distance it did not look larger than a man's fist.

Phil drew Kooga's attention to it and offered him the rifle, signifying by motions that he should shoot, but the native shook his head decisively, and gave the former to understand that the mark was too small for such a distance. Upon this the Yankee lad, carefully adjusting the sights of the rifle, and assuring himself that there was a cartridge in its chamber, took a deliberate aim and fired.

The seal dropped its head as though it had again gone to sleep, and the native smiled.

"Tell him to go and get it," said Phil to Serge, who came up at that moment. When the latter repeated this request Kooga's pitying smile changed to an expression of incredulity. Nevertheless, he again placed his canoe in the water and paddled away. When he returned with the dead seal, shot directly through the brain, his expression was one of amazement.

"He must be the white man who makes guns," he said to Serge, "and command them to do his will. Take him away from here soon, for if he once gets among the kahlan [sea-otter] he will leave none for us."

A sea-otter hunt was, however, the one thing upon which Phil Ryder's heart was most set just then. Not only that, but he had determined to go on one in Kooga's company.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A DOUBLE WATCH FOR SCHOONERS.

KOOGA the Aleut spent the rest of that day and the following night with his new-found friends. The dinner, to which all of them had looked forward with such interest, proved a great success. From his bidarkie the young native produced a small brass kettle, in which they made a venison stew that they ate with mussel-shell spoons. He also brought forth a basket so exquisitely woven of native grasses as to be perfectly water-tight. In this was his choicest treasure, a brick of tea, such as the Western Aleuts procure from Russian traders, and which they guard with most jealous care. From this, after the stew had disappeared and the kettle was thoroughly cleansed, he treated himself and his friends to a brewing of the fragrant leaf.

In the mean time bits of venison and seal meat were cooking and being eaten on all sides, while Kooga every now and then allowed himself an extra relish in the shape of a strip of raw seal blubber. He also showed the others how to roast the larger reindeer bones, and extract from them the marrow, which Phil, tasting for the first time, pronounced "immense."

After dinner, it having been decided that Serge's plan should be carried out, and a quantity of food having been prepared both for taking and for leaving behind, the two white lads and their native guide made an early start for the south side of the island the next morning. Jalap Coombs remained at the barrabkie, to which they promised to return in a day or two, or at least before the four days at the expiration of which a schooner might be expected on that side should have elapsed.

Phil and Kooga, who had struck up a wonderful intimacy, went in the bidarkie, which also carried their very simple camp outfit, while Serge followed down the shore of the strait.

As the little party set forth, Jalap Coombs called after them, "Mind, boys, and get back as quick as ever ye can, either with or without the schooner, for we'll be turrible lonely 'me and old Kite Roberson will."

Owing to the intricate and dangerous navigation of Krenitzin Strait, which necessitated long detours and occasioned many delays, the bidarkie did not reach the south side of the island much before Serge, who had put in twenty miles or so of tramping without a halt.

It did not take them long to pitch the little tent and collect materials for a fire, which Kooga lighted without difficulty by means of an old-fashioned flint and steel, his tinder being now perfectly dry. Drift-wood was so scarce on that side of the island that they were obliged to content themselves with a very small blaze. It was sufficient, however, to boil water for a kettle of tea, and this, with a few strips of dried venison toasted on the coals, constituted a meal that even Phil declared was better than some he had eaten.

After dinner, as there were still some hours of daylight left and no schooner was in sight, Serge, wishing to try for a halibut with one of his home-made hooks, proposed to Kooga to take him a short distance from shore in the bidarkie—to which the latter readily acceded.

So they went fishing, and Phil, still incredulous as to their success with such rude tackle, sat on the edge of a precipitous cliff and watched them. As he sat there he could not help feeling very lonely and rather homesick. His thoughts turned toward the father whom he loved so dearly. He wondered if he were very anxious about him, and whether he had gone to Victoria to search for him, or were still awaiting his coming in Sitka.

"Oh dear," sighed the lad, "how wretchedly I have mixed things up, anyway! Just as Aunt Ruth said I would, too. No matter. I'm on the right track at last, and I must reach Sitka very soon now. If I don't, it won't be my fault, anyhow. I wonder if Aunt Ruth has heard that I am lost, and what she would say if she could see me at this minute."

Suddenly he started up in affright. The bidarkie was not where he had last seen it. What had happened? Was he indeed alone in that awful place? No; there it was, and Phil heaved a great sigh of relief. But how far away it was! How could they have gained such a distance so quickly? Now it seemed to be coming toward him again, and at a tremendous speed. What could it all mean? He rubbed his eyes to be sure they were not playing him false. That they were not was proved by a sight of the frail craft right abreast of him, but madly dashing past, and above the surge of breakers the shouts of his companions came faintly to his ears.



THE LIGHT CRAFT SHOT AWAY UP THE STRAIT.

For nearly an hour were the erratic movements of the bidarkie continued, and then slowly and heavily it approached the shore. Phil ran back and down the roundabout way leading to the beach to meet it. When he reached the water's edge he found the others already on shore, and just landing a halibut so huge that both the white lads estimated it to weigh two hundred pounds.

"You see," explained Serge, "we couldn't get it into the canoe, or kill it, or do anything except let it tow us round till it was tired out. Finally we got close enough for Kooga to spear it, and then we took our turn at towing. The hook held, though, and I don't believe it would if it hadn't been a good one."

"It certainly is a good one!" exclaimed Phil, "and I will never say another word against that style of tackle. But, oh, Serge, it was horrid here while you were gone, and I hope you won't ever leave me alone in such a place again."

"All right, old fellow, I won't," replied Serge, heartily.

After securing the precious bidarkie in a place of safety, and cutting a few steaks from the great halibut, the three lads returned to camp, where they passed their evening in cooking and eating another meal.

As there was a moon, the others agreed to Phil's proposition, born of his recent resolves, to take turns in watching all night for the schooner. Kooga, to whom the plan was explained by Serge, was to take the first, Serge the midnight, and Phil the morning watch. This scheme was carried out as arranged, except that the rising sun found the last watcher sound asleep. Awakened by its warm beams, he cast a glance at the sea, sprang to his feet, rubbed his eyes, and looked again. Then he gave a shout that brought the others to his side.

The sight that met their gaze was that of a placid sea, with a dozen bidarkies, fully two miles away, stretched out in a long line on its heaving bosom. Beyond them were the white sails of a schooner headed to the eastward.

"How could she have got past without you seeing her?" asked Serge.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Phil, "unless it was that I had closed my eyes for a minute. You see, I was so awfully sleepy that I had the hardest kind of work to keep them open. Now I'll tell you what, though: Kooga and I will go out and overtake those bidarkies and find out when the schooner is coming back. We can catch them easy enough, for they seem to be waiting for something. I shouldn't wonder if they were going to make a surround, which is what I want to see."

"Well," agreed Serge, hesitatingly; "but don't you think I'd better go, as I can understand what they say?"

"Oh, that 'll be all right," replied Phil, confidently. "There are sure to be some among them who can speak enough English to tell me what I want to find out."

"And you will be back before night?"

"Of course. Probably inside of a couple of hours."

Serge hurriedly explained Phil's proposal to Kooga, and that shrewd native, glad to have the company of so mighty a hunter as the Yankee lad, willingly agreed to show him how sea-otters are captured.

Then he hastily collected his weapons, and taking with him a few strips of dried meat to be eaten as they went, the young Aleut led the way to the cove.

Phil, also snatching up some strips of meat, quickly followed, and Serge went down to see them off.

"Don't forget, Phil, that you're to be back before dark!" he shouted, as the light craft shot out from the cove.

"Never you fear, old man!"

He who was left climbed up to the place Phil had occupied the evening before, and watched the fleet of bidarkies until all of them had vanished in the dim distance. Then with many misgivings as to the wisdom of the plan just pursued, Serge turned slowly away to prepare his solitary breakfast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE BOSTON SCHOOL REGIMENT.

BY W. KEELING.

ONE of the features, to the boys at least—the greatest feature in the public schools of Boston each year—is the street parade, manœuvring, dress parade, and inspection of the Boston School Regiment. The regiment, which for thirty years has constituted a part of the curriculum of Boston's High and Latin schools, is an organization distinctively an adjunct of Boston's school system. No other city in the country has a regiment of public-school boys, and few have military drill in their public schools.

Each year a day is set in the month of May by the school committee for the parade of the regiment. This year the day named was May 18th. Parade day is one of great interest to Bostonians. Even those whose residence in the city has been but a few years seem to catch the spirit of paternal pride in all things pertaining to the young "school-boy soldiers." No regiment of State militia can claim so much attention upon parade as these 1600 uniformed and well-drilled boys.

The regiment usually forms in Montgomery Square, in front of the English High-School, and the march over the route begins about 10.30 in the morning. The last street on the route is aristocratic old Beacon Street, and up this street, past the State-house at the top of the hill, they march to the wide gates at the lower end of the Common, and out upon the parade-ground. Here they perform the evolutions that are concluded with the dress parade. The parade-ground is separated from outsiders by two lines of rope on the hill overlooking it. The inner rope keeps from the parade-ground all who have no business with the regiment. From this rope for about two hundred yards up the hill there is a reserved space for the friends and relatives of the boys, and then another rope, carefully guarded by policemen, shuts out the thousands of indirectly interested spectators. Admission to the reserved space is by tickets, which are issued by the school committee, and given to the boys for distribution.

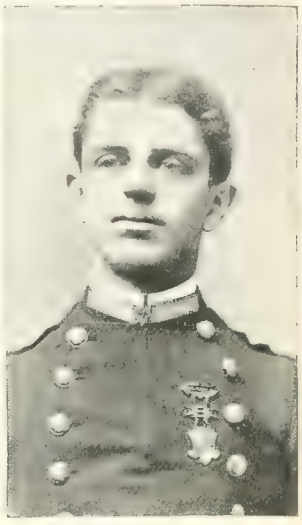
The introduction of military drill into the public



COLONEL H. H. HILL.



ONE OF THE LATIN SCHOOL BATTALIONS.



LIEUT.-COL. W. H. RAND, JUN.



THE BOSTON SCHOOL REGIMENT IN DRESS PARADE ON BOSTON COMMON.

schools of Boston was the outgrowth of the martial spirit engendered by the war of the Rebellion. In 1861 Amos Lawrence, Martin Brimmer, Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and several other distinguished citizens, established the Massachusetts Rifle Club, the object of which was to instruct and to fit men to be officers in the volunteer regiments then organizing in the State. Hobart Moore, an officer in the militia, was engaged as drill-master. In 1864 the men who had organized the rifle club petitioned the school board to permit the introduction of military drill into the public schools. They agreed to pay for an instructor and rent a hall for one year, as an experiment.

The year's work demonstrated the experiment to be a wise one. It was decided to establish the drill regularly, confining it to the Latin and the High schools throughout the city. General Hobart Moore was appointed instructor, and held that position until his death in the latter part of last month. He was Brigadier-General of the Massachusetts militia for seven years, and a thorough tactician.

There are at present eight High Schools in Boston, in which there are about 1600 boys. The military classes are divided into one battalion of eight, two of seven, and one battalion of ten companies. The two central and largest High Schools in the city are the English High and the Latin School. The Latin School is the only one that fits the pupils directly for Harvard College. From these two schools are chosen by election each year the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, one furnishing the Colonel, the other the Lieutenant-Colonel, and the choice of each alternating between the schools, so that the highest officer is elected from one of the schools every other year. The other officers are elected every year by the boys from the various schools in which the battalions or companies may be located.

Before the boys reach the High Schools they have received preliminary military instruction, which fits them for carrying the musket and wearing the sword. The tactics are substantially those used in the regular army. Military drill in the High Schools is compulsory, though of course the feelings of the parents are given due respect, and exceptions made in some cases.

The arms and equipments consist of 1500 breech-loading muskets, which were sent to the factory and cut down to the required lengths for cadets. There are two lengths, adapted to the different ages of the boys. The cadets wear the belt and bayonet scabbard. The officers wear a double-breasted sack-coat of dark blue cloth, with standing collar. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Majors wear two rows of buttons, nine in each row, while for the Captain and First and Second Lieutenants there are only seven buttons in each row. The three higher officers wear three double strips of one-quarter-inch gold braid running the length of the cuff, with a small button in the angle of each strip. A collar clasp of crossed swords is on each officer's coat. The trousers are of the same material as the coats, with one-quarter-inch gold braid on the seams. The non-commissioned officers wear silver cord on the trousers.

The Colonel of the regiment this year was elected from the English High School, Mr. H. H. Hill, from one of the advanced classes. The Lieutenant-Colonel is Mr. W. H. Rand, Jun., a Latin School Senior. The school regiment has no band of its own, but there is always a well-equipped and thoroughly trained drum corps. On parade day special bands are hired. About ten days after the annual street parade there are prize drills of the battalions in Mechanics' Hall for four days, each battalion drilling from two to five o'clock of the four afternoons. When these drills are over military work for the year is practically over, and not until the canvassing for officers' positions at the opening of the next school term does enthusiasm for the work fairly awake.

# AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

## CHAPTER I.

"IT is singularly unfortunate," sighed Mrs. Cameron, as she folded a letter which she had just read and replaced in its envelope.

"What is the matter, mother?" asked her son, looking up from the morning paper.

"Give this letter to Mr. Cameron, and then you may leave us, William," she remarked to the servant.

William, the colored man, who had lived in the family for years, would have liked to know what was in the letter that caused an additional cloud to rest on his mistress's face, but there was nothing for him to do but noiselessly leave the room.

Philip Cameron read the letter, which bore a foreign post-mark. Then he looked at his mother.

"So Otto is dead, poor fellow!" he said.

"It is singularly unfortunate!" she repeated.

"That he is dead — yes."

"And that the children are coming."

"That two granddaughters, the children of your only daughter, are coming to you?"

"You perhaps forget, Philip, that Myra died to me fifteen years ago, when she made that unfortunate marriage and went abroad to live. You were too young at the time to understand what it was to me to have my daughter marry a German."

"I was fifteen, quite old enough to appreciate the fact that Otto von Dalbersdorf was a thoroughly good fellow. As to his ancestry, it was probably far better than our own. The joke of it was that his father should have cast him off for marrying an American, and that you should never have forgiven Myra for marrying a German."

"It can scarcely be called a joke," said Mrs. Cameron, stiffly; "and though I did not forgive Myra, I sent her money. But the terrible grief of ten years ago makes me averse to having children in the house, Philip."

"I know, mother," said her son, gently; "but why not think how happy it would have made little Noel to have them come here?"

"Don't mention his name, Philip!" cried his mother. "I cannot bear it. If he had died it would have been easier, but as it is, it is beyond endurance."

"But we must think of Myra's children," said Philip, "who, I understand, are on their way to us now."

"That is the unfortunate part of it. There is no stopping them."

"But you would not wish to stop them, surely, mother?" said her son, quickly, looking at her. Then he read the letter again, aloud:

"LONDON.

"DEAR GRANDMOTHER,—Our father is dead. While he was ill he wrote to our grandfather who lives in Germany telling him about us, but the answer did not come until after he died, and I am glad of it, for grandfather does not care to see us, and it would have made papa feel so badly. So we are coming to you. I know you will take care of us, for you are mamma's mother, and so you must be very kind. It seems funny that we have never seen you, but mamma had your picture, and used to tell us about you. [Philip paused here a moment and glanced at his mother, but she said nothing. He continued.] And we love you very much. We have not much money, for papa did not have a great deal; but Mr. Lessing, a friend of papa's, is going to lend us the money to come over, and is going to bring us as far as New York. We sail on the 15th in the *Deutschland*. Rose sends her love, and I am your affectionate granddaughter,

"HILDEGARDE LOUISA VON DALBERSDORF.

"P.S. It is dreadful without papa."

"Poor children!" said Philip, when he had finished it. "Poor children!"

"They don't give me the opportunity to refuse, as they did their German grandparent," remarked Mrs. Cameron.

"Mother, don't make yourself out more hard-hearted than you really are," exclaimed Philip. "I shall go on to New York at once to meet them when they arrive. The steamer is due to-day. Poor little things! It is hard enough for them to lose their father, let alone coming to a strange land. And, mother, of course you will be nice to them."

Philip went to his mother and put his arm around her. He was the only person in the world who ventured to caress the stately old woman.

"I hardly know what you mean by the word 'nice' in this connection, Philip. I shall not forget that they are my granddaughters, and shall treat them as such, though their coming is a great inconvenience and annoyance to me. What train will you take to New York?"

The letter which caused so much agitation had been written with painstaking care in a little London lodging-house, by a young girl who, though only fourteen, had already begun to feel the responsibilities of life. Since her mother's death, four years before, she had kept house for her father—not an easy matter with so little money—mended his clothes, and looked after Rose with motherly care. And now her father was dead, and she and her little sister, who was three years younger than herself, were going to a strange land, to relatives whom they had never seen.

"I don't want to go, Hilda," said Rose. "I would a great deal rather stay with Mrs. Billings."

"But we have not enough money, Rose," replied her sister.

"We could earn some. You could give music lessons, and I could tend the door for Mrs. Billings. It would be fun to show people the rooms and say, 'Two and sixpence a week, ma'am, and fuel thrown in,'" and Rose imitated Mrs. Billings's voice to a nicety.

Hildegarde smiled, and then looked sad again.

"Papa would not like that. He told us, you know, that he thought our grandmother Cameron would be kind to us some day after he was gone. He said to wait for that, and not write to her until then, though I can't understand why, for of course grandmother would have liked to have papa come too, he was so perfect."

"Hilda, I think there must have been something about papa that made his relations not like him, for you know Grandfather von Dalbersdorf wouldn't have us."

"Rose!" cried Hildegarde, with flaming cheeks—"Rose von Dalbersdorf, don't you ever dare say such a thing again! Papa was the most perfect man that ever lived. You know very well that the secretary, or whoever he was that wrote that letter, said that grandfather had seven sons and daughters to provide for, so of course he would not want us too. And it is quite right that we should go to mamma's family. You know how kind Uncle Phil has always been to us, and sent us lovely presents. I want to see him. And grandmother has sent money to us, though she has written stiff letters, but perhaps American ladies write that way. But—oh, dear!" And Hildegarde turned away to hide the tears that would come into her eyes. As she had said in her letter, it was so dreadful without papa.

At last the day came for sailing, and the good-byes were said to Mrs. Billings and to the maid of all work, who wiped her eyes with her apron and wished them good luck.

And at last the weary voyage was over, and they were slowly steaming up New York Bay, looking with wondering eyes at the beautiful scenery, the forest of shipping, and the stately Statue of Liberty.

"America is a free country, isn't it, Hilda?" asked Rose.

"Yes," replied Hildegarde, dreamily, her eyes fixed on the strange sights.

"And are we Americans now?"

"I suppose we are."

"I'm going to ask grandmother or Uncle Phil the first thing," said Rose, with decision.

And then came the bustle of arrival, and before long they were on dry land once more. A great many people were waiting with glad and eager faces for the friends whom they were expecting, and Hildegarde looked at them somewhat enviously. She did wish that some one could have come to meet them; but that was not to be thought of. Mr. Lessing, with whom they came over, would put them on the train for Philadelphia, and they would be met when they arrived there. Mr. Lessing had written to their uncle about it.

And just at that moment Hildegarde saw a young man elbowing his way through the crowd, and looking to right and left as if he were trying to find some one.

"Rose! Rose!" exclaimed Hildegarde, quickly. "Do you see that gentleman with the brown eyes and brown mustache? Doesn't he look like mamma? And he is coming towards us!"

And then the gentleman stopped in front of them, and looked at them keenly.

"I am looking for my two nieces," he said. "Their name is Von Dalbersdorf. Can you tell me—"

He was interrupted by a little cry of delight.

"You are Uncle Phil, then! *Our* name is Von Dalbersdorf. I said you looked like mamma."

Philip's hearty greeting made the little foreigners feel at home at once. Mr. Lessing was introduced, and thanked for his care and kindness, and good-by said to him. Their small amount of luggage was hunted up, and before very long they were off for Philadelphia, where Mrs. Cameron had lived all her life, as had several generations of her ancestors before her.

Philip was so kind and thoughtful for the travellers that by the time they drove up to the door of their grandmother's house Hildegarde and Rose felt as if they had always known him.

"Is grandmother like you?" asked Rose, nestling up to him.

"Not exactly," he answered. "She is very tall—"

"Well, you are that!" interrupted Rose.

"—and very stately," continued her uncle. "And let me tell you, dear children, that she does not show all that she feels, and if she seems a little stiff at first, you must not think it is because she is not glad to see you."

Poor Philip was doing his best to prepare his nieces for the cool reception that he feared was awaiting them.

"She is mamma's mother," said Hildegarde, "so of course she must be very nice."

But in her heart she dreaded the meeting, for she was very shy. And from what Uncle Phil said, the grandmother must be rather formidable.

The carriage stopped in front of a large and imposing-looking house. Opposite spread a wide open space filled with trees that looked like the country. But large lamps gleamed here and there, and her London experience told Hildegarde that it was a public park of some kind.

The door was opened by William, the old colored man, who beamed with delight when Mr. Philip introduced him to "Miss Myra's daughters." And then they walked along a broad hall, past a dimly lighted room that seemed filled with pictures and other lovely things, and up a flight of stairs. Half-way up there was a landing which led to a room the door of which was hung with heavy curtains.

Philip held aside the portière, and signed to his nieces to enter.

They saw sitting by the fire a woman with silvery



"MOTHER," SAID PHILIP, "THIS IS HILDEGARDE—AND THIS IS ROSE."

hair, who rose as they came into the room, and stood waiting for them to come to her. She was very tall, and her face was pale and sad, with calm regular features, and, as Rose expressed it afterwards, "eyes that were so unsmiling."

Mrs. Cameron saw two girls dressed in somewhat shabby-looking black clothes. One, the elder, had long flaxen braids and blue eyes; the other, merry brown eyes, and a tangled mass of red-brown curly hair surrounding her rosy face, for even a rough voyage had not succeeded in taking the color out of Rose's cheeks.

"Mother," said Philip, taking a hand of each child and leading them to her, "this is Hildegarde, Myra's elder daughter, and this is little Rose."

Mrs. Cameron studied each face, and then kissed it coldly on the cheek. "You are a thorough German girl," she said to Hildegarde. "Rose is more like our family. Did you have a comfortable voyage? Perhaps you would like to go to your room at once, as dinner will soon be ready, and I like punctuality. Philip, kindly touch the bell."

Philip obeyed, talking about the journey as he did so, and trying to make the children feel at ease. Hildegarde looked as if she were going to cry. Rose, quite undisturbed, gazed at her grandmother.

"How very different you are from our mamma," she remarked, "though you are her mother. She would run to meet us if we had only been gone a day! Papa used to take us to the country sometimes when we had a little extra money, and mamma loved to have us go, though she was always so glad to have us come back. Now you don't look particularly glad to see us at all. Aren't you, grandmother?"

"Hush, Rose!" said Hildegarde, hurriedly.

"But aren't you glad to see us, grandmother?"

"Of course she is glad," put in Philip. "You can't expect my stately mother to run to meet you, my child!"

The entrance of a maid created a diversion.

"Take Miss Hildegarde and Miss Rose von Dalbersdorf to their room, Jane," said Mrs. Cameron, "and see that they are ready for dinner at the appointed time."

Jane had also been with the family for many years, and her heart warmed towards the motherless little foreigners, for she also had known and loved "Miss Myra."

"This was your mother's room, my dears," she said, leading the way to a room over the library, where they had left their grandmother, "and I hope you'll be happy here."

Hildegarde looked about her with awe. Had her mother really lived in this room? "Is it just the way she had it?" she asked, timidly.

"Very much the same. Only her pictures and little things were sent to her after—after she got married."

Rose, meanwhile, was examining the furniture and appointments of the room. "This is much better than Mrs. Billings's, Hilda," she said. "Do you remember what a horrid old wash-stand we had there? And no bureau at all. On the whole, I think I like the change."

When they went down to dinner Mrs. Cameron scrutinized them carefully. Their black dresses were certainly very shabby and badly made. She must see to their clothes to-morrow. Her granddaughters, unwelcome though they were, must be dressed in a manner worthy of their position.

The dinner table, with its glittering glass and silver, was a revelation to the children, and as usual Rose did not hesitate to express her opinion.

"My, grandmother! Aren't you grand here? Why, Mrs. Billings couldn't begin to have such nice things, even when her friends were coming to tea. And this is very good soup. At Mrs. Billings's we never could afford "

"Rose!" interrupted Hildegarde.

"Suppose we forget Mrs. Billings for a time," said Mrs. Cameron, coldly.

"Forget Mrs. Billings!" repeated Rose. "Why, we oughtn't to forget her, when she was so good to us. When we thought it so strange, grandmother, that you seemed to have forgotten us, and did not send us any money, she was just as kind as she could be, and said it was no matter about paying her for the lodgings till you sent it. I don't think we ought to forget Mrs. Billings, do you, Uncle Phil?"

"I think it would be very nice to send Mrs. Billings a present," replied her uncle, "and we will see about choosing one very soon. But," with a view to changing the subject, "do you not speak German? Your English is remarkably good for the little German girls that you are."

"*Ja wohl, ich spreche Deutsch*," said Hildegarde, her face lighting up as she turned towards her uncle.

"I beg that you will not speak that outlandish tongue in my presence," said Mrs. Cameron. "I have most disagreeable associations with the language."

"But, mother, you are behind the times," said her son, trying to speak lightly. "German is the fashionable language at present. French is nowhere in comparison."

"I have old-fashioned notions," said Mrs. Cameron, stiffly.

"Is America a very free country?" asked Rose, who had not spoken for some moments, being engaged with her dinner.

"So it is said," returned her uncle.

"'Free' means that every one does as he likes?" continued Rose.

"With some limitations, yes."

"Are we Americans?"

"You certainly are," remarked her grandmother. "If you make your home with me you are to be Americans, and nothing else."

"What fun!" said Rose, meditatively. "If we are to be nothing but Americans we can do just as we like, and will not have to mind anybody. Why, we could talk German, grandmother, if we *wanted* to, because we are free Americans; but of course we won't, as you don't like the language. Now, if our German grandfather had felt like having us, and we had lived with him, we should have had to toe the mark, I bet a sixpence. It will be much nicer here."

William was forced to retire to the pantry to hide the smile that broke over his face. Philip laughed outright, but Mrs. Cameron, graver than ever, said:

"I beg that you will remember that American children are taught to obey, and also to pay some respect to their elders. You are talking entirely too much, and your language is more suited to Billingsgate than to a refined dinner table."

"Oh, grandmother, Mrs. Billings didn't have a gate!" exclaimed Rose, turning her brown eyes in wonderment on her grandmother. "She lives in town, you know, so of course it was a door. But perhaps you don't know that London is a city." Then, as if to excuse her grandmother's apparent ignorance, she added, "Noel didn't know much about it till he got there."

"*Who?*" cried Mrs. Cameron, in a strange voice.

Philip laid down his knife and fork, while William paused in his ministrations, and, forgetful of his duties, stared at the child.

Rose was quite unconscious.

"Noel, the boy that came over on the steamer."

"What was his last name?" asked her uncle.

"I don't know. Do you, Hilda?"

"No, we never heard it," replied Hildegarde. "They were French, I think, for the aunt always talked French to him; but he spoke English to us. He was a nice boy, and he looked something like Rose."

"Grandmother, what makes you look so funny?" said Rose.

Mrs. Cameron rose from the table.

"I am going to my room," she said to her son. "Good-night, children. Jane will see to it that you are comfortable. Philip, please come to me later."

Her son opened the door for her. Then he came back and stood in front of the fire.

"You say this boy was from France that you saw on the steamer?"

"Noel? I don't know," said Rose.

"Do you, Hilda?"

"No, except that they spoke French, and the aunt looked like a French woman. He did not talk much, but he seemed to like to be with us. His aunt followed him about a good deal. We told her one day we were coming to Philadelphia, and after that we never saw much of him. She hurried him off to the cabin, and said he was sick. We did not even see him to say good-by."

That night when Jane was helping them to undress, Rose said, suddenly,

"What makes our grandmother look so sad?"

"La, Miss Rose," said Jane, "she's had that much trouble she'd orter look sad!"

"Was it about anybody named Noel?"

"La, Miss, don't ask me!"

"But who was Noel?"

Jane did not answer at all this time. She busied herself about the room.

"Hilda," said Rose, when they were alone, "we've got to find out about Noel. It's a mystery."

"Ach, liebe!" replied Hildegarde, in German; "there are many mysteries. *Mein Vater, mein theuer Vater*, I need thee!"

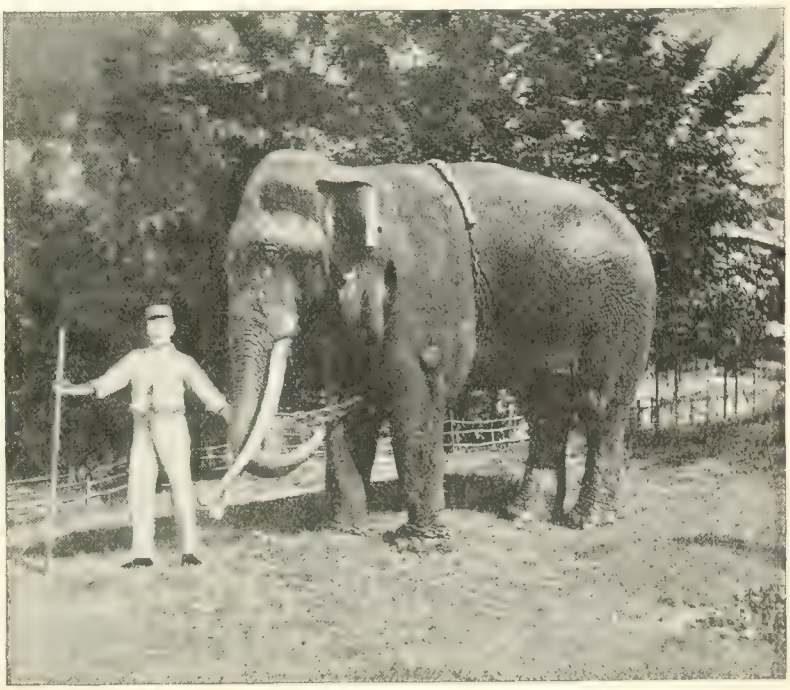
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A ROGUE'S LIFE.

BY W. M. BANGS.

BEHIND the heavy iron bars which formed the front of his own particular pen in the elephant-house in the Central Park, Tip, the unmanageable, stood swinging his great head or uneasily swaying his body from side to side. With his little but wicked eyes he looked at his many visitors apparently with as much curiosity as his visitors looked at him. His huge ears he held extended at right angles to his head, as though to hear the first murmur of any menace to him, or even any whisper of adverse comment or criticism; and there was much more than mere curiosity in his very wide-awake eyes. He had grown to be one of the largest and finest elephants in America, standing full nine and a half feet high, and weighing about five tons; but notwithstanding his excellence and value as a superior example of his kind, he was on trial for his life. In his thirty-three years of living he was said to have put eight men to death, and not long ago he manifested, if not a strong desire, at least a willingness to add a ninth to his list. But this ninth, who happened to be his keeper, was not willing to be so added, and he denounced Tip to his superior officers, who reported the case to the Commissioners of Public Parks.

Tip was born in Asia; but it is not probable his ugly tem-



TIP AND HIS KEEPER.

per was developed in his days of freedom, for almost in his babyhood he was captured, and became the property of the King of Italy. Either the climate of sunny Italy did not suit him, or he had a great longing for the wild and untrammelled life he no doubt thought his due. At all events, he did not take kindly to the restraints of civilization, and he became too unruly to continue the plaything of a King, and then Hagenbeck, the famous German animal-trainer and dealer, became his owner. While the property of Hagenbeck, Tip became the victim every spring of uncontrollable fits of anger or temper, and in these fits he succeeded in killing four men. Mr. Hagenbeck was quite willing to part with him when Adam Forepaugh saw him and made an offer for him a dozen years or so ago. Upon the voyage over Tip misbehaved himself sadly. He broke one set of chains; but this was replaced by another, and he was landed safely. For a while Forepaugh's men were able to keep him in subjection, or, at least, to prevent any serious outbreak. He was now a large and handsome animal, very attractive to the patrons of the circus. During this time, after the appearance of the herd of elephants in the ring, it was the habit of his trainer to seat himself upon Tip's tusks, and so be carried away aloft after each performance. But this kind of life was not good for his bad temper, and one spring he broke his chains, and charging one of his keepers, killed him. In the following spring, without any warning, he struck with his trunk a boy who happened to pass too near his stall. The boy was killed instantly. A week later he killed his keeper in the same way, and again in another spring he killed one more of Forepaugh's men.

On January 1, 1889, Adam Forepaugh presented him to the city of New York, and the Commissioners of the Parks had indeed an "elephant on their hands." He had not been the property of the city many months when he took it into his wicked head that the partition between his stall and the neighboring one, containing another elephant, had better be removed, and he charged it. Three feet of one of his tusks was splintered. When, after a few days, he became comparatively quiet, his keeper trimmed the splintered tusk, and sawed off three feet of the other. Later the tusks were shortened again to about two feet in length, as long as it was deemed safe to leave them. One spring morning three years ago, when his keeper went into his pen to feed him, he snapped his chains, seized the keeper with his trunk, flung him to the ground, and was about to trample on him, when the keeper's cries for help brought a policeman, who was able to drag him away. Afterward the keeper entered the pen, subdued the brute with his elephant-hook, fitted heavier chains upon him, and thrashed him soundly. Since then Tip has amused himself at intervals or has vented his anger by breaking heavy wooden beams or the bars of his pen or snapping the chains which were meant to bind him. But nothing very serious or dangerous to human life happened until about two weeks ago. The animal had become stubborn and disobedient, and a keeper, fearing trouble, thought it would be well to supplement the body chain with a sort of martingale running to the tusks, and another which fastened one of his fore legs to two of the front bars of the pen. He entered the pen to put a chain about one of the hind legs. Tip struck him with one of his tusks, knocking him down against the iron partition. Tip plunged at him; but this time the chains held, and the keeper was able to draw himself between two of the bars, and so escape a horrible death. No one dared to enter the pen afterward.

That was about the case for the prosecution. In Tip's defence—for he had defenders—it was said that his trouble was due to improper handling, and that he had been chained, and had been given no exercise for three years.

The official was asked by a visitor how they punished Tip.

"Punish him?" he repeated. "We can't punish him! He has got the best of us. If we should try to punish him without first getting another chain around one of his hind legs he would tear the house down. And we can't get near him to fasten that chain."

"Oh!" was the rejoinder. "Then there is not much security in these bars?"

"He would break them all down if he should take it into his head to do so."

The visitor looked with increased interest at the others who now crowded the space reserved for them, separated from a vicious and dangerous animal only by a barred partition which he could easily throw down.

After a discussion of the subject the Park Commissioners could find no good reason to let Tip's career on earth be continued, and in due time he was poisoned. It was a difficult matter, for Tip had the sagacity of his kind, and he rejected most of the poisoned vegetables or fruit given him at intervals from seven in the morning until the afternoon one dull day a week ago. At about four in the afternoon, however, the poison was placed in a ball of bran—Tip's favorite food. This he swallowed, and in a few minutes he was dead.

## HOW TO MAKE A BELL ELECTRIC TELEPHONE FOR EIGHT CENTS.

BY MORTIMER A. LOPEZ.

THE following is a list of what you will need. First, an old soap-box; second, a piece of curtain-pole; third, a piece of wire from an old electric bell; fourth, an empty spool; fifth, an old tintype; sixth, nine screws, cost three cents; seventh, a piece of steel rod, cost five cents. Total, eight cents.

Cut from an old curtain-pole a piece $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, and into one end of it bore a hole with your one-inch bit just as deep as your empty spool is long. When this is done, change your bit to the half-inch one, and continue boring with this the hole started with the one-inch bit, until you have gone clear through the entire length of the pole, as shown in Fig. 4. Take great care to have these holes in the centre all the way through.

Now lay this piece aside, and select from your soap-box the smoothest side that has no painting on it. You will probably find this to be a $\frac{3}{8}$-inch board. Mark out on it a circle $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, and within this another 2 inches in diameter. Between these two circles bore four small holes, *c c c c*, shown in Fig. 1, and in the centre of the circles bore a half-inch hole clear through the board. Cut this disc, of which the larger circle forms the circumference, out of the board. This is readily done by first sawing it out roughly, cutting it down to its circular shape with your penknife, and finally smoothing it off with sand-paper. This done, you must scoop out of this disc to the depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch all the wood in the space shaded in Fig. 1. This is easily done with a hammer and chisel, but can be accomplished with a little more difficulty with your knife. When finished, a cross section of this disc, which you will call X, will look like Fig. 2.

Make another disc exactly the same as disc X, with the exception that the hole in the centre must be of the same diameter as the outside of your curtain-pole, and call it disc Y.

Now take the body of your telephone, and in the end marked *A*, Fig. 4, you must, to the depth of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, make square the hole which is now round. When this is done you will have in the end *A* a square hole $\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}\times 1\frac{1}{4}$ deep. Next take a piece of wood $\frac{1}{2}\times\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch long, and into one end of it, *T* (Fig. 3), bore a hole

$\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch deep. Along the entire length of two opposite sides of this block cut two shallow grooves, *z z*. Call this block V.

Cut from the *same* piece of pole from which you got the body of your 'phone a disc of $\frac{1}{4}$-inch thickness, and through which you must bore the five holes shown in Fig. 5. Bore these holes before sawing off the disc, so as to avoid danger of splitting. Call this disc U.

Take the disc which you called Y, and after applying a little glue to the inner edge of the hole in its centre slip it over the end *b* of the body of the 'phone, until the gouged-out part is flush with the top, as shown in Fig. 4. While this is drying you can prepare your magnet.

First buy a piece of round *steel* rod 6 inches long and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. See that the ends are filed off perfectly flat, and take it to the nearest electric-light station and ask them to make a magnet of it for you. Select an empty spool (such as cotton usually comes wound on) that will fit tightly over your bar magnet. Close to each end of the spool saw a slit all the way round, going as deeply as you can without cutting into the hole in the centre. Cut out with your knife all the wood between these slits. Your spool will now look like Fig. 6, the dotted lines showing the part cut away. With a strip of sand-paper rub down the core of this spool until it is a mere shell not more than $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch in thickness, and in one end of this spool bore two holes in the positions *m n*, shown in Fig. 7. Bore these holes with a piece of red-hot wire, otherwise you will split the wood. This spool is to be wound with insulated copper wire.

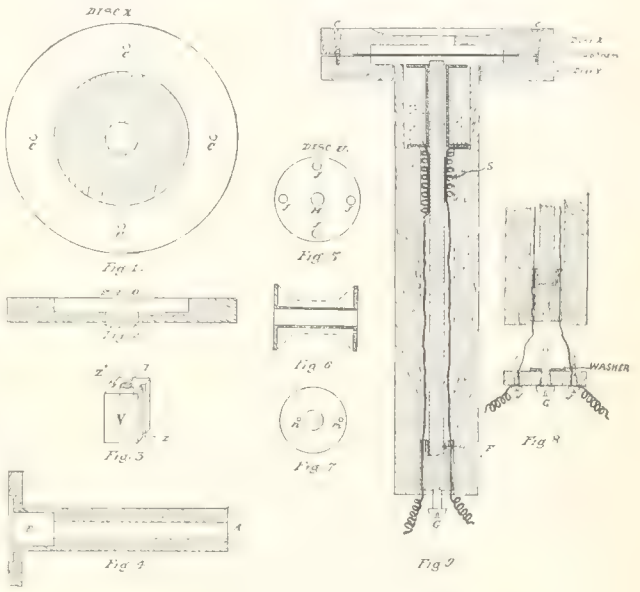
The efficiency of your telephone depends on the fineness of the wire used. If you use wire from an old electric bell, you must keep a sharp lookout for breaks and kinks in it, and also that the insulation is all right.

After carefully unwinding the wire from your bell, take one end of it and pass it through the hole *n*, Fig. 7, from the inside to the outside of your spool, drawing about 12 inches of the wire through the hole, and winding it on a piece of paper, so as to avoid getting it tangled. Wind the rest of the wire on the spool in exactly the same manner as the cotton which was on the spool when it was first bought, being very careful to see that each turn lies as closely as possible to its neighbor, and that the turns of one layer do not sink below into those of the layer beneath. Wind as tightly as you can. When you are 12 inches from the end pass it through the other hole *m*, Fig. 7, and wrap it around a piece of paper.

You are now ready to put the 'phone together. Take the spool which you have just wound and slip it (with the end from which the ends of the wire emerge down) over the magnet until the latter protrudes about $\frac{1}{16}$ inch out of the other end of the spool. Unwrap the ends of the wire from the paper and wind them around a wire nail, so that when the nail is withdrawn and the wire stretched a little it will form a spiral as shown at *S*, Fig. 9. This will prevent the wire from slipping back through the holes *m* and *n* and unloosening on the spool. Be careful in stretching not to pull it out so far as to produce kinks. Now take the magnet with the spool on it and drop it into the body of the 'phone, as shown in Fig. 9, carefully bringing the ends of the wire through with it at the same time.

Next take your block V, Fig. 3, and putting a drop of glue in the hole *T*, slip it over the free end of the magnet, as shown at *F*, Fig. 9, at the same time bringing the ends of the wire out through the grooves *z z* cut in the sides of the block. Screw a $\frac{7}{8}$-inch round-head brass screw exactly in the centre of the other end of the block as far as it will go without disturbing the magnet (see *C*, Fig. 9). Remove this screw and file off $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch of its point, and also see that the middle hole of the disc U (which hole must be exactly in the centre) is just a trifle larger than the body of the screw. Take this disc with the screw in it to a tinsmith and have him solder a thin washer to the screw while the head is snug against the disc, as shown in Fig. 8.

Having bought six $\frac{5}{8}$-inch flat-head iron screws and two $\frac{3}{8}$-inch round-head brass screws, take your disc U and pass the free end of one of the magnet wires through




DIAGRAMS OF THE TELEPHONE.

one of the holes, *J* (Fig. 5) and the other wire through the hole diametrically opposite, as shown in Fig. 8. Now screw the middle screw (which is held by the washer to the disc) into the hole in the block V which you made when you screwed it into the block before. Into the hole *J*, Fig. 8, through which you have passed one of the magnet wires, insert one of the $\frac{5}{8}$-inch brass screws, and screw it until it has partially entered the sides of the body of the 'phone. Strip the insulation from the protruding end of the magnet wire, and after brightening it with a piece of sand-paper, wind it two or three times around the screw between its head and the disc, and cut off the projecting end close to the screw. Do the same with the other magnet wire. Insert two of your $\frac{5}{8}$-inch iron screws into the two remaining holes and screw them home.

Cut from an old tintype a circular disc $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches in diameter and rub the picture off with emery-paper. This will form the diaphragm of your 'phone. Place this diaphragm on top of the disc Y, which is glued to the body of the telephone, and on top of this place the other disc X, with the side marked *O*, Fig. 2, down. Screw the discs together with the four remaining screws through the holes *c c*. Before putting on the disc X scoop out of the side *P*, Fig. 2, a space in the shape of a shallow bowl, as shown in Fig. 9.

The telephone is now finished with the exception of a coat of black paint. As this telephone can be used both as a transmitter and a receiver, it is only necessary to make two such instruments in order to establish communication between two places. No battery is required with this 'phone.

In order to set up your line, bring two insulated lines of wire between the points to be joined and connect them with your 'phone by fastening them to the two brass screws already attached to the two lines from the spool. You must find its proper distance for the magnet from the diaphragm by turning the centre screw at the back until you get the magnet in the position in which you can hear best.




HIS task was done; the final page
  Had from his fingers fluttered.
"Yet is it finished, after all?"
  The Parson, musing, muttered.
"Or is there not on every theme
  Still something to be said -
Some question to be answered still?"
'Twas late; he dropped his weary quill,
  And eke his learnèd head.

The pages of his manuscript
  Flew open with a whir;
He heard among the rustling leaves
  Disputing voices stir,
And out there stepped with flirt and fling
  A troop of tiny fellows.
A scholar's gown one gravely wore,
And one a herald's trumpet bore,
  And one a pair of bellows.

Out spake the first, a pygmy sprite,
  But pert and consequential.
"Of all our little band," quoth he,
  "I am the most essential.
Without my help, how tongues would fly,
  How pens run on apace!
The all-important Comma, I
The talking, scribbling world supply
  With needed breathing-space."



"Ho! ho!" the Exclamation cried,
  "How arrogant a notion!
Why, but for me the world would burst
  With unexpressed emotion!
I voice its joy, its grief, its—" "Hold!"
  Broke in the Semicolon.
"We do not know, though proud our claims—
Colon and I just where *our* names
  Are writ high Honor's roll on."

"Who does?" Below his breath the Dash
  Was heard to interpose.
And loud among the rivals all
  The angry bickering rose,
Till spoke the reverend Period,
  And put a stop to wrangling:
"I, only I, may justly claim
The prize of that transcendent fame
  For which you all are angling.

"I represent the world's belief,
  Its final affirmation.
Conclusions, facts, are mine." "Indeed?"
  Low laughed Interrogation.
"And would you hold your sway alone,
  And stop the clocks of time?
Bid earth with all its mystery
Exist on ancient history,
  Nor ever forward climb?

"Nay, hear my claim. Whatever else
  You please to say about me,
I am the children's dearest friend;
  They could not live without me.
I stand for that inquiring mind
  Which always 'wants to know';
I search the heavens, the earth, the seas;
Columbus, Luther, Socrates –
  They loved me long ago.

"Who asks may learn; who seeks may find;
  I hold the golden key
To all the doors of knowledge locked,
  The gates of mystery.



The spirit of the age, by me
  The wheel of life is whirled.
I and the children, victors we,
For step by step triumphantly
  We carry on the world!"

A pause—then loudly rang the cheers
  For victory undoubted.
"The children and the Question-mark
  Forevermore!" they shouted.
The lamp, expiring, gave a gasp;
  The sound the circle broke,
And back in headlong haste they skipped,
And hid within the manuscript.
  The Parson sighed, and woke.

The lamp was out; the fire was low.
  "Good lack!" the Parson muttered.
"My sermon put myself to sleep
  Ere ever it was uttered."
He rubbed his eyes; he shook his head,
  "Some dreams are strangely true.
Forsooth, a clever dream!" said he.
And as he told the tale to me,
  I tell it here to you.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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# HOW A WAR-SHIP'S ARMOR IS MADE.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

IT requires a great amount of intense heat, a lot of tremendous pounding, much knowledge of chemistry, and a great deal of good judgment and skilled labor to make a plate of armor. The fires must be so hot that the temperature runs often as high as 3000 degrees Fahr., the pounding or pressing must be so vigorous as sometimes to equal a pressure of 14,000 tons, and the chemical knowledge must be of the most expert and delicate kind, the result of years upon years of experiment. And when a large plate of the best modern armor is finished, it will be a block of moderately soft steel perhaps 17 inches thick, 7½ feet tall, from 6 to 12 feet long, alloyed with a certain amount of nickel to make it tough, and hardened on its face with a preparation of carbon to make its exposed surface brittle. This block of metal, weighing perhaps from 25 to 30 tons, but not large enough of itself to be very imposing, will cost from $15,000 to $20,000. And that is only one plate of armor which goes with others to protect a ship.



The best place to see how armor is made is at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where the works of the Bethlehem Iron Company are. This establishment was not only the first to make modern armor in this country, but has been the most successful in preparing the defences for our battle-ships. The first impression that you receive as you enter these works that lie along the beautiful Lehigh River, covering hundreds of acres with long barren-looking buildings and scores of chimneys and big furnaces, is that outside of the buildings it is a place filled with noisy little locomotives and a confusion of railroad tracks; that inside the buildings it is a place of fierce, turbulent, and fascinating fires on every hand, and that heat such as you never imagined existed, and beautiful colors such as you never thought fire contained, beset you at every turn. In every big building you will also notice large travelling-cranes,

which you will feel like dodging as they speed up and down, picking up here a great mass of metal and depositing it there as easily and almost as quickly as a big hawk would swoop down upon a chicken and take it off.

Before you start to look through these immense works you ought to bear in mind that seven years ago not only were there no tools here to use in making armor, but that its processes were almost unknown. For this reason it took courage to invest millions of dollars in the enterprise, when the result was in doubt, and when there was no certainty that Congress would continue to order armored ships. That the officers of the Bethlehem company did this was due to one man more than any other—Mr. W. H. Jacques, now the consulting and ordnance engineer of the company, but seven years ago a lieutenant in the United States navy. Mr. Jacques had been a member of a board sent abroad in President Arthur's administration to investigate the production of war material, and if you should go through his splendid library at Bethlehem, devoted almost exclusively to guns, ships, armor, the history of warfare, and that sort of thing, you would not wonder that by means of the data he collected the Bethlehem iron people, with true American pluck, went ahead and soon distanced the world.

In making a piece of armor, the trick, as it might be expressed, is to separate the iron from the great mass of impurities that exist in the ore; to make that iron, when comparatively pure, into steel; to press the steel and harden it into a compact mass of particles that will resist enormous shock—such a shock, for example, as when a projectile weighing 1100 pounds, impelled by an explosion of 550 pounds of powder, and travelling at the average rate of 2000 feet a second, strikes it. The first operation in making the armor is to make the pig-iron. This is done in a blast-furnace. The ore is placed in the top of a tall chimney sort of furnace, with limestone and other materials to make a chemical change, and is melted as currents of hot air are blown through it. Some of the impurities are blown away; the iron runs out at the bottom into grooves, and is made into pigs, which every one has seen, and other impurities in the form of slag are drawn off and thrown away.

After the pig-iron is made, the first real step in making armor begins. You have been taken into a long building where there is a thick haze, like the atmosphere in a Western city. Picking your way here and there, you come to a flight of steps, and climb to a broad platform half-way to the roof. Some one has said that making armor is a mere matter of cooking and roasting. Here is where the cooking is done. It is in open-hearth furnaces, holding from fifteen to forty tons of metal. The pig-iron, the scrap (which usually consists of pieces of armor trimmed off and unused), the nickel, the chemicals, are all carefully weighed and proportioned. The superintendent seasons the whole as delicately as a hotel *chef* would his soup or terrapin. All the ingredients are brought in on cars. As you approach the furnaces, holding blue glasses before your eyes, and hear something of the roar of the consuming gases which do the cooking, you partly turn away. Scarcely before you get used to the place you see ten or a dozen brawny men, many of them bare-armed and red-shirted, swinging on the end of a long steel spoon, suspended from a small travelling-crane. They guide the spoon to the cars where the metals to be cooked are, load them on, and then, with a slow, deliberate walk and swing that looks as if they were playing seesaw as their feet leave and touch the floor, the metal is pushed toward the door of the furnace. Now hold your glasses before your eyes. A workman has pressed a lever, and the door has been pulled up. You can see the furnace filled with heat waves, cherry-colored, and curving into mountain peaks and ranges, with lava running down their sides. The iron is approaching a liquid state, but as you look the door drops, and a sigh of satisfaction in seeing an inferno without danger to yourself escapes you. The next furnace has reached a white-hot stage. For your benefit Mr. Jacques has the door raised. Seen through the blue glasses the interior resembles, as it bubbles and boils, a bed of lime which a hod-carrier works over in sand on the street as he prepares the plaster when the water has nearly done its work. How the furnace bubbles and spurts! It is thick, like cream, and the chemical reactions keep it in constant motion. It is liquid steel now. The fires have been heating it for many hours. The cooking is nearly done, and the chief cook has sampled and tested it, and at last announces that it is ready to be cast into an ingot.

Back of the furnace you notice a sharply inclined trough about a foot wide and apparently six inches deep. At the end of this trough is a monster cup or receptacle which has been heated nearly red-hot, so that the liquid steel shall not lose much of its heat. The foreman gives the signal, the white-hot metal, with sparks flying, races down into the big cup, the car is moved along, the mass goes into the mould, is pressed into shape, and three days later, when it is cool, we find a rectangular block of steel, say six feet long, four feet wide, and four feet thick, with a sort of neck at one end.

The ingot is now ready for forging, or being flattened out, and here is where the most picturesque work is done. It is a weird sort of place, filled with smoke and mysterious noises. In the centre of the place you see the black framework of an enormous hammer that towers nearly one hundred feet high, and spreads its feet out like a giant come from the region of a nightmare imagination. Along the sides of the building are numerous furnaces The door of the building opens, and a fussy little locomotive drags in the ingot. A travelling-crane pounces on it, a big steel cap is fitted over the neck, and on the end of a long steel bar which runs away from the cap great weights are placed, so that the ingot and its counterweight balance from the crane. The ingot is then turned toward a furnace door to be reheated for working purposes, is thrust in with the neck sticking out, and the gas fires are set going. It must be heated gradually to avoid strains and to make an even density of molecules. It will take seventy hours to heat that ingot through and through, and so you leave it temporarily and turn to the far corner of the shop. Here you will see a monster stationary engine, the largest in the world, and made in these works. The three big fly-wheels revolve in a whirl, and the engine is operating immense pumps, which supply hydraulic power to a huge steel press. There are two ways of forging. One is by dropping a hammer for many feet on a piece of heated metal, and the other is to place the metal in a press and give it a terrible squeezing. The Bethlehem Company uses both ways. The biggest of these presses has a power, as has been said, of 14,000 tons. One can readily understand how a piece of white-hot steel can be flattened and made to curl up under that force like a piece of dough in a cook's hand. As you look you see that a cylindrical forging about the size of a barrel is in the press. The workmen have thrust an enormous knife that looks like a razor exaggerated a thousand times across the mass. The big ram descends with a mocking, resistless deliberation, and the knife is slowly crowded half-way through. The heated cylinder is then turned over, and the knife is pushed down to the first cut, and with a thump the steel falls apart and becomes scrap.

In another press there is an ingot that has become partly cooled. It must be heated again. It is swung over to a furnace door, and you are surprised to hear the man in charge of the department say, as the furnace door is lifted: "I can't put that into the fire until the furnace

gets cooled off. The heat would crack the ingot." It seems strange to you that a piece of metal made when flattened to keep out modern projectiles, the like of which were not dreamed of in any previous war ancient or modern, should be cracked by being put in a fire which it has withstood, and in which it has already been placed for two or three days. One couldn't be more careful of the rarest bit of china than these men are of the masses of dull red metal that are losing their glow and beginning to look like the ungainly, unwieldy things they really are.

Now that the door of this reheating furnace is opened, stop for a moment to look in it. Inside it is made of brick, and the color is that of beautiful glowing yellow. The color seems alive. Over to the right we see three or four arches. There are little steps of brick leading up into them. Around the edge of one of the arches a huge gas flame curls like the tongue of a demon licking his chops, and then it disappears. The color of the furnace deepens as the cool air rushes in; but the mellow light still fascinates, and you feel as you gaze at it that you would not be surprised to see some engaging asbestos fairy come lightly dancing down the palace steps and with her wand reveal untold beauties of the realm of fire.

While you have been looking at this furnace workmen have been putting an ingot from another furnace under the great hammer of which we have spoken. Mr. Jacques touches your arm and points to it, and through the haze you hasten near it. The narrow side is uppermost. As the big hammer descends it will pound the steel and make the ingot lengthen. This hammer may drop a distance of sixteen feet, and strike a fierce blow with its 125-ton moving parts in falling that distance. It may be made to strike only a slight blow, so perfect is the control which the workmen have over it. The cost of this hammer alone is nearly $500,000. You see a dozen or fifteen men standing about, twenty or thirty feet away from the hammer. The counterbalance part of the ingot rests on a little railroad car, and a big crane sustains the weight of the whole. As the ingot is swung under the hammer one is surprised to see the hammer apparently raise itself. The ingot seems to stop itself just at the right place, having turned itself half over or moved itself from left to right or right to left, as was needed. Some unseen power has surely taken possession of the place. There are no shouting of orders, no shrill signal whistles. Every motion under and about the hammer must be speedy, for the iron is cooling, and not an instant must be lost. You see the hammer go up and stop. Then you see it fall with a rush. It has given only a light blow, one-fourth of its full capacity. The red-hot steel has fallen under its blow as though a giant had jumped on it and trampled it down. A subdued roar goes rumbling through the place and bounds from wall to wall, and you feel the ground shaken in an earthquake. And while your astonished eyes peer through the smoke the ingot again has inched itself mysteriously along, the hammer has pulled itself up, and then come another thump and a roar.

If, now, you are a close reader of newspapers, a smile will spread over your face. Why? Because at last you have actually found the famous "dull thud." Here is where the dull thud lives and has its being. This forge shop is its home. It has been regarded as the choicest of newspaper myths. Don't disbelieve it; go and see and hear for yourselves.

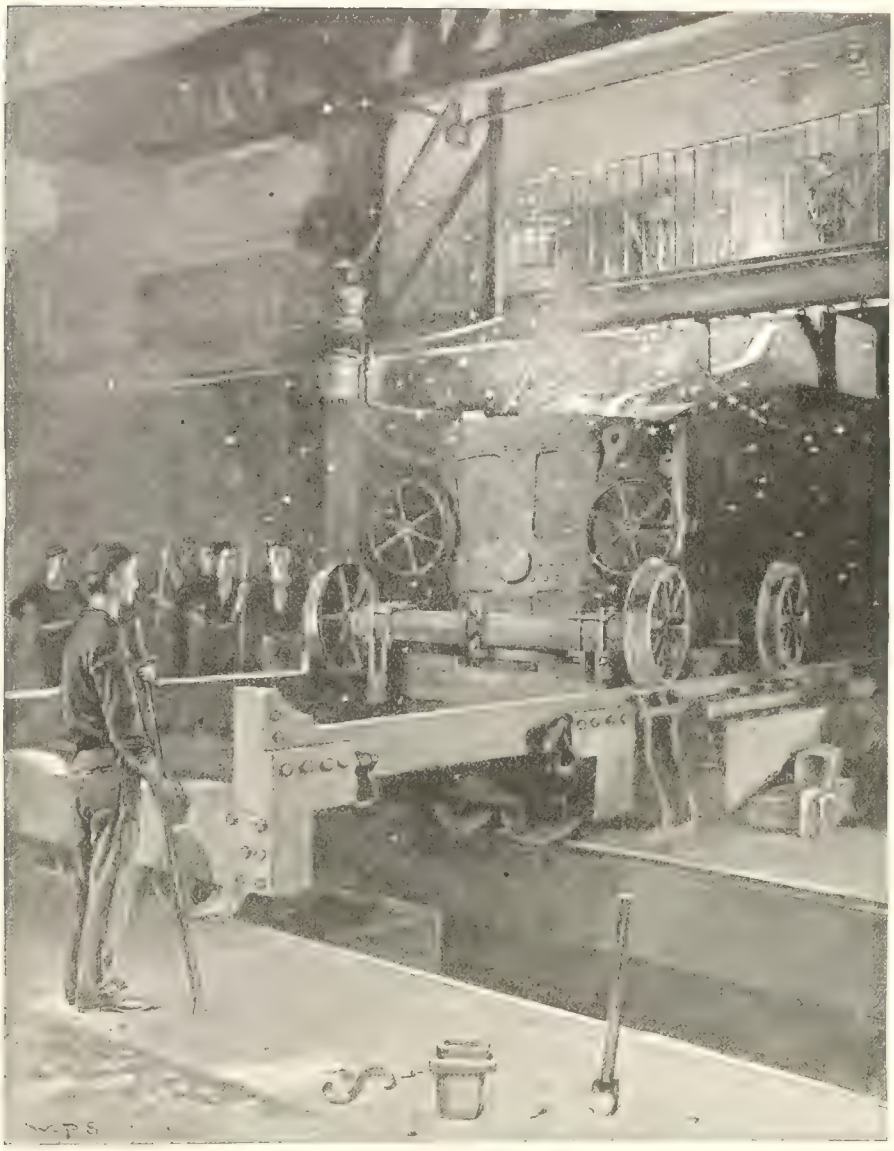
While you are smiling over your discovery your eye lights on a very peculiar workman. He acts strangely. He seems to have the St. Vitus's dance or the "rickets," and you begin to get alarmed for his safety in such a place. You ask Mr. Jacques who he is, and he tells you unconcernedly that the man is the head workman, or the "forgeman," as he is called. He is a tall thin man, in a blue shirt and old clothes, and his hat is drawn far down over his eyes. His arms are now thrown out into the air in quick jerky motions. Now they are down below his waist, whirling and tossing about. Now they shoot out. Now they are thrust upward, now pulled down. They threaten, they persuade, they plead, they glide, they jump, they fight, and you wonder if he is practising some gestures for some great speech at a strikers' meeting. As you look about you see a man perched up there out of the way, and another tucked up here, and another still over in another place, and they are watching this rickety man intently. Looking closer you see them moving levers, and then it is that you guess the secret of the mysterious movements of the hammer and ingots. The man with the crazy gestures is directing every move, and instead of shouting or whistling, he controls the ponderous machinery by the movements of his hands.

You are next surprised by seeing some workmen play a thick stream of water on a thin part of the plate, a part that has been shaved off for purposes of fitting or tapering. The water splutters and splutters until the right shade of color appears in the whole ingot, and then the forging goes on. Now and then a man rushes up to the ingot, and places an upright steel rod against it by means of a long handle to measure the extent of the forging, and then he flees as if an army was after him.

There is one other thing you should see before you leave the forging shop. It is the method they use in curving these armor plates. As one finds them bent and ready to be adjusted to some war-ship's turret or sponson he imagines that they are taken when hot, and the edges are bent down as one would bend a piece of whalebone into a bow. He is wrong, for, instead of being bent down, they are curved up. Wedges are placed beneath an edge of the plate—very delicate work this is—the press squeezes, and the edge curls up in a curve that is regular. This work is followed up, and when the task is done the cylindrical result is uniform and perfect.

From the forging shop the plate is taken to the tempering shop for further treatment. If it is to have a bath of carbon, it is heated, and annealed to make the formation of molecules uniform, and it lies on a bed of specially prepared carbon, which it absorbs to the depth of about an inch. If a shot should ever get through this part of the plate, it would pass on partly through or perhaps entirely through the toughened steel, but without cracking it. This is because of the nickel alloy in the composition. If the plate is not to have a carbon bath, or is not to be "Harveyized," as the process is called, after the man who was fortunate enough to get the patent, the plate is tempered. This is generally done by plunging it, heated, into a bath of circulating oil. This accomplished, the plate is taken to the finishing shop, where the rough edges are sawed and planed off by immense tools as easily as a carpenter smooths up his cabinet work. Then the plates for a certain ship are set up, the holes for the big bolts are bored, and at last the armor leaves the works and is taken to the ship-yard.

When the fifty or sixty of these plates are fastened on the battle-ship or armored cruiser, after all this work, you are surprised to see that they cover only a small strip of the vessel, extending a little more than half along its sides amidships, and extending possibly four feet above the water and three and a half or four feet below the water. The larger guns are also hidden in armored turrets, but the main body of the ship is unprotected, and is made up of steel plates averaging only about three-quarters of an inch in thickness. The smallest shot of another ship would pierce this easily, and pass through the vessel, killing any man or any number of men in its path. The armor is intended solely to protect the boilers, engines, and guns. If it covered the entire ship, the vessel would



THE WHITE HOT METAL RACES DOWN INTO THE BIG CUP

be useless, because of its enormous weight. Thus you see that in naval fighting the boilers and engines seem to be of more importance than men, for men can be supplied a thousand times more easily in a fight than costly machinery.

## THE WHITE MICE.

BY SEMPER JONES.

"OH dear!" sighed Alice, as she walked slowly into the library, dragging her book-bag along the floor. "I wish I were a boy or grown up or rich—or something!"

"Why not try 'something'?" inquired her mother, smilingly. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," said Alice, "except the Wakefield Chapter of the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table is going to raise some money for the Babies' Fresh Air Fund, and I can't do a single thing."

"I thought you could do a great many things," said her mother, smiling.

"Yes, but they're so pokey," replied Alice.

Just then in rushed Ted, Alice's twin brother, with a lively Scotch terrier bounding after him. "Down, Prink," shouted Ted, "down, sir! Here, mother, hold this, won't you, please, till I make Prink behave. Now, sir, you come out here and be quiet." Ted disappeared, and soon came back without Prink. "You can't guess what I've got in the box," he said.

"Is it alive?" asked Alice.

"Oh, you heard 'em move."

"No, I didn't."

"Them?" inquired Mrs. Bruce. "Are there several live creatures in here?"

"Mice," replied Ted.

"O--o—u—ch!" screamed Alice, and Mrs. Bruce nearly dropped the box. "Theodore," she said, in her sternest tone, "what have you been doing now?"

"Why, they're white mice, of course," said Ted, opening the box and showing the timid little animals. "Jack Waters has had 'em 'most two months and he got tired of 'em. So I offered him my old knife, and he took me up. I didn't think he would, but he did. I got 'em for Alice," he explained. "We're going to have a fair, you know, mother; didn't Alice tell you? And I thought she might have a side show to our Wild West like they have at the circus."

"Oh, mother," said Alice, "may I?"

"I shall have to think about it," replied Mrs. Bruce. "I am afraid that people would not pay to see white mice."

"But we would train 'em," said Ted.

"Train them? How?"

"I trained Prink," said Ted, and Mrs. Bruce knew Prink's clever tricks too well to hesitate any longer. "If your father has no objection," she said, "you may try it, Ted."

"Oh, goody!" cried Alice. "But I'm going to help, if I've got to exhibit them in a side show at the Wild West."

When Mr. Bruce came home from the office he gave his consent to the plan, and the training began.

It was not so hard, after all, to teach the mice after the little creatures had become quite at home with their trainers. At first Alice used to coax them to climb up a branch by holding a biscuit in advance of their noses. The next step was to teach the mice to climb up after bits of pasteboard. These were of all colors; and after a mouse had run up and picked one from Alice's fingers, she would give it a few crumbs of cake or a few grains of sugar. In this way the mice were taught that the proper way to get their dinner was to run swiftly up a stick and pick a piece of cardboard out of a box. It took another week and a hard struggle to teach the little fellows to run up the branch when Alice chirped at them; but this part of their education was at last over, and Alice was ready to tell fortunes. With the aid of an old book that she found in the village library she wrote on a half hundred slips of paper as many "fortunes." There were twenty-five for boys and twenty-five for girls, and Alice made several copies of each slip in order that there should be enough to go around.

The "First Grand Annual Fair of the Wakefield Chap-

ter, Knights and Ladies of the Round Table," opened on the 11th of May. By working four evenings after school the boys of the Chapter managed to get their Wild West Show enclosed with old pieces of carpet loaned for the occasion. The fair grounds were just outside the village, and an old barn served as a dressing-room. Planks laid across boxes and barrels made three tiers of seats about the ring, and outside this enclosure were stands for selling pink lemonade, like a real circus, three small tents for the side shows, and booths for selling salted almonds, cakes, penwipers, and other wonderful pieces of needle-work, all made by Ladies of the Round Table. One of the three tents was to hold a doll show; the second contained a photograph gallery, in which Ted was to take snap-shots of everybody who was willing to pay for it; and in the third was to sit the "renowned Gypsy Queen Geralda, with her wonderful trained white mice"—at least that was what the show-bills said, and as they were printed on the hand-press of Knight Arthur Warren, it is probable that they were correct.

The fair opened after school on Friday, and was to last all day Saturday; but it was so successful that the Wild West Show was repeated Saturday evening and again on Monday.

One of the very best things in the fair, not even excepting the Maypole dance that followed the Wild West performance, was the Gypsy Queen and her trained mice. The Queen was not attired so closely like an Egyptian as to be mistaken for a mummy—all the Egyptian queens and princesses at the present time being in that melancholy condition—but she looked very unlike Alice Bruce, at all events. She wore a head-dress of flowers and feathers made from a half-dozen last winter's hats obligingly sacrificed by Ladies of the Round Table, and her feet were encased in slippers on which beads of various sizes and colors had been painfully sewed by Alice herself. Wrapped in a Navajo blanket which her uncle Harry had sent her from Colorado, and with her face colored with drawing crayons, Alice was enough like a Gypsy Queen to answer every purpose. The important part was that the white mice ran up and down the forked branches as often as they were required, and everybody seemed to be pleased with the "fortune" that he or she received. As none of them were bad, to begin with, but all promised gold mines, or



ALICE COAXED THEM TO CLIMB UP A BRANCH BY HOLDING A BISCUIT BEFORE THEIR NOSES.

fame, or some equally desirable thing. Alice was declared to be the most satisfactory fortune-teller that had ever been heard of in Wakefield. She knew that she had been kept busy when the larger shows inside the old carpet amphitheatre had not been going on, but she was surprised, on counting her money on Saturday night, to find that she had nearly three dollars. The amount was increased to four dollars and fifteen cents on Monday evening, and the Wild West Show itself made only a little less than seventeen dollars. All this was very pleasant, but the hard part came when a gentleman from Boston, who happened to be present on Monday evening, offered Alice ten dollars for the mice.

Alice hesitated a long time, for she had become very much attached to them

"Let's see. Ten dollars is two babies two weeks apiece in the country," she said, "and maybe that would mean two sick babies getting well. You may have the mice," she finally consented.

After all, when the ten dollars was added to the rest of the money earned at the fair, and it made the whole amount nearly forty dollars, Alice decided that she was glad the mice had been sold.

"But then," she confessed to Ted, "I never want to train any more. It hurts too much when you have to lose them."

## AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

### CHAPTER II.

THE next morning the children were early awake.

"Just think, Rose-flower," said Hildegarde, "this was really our mamma's room! I can scarcely believe it. I wish you could remember her better. You were such a little thing when she died."

"I remember her very well," Rose said, somewhat indignantly; "and I'm not so terribly much younger than you. And you don't know as much as you think you do, Hilda, for you said grandmother would be like mamma because she was her mother. Now she's not a bit like her."

"No," sighed Hildegarde, "she isn't like her. Somehow, Rose-flower, it doesn't seem as if she cared very much for us. But then she never saw us before, and you could not expect her to love us right on the spot. I am going to try with all my might to make her love me, and you had better do the same. It is so nice to be loved."

"I don't know whether I shall try much," returned Rose; "it depends. There's Uncle Phil, who loves us without any trying, and I love him. I wonder why grandmother doesn't like Germans? You'd think she would, as mamma married a German."

"I know. Perhaps, though, she did not know papa very well, and they went right to London to live. It is a good thing that mamma brought us up to speak English."

"Let's get up," said Rose, presently. "I want to explore, and I want to see Uncle Phil."

They dressed themselves, and Hildegarde carefully arranged Rose's curly locks and braided her own straight hair, and then, just as they were leaving their room, they met Jane coming with hot water.

"What! dressed already?" she exclaimed, in rather hushed tones, as if she were fearful of waking some one; "and without any help?"

"We've never had any help," said Hildegarde, laughing.

"And what's the hot water for?" asked Rose. "Were you going to make tea?"

"La, miss!" said Jane; "I thought young ladies always liked hot water to bathe in."

"We don't. We never had it. Is grandmother up yet?"

"Your grandmother has a very bad headache, and wants the house kept as quiet as possible."

"And where's Uncle Phil?"

"He's eating his breakfast, for he is going in an early train to New York."

"My! Does he go to New York every day?" asked Rose.

"No, indeed, Miss Rose. It's some business that's taking him. And very sudden it is, too."

"Let's go see him, Hilda, before he goes." And Rose caught her sister by the hand, and they ran down stairs.

Their uncle was just about to leave the house, but he stopped for a moment to speak to them before hurrying off to his train.

The children ate their breakfast, and then were at a loss to know what to do next. They wandered into the drawing-room, which was handsomer than any room they had ever seen, and in which there was much to interest them.

They stood at the window and looked at the people who were passing, and over at the square opposite. It was a clear frosty morning, and the school-children who went by held their hands to their ears as if the breeze were nipping.

"I wonder if we shall be allowed to play in the square?" said Rose.

"And I wonder if we shall go to school?" returned Hildegarde. "I would like to."

After a long time Jane came in search of them. "Your grandmother has too bad a headache to see you this morning," she said, "but I am to take you to buy some clothes."

"We have enough clothes, I think," said the prudent Hildegarde, unused to spending money unless it was absolutely necessary.

"Your grandmother is not satisfied with them," said Jane; "and the carriage will be here very soon, so you had best put on your hats and coats, my dears."

Rose thoroughly enjoyed the luxury of the beautifully appointed carriage, and when they returned in an hour or so, newly equipped from head to foot, she felt that they had indeed stepped into fairyland. "Just look at us, Hilda!" she cried, dancing and pirouetting in front of the long mirror in their room. "We have just as big sleeves and fine capes as any of those girls that went by this morning, and our hats are *grand!* Aren't you glad we came to live with grandmother?"

Hildegarde glanced at the two figures in their new black clothes. Then she turned away and went over to the window. "Rose-flower is so young," she thought, "she does not miss papa as I do, *mein theurer Vater!*" For, since the mother's death, the bond between father and daughter had been very strong, and Hildegarde, though young herself, was not one to forget easily.

Mrs. Cameron did not appear until towards evening. The children were in the library when she came in. Hildegarde was knitting, like the little German maiden that she was, while Rose was deep in a book. They went to meet her, but she waved them aside and begged them not to make any noise, as her head was still weak.

Rose stared at her, and then resumed her reading, but Hildegarde quietly placed a footstool for her, picked up the handkerchief she had dropped, and then went back to her work. All was still for a time. At last Mrs. Cameron spoke:

"Come quietly and stand in front of me. I wish to see your clothes." The children obeyed, and stood still while they were inspected from head to foot. "Very good, for ready-made dresses. Did Jane leave any orders?"

"Yes," said Hildegarde. "I don't think we really need so much, grandmother."

"You forget that you are my granddaughters, and must be dressed in a manner befitting your station."

"Well, you see, grandmother, we'll have to get used to it," said Rose, with a wise look; "we've always thought ourselves just plain daughters of our father and mother, because we never saw you. I suppose it is grander to be a granddaughter than a daughter. Why, that's a good joke, isn't it? Do you see, grandmother? *Grander* to be a *grand*daughter than a daughter!" and Rose laughed aloud at her own wit.

"I beg that you will not make so much noise," said Mrs. Cameron, wearily.

"What is the joke?" asked Uncle Phil, coming in at that moment like a breath of fresh air.

"Oh, Uncle Phil," cried Rose, dancing up to him, while Hildegarde seized his hand and timidly kissed it.

"Ah, my little *Fräulein*, let me kiss thy cheek," said he, bending down to her.

"And now send them away, Philip," exclaimed his mother; "I must hear the result at once."

He walked with them to the door, telling them to get ready for dinner, and afterwards he would show them something pretty he had brought from New York.

They went up to their room, but Rose soon tired of that, and announced that she was going down to the drawing-room. Presently she came flying back.

"Hilda! Hilda!" she exclaimed, carefully closing the door behind her, "I could not help hearing, and I know Uncle Phil went on to New York to see about Noel."

"Rose," cried Hildegarde, reproachfully, "have you been listening?"

"No, I haven't, Hilda. Really and truly I didn't try to hear, but just as I was going past the library Uncle Phil came over towards the portière, and he was saying something about not believing it was the same boy, and he'd tried in every way and couldn't trace him, and the French woman and her nephew seemed to have disappeared the moment they left the steamer. And then I rushed up stairs to tell you, Hilda. These are such soft stairs your feet don't make any noise. I'm sure it's Noel they're talking about. What *can* it be?"

"I don't know," said Hildegarde, thoughtfully, "and we mustn't ask, because, you know, grandmother does not like Noel's name mentioned. In fact, I don't think grandmother likes to have us talk at all."

"Humph!" said Rose. "I'm not going to stop talking if I have anything to say. We're Americans now, and America is a free country. But I'll never tell them anything about Noel, because they don't tell us anything."

Dinner that evening passed off quietly though pleasantly, and afterwards Uncle Philip brought out the presents he had bought for them in New York—a pretty silver-mounted purse for Hildegarde and a silver penholder for Rose. They were both delighted.

"I'll write a lot of letters now," cried Rose. "I know one I've got to write, anyhow," she added, mysteriously.

"Who to?" asked her sister.

"'To whom,' would be better English, interposed Mrs. Cameron.

"Oh, that's telling!" said Rose, nodding at Hildegarde.

The children soon became accustomed to their new life. They did not go to school, but a governess was engaged to come for a few hours daily and teach them. In the afternoon they walked with Jane, or went to drive with their grandmother. Sometimes they were allowed to play in the square opposite the house. That they liked best of all.

They did not make many acquaintances, but they were accustomed to being together, and were satisfied. Mrs. Cameron said that friends would come in due time. When she was ready for them to know other girls they should do so. Next year they should be sent to a fashionable school, where they would meet only the daughters of "the best families." Even now they had been invited to a few children's parties, but being in deep mourning, the invitations were declined.

They did not see much of their grandmother, and she never encouraged them to talk when they were with her. Hildegarde often wished that she would tell them something about their mother, but Mrs. Cameron never broached the subject, and it was impossible for Hildegarde to do so without encouragement.

Uncle Philip was always delightful, but he had many friends, and was constantly dining out. Occasionally he went away on business, and then the house seemed very large and lonely to the little foreigners.

Christmas came and went without much to mark the day. The children received some pretty presents, and they went to church, and found it beautifully decorated with green and heard the fine music. They had no Christmas tree, and Hildegarde felt very sad when she thought of all the Christmases she could remember, for her father and mother had always kept the day in true German fashion.

"Why doesn't grandmother like Christmas?" Rose asked Jane a day or two before.

"Hush, miss, you mustn't ask me! I'll just tell you it's on account of little Noel. He was born Christmas day, and it was about Christmas-time that he was lost, and you know his name means Christmas."

"But who was Noel?" persisted Rose. "Jane, you *must* tell us!"

Jane never could resist Rose's pleadings. "She was that like Miss Myra," she would say in excuse.

"Well, miss, it was your little cousin, the son of Mrs. Cameron's son, your uncle John, who died long ago, and Mrs. Cameron just worshipped the ground the child walked on. But you must never tell I told you; now promise, Miss Rose."

And Rose readily promised, making an exception in favor of Hildegarde; and then she talked it over with her sister.

"Poor grandmother!" said Hildegarde. "It is no wonder she looks so sad and does not like Christmas. It was strange about his dying at Christmas-time. And of course she felt badly when we talked about the Noel we met on the steamer. I'm so sorry for her."

"But, Hilda, you know we thought Uncle Phil went on to New York to hunt for that Noel. Why do you suppose he did that?"

"I don't know. Probably we were mistaken about his going for that reason."

After that Hildegarde was more thoughtful than ever in regard to her grandmother, and though Mrs. Cameron gave no sign, she secretly became more and more dependent upon the flaxen-haired girl—"who looked so outrageously German," she would say to Philip. Rose was the favorite, however, if favorite she could be called when Mrs. Cameron was absolutely undemonstrative. Rose, with her pink cheeks and dancing eyes was so like Myra and Noel.

One day the two girls were alone in their room. Hildegarde was studying her lessons for the next day, and Rose was scribbling with the silver penholder her uncle had given her.

"What is our German grandfather's name?" asked Rose, suddenly.

"Von Dalbersdorf."

"Oh, of course I know that. But his whole name?"

"I can't remember exactly, but I have it written down. Papa wrote it for me once. Why do you want to know?"

"I want it for something. I think I ought to know my own grandfather's name. Find it for me, Hilda."



"AND WAS PAPA A COUNT?" ASKED ROSE.

Hildegarde went to her desk, and took from it a small memorandum-book. She opened it tenderly, for it had been her father's, found a certain page, and gave it to her sister. Written in her father's foreign handwriting, Rose saw the name, "Count Louis Wolff von Dalbersdorf." Then followed the address in Germany.

"Is he a count?" asked Rose.

"Yes."

"And was papa a count?" asked Rose.

"I think so, though he never would be called that."

"My!" exclaimed Rose.

Hildegarde went back to her book, and Rose took up the pen and began to write. Her sister looked up once or twice, and saw the curly head bending low over the desk, and the silver penholder travelling slowly back and forth across the paper.

"I wonder what Rose-flower is so busy about?" she thought. "Her composition, I suppose."

Then she forgot her, and became absorbed in the intricacies of a difficult example in arithmetic.

Rose, meanwhile, finished her writing, read it over, folded it, and put it in an envelope, which she carefully addressed. Then she drew from her pocket a somewhat crushed and crumpled five-cent stamp, which she placed upon the letter, looking furtively at Hildegarde the while she did so. This done, she put the missive in her pocket, to await a convenient moment for posting it.

The letter was in German, and this is what it said:

"MY DEAR GRANDFATHER. I think thou wouldst like to hear that we are very well, and hope thou art the same. We were very sorry to learn that thou wast unable to have us live with thee; but with seven sons and daughters, of course thou couldst not take us, and we like it here very much. I suppose thou hast not much money, like our dear father. Our American grandmother is very rich. She has much money and a fine carriage and horses, and we live in a very grand house. We are very glad to be Americans, as America is a free country, though Hilda and I cannot always do as we like. Hilda, thou knowest, is my sister. Her true name is Hildegarde Louisa von Dalbersdorf. She does not know that I write to thee, and I shall not tell her, because she thinks thou dost not care to hear from us. I think thou wouldst like to know that we are well and happy, and have all the money we want, because thou art the father of our father.

"Thy loving grandchild,

"ROSA MARIA VON DALBERSDORF."

Later in the day Rose gave the letter to William to mail. That afternoon Mrs. Cameron went to drive. Jane was busy, and the children were sent to play in the square.

But they found it unusually dull. They were not allowed to talk to any strange children, and it was tiresome merely to go around the big circles again and again.

"Let's take a walk, Hilda," said Rose—"a truly walk in the street."

"But we should lose our way."

"Oh no; not in Philadelphia, where the streets are all so straight. We'll just go out that way," pointing north, "until we get tired, and then turn around and come back."

After some little urging Hildegarde consented, and they set forth. After a short walk they crossed a wide street, with cable-cars running on it.

"This must be Market Street," said Hildegarde, looking about with interest.

"And there is the railroad up there," said Rose, pointing up to the elevated road.

Presently they came to a square, very much like Rittenhouse Square, to which they were accustomed. They did not stop here, however, but walked on.

"I verily believe this is uptown," cried Rose, skipping with pleasure. "I like it."

Suddenly she stopped short.

"Look, Hilda, look! Up in that window! There's Noel, the French boy that was on the ship. And see, he's beckoning to us! He wants us to come in."

And before Hildegarde had time to think, Rose had dragged her up the short flight of white marble steps, and the door was opened by the boy himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### HUNTING THE SEA-OTTER.

ALTHOUGH the long line of bidarkies of which Phil Ryder and his Aleut companion had started in pursuit were apparently moving very slowly, as seen from a distance of two miles, they were in reality skimming the water with swiftness and in perfect silence. Their occupants, while wielding their double-bladed paddles without a splash, and keeping the canoes well abreast of each other at intervals of a few hundred feet, maintained a keen watch for the slightest token of a sea-otter's presence.

Suddenly one man makes a silent signal that is flashed in an instant along the entire line. He has caught a glimpse of one of the coveted animals apparently asleep. Although no word is spoken and no sound comes from end to end of the little fleet, the sharp-witted animal takes the alarm almost at the moment of discovery, and dives like a shot to the very bottom of the sea, leaving only a bubbling wake to mark his descent.

A few powerful strokes bring the bidarkie of the discoverer to the spot. There it is abruptly halted, and the hunter holds his paddle aloft, while the others skim over the water like a flight of birds until they have ranged themselves in a great circle half a mile in diameter about him. The otter must come up to breathe within fifteen or twenty minutes, and when he does so some one of the thirty pairs of keen-sighted eyes so eagerly watching for him is sure to detect the act, even though he should show only the tip of his nose. A wild yell announces the discovery; the hunted animal again dives; another bidarkie, with uplifted paddle, marks the spot, and again the circle is formed. Thus the unfortunate otter, coming to the surface at shorter and shorter intervals, is made to dive and dive again, never being allowed to draw a full breath, until at the end of two or three hours he floats on the surface completely exhausted, and falls an easy victim to the nearest spear.

To an uninterested observer it is a pitiful sight to see a defenceless and harmless creature thus hunted to its death. At the same time the pursuit is possessed of the fascination that always attends the matching of human skill against animal cunning and powers of endurance. Then, too, there is the excitement of ever-present danger in thus venturing into the open sea, almost beyond sight of land, in such cockle-shells as Aleutian bidarkies. In that region of sudden squalls and fierce gales, dense fogs that settle over the water like vast smothering blankets almost without warning, huge whales and other sea-monsters that are always rising to the surface, and whose slightest touch would overturn a bidarkie as though it were a feather, the uncertainties of an otter-hunter's life are many and constant.

Two surrounds and captures had been made by the hunting fleet in which we are interested ere, some time in the afternoon, it was finally overtaken by the bidarkie containing Phil Ryder and his Aleut companion. They were just in time to participate in a third surround, every movement of which the white lad watched with lively interest.

This was the longest chase of the day, and the sun was disappearing behind an ominous-looking cloud-bank before it was concluded. During its continuance there was no opportunity to communicate with the hunters. The moment the capture was effected the entire fleet was headed



AFTER LONG AND PAINFUL STALKING, PHIL SHOT TWO SEA-LIONS.

toward a distant island, barely discernible to the eastward, and was urged with all speed in that direction.

Under the circumstances there was nothing for our young hero but to follow them, and it is doubtful if Phil would have induced Kooga to do otherwise even had he been so inclined. He was not, however, for he realized that it would now be impossible to regain their starting point of the morning before dark. Besides, he had not yet gained the information concerning the schooner's movements for which he had set out. So he must spend a night with the otter-hunters, and with the first streak of daylight he would set forth on his return journey to Coutmak and Serge.

"Poor Serge! What a lonely night this will be for him!" reflected Phil, remembering his own brief experience of the evening before. "It can't be helped now, though, and I'm awfully glad it isn't my fault."

In spite of this the lad's conscience insisted on whispering, "You know you came out to see the otter-hunt rather than to gain information, for Serge could have done that much better than you."

"Pshaw!" muttered Phil; "that's not true, to begin with, and even if it were, what difference will a single night make, anyway? I guess Serge can stand it, for he is more used to such things than I am. Then, too, I am certain the schooner has not gone back yet, for she couldn't have passed without me seeing her."

When the little fleet finally made a landing by the last of the twilight, and after a wearisome paddle of many miles, it was on the small outlying and terribly rugged island of Saanak, the favorite haunt of the sea-otter, and the point at which the bulk of the world's supply of this immensely valuable fur is obtained.

Here the swarthy hunters glanced askance at the white lad, and not until Kooga had given a long explanation of how he happened to be there, and a glowing account of Phil's wonderful skill with the rifle, did they consent to admit him to a share of their scanty food supplies and still scantier shelter.

Although Phil did not, of course, understand a word of all this, he guessed what was being said, and was provoked that he should have placed himself in such a position. He could not discover one among all the hunters who could speak a word of English. So Serge had been right, and he had acted like a headstrong fool, after all.

While his hunger forced him to eat a share of the hunter's supper, which consisted of nearly raw meat, sea-biscuit so hard that they made his teeth ache, and a cup of tea as strong as lye, he did not relish it, and his thoughts turned with longing to the once-despised cabin mess of the *Seamew*. As for the dainty home table of his dear aunt Ruth, he dared not think of it.

If his supper was bad, how much worse were the sleeping accommodations that the bitter chill of the night forced him to share. As the cold wind swept in from the sea with ever-increasing force and charged with stinging sleet, it compelled all hands to crawl into the few wretched little tents, open at both ends, that afforded their only shelter from the inclement weather. They had no blankets nor bedding of any description, and were forced to huddle together for warmth.

When the morning light came it revealed such a mighty sea rolling in under the lashings of a southwesterly gale and furiously hurling itself against the rock-bound coast as would have prohibited the launching of a life-boat, much more a bidarkie. For three days did the gale continue, and for three days did it hold Phil Ryder and the native hunters close prisoners on the island of Saanak. At first the former raged at his detention almost as furiously as did the gale itself, though after a while he wisely determined to make the best of the situation, and discover whatever good points it possessed.

On the second day, Kooga, taking his rifle, and inviting Phil by signs to accompany him, set forth in search of sea-lions, which are highly esteemed as food by all natives of these northern regions. They also use its skin in making their boats, its intestines for their water-proof garments, its back sinews in place of thread, while the oil extracted from its blubber affords them both light and fuel.

As the sea lion is extremely shy and difficult to approach in the daytime, he is generally hunted on moonlit nights. He is more than twice as large as the fur seal, but, like the latter, is a fearless swimmer, and delights to sport in the heaviest seas at the very point where they break and hurl themselves against a rock-bound coast. Like the seal, too, the sea-lion loves to haul itself from the water, and climbing the most rugged rocks, lie and bask for hours.

Realizing the difficulty as well as the importance of obtaining a sea-lion, as food was becoming scarce in camp, Kooga took Phil with him on this hunt in the hope that the lad might be induced to make some of his marvellous shots. Nor was he mistaken, for, after a long and painful stalking of a small herd of these animals, Phil shot and killed two at a distance of over five hundred yards. On their way back to camp, where the entire body of hunters was turned out to go for their game, Phil had the further good fortune to shoot an otter that was sporting far out in the surf. He waited to secure its body, while Kooga ran on with the joyful news.

As the natives came trooping up the beach they regarded the young white hunter with respect and admiration, while they greeted with extravagant delight the courtesy that led Phil to turn his first sea-otter into the common stock of the party. On the following day, after hours of weary and motionless watching, he succeeded in killing two more otter, one of which he gave to Kooga, while keeping the skin of the other for himself.

The gale blew itself out during the third night, and very early in the morning of the fourth day Phil awoke his Aleut companion, to whom he indicated by signs that it was time for them to be gone. Upon this Kooga woke another native, and talked earnestly to him for a few moments. Then, to Phil's amazement, this fellow turned to him, and said, in tolerable English:

"Why you go? Schooner gone three day, bimeby. Better you stay. Hunt—catch plenty money. No go."

"You miserable rascal!" shouted Phil, seizing the speaker by the collar and shaking him violently. "You have been able to talk United States all this time, have you, and wouldn't? Now you want me to stay and hunt for you! Well, I'll see you hanged first! So you tell Kooga that if he isn't ready inside of five minutes to carry me back to where he brought me from, I'll fix his miserable rifle so that it will never shoot again."

This awful threat, together with the white lad's furious aspect and loud voice, so alarmed the natives that they were only too glad to get rid of so dangerous a character by letting him go in peace. So in less than five minutes he and Kooga had launched the bidarkie and were off. It was noticeable, however, that the latter left his cherished rifle behind, probably being afraid that he who could shoot so magically would bewitch it.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### SERGE KILLS A BEAR, AND JALAP COOMBS DISAPPEARS.

As the paddlers wearily drew near to their journey's end late in the afternoon, Kooga first discovered a human figure on the beach of the well-remembered cove, and pointed it out. Phil knew it must be his faithful friend, and uttered a wild yell, a faint answer to which came back from the solitary figure. Then, inspired with a new energy, the tired crew of the bidarkie so redoubled their efforts that their little craft fairly flew over the smooth waters, leaving a long shining wake of dancing

bubbles behind her. Up to the very beach she dashed with unabated swiftness, and there was brought to a sudden halt by a powerful back stroke from the flashing blades.

"Hurrah! Serge, old man! Here we are again," shouted Phil.

"Oh, Phil, I am so thankful that you have come, and are safe! I had almost given you up for lost."

A second later the friends had grasped each other's hands, and were both talking at once, they had so much to tell and so many questions to ask.

"It is so good to see you again, Phil!" and, "Old man, I never was more glad to get back to a place in my life!" were exclamations repeated over and over again.

"Do you know," said Serge, "I was certain it must be you when I first sighted the bidarkie so far away that she was the merest speck. Then, as she drew near, you looked so much like a native that I was filled with a horrid fear. You see, not having any hat on—"

"Oh yes," interrupted Phil. "I lost that the day we were out after sea-lions. I tell you what, Serge, that's the grandest kind of hunting, right in the edge of great breakers that are dashing their spray all over you, and they look as big as elephants—the sea-lions, I mean—and they've got the wickedest teeth, and great shaggy manes, and they roar as if they meant to eat you up. Oh, it was fine!"

"And wearing that kamleika," continued Serge.

"That's so. I forgot I had it on. One of the hunters gave it to me the day I got my first otter and presented it to them. You'd better believe that takes careful shooting. It was the finest work I ever did, and you ought to have seen those fellows' eyes stick out. I've brought a skin with me, too. By-the-way, did you know the schooner had gone back?"

"I should rather say I did," replied Serge. "She came past the day after you left. I managed to attract their attention, and in spite of the sea they got a boat ashore. Of course I was awfully disappointed to find that you were not on board, and felt worse when they said they hadn't seen anything of you. They offered to take me to Oonalaska, but of course I wouldn't go. They couldn't stop to go around the island after the seal-skins either, because they were under charter to leave Oonalaska almost immediately for Sitka. So—"

"For Sitka!" groaned Phil.

"Yes. Isn't it too bad? So I traded a bear-skin with them for some groceries, and they went on."

"A bear-skin!" exclaimed the other. "Where on earth did you get a bear-skin?"

"Killed the bear," answered Serge, coolly.

"But you hadn't any gun."

"Didn't need one. I killed him with my knife. You see, he got at my halibut the very first night. Hearing the noise, I went down, and tried to drive him away by throwing rocks. One of them must have hit him and made him mad, for he took after me, and I ran back to the tent. He followed altogether too close for comfort, and when I went through it and out the back way he tried to do the same. Somehow he managed to knock out the poles, bring the tent down about his ears, and get all tangled up in it. You better believe he was furious, and the way he growled and snarled and tore round was a caution. I saw that it was my only chance, so I went for him with my knife, and finally killed him, though he tore my clothing some while I was doing it."

"Tore your clothing!" cried Phil, regarding his friend from head to foot. "I should say he did. Why, man, you are in rags! If that doesn't beat all the bear-hunting I ever heard of, though! Seems to me you have had about as exciting adventures as I have. But, by-the-way, did you say you had some groceries? Do let's go and sample them, for I know I'm hungrier than that bear was. I am curious to see if I shall recognize a grocery, too, it's so long since I've met with one. What are they? Coffee, sugar, milk, butter, flour, jams, biscuit, syrup, mince meat, pickles, canned peaches, and—"

"Hold on!" laughed Serge. "How much do you think an undressed bear-skin, out of season and full of knife holes, is worth in this country? They only valued it at two dollars, but they gave me some flour, tea, and sugar, a little lard, a few biscuit, quarter of a pound of baking-powder, a small iron kettle, half a dozen empty tin cans, a sail-needle, and some twine, which seemed to me a pretty good price under the circumstances."

"So it was," retorted Phil; "and if you haven't eaten all the tin cans let's go and tackle them."

Kooga, who had hauled up his bidarkie, and waited patiently for the lads to finish their conversation, followed them up to Serge's camp, at sight of which he uttered an exclamation of amazement. Kooga's tent, neatly repaired, had been re-erected, and a stone wall, about four feet high, had been built along two sides to serve as a wind-break. A small fire burned brightly, and above this a kettle of water boiled merrily. The interior of the tent was filled with a bed of softest moss, and it all looked so cozy that Phil declared he felt as though he had got home again.

In a short time Serge had ready such a supper as made the returned wanderer repeat this sentiment more emphatically than before. The ingenious lad had converted several of his tin cans into cooking utensils. On one of these he had baked a sort of thin biscuit, made of flour, salt water, lard, and baking-powder. Another was his fry-pan, in which he cooked a quantity of small fish like herring. A third was his teapot. A dozen fat little birds that he had trapped were nicely cleaned and spitted, ready for cooking, while the bill of fare was completed by smoked halibut and thin strips of bear meat.

"Well!" cried Phil, as he sat down to this bountiful meal. "If there is anything finer than this in Alaska, then I don't want to see it, that's all. To think of having biscuit—actually hot biscuit—baked on a piece of tin, too! Serge, you are a genius! A genuine out-and-out genius! And if my aunt Ruth could see this lay-out I really think she would turn green with envy. And tea with sugar in it—real, truly, sugar! Say, Serge, if you don't promise to take me in as a regular boarder I'll—I'll—well, I'll go and get married, that's what I'll do!"

"It is pleasant now that you are back," said the young Alaskan, modestly. "It has been awfully lonely, though, and I had to work at something all the time to keep from thinking. I wanted awfully to go to the north side of the island and see how Mr. Coombs was getting along, but as it would have taken the best part of two days to get there and back, and you might have come in the mean time, I didn't dare to. Now, if he were only here!"

"Yes, and old Kite Robinson, our family party would be complete, and we'd be almost as well off as if we were in Sitka. I declare I could kick myself when I remember that if I'd only taken your advice we might have been on our way to Sitka in your schooner by this time!"

"I don't know about that," responded Serge; "we couldn't have gone off and left Mr. Coombs alone on the island."

"That's so. I never thought of that. Poor old Jalap! I wonder how he is getting on all alone, and what he thinks has become of us? We must go over to-morrow and relieve his anxiety, and take him a cup of tea. Perhaps his schooner hasn't come along yet, and we shall be all right, after all."

Bright and early the following morning the little camp was dismantled and abandoned. Kooga took his tent, and bidding farewell to the lads into whose lives he had entered so strangely, shoved off his bidarkie and started on his lonely return trip to far Saanak. After watching him out of sight, the others loaded themselves with their

newly acquired camp outfit, and started on their long toilsome march to the north side of the island.

When, after many hours of tramping, they came in sight of the now familiar ruins and their own barrabkie they were struck with the latter's appearance of loneliness. There was no smoke nor sign of human presence. Filled with undefined anxiety, they hurried forward, only to find the hut abandoned, and a little heap of cold ashes in the place where its cheerful fire had blazed. The companion whom they had left there five days before had disappeared, nor could they find a clew to the time or manner of his departure.

"The schooner must have come, and he must have taken the seal-skins to Oonalaska in her," suggested Phil.

"I should think so too," replied Serge, who had just returned from an inspection of the cache, "if it wasn't for the fact that the seal-skins are still here and apparently untouched."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## JIMMIE'S FIRST RACE.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JUN.

JIMMIE came of an athletic family. Clear back in '57 his father had been captain and stroke of a college crew, in the days when college crews carried no cockswain, but the stroke worked the tiller-ropes with his feet. And Jimmie's cousin had been captain of one of the great football elevens, which finished the season without losing a point; and now his big brother Jack had just been elected captain of his college team, and Jimmie regarded him almost reverentially.

Ever since he had become fourteen years old and a member of the Lake View School, Jimmie had been troubled in mind as to what particular branch of athletics he would favor, when in the distant future he should finally become a full-fledged "college man."

Jack has just returned from college, and Jimmie is up in his room helping him to unpack and put away things —a somewhat arduous undertaking, as Jack usually packs in the regulation college way, by pouring the contents of one bureau drawer after another into his trunk, heaping his clothes on top, and then stamping on the stubborn mass until the trunk lid can shut.

"Do you suppose, Jack, that I can get on the athletic team when I get into college?"

The question which has been vexing him for months is out at last, and he anxiously waits for Jack's answer.

"Why, I don't know, kid," replies that august personage, absently, as he removes a pair of rubber boots from off a shining dress shirt and lovingly smooths out the creases from what it must be confessed is an extremely dirty 'varsity sweater. "That of course depends on how fast you can run. I don't believe you are fast enough to make a sprinter."

Poor Jimmie feels cut to the heart, and his face shows it. Jack feels a little compunction when he sees how hard his small brother takes this announcement.

"How would you like to train this winter and develop yourself by cross-country running, and then come up to college with me this Easter vacation? I have to stay there with a part of my team, and you can room with me, and train with us under our trainer. He'll soon find out whether there's anything to you or not."

Thus continues the august captain, and Jimmie is all smiles again. To train under that great college trainer and on the same track with the pick of a 'varsity team—the prospect is indeed a delightful one.

Accordingly, Easter week found Jimmie regularly installed in Jack's college room in place of his "wife"—as roommates are termed at college—who, not being an athlete, was privileged to return home during the recess. For the next week Jimmie trained regularly on the college track, under the watchful eye of the great trainer, who confided to Jack that the lad was a regular whale, his highest term of praise, and fit to beat any fourteen-year-old in the country.

At last the week was up; Jimmie had "done a three-quarter" trial in 3.42, and went home full of track axioms and racing knowledge.

The spring games of the Hill School were to be held two weeks from the day on which Jimmie returned, and he in the mean while continued his training in accordance with his parting instructions. The days passed like a flash, and at last the eventful date itself was at hand. Jimmie had rested all the day before, taken a good night's sleep, and, barring nervousness, was in splendid condition.

There were six boys entered in the race besides himself, all of them good runners. One Jimmie especially feared; this was an eighteen-year-old fellow named Leighton, who had won the mile run two years in succession, and who, ignorant of Jimmie's advantages in training, regarded his entering against him as a great joke.

"Fourteen-year-old kids ought not to make fools of themselves in races," he remarked, boastfully, in Jimmie's presence a day or so before the race, but the latter only set his teeth and made up his mind that if Leighton won *that* race he would know he had been running, that was all.

Jack had managed to get an afternoon off, and had come down to coach his *protégé* in the race. "Feeling fit, are you, kid?" he asked, as he walked in on the assembled family at lunch, where Jimmie sat trying vainly to eat. "Hold out your glass, Jimmie," came next. "Thought so," the captain observed, tersely, as the water was nearly spilled by poor Jimmie's shaking hand. "Just a bit nervous, eh? Well, that's natural. Try and worry down *some* feed, anyway. The boys all send love to the 'Infant Miler,' and Mike says you'll win hands down if you run as you did at the track."



"FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD KIDS OUGHT NOT TO MAKE FOOLS OF THEMSELVES"

"You'll just kill my little boy with your athletics, Jack, as well as yourself," observed Jimmie's mother, who never did approve of races, though no one was prouder of her son's successes. "I do wish that your father would forbid Jimmie's going into such things. They are too much of a nervous strain for boys."

"It 'll do the boy good, mother," said



"KID, I'M PROUD OF YOU. IT WAS A SANDY RACE."

Jimmie's father, who was immensely excited over the coming race. "He'll win all right. Every one's nervous before a race. You ought to have seen me in '57, when we rowed our first race against Harvard. I couldn't keep still; was fairly sick with nervousness."

"Course I'm all right," insisted Jimmie, bravely, "and I'm not nervous, either; at least, not so very much. But I *do* wish to-morrow had come and it was all over with," he sighed, as he tried to force down some rare steak.

Jack laughed. "I know just how you feel, old man," he said, sympathetically. "I used to go to recitations and things the day of a race up at college, and keep thinking to myself, 'Well, in four hours it will be all over, anyway.' But don't let it bother you, kid. The minute the pistol goes off and you get started you won't think of being nervous, but will run a magnificent race, I'm sure."

But Jimmie *was* nervous, desperately nervous, in spite of all he could say, and as he and Jack walked out towards the field together, he found himself wishing that it might rain, so that the games could be postponed.

Jack cheered him up as well as he could, had him put on his running suit as soon as they arrived, and then covered him up with a sweater, commanding him to lie quiet and think of nothing until his event was announced. At last, after what seemed centuries of waiting to Jimmie, the stentorian voice of the announcer echoed through the training quarters in "First call for the mile!"

Jimmie rose with a start.

"Lie still," commanded the experienced Jack; "you are not to go out until the last call comes. And now, Jimmie," continued Jack, as he fastened on his long spiked shoes, "you want to get a good position and keep back until the last lap. Leighton can outsprint you on the finish, and you have got to kill him before you turn the last corner."

Now "Last call for the mile" sounds through the room, and Jimmie finds himself out on the track with a strange feeling as if he were somebody else.

In a vague sort of way among the crowd of faces surrounding the track he recognizes that of his father, who has been trying to catch his eye for some time, and who waves his hand encouragingly. Beside him stands his mother, and she too waves her handkerchief, but is looking worried and anxious. Jack gives his bare legs a last farewell rub to supple the muscles, and then with a muttered "Good luck to you, kid," leaves him to his fate. Mechanically he makes his marks in the cinders.

"On your marks!" calls the starter, and Jimmie puts his feet into the little holes.

"Get set," comes next, and Jimmie leans over in the correct starting position that Mike has taken such pains to teach him. Every muscle and nerve in his small body quivers and jumps with excitement. After a pause, which seems endless, comes a bang like that of an Armstrong gun—at least so it seems to Jimmie. In reality it is only the feeble snap of a twenty-two blank-cartridge.

Without knowing in the least how he got there, Jimmie finds himself around the final turn bunched up with the others, Leighton leading, and all running furiously.

"Steady, kid," he hears Jack say, seemingly from an immense distance, and in an instant, as Jack had foretold, he regains his nerve. Now that he is in motion, and that horrible suspense is over, all of Jack's and Mike's advice comes back to him. Instead of the quick sprint with which he had started he falls into the long mile stride which he had learned on the college track. The others are ten yards ahead, running as if the race was to be settled by that one lap. But Leighton is no novice, and presently he drops back with Jimmie, leaving the others to exhaust themselves by their own pace. Yard by yard

the leaders draw away from Leighton and Jimmie until, as the latter mark their first lap, they are full thirty yards behind.

"It's all right, kid; they can't hold that pace," says Jack, encouragingly, as Jimmie passes him.

Now the half is finished, with the relative position of the runners unchanged, and they all turn into the back stretch for what is dreaded most by mile runners—that heart-breaking "third quarter." All of Jimmie's grit is needed to keep him going—he feels so sick, and there is no spring to his legs. Out of the corner of his eye he catches sight of his mother's face, more anxious than ever. She is evidently expecting him to break a blood-vessel, or faint, or do some other absurd thing of that nature, and Jimmie finds himself grinning feebly to reassure her.

Jack's prophecy is coming true. Back drop the leaders, running slower with every stride, and Leighton, closely followed by Jimmie, swings by them easily. Now the last quarter is at hand; half a minute before it had seemed to Jimmie that he could not run another step, every breath hurt him, and his shoes seemed suddenly to have become soled with lead. But as they turn into the last lap everything suddenly changes.

Forgotten is all his discomfort and lack of breath; his limp legs have suddenly become strong again—so inspiring is the thought that only one lap lies between him and the finish. *Can* he hold out? *can* he win? And he thinks of Jack and Mike and his friends on the college team, how disappointed they will be if he loses; he remembers Jack's plucky race—he *must* win! Thoughts like these are surging through his brain as he follows close behind Leighton, who is running easily, somewhat surprised to find Jimmie still so close, but confident that he can spurt past him on the finish.

"Remember what I told you, kid!" almost whispers Jack, as they pass him and turn into the back stretch of the last lap. And Jimmie remembers; and also Mike's advice comes into his mind: "If you're racing with a man that can outsprint you on the finish, you've got to kill him before you get there."

Leighton hears the footsteps behind him come closer and closer, and with a rush Jimmie passes him and swings in two yards ahead. Before the startled champion can recover himself, Jimmie has increased his lead to five yards, and is running his best, drawing away at every stride. His hands clinch tightly on the corks—a mascot pair which Jack has loaned him for the occasion. To win the race he must keep up this tremendous pace all the last quarter, and tire out Leighton before the home-stretch is reached. Can he do it?

With a tremendous spurt Leighton recovers his lost ground and is running neck and neck with Jimmie.

"Keep it up, old man; keep it up, old man; he's weakening!" shouts Jack, running along beside the track.

"Go it, Leighton!" roar a great part of the spectators, among whom he is a favorite.

Jimmie's legs are becoming staggery; a wild desire has come over him to fall off the track, give Leighton the race—anything, anything but this agonizing strain, which is becoming almost unendurable. But the homestretch is at hand at last, and before them loom up the finish, with the excited crowd gathered there, the three judges very calm and grave, as suits their exalted position, and the two timers with their stop-watches in their hands ready to snap the instant the tape is broken. Jimmie sees all these details as if they were miles away; his temples throb, and his unwinking eyes feel hot, while little flashes and dots of light swim before them. Every thought is concentrated on making those last ten or fifteen strides; a single stagger and the race is lost. Right beside him, stride for stride, runs Leighton; Jimmie can hear his quick panting, and wonders how he feels. Twenty yards more and the race will be over! There is a whoop right beside Jimmie that would have made a Comanche Indian envious. Jack is running side by side with Jimmie, on the grass on the left of the track.

The captain has "brought in" many a man at the finish of many a hard-fought race, but never has he done more earnest coaching than to-day. On the other side is a crowd of Leighton's classmates, who are frantic at the thought of the champion losing the race to a little unknown, and cheer him on to the best of their ability. But above all their unscientific encouragement rings Jack's voice.

"*Come* in, Jimmie! *Come* in, old man!" he shouts, with a world of earnestness in his tone. "Squeeze your corks and *come* on! Only a little ways further. *Now* you're gaining. *Keep it up! Now!*"

The finish was but a scant yard off, and at that last "*Now!*" Jimmie calls up every ounce of strength that is left to him, and bounds, or rather dives forward, and falls across the tape hardly a neck in front of Leighton.

He is too weak to lift his hand, and is feeling deathly sick, while the sharp cinder on which he has fallen has gashed his hands and knees cruelly, but a feeling of utter contentment steals over him, for has he not heard the announcer say, in what seems a whisper.

"Mile run won by Sinslie; Leighton, second; time 4 minutes 56⅗ seconds"?

And has not the captain remarked, as he shook his limp hand, "Kid, I'm proud of you; it was a sandy race"?

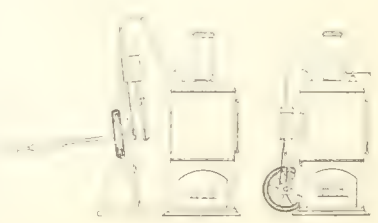
## HOW TO BUILD A MINIATURE STEAM-YACHT.

BY A. J. KENEALY.

IN the first place don't be in a violent hurry to begin. Study the plans carefully, and work out for yourself the why and wherefore of every detail. A powerful magnifying glass will be very useful for this, as it will bring out clearly all the minutiæ of the design. You will see that the scale is printed in the corner of the plan. Take a very thin strip of tracing-paper, and on it mark off this scale. Then by laying it over any portion of the draught you will be able to obtain every measurement with exactitude.

After a long, patient, and careful study of the design, get your tools together; see that they are sharp, improve their edges on an oil-stone, and provide yourself with several sheets of coarse and smooth sand-paper. Buy from a lumber-yard a joist of soft pine, which when planed and cleaned up should be free from knots and checks. It should be 42 inches × 5½ × 4. Place this block on your bench, and with the design before you proceed to carve it into shape. Put in an easy sheer. It has a drop of ¾ of an inch from the extreme ends of the deck. The midship section is flat on the lower sides as compared with that of a sailing yacht.

After you have carved out the hull, and taken care that both sides are exactly alike, scoop out the inside with a sharp gouge, taking care that the tool does not go right through the boat. Next place in position six beams to support the deck, which should be made of a clear piece of ¼-inch pine free from knots, and cut to fit. Before nailing it on cut out a place large enough to contain the engine and boiler. Then with a scratch-awl crease the deck fore and aft in narrow strips to resemble deck planks, and nail it down with very fine nails. Take a strip of spruce ½ inch wide and ⅛ inch thick,

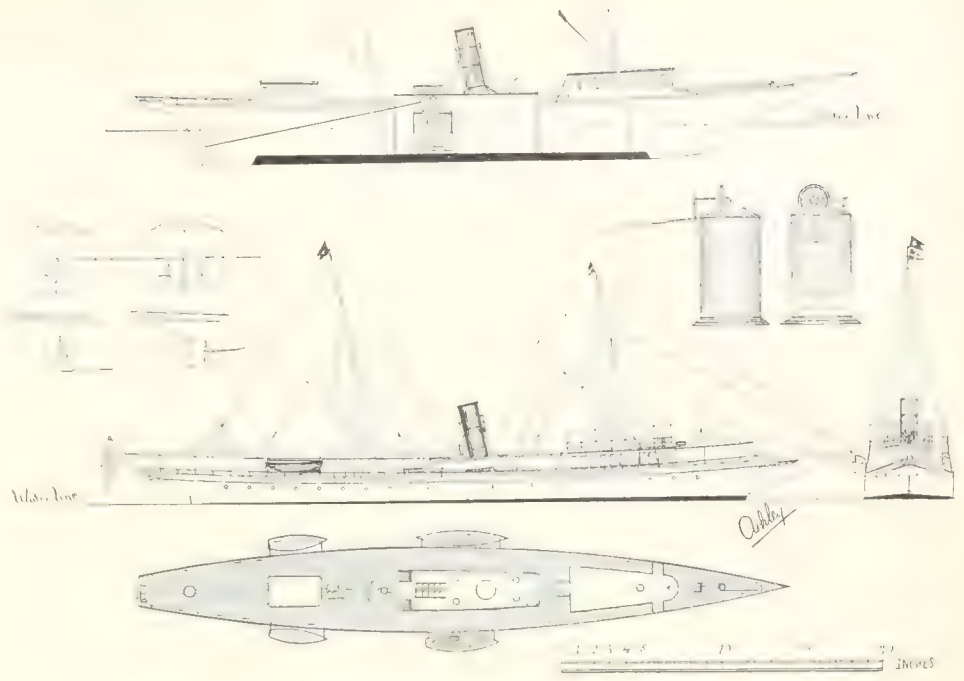


THE $2 ENGINE.

running the whole length of the boat, and following the sheer and deck lines. This will form the bulwarks, and should be capped by a thin mahogany or cherry rail $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide.

From $\frac{1}{4}$-inch pine saw out the deck-houses. Cut into strips $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide some oiled stencil paper of medium thickness long enough to extend round each house. Mark out with a rule the windows, paint a light blue, and then tack the paper to the deck-houses. The skylights should be made of solid wood.

Give the hull, previously sand-papered until it is quite smooth, two coats of white enamel paint. A narrow stripe of gold paint should next be applied, and gold scroll-work at bow and stern will improve her appearance. Below the water-line give the boat two coats of light pea green. Paint the deck-houses and skylights mahogany color. The spars, decks, and boats should be sand-papered and varnished. Paint the smoke-stack yellow. The rail for the pilot-house or social hall is made of good-sized pins with thread drawn tight and fastened with two half-hitches on each pin. After pins and thread are placed in position give them three coats of white shellac.



DECK PLAN, DIAGRAMS, $1 ENGINE, AND SIDE AND END ELEVATIONS OF THE STEAMER.

The standing rigging is of fine fishing-line, covered with two coats of shellac and lamp black mixed. The running rigging is of the same line unpainted. The boat has two pole-masts, which should be rigged as shown in the plan, head on. On her starboard side she carries a launch and gig, and to port a whale-boat and dingy. Each is slung on davits. An awning runs the full length of the deck, and is supported by awning stanchions of small brass wire standing $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the deck, and guyed up by gantlines and crow's-feet. The awning is divided into three pieces, the forecastle awning extending from the bow to the fore part of the deck-house, the midship awning reaching from the after end of the deck-house to the mainmast, and the quarter-deck awning extending from the mainmast to the flag-staff on the taff-rail.

Following are the necessary dimensions, which should be carefully observed:

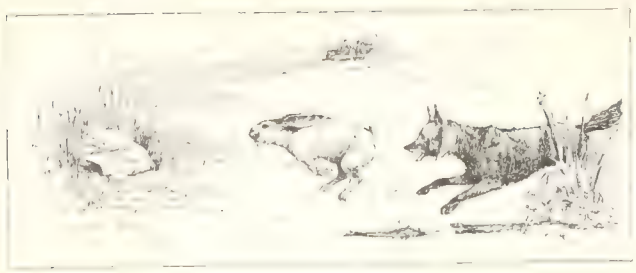
Deck, $39\frac{1}{2}$ inches; water-line, 33; draught, $2\frac{1}{4}$; beam, 5; overhang aft, 4; overhang forward, 3; height from rail to lowest part of keel, 4; from water-line to bow, $2\frac{1}{2}$; from water-line to stern, 2; from water-line amidships, $1\frac{3}{4}$; distance of foremast from rail at bow, $8\frac{1}{2}$; distance of mainmast from rail at bow, $24\frac{1}{2}$; height of foremast from deck, 13; height of mainmast from deck, 15; height of smoke-stack from deck, 5; diameter of smoke-stack, $1\frac{1}{4}$; length of gaffs, 6; length of bowsprit, 7; length of bowsprit outboard, 5; length of forward house, $6\frac{1}{2}$; length of after house, $3\frac{1}{4}$; height of houses, $1\frac{3}{4}$; length of machinery trunk, $8\frac{3}{4}$; height of machinery trunk, $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch; height from deck of fore-shroud collar, $8\frac{5}{8}$; height from deck of main-shroud collar, $9\frac{1}{2}$; height from deck of main-topmast-shroud collar, $14\frac{1}{8}$; height from deck of fore-topmast-shroud collar, $12\frac{1}{2}$; rake of the masts, 75 degrees. The ballast consists of lead, shown in black on plan. It is screwed on to the keel with brass screws.

The dimensions of the sails in inches are: Jib—luff, 15; foot, 6; leach, $9\frac{1}{2}$. Fore staysail—luff, 12; foot, $6\frac{1}{2}$; leach, $7\frac{3}{4}$. Foresail—hoist, 5; foot, $7\frac{3}{4}$; gaff, $5\frac{1}{2}$; leach, $8\frac{1}{4}$. Main-staysail—luff, 10; foot, $4\frac{1}{2}$; leach, 8. Mainsail hoist, $5\frac{1}{2}$; foot, $10\frac{1}{4}$; gaff, $5\frac{1}{2}$; leach, $11\frac{1}{4}$. No booms are carried except two boat booms, one on each side, swung a little abaft the fore-shrouds.

The motive power for the model consists of an upright engine and boiler, that can be bought at any toy store for $1 or $1 75, according to quality. If you do not feel pinched by the hardness of the times, buy the dearer one. Two cog-wheels, one large and the other small, may be taken out of an old clock whose working days are over. Fix the little one on the fly-wheel shaft of the engine, and secure the larger wheel to a length of round steel umbrella rib, which will form your propeller shaft. Insert a small brass tube through the hole you have previously bored through the centre of the stern-post; let it extend to within a short distance of the engine. Cut out a piece of thin brass into the shape of a three-leaf clover, and give each leaf a slight twist forward. If on the trial trip the boat should go backward instead of ahead, twist the flanges of the propeller and she will go ahead.

A twin-screw boat has two engines and two propellers and shafts. Place the wheels on each side of the stern-post, as shown in the draught.

Should you desire direct wheel action, as shown in the draught, buy for $2 an engine with brass boiler and cylinder and eccentric valve. The engine as it comes from the toy shop is secured to the boiler. Take off all movable parts of the engine, and solder a stiff plate of brass to the upper and lower plates that hold the engine to the boiler. When set firmly, disconnect the boiler from the engine by filing off close to the boiler the cylinder plate and the steam-pipe. After separating them, mount the engine on a block, as shown in the diagram, taking care that it is at a right angle with the propeller shaft. To connect the engine shaft with the propeller shaft, make a sleeve out of a small brass pipe, insert both shafts, and fill up with solder. Engine and boiler are connected by a rubber tube of requisite length. Take particular care in placing the engine that the upper end of the brass tube in which the propeller shaft runs is at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the water-line.



I.

### OLD JACK'S TERRAPIN.

"FISHIN' round here?" said Old Jack. "Well, not much now. Ther' useter be hull lots of it. I've ketched sammon, an' trouts, an' sardines by the million down here by the village square, an' oncet I caught a tarrapin. Yes, sir, a real live turtle-back tarrapin, an' he was a dandy. I never seed his like afore or since. He had gills onto him like a hole made in the groun' to lay gas-pipes with; an' as fer his scales, they was so big an' so heavy we boys bored holes inter them, an' made quoits out of 'em. What's that ye say? Tarrapins don't have no gills? Nor no scales neither? Waal, who said they gen'rally did have? That was the strordinary thing about this here tarrapin I'm a-speakin' of about. *He had.* He warn't no ord'nary tarrapin like most o' them you boys ketches with a hook an' line. No, sirree. He was a 'riginal tarrapin, the likes o' which, as I said, 'ain't never been seen before nor since. No, I can't prove nothin' 'bout him: an' why not? mebbe ye'll ask. Well, I'll tell ye why not. There ain't none o' the boys as helped me ketch him livin' now. Bill Jones he died o' the concertina, or somethin' else, I do' know what, and the rest of 'em followed. I'm th' only man livin' as remembers that fish. Big wasn't no term t' apply to him. Bill Jones, soon's I landed him, says, what's th' use o' killin' him? Break him to harness. He's big enough to pull a hoss-car. That's what Bill says. An' I says no doubt, Bill, but what's the good o' breakin' him in for a hoss-car hoss when there ain't no hoss-cars in town? True, says Bill; let's make mock-turtle soup of him. So we did. That'll show ye how big he was. It took three years to git that tarrapin boiled down, an' then after that the hull town had mock-turtle soup for four years more out o' that one tarrapin. I took his shell an' hired a four-horse team to carry it home, an' I kep' it fer ten years, usin' it instead of a summer-house out on the grass-platt there. I useter go down there summer nights with a rockin'-chair, an' rock inside o' that tarrapin-shell for hours, readin' my noosepaper, an' livin' 'long happy as a bird. Eh? What's that ye say, Tommie? There ain't no pond, ner no river, ner no stream of any kind down by the village square? Well, who said there was? I 'ain't never said nothin' o' the kind. Ye don't see how I could ketch tarrapin *then?* Ho!! What ignoramuses you boys is. Ain't there no place t' ketch tarrapin 'ceptin' in mill-ponds? Ye do' know whatcher talkin' of about. Ever had tarrapin home? Well, then, did ye get 'em out of a mill-pond, or a ocean, or a river runnin' through yer back yard? No? Well, I guess yer right there. I knows mighty well ye didn't. Ye got 'em at the fish store; an' that's where I ketched this one—at the fish store down on the village square. You boys is gettin' sassy, doubtin' a old man like me, an' I don't like it. Get along out o' here, an' don't ye come back again till yer good an' reddy."



II.

### PROOF.

"FLIES is smarter 'n elephants," said Mollie. "Why, even if a elephant had that fly's wings he couldn't fly with 'em."

### BOBBIE HAS AN IDEA.

"I DON'T know what to do," said Mrs. Hawkins. "I've discharged the cook, but she won't go."

"Maybe she ain't wound up," suggested Bobbie.

### WILLIE'S REASON.

"SAY, pa," said Willie, "I wish you'd buy Aunt Sarah a nice comfortable arm-chair."

"Why, I thought you didn't like your aunt Sarah, Willie."

"I don't. That's why I want her to have a nice comfortable arm-chair. She'll use it instead of sitting on me all the time."

### SIMPLE ENOUGH.

"WHAT'S the difference between a grizzly that's been bitten on the forehead by a tiger and a saw without a hat?" asked Johnnie, at the Conundrum Club. Everybody gave it up.

"Why," said Johnnie, "one is a bear with a sore head, and the other's a saw with a bare head."

### UNCLE BILL.

"How are the fish biting now, Uncle Bill?" asked Jack of the old guide.

"Same way as usual, sonny," said the old man. "With their mouths."

"Well, I mean, are there many of 'em?" said Jack.

"I dunno," said the old man. "They 'ain't none bit me yet."

### A PREDICTION.

"MY hair's black now," said Tommie. "But just you wait. After I've been at the sea-shore a week or two it 'll be sandy."

### A WARM-DAY WISH.

"I WISH I was rich," said Jack. "If I was rich I'd tell the ice-man to bring me a skating-rink every morning."

### OVERHEARD ON THE LAWN.

"LET'S hear you roar," said the Clover-leaf to the Dandelion.

"I can't roar," said the Dandelion.

"Poh! then they oughtn't to have called you a Dandelion. You're more of a Dande-oyster."

### AN ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

"WELL, Freddie, I suppose you've learned to read by this time?"

"Yes," said Freddie.

"Words of one syllable, eh?"

"Not yet, sir," said Freddie. "But I can read words of one letter with my left eye."

### TOMMIE'S IDEA OF THE WAR.

"PAPA," said Tommie, who has been reading about the late rebellion, "what wath that big war we had here called?"

"The civil war," said his father.

"Theemth to me that's a queer name," he said. "It thtriketh me it wath a very unthivil war."

### FAST TIME.

"MY brother's a splendid runner," said Bobbie. "He can do a hundred yards in eleven seconds."

"Poh!" retorted Jack. "My brother can run a mile in that time."

"No, he can't either."

"Well, he can in eleven hours, anyhow."



III.

HOW BRER RABBIT OUTWITTED BRER FOX.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

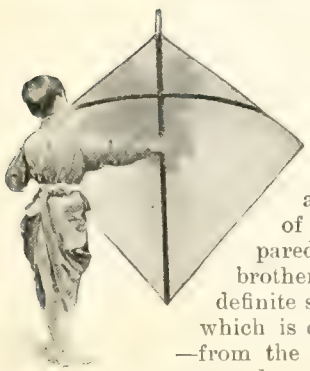

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.





## THE KITES OF THE JAPANESE.

BY C. D. WELDON.

THE American boy's notion of a kite, and of flying it, and the fun he gets out of it, are rather tame compared with that of his Oriental brother. In Japan they have a definite season for this amusement, which is observed by old and young —from the *ojiisan* down to the babe strapped on the back of its nurse. The toy-shops bloom out in special array for the occasion; besides, many temporary stalls are established in odd nooks and corners of the city for the exclusive sale of these gay little high-flyers.

In Tokyo and the north of Japan the decorations are a distinguishing feature, exceedingly interesting and beautiful; when sailing in the blue sky they remind one of the stained-glass windows of a cathedral. The organ is suggested too by the *unari*, a light bow attached to the top of the kite, strung with a very thin narrow ribbon of whalebone or rattan. The wind passing over this produces a sound like an organ reed, and when a great number of kites are flying in the same vicinity the prolonged humming is quite startling, if not musical.

For the decoration of these kites some of the most famous artists have furnished drawings, and hundreds are executed by boys not yet having reached their teens, but the work is invariably good, although so conventional that it amounts to little more than copying. They are content to follow in the grooves laid out and handed down to them from one generation to another rather than risk failure in an effort to introduce original ideas. In truth, a Japanese artist or workman never produces anything really stupid save when he attempts the execution of some half-understood idea dictated by a foreigner. While there are patrons for little bits of kites not much larger than a postal card, great monsters measuring forty-five feet in length are constructed every year at Fujisawa and Kamakura by men who go to no little expense for their sport. The frames are made of split bamboo laid crosswise, forming squares of about a foot, and tied at the angles with cord, the paper is then pasted on, and when dry the whole sheet is so flexible that it can be rolled up in cylinder shape, and is carried on the shoulders of a score of rollicking men to the starting-place, usually on the sea-beach, where they spread it out on the sand, and lash on long bamboo poles, which give strength and stiffness enough to withstand the great strain it is subjected to. The reins are two half-inch ropes wound on a windlass fastened to strong posts planted deeply in the ground and braced up with sand bags. Of course it requires quite a gale of wind to raise so much weight, and there is power enough to draw a train of cars.

In the extreme south of Japan little attention is paid to the æsthetic; the only decoration is an emblem or crest cut out of colored paper and pasted on the white up in one corner; even the usual tails are done away with, and the shape pruned down to scientific principles in the fighting kites of Nagasuke. These are rigged for battle only. The armor is a coating of pulverized glass applied to the string a few yards from the kite, sometimes a pair of carefully sharpened scissors is suspended at the end of a string. One of the high hills on the outskirts of the city is the principal rendezvous for enthusiastic combatants; on a favorable day hundreds of people flock there to watch the contest or take an active part. While the grounds are covered with this moving throng the sky is alive with the little darting and tossing objects busy as a swarm of bees, seemingly conscious of all that is expected of them at the other end of the string. Now and then one suddenly drops back, and comes down with a zigzag go-as-you-please movement into the upstretched hands of little boys in the street.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC

### CHAPTER XXVII.

### PHIL SEES HIMSELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

IT is needless to say that our lads were wofully disconcerted by the unexplained absence of Jalap Coombs from the place where they had left him. Their homecoming, as they had termed their return to the barrabkie during that day's toilsome march, was not only robbed of all the pleasure they had anticipated, but was confronted by a mystery that filled them with anxious thoughts and gloomy forebodings. It did not seem possible that their comrade could have departed from the island without leaving some message for them. Neither could they understand why he should have gone without taking the seal-skins which he had prized so highly. Had he wandered to some remote part of the island, and become lost? or fallen down one of its tremendous precipices? or— But what was the use in such conjectures? An experienced sailor-man like the mate of the *Seamew* was not likely to have done any of these things. He was even so averse to walking, save on the deck of a vessel, that they could not imagine him as having gone any further from the hut than was absolutely necessary to procure food, fuel, and water.

Remembering his friend's recent experience with a bear, Phil suggested that Jalap Coombs might have been attacked and carried off by one of those animals; but Serge at once pointed out the absurdity of such a theory. The bears of that country, he said, would not attack a man unless first wounded or provoked, and the mate, as they both knew, was not one who would needlessly or recklessly affront a bear. Besides, such a struggle, as was suggested, could not have taken place without leaving unmistakable traces, and of these there was none. To be sure the interior of the old barrabkie was in great disorder. The lads particularly noted that the split reindeer bones from which they had extracted the marrow on the last evening they had spent there, and which they had flung into one corner, were now scattered in every direction, some of them lying at quite a distance beyond the hut. For a while they could not account for this; but at length Serge discovered a fox track clearly imprinted in some damp ashes, and so one bit of mystery was removed.

They had so confidently expected to find a fire at the hut that they had neglected to provide themselves with the means for procuring one. Now they were too tired and disheartened to go off on a long search for sulphur and tinder. So they ate what remained of the slender stock of provisions brought from their last camp, and then, huddling close together for warmth beneath the tent roof of the hut, they discussed their unfortunate situation and gloomy prospects for the future, until at length they fell into the dreamless sleep of utter weariness. Phil's last words before dozing into unconsciousness were, "I can't see that we've anything to hope for, not even a breakfast to-morrow morning, unless we—care—to—eat raw—fish; which I won't."

Then, save for the melancholy whistle of the wind, the ceaseless boom of breakers, and the occasional yelp of a prowling fox, the old barrabkie and its inmates were buried in a profound silence.

The summer nights are so short in that latitude that it was broad daylight when Serge found himself as wide awake as ever in his life, sitting up and listening nervously to certain mysterious and inexplicable sounds. He heard shouts and laughter, the crashing of rocks, and another sound, which for the moment he could not define.

"Phil! Phil! Wake up!" he cried, in a low tone, at the same time shaking his drowsy comrade. "There are men outside! A lot of them! And I hear something that sounds like escaping steam."

"Oh, you must be dreaming!" replied the other, incredulously. "No, I declare you are right, for I hear them myself!"

With this both lads sprang to their feet and rushed outside. The sight that met their astonished gaze was that of a number of men busily engaged in tearing down the stone walls of the old hut in which the seal-skins were stored. Others were bearing the skins away and depositing them in a ship's boat that a couple of sailors were fending off from the rocks.

"Hello there!" shouted Phil, running down and plunging into the midst of this busy scene. "Who are you, and what do you mean by stealing our seal-skins?"

The men paused in their labor to gaze at this sudden

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No 749.

apparition. "His seal-skins! Will ye listen to the cheek of that?" exclaimed one of them, mockingly. "The young beggar will be saying this is his island next."

"Yes, my seal-skins!" cried Phil, hot with indignation. "Even if they were not, they aren't yours. You are a lot of thieves and highway robbers, and if there is any law in this forsaken country you shall suffer for this outrage! See if you don't!"

A roar of laughter greeted this speech, and a number of insolent retorts would have been made to it had not a young man in uniform, who seemed to be the leader of the party, appeared at this moment from the interior of the hut.

"What's going on here?" he demanded, in a tone of authority. "Hustle those skins along lively, men!" Then, turning to Phil and Serge, he demanded, roughly, "Well, who are you, and what do you want here?"

"Supposing you answer my question first," replied Phil, hotly. "Who are you, and by what authority are you stealing our seal-skins?"

"Oh, they are yours, are they?" retorted the other, surveying the irate lad from head to foot with an amused smile. "Very well; if you claim them, the best thing you can do is to go off to the ship and present your claim to the Captain. He is only too glad of a chance to settle all such matters. Coxswain, take these chaps aboard ship, present them to the Captain with my compliments, and tell him that they are desirous of a settlement in connection with these seal-skins, which they claim as their property."

"I don't know that we care to go aboard your ship," said Phil. "Supposing your Captain comes ashore and settles with us right here. We didn't invite him to this island, or ask him to take our seal-skins."

"Oh, I guess you'd better go," responded the other, with a peculiar smile. "You'll be apt to get better terms if you do. Besides, our Captain makes a point of never going ashore before breakfast."

Phil was about to make some angry reply to this, when Serge nudged him, and said in a low tone, "Be careful, old man, or you'll get us into trouble. Don't you see she's a cutter?"

A startled glance at the anchored vessel, to which, in his excitement, he had not paid particular attention before, satisfied Phil that she was indeed what Serge claimed. Another look at the young man in authority showed his uniform, though faded and bearing evidences of long service, to be that of the United States Revenue Marine.

"I don't care if she is," he answered, stoutly. "We'll go and see her Captain, though, and find out by what authority he seizes the property of honest citizens. Come on, Serge."

A few minutes later the boat was run alongside the cutter's port gangway, and its coxswain was reporting to the first Lieutenant: "Here are two men, sir, that Mr. Ramey ordered me to bring off. They say as them seal-skins are theirs and want to see the Captain about 'em."

"Very well," answered the officer. "Follow me, you two, and I guess the Captain will dispose of your case in short order."

Thus saying he led the way aft to the Captain's cabin, which was at the same time the office in which he transacted his business. Knocking at the door the officer was bidden to enter, and, ordering the lads to remain where they were, he did so. A minute later he reappeared, told them they might step inside, as the Captain was ready to hear their story, and then returned to his post of duty on the upper deck.

As Phil and Serge stepped inside the roomy, well-appointed cabin, the former thought he had never seen a more comfortable, homelike appearing place. It contained a centre table, on which stood a pot of ferns, a number of easy-chairs, a writing-desk, and a cabinet organ. At one end was a small library of carefully selected books, and on a low sofa seat at one side were scattered a number of magazines and illustrated papers.

The most startling object in the room to Phil, however, was a large mirror that confronted him as he entered the door, and in which, for the first time in weeks, he saw his own reflection. He had forgotten that he still wore the kamleika of a sea-otter hunter, that he was hatless, that his feet and lower limbs were encased in great cowhide boots, or that his hair was long and uncombed. Now to his dismay he realized that in general appearance he more nearly resembled a native Aleut than he did a civilized white lad, not to say a young gentleman. In his confusion he hardly realized that the Captain of the cutter was speaking to them, and that Serge, who, for the moment was the more self-possessed of the two, was answering him. Suddenly he was recalled to his senses by hearing an exclamation of:

"Bless my soul! not Serge Belcofsky of Sitka! Of course it is, though. Why, Serge, you young scamp, how are you? and how, in the name of all that is mysterious, do I find you here masquerading as a seal-poacher? I saw your mother only a few days ago, and she is terribly anxious about you. Why aren't you in Sitka?"

To Phil's amazement, as Captain Matthews, who was a tall, fine-looking man with gray side whiskers, uttered these words he stepped forward, and grasping the hand of his companion, shook it heartily.

"I am trying to get to Sitka, sir, the best I know how," answered Serge, laughing, as he shook hands with this old acquaintance, "and so is my friend here, Mr. Ryder, whose father is waiting for him there; but somehow luck seems to be against us."

"Ryder! Ryder!" repeated Captain Matthews, turning to Phil with a puzzled expression. "It can't be that you are the son of Mr. John Ryder, the famous mining expert whom I heard of in Sitka, and who is hunting all over the country for a lost boy?"

"I believe I am, sir," replied Phil, "for my name is Philip Ryder, and I seem to be very much lost, and my father is Mr. John Ryder, a mining expert."

"Well, bless my soul!" cried the Captain. "If this isn't a most extraordinary state of affairs! And so you two young scamps are the very Ryder and Belcofsky whose names appear on the *Seamew's* shipping-papers, and whom I wasted so much time hunting for. But where is Coombs--Quinine Coombs, or whatever his medicinal name is?"

"I am afraid we have lost him somewhere," replied Serge.

"Like as not," retorted the Captain. "You seem to be capable of losing anything or anybody, including yourselves."

"Was it you who captured the *Seamew*, sir?" inquired Phil, curiously.

"Of course it was; and I took her into Sitka Harbor, where she lies now, and where her case is to be tried before Judge Ames. As you formed part of her piratical crew, I want to know if there is any reason why I should not clap you two in irons as prisoners of war and deserters, and take you there too?"

"I only wish you would, sir," replied Phil, earnestly.

Just then a clear laughing voice from behind them said, "I think, papa, it is about time that I were allowed to greet my old friend Serge."

Turning quickly, poor Phil beheld one of the very prettiest girls he had ever seen. As a thought of his own ridiculous appearance flashed into his mind he blushed furiously, and wished that he were in the ship's hold, or a dungeon, or any other place that was dark.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### PHIL AND SERGE AS PRISONERS OF WAR.

CAPTAIN ISRAEL MATTHEWS, commanding the United States revenue-cutter *Phoca*, and one of the most highly esteemed officers in the service, had cruised in those far northern waters for two years, and during most of that time he had been accompanied by his motherless daughter May, who loved the sea as a sailor's daughter should. During these years May Matthews had made several long visits in Sitka, where there is always a charming colony of naval families and those of other government officials. Here she had also become well acquainted in the few old Russian households still remaining in that quaint Alaskan town. Of these the Belcofskys were the most prominent, so by this time she and Serge seemed quite like old friends.

On the present occasion, while she was greeting him, and laughing familiarly at his ragged and generally disreputable appearance, Phil edged toward the door in a vain effort to escape an immediate introduction. In this, however, he was frustrated by the Captain, who, noting the movement, called out sternly:

"Hello there, prisoner! No dodging! Come back here and be introduced to your jailer, who will be held responsible if you escape. Daughter, allow me to present my friend Mr. Philip Ryder, dressed for his famous impersonation of an Aleut swell, in the Alaskan comedy of *Bering Breakers*."

"Don't mind him, Mr. Ryder," laughed Miss May, extending her hand with engaging cordiality to poor embarrassed Phil. "He chaffs every one just that way, and says the most horrid things. You ought to see him in his winter uniform. He looks so exactly like an Eskimo that even the dogs howl and run away at sight of him."

"Yes, my winter coat really does make them howl with envy," retorted Captain Matthews. "But come, lads, let us go into the wardroom and see if we can't provide you with some civilized toggery. After that, as a penalty for your recent acts of piracy, etc., I sentence you both to appear in this cabin and breakfast with Miss May and myself."

In the wardroom, or officers' quarters, the Captain introduced Phil and Serge to several of the younger officers, who readily undertook to furnish them with an outfit of clothing suitable to an appearance at the cabin breakfast table.

When an hour later, after a welcome bath, after that member of the crew who acted as ship's barber had trimmed their hair, and clad in exceedingly becoming suits of uniform, our lads again presented themselves in the cabin, Captain Matthews insisted that they should introduce each other to him. Otherwise, he declared he should never believe they were the castaways whom out of pity for their starving condition he had invited to breakfast.

"Just wait, sir, until you see us eat," remarked Phil, significantly.

Then the Captain called them reformed pirates, and imitation lieutenants, and would doubtless have invented many other equally absurd names, had not Miss May clapped her hands over his mouth, and declared she would not allow any further abuse of her prisoners.

It is doubtful if ever a merrier party sat down to a breakfast in all Alaska, and certainly no meal was ever more thoroughly appreciated than was that one by Phil and Serge. The former pretended to have forgotten the use of forks and spoons, while the Captain ordered the table-boy to serve the sharks' fins and whalebone as quickly as possible. Phil told how Serge tried to drive away a bear that was breaking into his halibut larder, and Serge in turn told how the master of the *Seamew* had taught Phil to appreciate Ebenezer's cooking.

This mention of the *Seamew* led the lads to inquire for further particulars concerning that vessel, and regarding affairs in Sitka. Therefore Captain Matthews said that, having learned from one of the schooner's crew of the cache of seal-skins on Oonimak Island, he had only remained in Sitka long enough to turn his prize over to the authorities, and had then hastened back to make a further capture of her hidden cargo.

"I wondered—" murmured Serge.

"Now," continued the Captain, "I propose taking it, and you, too, and Mr. Ipecac Coombs, if I can find him, to Sitka for trial, though I must first run up to the Pribyloff islands, and then stop in at Oonalaska on my way back."

"That will be fine!" exclaimed Phil. "Having got so near the seal islands I hated the thought of leaving Bering Sea without seeing them, for it seems to me that those millions of seals must be one of the sights of the world."

"So it is, my boy," responded Captain Matthews, "and I am glad you are to have the opportunity of witnessing it. If it were on anything but an island, though, from which it would be impossible for you to escape, I don't think I should allow you on shore, except under guard, for I am bound you shall fetch Sitka this time, if it can be managed."

"I hope you will succeed, sir," laughed Phil, "though I don't know exactly what I shall do when I get there, so long as my father has left."

"I fancy he will be back again by that time. He is certain to find out in Victoria where you have gone, and will probably return to Sitka to await your arrival."



"I TOOK HER INTO SITKA HARBOR, WHERE SHE LIES NOW."

"So he will," said Phil, brightening, "for I left a note for him in Victoria, telling him just what I intended to do."

"Did you inform him that you proposed to become a seal-hunter, and then turn into a pirate, and then get cast away on Oonimak Island, and get lost among the sea-otters, and captured by a revenue-cutter, and be delivered to him in irons?" asked the Captain, gravely.

"No, sir, not just that in detail," laughed Phil. "I left most of it to be understood."

"Well, I only hope he'll understand it. By-the-way, Serge, I've a bit of news that will interest you to the extent of nearly a thousand dollars. Do you remember showing me once a very curiously carved fur-seal's tooth that had been presented to your father by a Chilkat chief?"

"Yes, sir, I remember it well."



"DAUGHTER, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY FRIEND MR. PHILIP RYDER."

"Well, those Indians have been having very bad luck lately with their fishing, trading, and one thing or another, and have decided that it is all owing to the fact that they allowed that magic talisman, as they regard it, to pass out of their possession. So they sent a delegation down to Sitka to try and recover it from your mother. I saw them there last week, and they were terribly in earnest about getting it. They even offered your mother as high as ten of their finest old-time dance-blankets for it, and you know those are now worth anywhere from seventy to one hundred dollars apiece. Your mother told them that you had it, and had taken it with you on a long voyage. She said, though, that she had no doubt you would sell it to them on your return, and that you were expected back every day. So they are waiting for you, and you may look forward to a very savage demonstration of welcome the moment you set foot on Sitka wharf. Have you the tooth with you? I should like to see it again."

"No," answered Serge, slowly; "I gave it away."

"You don't say so! How could you be so foolish? To whom did you give it?"

"To one who proved my best friend in a strange country," replied Serge, nodding in Phil's direction.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Captain, in a relieved tone. "So you are the lucky possessor of the magic tooth, are you, Master Phil? Then our Chilkat friends must drive their bargain with you. Would you mind allowing me to have it a moment? I want my daughter to see it; for, on account of its history and associations, I regard it as one of the most interesting of Alaskan curios."

"I am awfully sorry, sir, but I—"

"Don't tell me that you have given it away too."

"No, sir; but I have lost it. You see, I had no idea of its value, and failed to take the care I should of it."

"I might have known it!" cried the Captain, in a tone of vexation. "A chap that can manage to lose himself as often as you have would lose anything. But there, lad, forgive me," he added, quickly, as he caught the look of mortification that swept over Phil's face. "I didn't mean to say rude things, and if you think the trinket has gone beyond hope of recovery we'll say no more about it."

Just then a knock came at the cabin door, and Mr. Ramey, the third Lieutenant, who had been sent ashore to bring off the seal-skins, reported that he had completed this duty, and that they were all on board.

"Very good," said Captain Matthews. "You may ask Mr. Nelson to get under way for the Pribyloffs."

"There is one more thing, sir," continued the young Lieutenant, hesitatingly. "Although not instructed to do so, I took the liberty of examining several other of those ruins on shore, and in one of them I found this, which I trust you will have no objection to my keeping."

"Certainly not, if—" began the Captain, casting a careless glance at the object the Lieutenant held out for inspection. It was the skin of some animal turned inside out so that its real nature could not be determined.

Both Phil and Serge recognized it at once, and before the Captain could complete his sentence the former exclaimed, "Why! It is my sea-otter-skin that I had forgotten all about. I am ever so much obliged to you, sir, for bringing it off."

"You may leave it, Mr. Ramey," said Captain Matthews. "I was about to say that I had no objection to your keeping it provided no owner could be found; but as one has appeared, that of course settles the matter."

As the disappointed Lieutenant walked away, he muttered to himself, "I do believe that is the very chap who claimed the seal-skins. Now it seems that he owns every-

time else on the island, and I shouldn't be surprised if he owned this ship before we got rid of him."

In the mean time Phil was asking the Captain's permission to present the sea-otter-skin to his daughter before he should have a chance to lose it. Though the latter demurred at first, on account of its value, Phil so insisted that he finally consented. Thus, to her great delight, Miss May became possessed of one of the finest pieces of fur in all Alaska, while Phil was happily relieved of a responsibility.

A few minutes later the swift cutter was speeding away over the green waters toward the Pribyloffs. Ommaney Island with its many memories was fading from view, and a new field of possible adventure was opening before our young seal-hunters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

## CHAPTER III.

"OH, I am so glad to see you again!" cried Noel, drawing them into the house. "*Tante* is out, and I am so lonely. Come up to our rooms."

They mounted the stairs, and the boy ushered them into a room on the front of the house, in the window of which he had been standing when they caught sight of him. The furniture was plain and unattractive, cheap-looking curtains hung at the windows, and a bookcase that evidently held no books, but could be transformed into a bedstead, stood against the wall.

"Is this where you live?" asked Rose, surveying the apartment, and contrasting it in her mind with her grandmother's luxurious home.

"It is where we live now," replied Noel. "We don't live anywhere very long. We've been in Paris and London and New York, and lots of different places. I wish my aunt would stay somewhere, but just as soon as we get to know anybody and are going to have a nice time, it seems to me we pack up and go off. Where do you live?"

"At our grandmother's on Rittenhouse Square."

"I don't know where that is. My aunt does not allow me to go out very much except with her, and we don't go very far. She says I am not strong, but I think I am."

He was a fine-looking boy of thirteen, tall for his age, and slight, with a delicately shaped oval face, clear intelligent brown eyes, and brown hair that would have curled had it not been cropped so closely. His mouth and chin were particularly well formed, and his face was one which would not be easily forgotten.

"I don't think we can stay," said Hildegarde. "We should not have come so far by ourselves, and our grandmother would not like it."

She was on the point of asking him to come and see them, but remembering the effect the mere mention of his name had upon Mrs. Cameron, she stopped in time.

"Oh, don't go yet!" pleaded Noel. "I am so tired of being alone. I have read over and over again every book in the house, and I never see anybody but the other boarders."

"Is this a boarding-house?" asked Rose.

"Yes; but there are not many people here. *Tante* never goes where there are many people."

"We *must* go, Rose flower," said Hildegarde. "Perhaps we can come again, Noel, and bring you some books. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes, I wish you would! And come at this time always, for my aunt is apt to be out in the afternoon, and then I am alone. I don't think I'll tell her you were here."

"But would that be right? Oughtn't you to tell her?" asked Hildegarde, somewhat dubiously.

"No," returned the boy; "it is her own fault. She would say right away you could not come, and would probably pack up and go off. She always does. Please don't tell her if you see her, will you?"

He was so earnest about it that Hildegarde promised, and then they left him.

"And we cannot tell grandmother either, as she does not like to hear about Noel," said Hildegarde, as they walked quickly homeward. "Perhaps we had better tell Uncle Phil."

But he was away from home, and when he returned there was no opportunity for speaking to him in private. He went off early to his business; he often dined out, and when he was in the house his mother monopolized his attention. So the days and weeks slipped by, and Noel was not mentioned.

It was long before the children could go again to see him. They took him some of their books when they did go, and hurried away, fearful lest their absence should be remarked upon.

Hildegarde was very uneasy about it, for it did not seem quite honorable to tell no one what they were doing, but Rose overcame her scruples. "You know grandmother won't allow us to speak of him, and yet we ought to do good to that poor boy if we can," she had said.

They found him looking pale and sad. "I thought you would never come," he said, reproachfully. "I have watched for you every day. *Tante* is so strange. I think French women always are, don't you? All that I have ever known are."

"Aren't you French yourself?" demanded Rose.

"I don't know. I think I am, partly. *Tante* never has told me much."

"Perhaps you are like us, with an American mother and a foreign father."

"Perhaps so. I believe *tante* was my father's sister. Ever so long ago, before I can really remember, we lived in a big house with a tall lady that used to smile at me. When I asked *tante* about it once she said it was my grandmother who cast us off, and I was never to speak of it again."

"We have a tall grandmother, but she never smiles. We have lived there ever so long, and I have never seen her smile once—have you, Hilda?"

"No. She has had a great deal of trouble," said Hildegarde.

And then they went home, talking all the way about poor sad Noel, who seemed to have such an unhappy life, so different from theirs. They had each other, even if other things were unpleasant sometimes. It would have been nice to have a grandmother who would occasionally smile at them, such as Noel remembered.

"I wonder why she cast him off?" said Hildegarde.

"Perhaps she had seven sons and daughters like our German grandfather, and couldn't take care of him any longer."

It was about this time that one morning at the breakfast table, when the letters were brought in, there was one among them which bore a foreign stamp and postmark, and was addressed to "Fräulein Rosa Maria von Dalbersdorf."

"I thought it was about time to hear," said Rose, calmly looking at it on all sides. It was ornamented with a huge seal of green wax, upon which was the impression of a coat-of-arms.

"Who is your correspondent?" asked her uncle.

"Grandfather von Dalbersdorf," replied Rose.

If a bomb had exploded in their midst the party would scarcely have been more amazed.

"Child, did you write to him?" demanded Mrs. Cameron.

"*Ach, du Liebling*, what hast thou done?" exclaimed Hildegarde, in German, for once regardless of her grandmother's presence.

"Well done, little one! Let's hear it," cried Philip.

"I can't read it very well, for it is written in German writing," said Rose. "Hilda, you'll have to help me."

Whereupon she carried the letter around to her sister's place, and the two heads bent over it, the smooth flaxen and the curly brown leaning close together. Philip threw a hasty glance at his mother, but she was absorbed in watching them.

"'My dear granddaughter,' read Hilda, slowly translating as she read, 'thy letter was most welcome. I am glad that thou art so well off. I can never forgive thy father.' (Hildegarde's voice trembled, and she involuntarily raised her head an instant.) 'He married beneath him, for his position demanded no less than sixteen quarterings.'"

"What does he mean?" asked Rose.

Mrs. Cameron tapped the table with her hand, and the color rose in her usually pale face. "Continue!"

"'However, it is too late, and I am willing to receive now the children of my Otto. It is true that I have seven sons and daughters, but all have married and left me, with the exception of thy aunt Rosa Maria, for whom, I suppose, thou wast named. She urges me to receive thee and thy sister. Therefore tell thy American grandmother that I will give you a home if she will consent to make some settlement upon thy sister and thyself worthy of your rank as Countesses.

"'She may open communication with me through my secretary. Thy affectionate grandfather,

LOUIS WOLFF VON DALBERSDORF.'"

"Preposterous!" cried Mrs. Cameron. "Such insolence I never heard. Sixteen quarterings! Rose, how dared you write without my permission?"

"Rose," said Hildegarde, "I never dreamed of your doing such a thing. You know papa would not have liked it, for he was *very* proud, and grandfather refused to have anything to do with us."

Rose's lip trembled and the tears came into her eyes. Even Hilda, her beloved Hilda, had turned against her.

"Come here, little Rose-flower," said her uncle, holding out his arms. Rose sprang into them. "Now tell us all about it," he said, kindly.

Rose was crying with all her might, and it was some moments before she could speak. "I -I didn't know it was wrong," she sobbed, "and I thought it would be a nice surprise for you all when the answer came. I thought he was our own gr-grandfather, and would like to know we were happy, and—and well off, and so I wr-wrote to him."

Hildegarde, unable to bear her darling's grief, ran to her side. "Never mind, dear!" she whispered to her in German, "it makes no matter."

"You had better go up stairs," said Mrs. Cameron, sternly. And thankful to escape, the children left the room.

"It is perfectly preposterous, Philip," said his mother when they were alone. "The insolence of the man is superb!"

"You must not forget, mother, that these old German nobles are very proud, and still have the caste feeling of the Middle Ages. Then you would be averse to giving up the children?"

"Give them up! Nothing would induce me to give them up. I did not want them in the first place, but now they are here and I have grown accustomed to them."

And next day Philip wrote, informing the Herr Count that so far from giving up the children, his mother intended legally adopting them, and as the Count had shown so little interest in them heretofore he begged that all communication between the families might cease.

"Grandmother," said Rose one day, a week or two later, "to-morrow is Hilda's birthday."

Although it was April there was a fire burning on the hearth, and Mrs. Cameron sat near it, shielding her face with a screen which she held in her beautifully shaped white hand. Her mind was busy with the past. Her grandson, her beloved Noel, where was he? Was he dead, or did he still live perhaps in some hateful place with the bad people who had stolen him, whoever they were. Rose's voice roused her, although she did not hear what she said.

"Did you speak, child?" She had grown more loving in these days, though she was still undemonstrative.

"Yes. I said to-morrow is Hilda's birthday."

"True. The 7th of April. I remember."

"And I want to get her a present," continued Rose. "Can I go this afternoon?"

"There is no one to take you. The maids are all busy."

"Can't I go alone?"

"To the shops? Oh no!"

"But I know my way," persisted Rose.

"I could not think of allowing you to go down Chestnut Street alone in the afternoon," said Mrs. Cameron.

"Then can't I have the carriage?" demanded Rose.

"Why, yes," said her grandmother, slowly; "I suppose so. What are you going to buy?"

"Something that Hilda wants very much," said Rose, drawing nearer and speaking in a mysterious whisper. "A pair of silver scissors!"

"And where are you going for them?"

"To Bailey's. We saw them the day we were there."

"And why did you not tell me Hilda wanted them?"

"Oh, we never ask you for anything, grandmother. Hilda won't let me. She says you do a great deal for us, and we must never ask you for a single thing. I wanted dreadfully to ask you to buy me a dear darling vin-vinerg— What do you call it? A bottle to smell out of that we saw there, but she would not let me."

"What does a child like you want with a *vinaigrette*?"

"Oh, I like to sniff good smells," rejoined Rose.

"I suppose you would like me to give you the money for the silver scissors?"

"No, I thank you. I have saved it up out of my allowance, and some money Uncle Phil gave me one day."

"But don't you want that for something else?"

"Oh no, grandmother. I'd rather buy a present for Hilda than anything, and, besides, it wouldn't be my present if you gave me the money for it. Don't you see?"

"Very well," said Mrs. Cameron; "you may do as you like. But perhaps you will consent to take some money to buy a present for me to give Hildegarde."

"*Grandmother!* Do you really mean it?"

"Certainly. I never say what I do not mean. Here is a ten-dollar bill. What will that buy?"

"*Grandmother!* Ten dollars! Why, in London, when dear papa was alive, he would have felt terribly rich to have that much money to spend. Ten dollars! It will buy a châtelaine to hang the scissors on."

"Very well," said her grandmother, shortly. She did not like the allusion to the London poverty. "But you must be careful not to lose the money. I will order the carriage, so run and get ready."

Hildegarde was much astonished when Rose burst into the room and announced that she was going shopping in the carriage "all by herself."

"Can't I go?" asked her sister.

"No, indeed!" cried Rose, dancing about. "It's all a secret, and you can't go a step."

And Hildegarde, remembering that the next day was her birthday, wisely refrained from asking questions.

So Rose departed in state, and she felt very grand in-



"GOOD-AFTERNOON, MEES LESSING," SAID THE STRANGER.

deed when the carriage drew up at Bailey's store and the tall footman held open the door for her to alight.

She was just turning away from the counter when she was accosted by a woman who had seen her get out of the carriage and had followed her into the store.

"Good-afternoon, Mees Lessing," said the stranger, who spoke with a strong French accent.

Rose looked at her in surprise. "My name is not Lessing," she said; "but you are Noel's aunt, aren't you?"

Rose rarely forgot faces, and this was a peculiar one. It was long, with a prominent nose, wide thin lips, and eyes close together. The woman wore a great deal of dark frizzy hair around her face, and her eyebrows were heavy and almost met.

"Yes, but I sought your name was Lessing?"

"No; that was the name of papa's friend who brought us over. Our name is Von Dalbersdorf."

"Von Dalbersdorf?" repeated the woman, in surprised tones. "Wif whom den do you live?"

"With our grandmother, Mrs. Cameron."

The French woman leaned heavily against the counter as if for support. "Ah, I will not detain you longer," she said. "Perhaps we shall meet again. *Au revoir.*"

But she followed Rose out of the store, and watched her get into the carriage. The door was closed with a slam, the footman jumped on the box, and they drove away. The French woman mingled with the crowd of pedestrians, and was soon lost to sight. No one noticed the gleam of excitement that had come into her eyes, nor heard her mutter to herself in French:

"I will do it once more. Nothing is impossible for Marie d'Achette, and the old madame shall be made to suffer yet again!"

Rose went home, and displayed her purchases to her grandmother, who appeared to approve of her choice. She did not mention the meeting with Noel's aunt, of course, knowing the effect it would have, but she told Hildegarde about it.

That night, when Jane was with them, Rose said, suddenly, and in her most wheedling tones, which she well knew how to use, "Jane, dear Jane, won't you tell us a little about our little cousin?"

"Now, Miss Rose, don't ask me. Your grandmother has forbidden it to be talked about at all."

"But just tell us a teeny little bit. Did grandmother love him so terribly much?"

"Indeed that she did, miss, and it coming so soon after the big robbery."

"Oh, please tell us about the robbery!" said Rose.

"It was a lot of your grandmother's jewels, dear, and a big roll of money she had drawn out of the bank that day. The dining-room window was smashed in, but nothing was taken from there. It was only the bills and the diamonds that were on your grandmother's dressing-table. They had the police and the detectives, but they couldn't find the thief. They thought the French maid your grandmother had in those days had something to do with it. She used to take care of little Noel. But there was nothing to prove it. She left afterwards to go to a sick father. I never liked the look of her, though she was powerful fond of him. She had great black eyebrows."

Rose looked at Hildegarde. "You may depend upon it," she said, "French women look very much alike. The aunt has queer eyebrows."

"And then the loss of little Noel himself so soon after," continued Jane, absorbed in her recollections. "I always thought the French maid had something to do with that." And she nodded wisely, and gave a few extra pats to the clean clothes she was putting away.

"Do you mean she poisoned him?" Hildegarde asked.

"La, no, miss! Not just then, at any rate. But don't ask me any more questions. Dinner is ready."

And not another word could they get from Jane on the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# COOKING A DINNER.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

IT had been agreed upon by the girls and Miss Dodge, in solemn conclave assembled, that perhaps it would be better to learn how to cook a dinner before they attempted fancy cakes.

"Learn to be useful before you try to be ornamental," advised the teacher.

"I think a dinner is both useful and ornamental," said Carolyn.

"I'm sure fancy cakes are useful too," argued Ethel, who was rather disappointed at the postponement of the dainties.

"Now, Ethel," said Nellie, "you know if you had to make your choice on a cold winter's night between fancy cakes and roast beef, you would let the cakes go to Halifax, and clasp the roast beef to your bosom."

"I hope not," laughed Miss Dodge. "I think she would put it to a much more satisfactory use than that. But, girls, we are to do something besides cook this time. We are to set the table."

"I can do that already," exclaimed Mary, and "So can I," came from two or three of the other girls, Nellie adding,

"I thought everybody knew how to set a table."

"'Everybody' seems to think so too," returned Miss Dodge, quietly. "I am glad I shall not be obliged to tell any of you girls which side of a place to put the knives, and how many forks will be needed in a dinner of four or five courses, where the glass and napkin belong, and where the bread is to be laid, whether butter is used at dinner or not, what dishes should go on the table, and what on the sideboard, who is to carve, and how the food is to be served, and a few other trifles about decorations, waiting, and the like. I have seldom been fortunate enough to find so well-informed young people."

For a moment the girls looked crushed. Then Nellie made an exaggerated gesture of submission.

"I take it all back!" she cried. "I am a worm of the dust, and like the late Lord Tennyson, 'Behold, I know not anything!' Will you please forgive me for living, Miss Dodge?"

"Oh, it's not quite so bad as to need all that," said Miss Dodge, laughing in spite of herself. "I only wished you to know that it is not, after all, such a simple matter as you all seem to think to set the table for a course dinner."

"I think we know it now," replied Nellie. "Do we, girls?" turning to the others, and there was a chorussed response of "We do!"

"Now let us get to work," began Miss Dodge, in her business-like way. "We are to have soup first, of course."

"And it is requested that one person only may be allowed to salt it," interrupted Gertrude.

"I wouldn't put a grain of salt into it, if you were to chase me with it," said Mary.

"Nothing would induce me to even look at the salt-box," added Nellie.

"Have you quite finished?" inquired Miss Dodge, with labored politeness. "For if you have, I will go on with the *menu*."

An awful silence instantly prevailed.

"We will have roast lamb, stuffed potatoes, and spinach, lettuce with French dressing, cottage pudding with lemon sauce, and coffee. This is a simple dinner; but I thought it was wiser not to attempt *entrées*, when our time was limited, and you were not accustomed to the work."

"Aren't croquettes sometimes used as an *entrée?*" asked Nannie.

"Oh yes; oyster, chicken, lobster, and sweetbread croquettes and cutlets are very popular *entrées;* and now that you have learned to make croquettes of one kind, you will find no difficulty in preparing the others. The same principle applies to all."

"What sort of soup are we to have?" asked Gertrude.

"Tomato bisque, or, as it is often called, tomato cream soup. It is easily made, and is almost always popular. The first step in making it is to open this can of tomatoes and to turn out the contents, so that they may lose the close, tinny taste they would be likely to have if they were left in the can until just before they were used. That should always be done with canned things, anyhow. Let me see, Mary and Nellie were the ones who had the soup in charge last time. Carolyn, suppose you undertake it to-day. Gertrude, you may take the roast, and Nellie may bestow all her energies upon the spinach."

"Let me make the pudding!" begged Nannie.

"Very well; that leaves the potatoes and the pudding sauce still undisposed of."

"And the coffee," amended Gertrude.

"And the salad," added Mary.

"Gertrude may make the coffee, for the roast will not



THE DINNER-TABLE

take all her time; and she will also be able to make a *sauce soubise* for her mutton. Ethel, you might do the potatoes; and, Mary, you may wash the lettuce and pick it over, and make the pudding sauce, too. I will make the salad dressing myself at the table, and show you all how to do it."

There was very little chance for anything for a while, every one to work and attend to various directions.

The potatoes, the large ones, were washed and scrubbed with a small scrub-brush and put in the oven to bake; the meat was laid in the dripping pan, sprinkled with a little flour and a very little salt, and set in the oven, the can of tomatoes was opened, and a pint of the liquor drained off through the soup-strainer into a bowl. Nannie made herself generally useful to every one, as her pudding was not to be made at this early stage, and was finally appealed to by Nellie, who, with her sleeves rolled up to her elbows, was standing over a dishpanful of water and spinach.

"For the love of mercy come and help me, Nannie," she called. "This is the grittiest, sandiest stuff I ever struck! I have washed it in two waters, and scrubbed it almost to pieces, and it's as dirty as it was when I began."

"Oh, not quite so bad as that!" said Miss Dodge, coming to the sink. "Here, turn off this water, rinse the pan, and put in fresh cold water. Now shake the spinach up and down, one bunch at a time. That will free it from the grit as quickly as anything. Then strip the leaves from the stems and the centre stalks."

"Just tear each leaf in half," said Nannie, suiting the action to the word.

"Yes, leaving out the midrib. When you have done that put it in a saucepan with enough boiling water to cover it well, a pinch of salt, and a pinch of soda. The soda is to keep it green. Let it cook twenty minutes."

"Is that all there is to do?" queried Nellie, surprised. "I thought there was a lot more to it than that."

"Oh, you need not be alarmed for fear you won't have enough to do," rejoined Miss Dodge. "After you take it off you must drain every drop of water from it, put it into the chopping-bowl, and chop it until it is as fine as dust. Then it goes back on the fire again, and is seasoned for the table. Gertrude, it is time you basted your roast again."

The girls all watched with interest as Gertrude opened the oven door, drew the pan towards her, and with a long-handled iron spoon dipped up the gravy that had dripped from the roast and poured it over the meat.

"I tell you it's hot!" said she, retreating with a flushed face, while Ethel pinched her potatoes to see if they were done.

"It is always best to have your oven very hot when you put in your roast," said Miss Dodge. "It sears the outside and keeps in the juices. After that is done you may lower the heat a little, so I have just pulled out this draught. That will cool it in a few minutes."

"One of the potatoes is soft, but I think I'd better leave them a few minutes longer," said Ethel, shutting the oven door.

"Isn't it time to begin the soup?" asked Carolyn.

"Yes; put the pint of liquor on the fire and measure three cups of milk into a double boiler. When that is scalding hot stir into it a table-spoonful of butter and a full table-spoonful of flour. The flour must be mixed with a little cold milk. Add to the tomato a pinch of soda to keep it from curdling, and a teaspoonful of sugar to take off the sharp sour of the tomato. Don't put this with the milk until just before it goes to the table or it will curdle."

"You don't mention salt," suggested Nellie.

"I took it for granted that would not be forgotten after last week's experience," retorted Miss Dodge. "Have you ground the coffee, Gertrude?"

"What shall I do with the lettuce?" asked Mary.

"Separate the leaves, looking over them carefully to see that there are no worms or insects among them. It's not pleasant to find such visitors in the salad bowl!"

"Did you ever find them there, Miss Dodge?" said Mary, scrutinizing each lettuce-leaf closely.

"Worse than that! I saw a man swallow a large mouthful one night that I knew had a very nice little slug in it."

A shriek of disgust came from the girls.

"After all," said Nellie, rallying first, as usual, "it must have been very much worse for the slug than it was for the man. And I don't suppose slugs are worse than snails, anyhow, and people eat those!"

"The potatoes are done!" announced Ethel, and then Gertrude dropped the coffee-mill to run and baste her meat again, while Ethel, under the teacher's directions, cut a cap off one end of each potato, and scooped out all the mealy contents with the handle of a spoon, taking care not to break the skin. There were eight potatoes, and she mixed with them a large table-spoonful of butter, two table-spoonfuls of grated cheese, and a little salt and pepper, and when the mixture was light and creamy packed it back into the skins again.

Nannie had meanwhile secured the recipe for the cottage pudding, and was busily creaming a table-spoonful of butter with a cupful of sugar. Then she beat the yolks of two eggs and added them to the creamed butter and sugar, then stirred in half a cupful of milk and a cup and a half of flour, and the whites of the eggs, whipped stiff. Last of all went in a large teaspoonful of baking powder, and then the batter was poured into a greased cake-pan, and it was put in the oven, where the roast was nearly done.

"It should be roasted fifteen minutes to the pound, and that has been in about an hour and a quarter now," said Miss Dodge, consulting her watch. "It only weighed seven pounds. Nellie, how are you getting along with your spinach?"

"I have chopped and chopped *and* chopped," sighed Nellie. "I think it must be done by now."

"Rub it through the colander," advised Miss Dodge. "Then put it in the double boiler again to get very hot. Ethel, put your potatoes in a pan after you have fitted on those caps, and set them in the plate-warmer. They don't need more than ten minutes in the oven. How about the soup?"

"All ready, except putting the thickened milk and the tomato together," announced Carolyn.

"And the pudding is in the oven, the lettuce is in cold water, and the coffee is ground. The pudding sauce there is no haste about. Gertrude, my dear, you may peel two small onions, quarter them, and put them on the range in enough boiling water to cover them. They are for your *sauce soubise*. Now, as everything seems to be fairly under way, I think we might begin to set the table."

The girls were decidedly backward about suggestions concerning the table now, so there was little comment made while Miss Dodge directed them how to lay the cloth over a heavy white felt, and produced a pretty centre-piece of worked linen for the middle of the table.

"You should have no color in the table-cloth at dinner," she said. "Colored lunch and breakfast cloths are very pretty, but pure white is best at dinner. You may have bright flowers, or you may have your centre-piece embroidered in colors, and your china may have all the tints of the rainbow. Now, you see, we expect to carve on the table, so I put a carving-cloth or napkin at this end, to protect the table-cloth. That would not be necessary if the carving were done on the sideboard or in the pantry, and the dish passed by the waiter."

"Don't you want table-mats?" ventured Mary.

"Not when the vegetable dishes are placed on the sideboard, and passed by the servant. That is the general custom now. Put a plate at each place, the knives on the right, with the edges turned from the plate, the forks on the left. As we have only three courses before the dessert you will need but one knife, since we do not cut salad, and two forks. Lay the soup spoon at right angles to these. Butter is not used at fashionable dinners now," remarked Miss Dodge, as she put the bread-and-butter plate a little to the left of each dinner plate, and a glass to the right.

"Then I thank fortune I am not a fashionable diner-out," said Ethel, fervently. "Where does the bread go?"

"The napkin is placed at the right of the plate with the piece of bread laid on it, or on the bread-and-butter plate. The salt-cellar is near the butter plate."

"Does nothing to eat go on the table?" asked Carolyn.

"Only the little dishes of olives, pickles, celery, or other relishes. Then you may have the water-pitcher or carafes, and the ice-bowl on too. But that roast must be about done by now."

Back to the kitchen they went, Ethel to put her potatoes in the oven, that they might become heated through, while Carolyn, whose soup was all ready except for the final mixing, dried the salad between two clean cloths, and heaped it lightly in the salad-bowl. Gertrude busied herself with her sauce. The onions were boiled soft by this time. She drained the water from them, chopped them fine, and set them aside while she cooked together in a small saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and as soon as they bubbled added to them a cup of milk, stirring constantly. When the sauce was thick and smooth she stirred in the chopped onions, added a little pepper and salt, and the *sauce soubise* was ready at the same time that Nellie's spinach was done.

"What did you put in yours?" asked Gertrude.

"Two table-spoonfuls of butter, two table-spoonfuls of cream, a little salt and pepper, and two grates of a nutmeg," said Nellie. "There was half a peck of spinach, to begin with, and just see how it has shrunk."

Everything was ready now but the pudding sauce. The potatoes were laid in a napkin, placed in a vegetable dish, and set in the plate-warmer; the roast had been transferred to a heated platter and stood in the open oven, and Nannie, after thrusting a broom straw into the pudding and drawing it out clean and confirmed the test by listening to the loaf, and, learning that it had ceased "singing," pronounced it ready, and left it in the oven, where it would not scorch. Carolyn was waiting to turn out the soup at Miss Dodge's word of command.

The dinner was a success, of course, from start to finish. The pudding sauce—a table-spoonful each of butter and corn starch, half a cup of sugar, and an egg beaten in a bowl and then mixed with a pint of boiling water—was made while the table was being cleared after the meat course. Mary put the ingredients in a little saucepan and stirred them over the fire until they were thick, and added the juice and grated rind of a lemon just before she poured the sauce into the pitcher from which it was to be ladled at table. And even Ethel acknowledged that she believed they had had as much fun about the dinner as they could possibly have with the fancy cakes.

## A PREFERENCE.

I'D like to be a little fish,
In swimming all the day,
If 'twasn't that he never has
A single thing to say.

And while that life may be quite fine,
And suited unto him,
It wouldn't do for me at all;
I'd rather talk than swim.

## CAPTURED BY THE SIOUX.

BY PAUL HULL.

THE Sky-rocket Ranch was noted throughout southern Dakota for the fertility of its pasture range and the great herds of cattle that roamed over it, carrying on their quarters the well-known two-star brand that testified to their ownership.

When Jacob Hopkins first settled in one of the river bottoms of the Dakota Territory his ranch was naturally invested with the name of its owner, and preserved the same until one Fourth of July, when young Frank Hopkins came home from a cattle sale at Yankton, bringing with him several packages which he had taken pains to keep without the circle of the camp-fire on the preceding evening when the returning cowboys had gone into camp for the night.

After the sun had disappeared behind the hills to the westward of the ranch, and the stars had begun to peep out one by one from the summer sky, Frank proudly opened his closely guarded packages, and exhibited to an eager group of cattle-men and Indian helpers a generous assortment of fire-crackers, bombs, and rockets.

While the display was at its height, and the heavens sprinkled with quickly vanishing red, blue, and orange colored stars, a tall figure, crowned with an imposing head-dress of feathers, and wrapped in a gayly decorated blanket, strode into the group and approached the boy.

"How?" said the individual.

"How?" replied Frank, shaking the savage's hand. "Glad you came, chief; thought you'd forgotten my invitation; sit down and see the fun."

The Indian grunted in acknowledgment of the welcome, and without further ceremony squatted on the ground, and viewed the exhibition without an expression of satisfaction or astonishment beyond an occasional deep grunt when an unusually noisy bomb exploded, or an extra brilliant galaxy of stars burst in the sky.

Screaming Horse, the Sioux chief, lived with a small branch of his tribe in a few wretched tepees just beyond the range, coming with them every summer to the river to fish, and incidentally to help in the cattle round-up so as to obtain the wherewithal to purchase enough of the white man's fire-water to keep them in a state of happy oblivion for the following week. That is, the humble followers of Screaming Horse did the work under his scornful supervision; and after the chief had received the whole compensation in the name of his tribe, and had exchanged it for several suspicious-looking demijohns at the trader's store, he would return to his camp, and graciously permit his subjects to enjoy his hospitality. When the revel came to an end, a straggling line of forlorn and demoralized-looking savages would creep back to the hills.

The masterpiece of Frank's collection, a monster rocket, had been reserved for the closing of the exhibition, and preparations were now made to insure a successful sending up of the fiery projectile. When the boy approached, bearing the huge red, white, and blue rocket, the heretofore stoical chief could no longer conceal his curiosity and admiration. He strode to the place where it was being set up, and gazed covetously upon the gaudy object, even going so far as to pat it caressingly and grunt.

Frank thrust a lighted match under the gayly colored tube. A hissing stream of sparks shot downward, and with a terrifying scream and roar the rocket tore its way through the sky, leaving a burning trail behind it, and, mounting higher and higher and higher, at last burst with the noise of a cannon, and showered the heavens with floating planets of every brilliant hue.

Screaming Horse was completely overcome. "Heap good!" he exclaimed, in tones of mingled awe and delight;

"sky rocket heap good, plenty fire; plenty noise; Sky rocket Ranch plenty heap good!"

From that night the cowboys always called it Sky-rocket Ranch, and the name soon fixed itself permanently upon it.

For several years after Frank's firework display fortune smiled on Jacob Hopkins. His cattle multiplied, and his strong-box at the banker's grew steadily heavier. Then the tide turned.

One winter continued with such severity and heavy falls of snow that the cattle could not scrape through the drifts to obtain the herbage beneath, and starved and froze by hundreds. Many of those that survived the winter died in the following spring with a disease consequent upon the privations and rigor of the previous months, and now that the summer had come, the few remaining steers were in danger of being either killed or run off by the Sioux, who had gone on the war-path a few weeks before.

On this particular July morning Mr. Hopkins with ten of his cowboys was to go over the range, collecting all the cattle to be found, and driving them within an enclosure near the ranch for their better security. The five remaining men, with Frank, now a stalwart youth of sixteen, were to remain and make preparations for receiving the animals when they were driven in.

The news that had reached the ranch on the day previous concerning the outbreak among the redskins was to the effect that although it had taken place at a somewhat remote point of the Territory, yet it was feared that a general understanding existed among the tribes, and the cattle-men were advised to adopt precautions for saving life and property. Fortunately Frank's mother and sisters were spending the summer in the Eastern States, so there was no anxiety to be experienced on their account; but a young cousin, a delicate-looking boy of twelve years, had come out to Dakota a few days before to rough it for a few months on his uncle's ranch in hopes of building up a naturally weak constitution, and Mr. Hopkin's parting injunction to Frank had been to look after and keep the lad Russell constantly by his side.

After a hard morning's work the men returned to the house for dinner, which being disposed of they produced pipe and tobacco, and proceeded to enjoy the remainder of the noon hour. Russell threw himself on a couch in one of the adjoining rooms, and when Frank went in to him a little later the tired boy was sleeping soundly, and looked so pitifully weak that he had not the heart to waken him.

"I guess I'll let him lie there till he wakes of his own accord," thought Frank. "No harm can come to him here, and it will be better for him than to be out in the broiling sun. Besides, we shall be working only a short distance from the house, and I can ride back here every little while and look after him."

An hour later Frank galloped up to the ranch, and, after hitching his horse, entered the house, and made his way to the room where he had left the sleeping boy.

The bed was empty.

"I say, Russell!" he called, loudly, "where are you?"

No answer.

Before he could again cry out a pair of sinewy arms imprisoned him, a gag was thrust into his mouth, and the next moment the room swarmed with Indians, hideous in war-paint and feathers, among whom was our old acquaintance, Screaming Horse, under whose orders Frank's



FRANK THRUST A LIGHTED MATCH UNDER THE GAYLY COLORED TUBE.

arms were securely bound, then he was hurried out of the house, mounted on his own horse, and led away in the direction of the river.

After they had been riding about an hour, Screaming Horse rode up to Frank's side and removed the gag, remarking, with equal brevity and directness,

"Make noise, get kill!"

Shortly after this they were joined by several other Indians having Russell with them, and Frank was rejoiced to see that he had not been harmed, although realizing that they were probably reserved for a fate in comparison with which speedy death would be merciful.

All that afternoon they rode rapidly across the prairie in a westerly direction, and about an hour after sundown reached a wide running stream fringed with clumps of trees. Here the horses were picketed and supper partaken of, Frank's arms being unbound so that he might pick up the scanty portion tossed to him by the chief.



THE TWO PRISONERS CREPT NOISELESSLY BEYOND THE LIMITS OF THE WARRIORS.

As the two captives sat side by side within the circle formed by the redskins, Frank said in an undertone to the frightened boy:

"Try to keep your pluck up, Russell, for these fellows don't intend to kill us now, at any rate, and a chance may come for us to get away."

A few minutes later the chief bound Frank's arms and legs, and left him lying on the ground beside the boy, whom he also secured in like manner.

For the next two hours the Indians sat in a circle a few yards away, smoking their pipes and addressing one another in their guttural tones, then they stretched themselves on the grass and slept.

"Russell?" whispered Frank.

"Yes?"

"Turn over softly so that I can whisper in your ear—so; now, when I turn on my side, put your mouth down and chew the little strip of hide that my hands are bound with, but stop and pretend to be asleep if I draw them away."

Not a savage stirred as the frightened lad gnawed at the strong but slender cord, and never did sharp young teeth bite to better effect, for they were as the teeth of the mouse in the fable that gave freedom to the bound lion. In ten minutes Frank's hands were freed, but he was obliged to wait a little until the blood circulated, then he quickly cast off the fastenings on his feet and released his companion.

With wildly beating hearts the two prisoners crept noiselesssly beyond the limits of the sleeping warriors, and stole out to where the horses were cropping the prairie grass. In the light of the newly risen moon Frank made out his own spirited animal, near him picketed close to the noble horse that the chief had ridden, and which had evidently been stolen by the same dusky individual.

To free the two animals and lift Russell across the back of one, then to vault into his own saddle, was the work of an instant. Bidding the boy walk his horse beside him, Frank swung round and watched the camp of their sleeping enemies until it had faded out, and such a distance had been put between it and them that the danger of awakening their foes by the sound of galloping hoofs was past; then the horses were urged to their utmost speed, and kept at it until many miles had been covered. After that they gave the animals a breathing-spell, and again pushed on, taking the trail they had passed over a few hours before.

When the sun rose ahead of them, and lit up the great level prairie that they had fled across, Frank pointed ahead, with a cry of joy, to the sight of a band of cowboys sweeping furiously over the trail toward them, and at their head a powerful figure mounted on a coal-black stallion, which, even at the distance of a mile, he knew too well to mistake.

Frank was almost a man, to be sure, but he was not too big to be clasped in his father's arms a few moments later, and to mingle his tears of joy with those of the hardy plainsman whose son and sister's child had been given back to him almost from the grave.

It appeared that the ranch hands had thought little of Frank's absence until late in the afternoon when their work was finished, then search was made for him, which led to the discovery of Indian signs about the house. The trail had been followed a short distance, but as night was coming on the men feared an ambush, so decided to return and seek Frank's father.

When they reached the ranch Mr. Hopkins and his herders were seen driving the collected cattle into the enclosure prepared for them. As soon as he was acquainted with the fearful tidings he would have started at once in pursuit, but was restrained by the sensible advice of his men. It was pointed out that to follow the trail at night was an impossibility, and although to wait for dawn was maddening, yet it was their only chance.

By the time that the first streaks of dawn were gilding the eastern sky a resolute body of men, skilled in Indian

treachery and warfare, were spurring madly along the trail. The rest has been told.

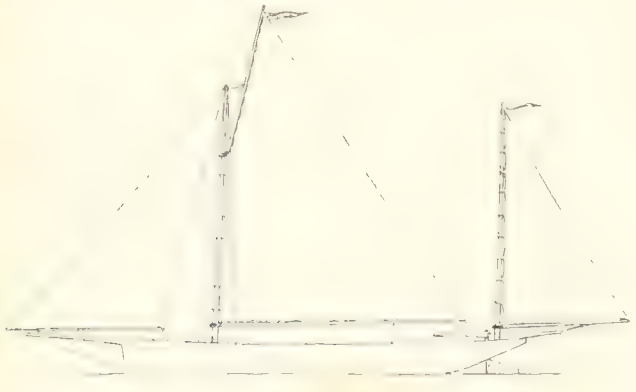
The reason that the savages did not fire the ranch is that they wished to escape unnoticed with their prisoners.

Several weeks later Screaming Horse and his braves were captured by the soldiers, but instead of receiving the punishment they deserved, our kind-hearted government pardoned their many evil deeds, and sent them to live on a reservation, where they were fed and cared for until the great Indian uprising under the celebrated savage Rain in the Face, whose forefathers murdered the gallant General Custer and his noble Seventh Cavalry at the battle of the Little Big Horn.

## SAILING A SHARPIE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IN his excellent little book, *The Boat sailer's Manual*, Lieutenant Qualtrough says of sharpies: "With skilful management these boats can be sailed in lumpy water, but they heel very easily, and great quickness and dexterity are required to handle them in anything of a breeze." I am no advocate of sharpies for cruising, for I prefer to have a deep keel and plenty of lead under me when I go where the depth is measured in fathoms. But for shoal waters I know of no boat that gives a boy fond of sailing more real fun than a good Nonpareil sharpie with a "dandy" rig. The true sharpie has a rockered bow, but the Nonpareil has the bow immersed so that it is not continually spanked by the waves. As Lieutenant Qualtrough says, these boats can be sailed in lumpy water if they are well handled. I presume that he refers to lumpy water with a bit of swell under it. In other words, he is thinking of some such place as Block Island Channel or Long Island Sound. The fact that the sharpie is the favorite boat of the New Haven oystermen, and that they are not unknown on Lake Erie, proves that there is some confidence in their sea-going qualities; but I must confess that I have never seen one to the southward of Southwest Ledge Light in a reefing breeze for cutters. I have sailed a Nonpareil sharpie from Rockaway Inlet to the mouth of the Shrewsbury River, which includes six miles of Atlantic Ocean, in a good whole-sail breeze without difficulty; but I should not care to be caught in one north of Spermacetti Cove in a squall. But in broad smooth shallows, such as the Shrewsbury River, the sharpie is as fine a craft as floats. I have sailed a Nonpareil on the South Shrewsbury under jib and jigger in a northeast gale when the cat-boats all staid at home and



THE SHARPIE.

I had the river all to myself. These boats will go to windward admirably under these two sails, are under perfect control, and although they do heel quickly they will not upset if the ballast is properly distributed and the helm correctly used.

A sharpie will stand a pretty stiff knock-down, if you ease her quickly. I have known one to be heeled over by a sudden gust till the water poured over the lee wash boards into the cockpit, and still she did not upset. The



THE MOORING BUOY. "MAKING" A BUOY.

man at the tiller was on the lee side, too. But he put the helm hard down at once, and as the boat was going fast she luffed quickly. It is my opinion that sharpies are most frequently upset from having their sails badly trimmed. On this point let me venture to give the young sailor a few practical hints which he will not find in any of the books on boat-sailing. Beating to windward or with the wind abeam, trim the jigger—the leg-of-mutton sail at the stern—quite flat. This has a tendency to drive the bow up toward the wind and will make your boat carry a good weather helm. Handle your mainsail precisely the same as you would in a cat-boat, and sail the sharpie by it. By that I mean watch the luff of your mainsail and keep it just trembling when you are sailing on the wind. Trim the jib so that it is just a little further off the wind than the mainsail; in other words, give her jib-sheet to the extent of two or three inches more than main-sheet. Your jib-sheets ought to lead aft and be made fast on cleats close to your hand as you stand at the tiller. In beating to windward let your mainsail alone except when you go about. In case of a sharp puff, luff her up handsomely as you would a cat-boat, but if she heels too much to it light up the jib-sheets, and the little jigger, which is always quietly attending to its business behind you, will send her up toward the wind like a flash. Sometimes in sailing in land-locked waters you will be struck by a foul flaw. That is, when sailing on a wind you will get a hard puff directly abeam. You now have to luff through five or six points to spill the wind, and if you wait to come around so far, you will probably capsize. In case of a foul flaw let go the main-sheet—that takes the mainsail out of the wind and leaves you under jib and jigger. Under that rig you are ready for a summer gale. Nevertheless your boat is capable of going to windward under those two sails, and therefore you do not lose command of her.

In running before the wind in a sharpie it is hardly worth while to put the mainsail and the jigger wing and wing, unless the weather is light and you are in for a run of several miles. Even in that case I prefer to boom out the jib and leave the jigger trimmed flat aft; but I must admit that I regard my way as merely a matter of personal preference. I find that I can steer better with the pulling power forward. I do not know that it makes any real difference in the handling of the boat.

There are many neat little dodges in handling a sharpie under the modified yawl rig known as a "dandy" rig. For instance, in shallow rivers your mooring buoy will probably be in such a position that you will not have much room for manœuvring between it and the shore.

Now suppose that the buoy is dead to leeward of you as you come in from your afternoon's sail. The proper way to approach a buoy, a landing-float, the accommodation-ladder of a large yacht, or anything alongside of which you wish to go in a small sailing-boat, is close-hauled on the wind. In this instance it is impossible, because if you attempted to run down to leeward of your buoy, in order to beat up, you would run hard aground. Consequently you must do it this way. When you are some distance down the river, take in your mainsail. When you are ready to run for the buoy, take in the jib. Head your sharpie for a point about three boat lengths above or below the buoy. The distance must be determined by the tendency of your boat to go ahead under her own momentum after the wind is out of her sails. Put her dead before the wind, and let the jigger boom go broad off on the side away from the buoy. When your bow is about opposite the buoy, jam the helm hard down, and trim in the jigger perfectly flat. The result will be that the boat will come around by the stern—that is, her stern will swing away from the wind. Her bow will be pointed up toward the buoy, and she will lose her speed. Now you must have a hand forward with a boat-hook to catch the buoy. If you have not any friend with you, it will not be difficult to run the sharpie up so that the buoy will be alongside of her quarter, where you can reach it yourself.

A mooring buoy is the proper thing for a boat's regular stopping-place. You should never use your anchor when you can avoid it, because it soils your boat and makes unnecessary labor. An old paint keg makes an excellent mooring buoy. Put a tight ring of rope around each end just over the iron hoop, and connect these rings by taut spans above and below. Make a stout iron ring fast to each span at the centre. The upper one you make the boat fast to, the lower one is for the anchor cable. Paint the buoy and its ropes thickly with metallic paint. Use a chain rather than a rope for your anchor cable. If you can't afford an anchor for your buoy, a good-sized flat rock will sink into the mud far enough to hold a 40-foot yacht.

## WHAT A PEDDLER DISCOVERED.

THE magnificent Larderel palace at Leghorn has a singular work of art in one of its numerous galleries. This is a huge coronet made of borax, and mounted on a high gilt pedestal, and the story attached to it is a very interesting one.

It begins a long way back, and the principal figure in it is a very ordinary-looking peddler. Wearied with his tramp, he took off his pack one day under the trees in the Maremena woods, and spread out his humble dinner of bread and meat. He was hungry enough, but even more tired than hungry, and while he was eating he went fast asleep. Down rolled the bread and meat on the ground, which certainly did not improve it; but the weary peddler would not have exchanged that delicious, restful sleep for the choicest viands on the Grand Duke's table.

Finally, however, he awoke and remembered that he was hungry. He could not afford to be squeamish, and picking up his neglected food, he began again to eat it. Perhaps he had been dreaming of delicate turbot and macaroni, or turkey stuffed with chestnuts, for his bread and meat no longer tasted good, and he was unable to swallow the mouthful he had taken. Some queer change had passed over it while he was asleep, for it was actually bitter, and the poor man wondered who could have played him so shabby a trick.

But presently light began to dawn upon him. He was quite intelligent for a peddler, and his favorite study was chemistry. So he roused himself up and tasted a little of the earth on which his dinner had fallen. It was just as he anticipated, bitter, and scraping up a small quantity of it, he stowed it away in his pack. Then back he tramped to Leghorn as fast as his feet would carry him, without ever thinking of the journey he had already taken; and once in the city again, he went straight to a crony of his who was quite a learned chemist, and who had taught him all he knew of that interesting science.

Like other chemists, this one was quite accustomed to putting unpleasant tasting things in his mouth, and he seemed to enjoy a pull of the peddler's earth as though it had been a choice bonbon. He knew at once that it would buy all the bonbons in Leghorn and a few other things besides. Yes, his humble friend was right in his suspicion. Soda and borax were there in great force, and the peddler could not do better than to buy up all that his savings would cover of the cheap land where his bread and butter had fallen.

Perhaps he had the money tied up in an old stocking that was kept in a corner cupboard, or perhaps he had buried it in some secret spot from prying eyes; but wherever it was, he speedily dislodged it, and bought the waste land at a very low price. He lost no time, either, in starting his manufactories, and, thanks to his knowledge of chemistry, he made a princely fortune. His descendants intermarried with the noblest families of Italy; and as it was chiefly to borax that they owed their coronets, they honored this product of the earth in one of their finest palaces.

The moral of this subject is that a knowledge of chemistry sometimes leads to great discoveries; and if all students do not find soda and borax in unsuspected regions, they cannot fail to find much that is interesting and well worth the study.

## THE FATE OF THE HEN.

ONCE an ardent bicyclist was relating his latest adventure, and explaining to the inquiring family the reason of the strange condition of his new bicycle trousers.

"You see, the road was smooth and straight, and I was going for all I was worth—the old wheel was just humming—when suddenly one of those dreadful hens these country people persist in keeping ran out in front of my 'bike.' When the hen saw the wheel coming after her, she began to run, only instead of getting out of the way, she ran straight ahead. I shouted and hallooed, but she kept on.

"Then I slowed up, and so did that hen. Then I turned a bit to the right—just after the hen turned that way. Then I turned to the left, and there was that hen. I did all I could to make her get out of my way or to get out of hers, but it was no use. So at last I gave up trying to save her from her fate. I ran my wheel straight ahead, faster and faster, until I overtook her and rode *over her!* And the jump that old bike made when it struck that hen gave me a 'header,' and over I went into the ditch! Of course there was a good puddle there—there always is; and of course, too, I got a good splashing, and *that's* what's the matter with my trousers, you see!"

"But what became of the hen?" asked an interested small listener.

"The hen? Pshaw! I didn't care particularly what became of the hen. It was my trousers I cared about. But if you want to know badly, I'll tell you: I believe that hen was '*in the soup*'!"

"In the soup?"

"Yes, she was decidedly 'in the soup'! Indeed, I may say that I know she was '*dead in it.*'"

"'Dead in it?'"

"Indeed she was! I shouldn't wonder if the man that owned her had chicken soup for a week. For that hen was so 'dead in it' that she never even winked when the bike struck her."

## MISSING THE SUNSHINE.

YONDER, fair and round and rosy,
Grew a peach across the way;
But its flavor tells the story
How it missed the golden glory
Of the sunshine, of the sunshine, day by day.

Yonder, pure and strong and gifted,
Lived a man his life apart;
In his soul he loved none other;
Caring for no human brother—
Missed God's sunshine, missed God's sunshine, in his heart.

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.




A BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUNGSTER.

He is fond of cutting up "Young People."

## THE MARINER AND THE BOY.

"I SORT of think," observed Tommie, as he settled down in the stern seat of the old boat and watched the mariner cleaning his pipe—"I sort of think, Captain Jack, that cannibals are more interesting than pirates."

"An' a good reason for it too," returned Jack. "For why? Because, says I. Because pirates they'll rob ye, but they won't eat ye; whereas cannibiles they robs ye like pirates, an' 'll eat ye besides, like cannibiles. Ye get more for your money with cannibiles than ye does with pirates, wherefore, bein' a boy as ye are, why shouldn't ye like cannibiles better than pirates?"

"I wish you hadn't told me all you know about cannibals," said Tommie.

"I never said nothin' o' the kind," said Jack. "I 'ain't told ye half what I knows about cannibiles. I 'ain't told ye how I once eat a cannibile, nor has I told ye how once a cannibile began to eat me, an' give me up as not suited to his teeth, much less his orgins of digesteration."

"No, I don't think you ever told me that, Captain," said Tommie. "How was it?"

"This way," replied Jack, lighting his pipe, and making himself comfortable in the bow. "'Twas in '73. You don't remember '73, an' I don't blame ye, because ye wasn't born then; but there were a year o' that number, an' it was a year full o' perile for me. I was the supercargo of the clipper *Peter J.*, o' Columbus, Ohio, an' with my dear old friend Captain Spatts I set sail in January with a hold full o' light wagons an' steel rails for Jamaica. The steel rails was fur a railroad, an' the light wagons was sent along fur to be gave to the gov'ment for permission to lay the railroad. Ye can't buy gov'ments with money, because gov'ments makes all the money they wants with a printin'-press, but light wagons fetches their influoence, seein' as how light wagons is things they can't make, nor they can't buy, because money printed on printin'-presses don't go with fellers that makes light wagons.

"We got along first rate until we reached the Gulf o' Mexico, an' then there came up a storm that blowed an' blowed an' blowed, until we lost our boats, an' sixteen o' the crew stole the life-boats an' deserted. That left me an' the Captain to run the boat, which warn't enough by no means, an' we give ourselves up for lost.

"'We're done for, Jack,' says the Cap'n, wipin' the tears from his eyes.

"'That's so, I guess,' says I. 'An' I wisht I'd kep' my word to my brother, an' never went to sea again till they run trolley lines 'twixt where you're goin' to an' the place from which you start from. If we was only on a trolley line we could pull ourselves back to Columbus, Ohio.'

"'An' seein' as how we ain't on no such line,' says he—

"'We can't pull ourselves ashore,' says I, interruptin', fur his voice was beginnin' to shake an' his lips to tremble so as I thought I ought to spare him the labor o' finishin' out his sentence.

"'Jack,' says he, 'I'm goin' to jump overboard, an' let you lose the ship. It 'ud never do for me, a full-fledged Cap'n, to lose his ship, but in a supercargo it ain't no disgrace. Good-by. You'll find the playin'-cards in my chest, so if you gets lonesome you can play sollytear.'

"I tried to stop 'im, but he was set in his ways, the Cap'n was, an' over he went, an' there was me left to drift around with the steel rails an' the light wagons. I had to laugh when I thought about it. There was a fine railroad in the hold, an' wagons enough to start a livery-stable—an' all worth what to me! Nothin'. Many's the time since that I've wisht I owned a railroad or a wagon, but then they wasn't worth a shuck.

"Well, it was lonesome enough after the Cap'n went, an' for days an' days as I drifted about on that ere deserted ship I felt like as though I wisht I'd follered the Cap'n, but that were impossible owin' to my cork leg."

"Your what?" asked Tommie, in surprise.

"My cork leg," replied Captain Jack. "I wore a cork leg, an' it would ha' kep' me afloat, an' as I says to myself, floatin' round the ocean on a ship, with plenty to eat, is a better an' a pleasanter death than floatin' around the ocean on a cork leg. An' then came the wreck.

"I was sittin' in the cabin havin' a game o' muggins with myself, when all on a sudden the ship give a lurch an' a bang, an' the first thing I knew I was strugglin' in the water with the ace o' spades in one hand and a seegar in the other. The steel rails went to the bottom with a roar, an' the light wagons was bobbin' 'round in the waves, lookin' for all the world like a fash'nable drivin' park in a flood. Absurd as they looks, however, them wagons saves my life, for jest as I was a-sinkin' for the last time up comes a three-seated buck-board underneath of me, an' a big wave comin' along at a two-forty gait, creatin' havoc among the cannibiles dancin' on the beach, runnin' over three on 'em, an' the pole completely transfigurin' the King's uncle by a-runnin' clean through his stummick.

"When the King sees me he smacks his lips, for doin' nothin' like I was doin' for a week I was fattenin' fast, an' says, 'Here's a free lunch as *is* a free lunch.'

"'You're wrong there, your Royal Highness,' says I. 'I'm a banquet, an' nothin' less. Try that, an' see.' Sayin' which, careless as ye please, I takes a knife an' cuts off the foot o' my cork leg. You'd oughter seen his eyes! Bulge ain't no fittin' word for what they did. Howsomever, he nibbles a bit on the foot.

"'Kinder dry an' rubbery,' says he, tryin' to chew it.

"'Mebbe you'd like some o' the second joint,' says I, cuttin' a chunk out o' the upper half o' the same member. When the tribe seed me doin' that an' never wince, the most on 'em fled, but the King stands his ground.

"'We'll boil this,' he says; 'an' if she's tender I'll eat the rest o' ye, but if she ain't I'll send ye back to where ye come from.'

"An' then, o' course, Tommie, my life were saved. They boiled that piece o' my cork leg a week, an' it didn't get no tenderer, an' the King, after tryin' it at half a dozen meals, gives me up as a hard case, an' puts me out to sea in a boat, sayin' as how tough characters like me wasn't wanted on his island. Two days later I were picked up by the brig *Harry Wilkins*, plyin' between Rio an' Barcelona, thereby a-endin' that episode."

"Well, that *was* fine," said Tommie. "But, Jack, I never knew you wore a cork leg."

"I don't no more," returned Jack. "I gave up wearin' a false leg twenty year ago, an' took to my own again. On general principles real legs is better 'n false ones, though for cannibiles give me cork."

And before Tommie could question him further the ancient mariner had departed.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



# CURT BRENT'S DANGER SIGNAL.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

PARK LINDSAY was sixteen years old, and lived in a pretty Queen Anne cottage, surrounded by pine-trees and orchards, that stood right on the bank of the Susquehanna River.

Half a mile above was the lovely Kittatinny Gap, where the rock-broken channel of the river fretted and foamed through a narrow break in the Blue Mountains. Here for skilled boatmen there was famous bass and salmon fishing.

Mr. Lindsay was connected with the neighboring iron-works at Lucknow Station, and Park attended school in Harrisburg, going up and down in the train every day.

On the opposite shore of the Susquehanna, three-quarters of a mile straight across from Park's home, was a weather-beaten, tumble-down farm-house lying close to the base of the mountain.

This was the Brent place, and a poor enough property it was, the stony soil being of little account except to raise sheep.

Curt Brent was a bright, freckle-faced lad of about Park's age, and in spite of the watery gulf that separated them the two boys were close friends. It is true that they saw comparatively little of each other. Mr. Brent was half the time without hired help, and Curt was kept pretty steadily at work for six days out of seven.

When school kept, Park had to study in the evenings, but occasionally, after supper, he managed to pull across the river in his light cedar boat. Then the lads would

lay plans for future sport, which, alas! too seldom materialized.

When the boys did get a day together it was always on a Saturday. Sometimes Curt would row across in a leaky old tub of a craft, and go on a quest for arrow heads. But more frequently Park was the visitor, and that meant a glorious fishing trip—either up to the falls for bass, or down to the deep shore eddies along the big bend, where catfish and yellow perch were eager to bite.

If Curt got one Saturday off out of four he accounted himself lucky, and even that slender boon was to be had only by extra work through the week.

The system of signals which led to the adventure I am going to relate came about in this wise. Bright and early on an April Saturday morning Park pulled across the river with bait and tackle, and found Curt chained down to a wood-pile for the day. Though more than half expected, it was none the less a keen disappointment, and Park felt sore.

"I hate to go fishing alone," he said. "If I help you saw, could you get off by dinner-time?"

"It ain't that so much," replied Curt, glancing at the big stack of cord-wood. "Father has gone down to Fairview, and won't be back till evening I can't leave the house."

"I wish I'd known before," muttered Park. "I wouldn't have minded so much. Look here, Curt, why can't we hatch up a sort of a signalling arrangement, so you can let me know when you've got Saturday off?"

"I never thought of that," said Curt. "It could be done."

"Of course it could," echoed Park, "for we can see each other's house plainly. How about running up a flag-pole down there by the shore?"

"I think I know a better plan," Curt answered, after a pause. "My room up there in the attic has a side window looking up the river, and one in front that faces your place. Whenever I can get Saturday off, I'll hang a white flag out the side window on Friday evening. When I can't, you'll see a blue flag. I'll make one out of that old flannel fishing shirt."

"Just the thing," exclaimed Park. "I won't need to signal, because I can get off every Saturday."

"That's so," Curt assented, in an envious tone. "Only you go away sometimes."

"When I do I'll hang a blue flag out that little window at the top of the stable, and as soon as I'm home I'll take it down. Oh, look here!" Park added; "we ought to have a danger signal, too."

"A danger signal?" Curt opened his eyes very wide.

"Yes; so I can hurry across if anything happens," Park explained. "I mean if robbers or tramps should attack the house, or wild animals come down from the mountain after the sheep. That's the way some fellows did in a book I read."

"Robbers ain't likely to trouble this place," replied Curt; "and I don't believe there's anything bigger than a wild-cat upon the mountain."

"You can never tell what's going to happen," Park observed, wisely.

"Well, we'll have a danger signal, then," decided Curt. "Father has an old railroad lantern of red glass that will be just the thing. If anything ever *does* happen, I'll hang it in the front window."

Park declared that nothing could suit better; and having thus arranged the code of signals to his satisfaction, he pulled his boat up to the falls, and spent a lonely morning fishing for bass.

Through April and May Curt worked the signals regularly, though the blue flag was far more often displayed than the white one. But occasionally the latter fluttered in the breeze, and then the boys had a good long Saturday to themselves.

The red lantern did not appear, though Park never failed to look for it before going to bed at night. Indeed, he sometimes rose when he found himself awake, and went to the front window. It had previously been agreed upon that a danger signal in the daytime was unnecessary.

On the rare occasions when Park spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in town he was careful to hang the blue flag in the stable window.

So spring wore into summer; and five o'clock of a warm sunny Friday afternoon in the middle of June saw Park jump off the train at Lucknow. He had a big bundle of school-books in a strap, for the closing examinations were to take place the following week.

He hurried down the lane to the river and looked eagerly across. When he saw the white flag fluttering from Curt's distant window he felt like shouting for joy. It was the first time in four long weeks, and the morrow promised to be a perfect day for fishing.

After supper Park laid out his tackle and dug a can of fat angle-worms. Then he went up to his room and buckled down to hard study. When the sunset glow faded, he lighted his student-lamp.

It was hot work, and the lad perspired freely. At ten o'clock he slammed his Julius Cæsar and Latin grammar shut, and went to the window for a breath of fresh air.

He looked instinctively at the rift in the pine-trees through which the Brent farm-house was visible by day. Then he uttered a gasp of amazement, for he saw, far across the dark waters, a speck of vivid gleaming red.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, the light was there, and it was clearly red in contrast with a yellow gleam a little below.

"It's Curt's danger signal sure enough!" Park exclaimed aloud, "and dear knows how long it's been out."

He pulled on his coat and ran down stairs. His parents were spending the evening at the next house, and that being a quarter of a mile away, it was hopelessly out of reach under the circumstances. So he left a rather incoherent message with the cook, and plunged into the wood-shed after his oars.

Three minutes later he had reached the river and unlocked his boat and was pulling rapidly across the current.

From time to time he glanced over his shoulder at the red light to make sure he was steering in the proper direction. There was no sound to indicate what the alarm meant, or, at least, he could hear none for the roaring of the falls.

"I wonder if it's robbers?" he reflected. "It can hardly be a bear at this time of the year. But there's no use in guessing; I'll know soon enough."

When he reached mid-river Park suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to bring his shot-gun. It was too late to turn back for it, and he felt vexed and uneasy as he pulled on with hard strokes that made the light oars creak and bend.

At last the boat slipped under the overhanging willow-trees, and grated bottom in the little cove alongside of Curt's dingy tub. With a fast-beating heart Park landed, and hurried through the orchard to the front yard of the house, which looked toward the river.

Then he stopped, and looked and listened uneasily. He did not hear a sound. The stillness of death was about the place. Up in the attic window the red lantern was still flashing its message of danger.

On the second floor the window of Mr. Brent's bedroom, which overlooked the roofed front porch, was up, and the reflection of a yellow light was visible on the ceiling.

"It's queer," muttered Park. "I don't know what to make of it."

He hesitated a moment, half inclined to shout Curt's

name. Then he climbed nimbly up one of the pillars of the porch, and gained the flat roof.

He crept to the window and looked in. What he saw there sent a cold chill down his spine. Curt was tied hand and foot to a post of the big old-fashioned bed, and a handkerchief was wrapped across his mouth. A lighted lamp stood on a walnut secretary, the shattered lid of which gaped open.

In a trice Park was inside the room, and his first act was to untie the handkerchief. Curt drew a long breath, and stared in amazement at his rescuer.

"If you had only come a little sooner," he said. "I'm afraid the rascals have gone now."

"Who?" exclaimed Park, whipping out his pocket-knife. "What's wrong?"

"Robbers," replied Curt. "Father sold some sheep to-day, and got ninety dollars in silver for them. He and mother drove up to Marysville after supper to see Aunt Jane, who is sick, and he forgot to take the money along. When I was up in the attic awhile ago I heard a noise below, and as soon as I came down here two men, with masks on their faces, grabbed me, and tied me to the bed. Then they split the secretary open with an axe, and took the money. They must have known all about it."

"Of course they did," exclaimed Park, as he severed the tightly drawn ropes. "If we give an alarm right away they may be caught."

"Not much chance," replied Curt, who was now free, and stretching his cramped limbs. "The nearest house is half a mile off."

"We'd go after them ourselves if I had my gun," said Park. "Where is yours?"

"I loaned it to our wood-cutter up on the mountain," Curt answered, dismally, "and there ain't another weapon in the house. But say, what brought you over here to-night?"

"Why, the danger signal, of course," was Park's wondering reply. "I came as soon as I saw it."

"Well, that beats everything," exclaimed Curt, with a laugh. "I never thought of it till this minute. It was all an accident. When I went up stairs to get my fishing-tackle ready for to-morrow, I grabbed the red lantern in a hurry. I remember now that I left it standing on the table by the window."

"That *was* a queer go," said Park. "It was a lucky accident, anyway, and it would be luckier still if we could only get that money back—"

He paused, with a frightened start. A dull hollow noise, that seemed to come from below, had just echoed faintly through the house.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Curt, eagerly. "The robbers haven't gone yet. They staid to get something to eat, and now they're down in the cellar tapping a keg of cider. What we heard was the bung being driven in."

"Can't we trap them?" suggested Park, flushing with excitement. "There's only one way out of the cellar, you know. Have the doors got a lock?"

"They used to have," Curt replied, "but it's gone now. There's a hasp and staple on the outside, though."

"Well, we can stick a knife through it," said Park; "that will hold. Hurry up, before the robbers come out."

Curt hesitated. "They're mighty tough-looking customers," he whispered, "and if they ever got hold of us— But it's the only chance to save the money. Come on, Park."

The boys quickly crossed the room, and descended the stairs with noiseless tread. They tiptoed through the dark sitting-room, and thence into the kitchen, which was equally dark. The door leading to the back yard was half open, and from the cellar entrance close by shone a glare of yellow light.

"We're in luck," whispered Park. "Hear them rattling crocks."

Just then Curt's hand touched a bag that lay on the kitchen table, and the discovery threw him off his guard.

"Here's the money," he exclaimed, in an imprudently loud tone. At the same instant a muffled sound was heard from below, as though the robbers had taken alarm and were coming up.

For a passing second the boys were tempted to grab the bag and run for the nearest house. Then, with one accord, they rushed into the yard, and slammed the cellar door together in the very faces of two masked men, who had just begun to mount the steps with a lantern.

Curt struck the hasp into place with his heel, and Park quickly thrust his pocket-knife through the staple. The next instant the stout doors creaked and groaned under a furious rain of blows from beneath.

The boys stood off a little, and looked at each other with triumphant faces. They knew that the men were merely pounding with their fists, and could accomplish nothing in that way.

"Well, we did it," said Park.

"And neatly too," replied Curt. "The hasp and staple are sure to hold."

He went into the kitchen, and brought out the bag of money.

"All there?" asked Park.

"Yes; it hasn't even been opened;" and Curt showed the uncut string.

Just then the pounding stopped, and the cellar became unaccountably silent. The boys listened for a moment with growing wonder and uneasiness.

"The next thing is to get Jim Toland and his hired men down here to take charge of the prisoners," said Curt, finally. "It won't do to wait till father comes home. I'll go if you stay here on guard."

"All right," assented Park, a little reluctantly. "You'd better take the money along. These fellows may be up to something, they're so quiet."

They were indeed "up to something." At that instant there came a loud crash, and another, and another. The cellar doors quivered and bent, and the sound of splitting wood was heard.

It all meant that the robbers had suddenly remembered the axe they had taken down with them, and were now chopping their way to freedom.

"That settles it," cried Curt. "I forgot the axe. We can't do anything now but save the money. We've got to run, Park."

At their top speed the boys fled out the back yard, and they had hardly gained the road when they heard the final crash as the shattered cellar doors flew open. They covered several hundred feet, and then glanced back. Two dusky figures were tearing along in the rear.

For a quarter of a mile the chase kept up hotly, and the robbers, who were visibly gaining, shouted angry commands to stop with every few strides.

"Faster! faster!" panted Curt, hugging the canvas bag to his breast. "We *must* beat them."

Now the road turned at right angles to the river, and a little further on was the railroad cutting. As the boys sighted the track they heard the swift rumble of a train.

"It's a freight," shouted Park. "We'll be cut off."

"We've got to cross ahead of it," cried Curt. "Come on."

They made a desperate spurt, and covered the intervening distance just in time. They bounded across the track in front of the locomotive, and the next instant the long rapidly rolling freight train was between them and their pursuers.

Three minutes later the boys were pounding on the farm-house door. They roused the family, and Jim Toland and two of his men went back with them. On the way they looked in vain for the robbers, who had probably taken to flight by jumping on the train.

# "What Ails Him"

BY W. H. GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," ETC.

ON a certain afternoon last August, having just completed a particularly laborious work upon which I had long been engaged, and with my mind naturally inclined toward relaxation in my plans for the morrow's labors, my eye instinctively sought a certain note-book upon my table. It was a note-book containing memoranda on a wide variety of Nature topics, but presented in a particular place a choice selected list of topics under the title of "Young People." A large number of these memoranda were crossed off with a pencil line, which told me that these particular topics had already served their purpose, were sufficiently elaborated in the columns of the YOUNG PEOPLE, and were now safely preserved between the covers of my book *Sharp Eyes*.

But what an array of items were still left from the winnowing, which had after all culled only a few of the best! Indeed, it was hard to decide which should be selected as the subject for the morrow. Let's see; shall it be those travelling underground buds of the Clintoma, with all their leaves and flowers ready for next spring? No, I must wait a little for these, a month later, and they will be more mature, and I must make my drawing from nature. Then there is that queer blue oil beetle, with his queerer history; that slender-waisted wasp that digs its deep hole in the dirt, and those round holes in the path, with their mysterious hocus-pocus.

Yes, it shall be these, the magic holes that disappear as you cautiously look at them, or suddenly start into view as you approach—deep holes, the diameter of a slate-pencil, with apparently nothing in them, but which in reality have a good deal of mischief at the bottom of them or at the top of them, as it happens. "Ant holes," most people call them. Many an ant, doubtless, goes into them, but not because he wants to. "Yes," I thought, "my next chapter shall be devoted to these queer holes and their shy tenants, which so few people ever see or even dream of."

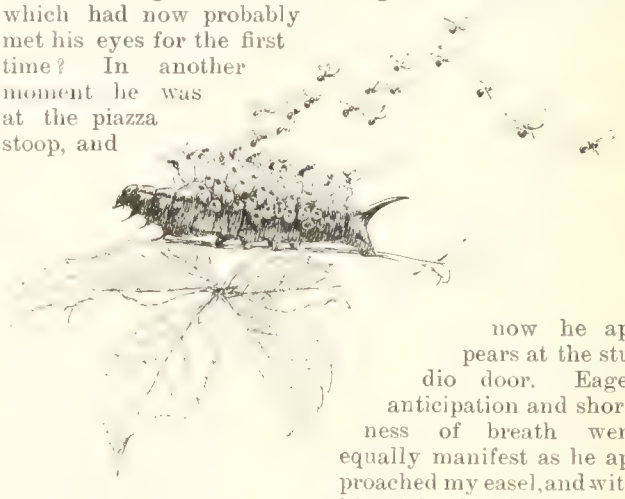


THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

Having thus decided, I closed my note-book, but the experience of the next few minutes quite reversed my plans, and led to the completion of an entirely different article, or the pictures for it at least, on the same afternoon, without awaiting the morrow.

I had barely closed the note-book, when chancing to glance out of my studio window I observed a well-known neighbor, a thrifty retired granger and carpenter, approaching across lots. His house stood out against the sky at the crest of the slope, about a furlong distant above my studio, and he had perhaps reached half-way to my window before I had observed him. Something in his walk, his somewhat accelerated pace and evident preoccupied mood, as well as a peculiar position of his extended right hand, foretold that some unusual errand had turned his steps hitherward. With considerable curiosity I endeavored to detect at a distance the specimen which he was bringing, well knowing from experience that I should soon recognize an old friend, which for sixty years had somehow managed to escape the notice of its new discoverer.

Half across the meadow I now observed that he held a leaf in his outstretched hand, and now I clearly noted that it was a compound leaf, and in another second I knew it all. For was it not a leaf of the Virginia-creeper or woodbine? and how many before him have marvelled at that strange exhibition among the woodbine leaves which had now probably met his eyes for the first time? In another moment he was at the piazza stoop, and now he appears at the studio door. Eager anticipation and shortness of breath were equally manifest as he approached my easel, and with his right hand still outstretched toward me, exclaimed, "Well, what ails *him*?" at the same time laying down before me the mysterious specimen. It was a leaf of the woodbine, bearing along its stem a cylindrical mass of what appeared to be tiny oblong white eggs, all set on end, and so densely packed that but for the head and tail of the shrunken green caterpillar which appeared at the two extremities of the mass no one would have guessed their origin. "What ails him?"



WHAT HAPPENED THE NEXT DAY.

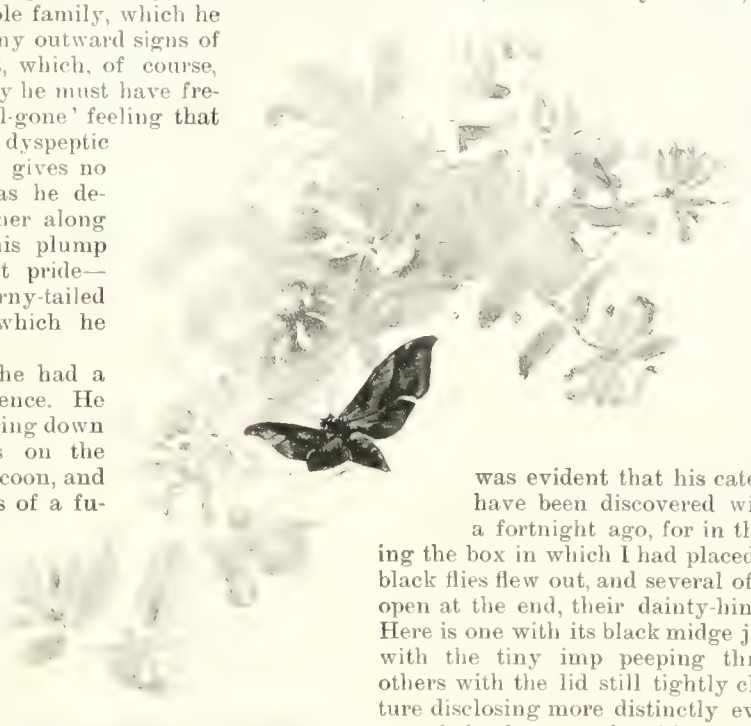
"I was sitting on my porch," continued my puzzled visitor, "and saw the white thing among the leaves, and took a closer look at it, and found it was this. I never saw anything like it before, and I thought perhaps you hadn't either, or, at least, that if you had you could tell me something about it. What ails him, anyhow?"

The story was simply told, and most of our YOUNG PEOPLE readers who have followed my articles already know what the story is. We remember the strange history of those little puzzling cocoon clusters on a grass stem, those "bewitched cocoons" which gave birth to swarms of tiny wasps instead of moths, and we realize that here is more of the same sort of mischief, all of which I explained to my good neighbor, to his astonishment. How a few weeks since, when our caterpillar was much smaller than now, a tiny black midget hovered about him, and, in spite of all his wriggling and squirming, stung him again and again, each time inserting within his body its tiny eggs. Perhaps, and probably in this case, from the number of the white tokens, more than one of the flies took a turn at the unlucky victim, for he certainly seems to have got more than his share.

"These eggs thus inserted beneath the skin of the

caterpillar," I explained, "soon hatched into minute white grubs, which immediately fastened themselves upon the tissues within the caterpillar's body, and he is now obliged to eat for the whole family, which he continues to do without any outward signs of inconvenience or protest, which, of course, would be useless. I fancy he must have frequent attacks of that 'all-gone' feeling that we hear so much about in dyspeptic people, but if he does he gives no hint of it by his looks, as he devours one leaf after another along the stem, and displays his plump proportions with evident pride—like the whole tribe of horny-tailed 'sphinx' caterpillars to which he belongs.

"But a few days ago he had a sudden and terrible experience. He had begun to think of retiring down among the dried leaves on the ground and spinning a cocoon, and there were bright visions of a future life filling his little green head visions of a life on wings, as quick as thought, in an atmosphere of twilight and fragrance, and all manner of sweet indulgences. But his beautiful dream was interrupted, and probably will remain only as a dream. At one moment we see him in his prime, a perfect specimen for the 'bug-hunter' who is after the larva of *Chœrocampa pampinatrix*. In ten minutes we look at him again we find his body shrunken and covered with minute white grubs, all standing on their tails, which are still imbedded in his body; here one barely emerged; here another half enshrouded in a gauzy cocoon; others with their bodies bent into loops weaving the webby gauze about them, while a few hours hence all are concealed, as we see them now, in the completed long oval white cocoons which still remain attached to his body."



WHAT HE SHOULD HAVE BECOME.

"Well," remarked my listener, "I guess he feels pretty sick; if he don't, I vow I feel sick for him. I knew something awful ailed him, but didn't know what. I thought the things were eggs. What's the good of it all, anyhow? What do the cocoons turn into?"

I have wished more than once that my friend could have been in my studio the day following his visit, in order to have witnessed the ocular answer to his last question. It was evident that his caterpillar specimen might have been discovered with its load of cocoons a fortnight ago, for in the morning, upon opening the box in which I had placed him, a number of tiny black flies flew out, and several of the white cocoons were open at the end, their dainty-hinged lids thrown back. Here is one with its black midge just creeping out; others with the tiny imp peeping through the fine crevice; others with the lid still tightly closed, but with its juncture disclosing more distinctly every moment the knavery of the busy teeth within. One by one the silken lids popped up, and out flew the mischievous jack-in-the-box, until within the space of a few hours every cocoon was empty. So this is "what ailed him." He has been the victim of the parasitic fly known as *microgaster*.

But even now that his mortal enemies have left him, I fancy he is past encouragement or salvation. What will become of him? In his particular case he continued to dwindle and soon died, though in other instances I have known him to recover and reach the chrysalis stage, to complete his transformation into a beautiful olive and red sphinx-moth.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A CRUISE ON A BERING-SEA CUTTER.

NEARLY two hundred and fifty miles north from Oonimak lie the Pribyloffs, toward the larger and more northerly of which, the island of St. Paul, the swift revenue-cutter *Phoca* was speeding her way. That day of steaming over the restless waters of Bering Sea was one of unalloyed pleasure to both Phil and Serge. Their troubles were over; they were really bound for Sitka at last, and *en route* were going to stop at the wonderful seal islands of which both had heard so much as to fill them with curiosity. Above all, they were making this delightful trip in company with congenial companions, some of whom were friends.

It was a real pleasure now to watch the seals that began to appear when the cutter was fifty miles north of Oonimak, and which increased in numbers as the day wore on. They exhibited very little fear even of the steamer, but would gaze curiously at her until they deemed her too near for their own safety, when they would suddenly sink out of sight and dart away like a flash.

"I never tire of watching the dear things," said May Matthews, as she and Phil stood together in the narrow space just in front of the pilot-house. "What with their quick movements and lovely great brown eyes, I think they are simply fascinating. Don't you?"

"Indeed I do," answered her companion; "and though this is the first opportunity I have had for studying them from this point of view, I shall always think of them after this as the most graceful and interesting of marine animals."

"Do you know," continued the girl, "they seem to me so nearly human that I don't see how any one can have the heart to kill them. Do you?"

"No," replied Phil, boldly, "I do not. As I see them now I would almost as soon think of shooting my dear old Irish setter Tab."

In making this reply the lad was but expressing the honest sentiments with which he now regarded the business that had once seemed to him so harmless. He was

thankful to discover, as he thought he had from her conversation, that Miss May had no idea of what his position on board the *Seamew* had been, and determined that if he could prevent it she should never learn that he had been a seal-hunter. He was intensely chagrined, therefore, when, as he finished speaking, a voice from the pilot house window, directly above their heads, said:

"Is not that rather a curious opinion for you to express, Mr. Ryder, seeing that you have so recently and successfully been engaged in that very business? For my own part, I can't see any more harm in killing one of those seals than in killing a sheep; but then I'm very practical, and haven't a bit of sentiment."

Looking quickly up, and with crimsoned face, Phil recognized his first acquaintance of that morning; but before he could utter the retort that sprang to his lips his companion said, quietly:

"Then I for one am very sorry for you, Mr. Ramey, for it does not seem to me that people who are merely practical get the fullest enjoyment out of life." Then, before the young Lieutenant could make reply, she exclaimed: "Oh, there is a school of whales! Are you well acquainted with whales, Mr. Ryder? Let us go aft, where we can see them better." When they were beyond earshot of the pilot-house the girl said: "I hope you won't mind Mr. Ramey. He is horrid, anyway, and is always saying disagreeable things. He hates this ship and this station, and is awfully provoked because papa would not recommend him for a vacancy at San Francisco. I expect he bears you a grudge on account of the sea-otter-skin, but you mustn't care."

"I only feel badly," replied Phil, "to have you know that I was a seal-hunter. Now you will let me explain, won't you, that I only shipped on the *Seamew* because I'd lost all my money, and couldn't think of any other way of getting to Sitka. I didn't know until we were out at sea that I was to be a hunter. Even then I didn't realize for some time what the business really meant. When I did I refused to have anything more to do with it, and that is the reason we were left behind when you captured the schooner and took her to Sitka."

"Yes, indeed; I know all about it," replied Miss May, enthusiastically. "Serge has already told me how nobly you behaved when that horrid Captain ordered you out to shoot the poor mother seals. It was a perfectly splendid thing to do, and it was to show that I felt just as you do on the subject that I said what I did a few minutes ago."

Phil's face was again crimsoned, though this time the flush was not one of anger. It was very pleasant to be thus appreciated; but he was too honest a fellow to take all the credit to himself.

"Did he also tell you how finely he and Jalap Coombs backed me up on that occasion, and that if they hadn't I should have been forced to give in at last?"

"No! Tell me!" exclaimed the girl, eagerly. "I love to hear of such things—I mean of friends standing by each other through thick and thin, and being willing to undergo all sorts of suffering and hardship for the sake of what they believe to be right."

So Phil told her of the stanch friends with whom he had been cast away on Oonimak, and they laughed together over "old Kite Roberson's" wisdom until dinner-time. Then they separated, for Phil and Serge had accepted an invitation to dine with the officers in the ward-room.

To the great relief of the former, Mr. Ramey did not appear at this dinner, being compelled to remain on duty until some officer who had finished his meal would relieve him. The other hosts of the occasion formed just such a genial, jolly party of bright fellows as is to be met with in Yankee ward-rooms all over the world, and the dinner proved a great success. Although our lads were slyly chaffed on all sides concerning their recent experiences, and the first Lieutenant's account of how he had conducted them to the cabin as prisoners of war was received with shouts of laughter, the story of their adventures was listened to with closest attention, and both of them were complimented on their pluck in times of danger.

Early on the following morning the *Thoca*, steaming through the dense fog that nearly always envelops the Pribyloffs in summer-time, was suddenly surrounded by incredible numbers of screaming sea-fowl. Although the noise made by these was deafening, it was a welcome sound, for it was a certain sign of the vicinity of the island of St. George, whose precipitous cliffs are vast bird-rookeries.

Two hours later the still fog-laden air was pervaded by the far-reaching odor of the seal-rookeries and killing-grounds of St. Paul. At the same time the dull roar of its restless seal millions filled miles of surrounding space like that of a distant Niagara. The darting forms of fur-seals playing fearlessly about the ship were to be seen on all sides, while at safer distances bands of hair-seals and big sea-lions could easily be distinguished from their more graceful cousins. From fog-hidden Walrus Rock came the deep bass roaring of hundreds of the unwieldy long-tusked monsters, from which that islet derives its name, though it is chiefly noted as being the site of one of the most famous bird-rookeries in the world. Here, too, as had happened off the bluff coast of St. George a few hours before, sea-fowl swarmed about the ship with deafening cries, both in the water and in the air.

Feeling his way carefully with the lead, Captain Matthews, who had been here many times, took his ship around Reef Point, and anchored her in three fathoms of water, well to windward of St. Paul, nearly a mile off shore, and so beyond the influence of its horrible odors.

"Now," said he to Phil and Serge, after the vessel had been made snug, "I expect to remain here three days, unless driven from my anchorage by a sou'wester. During that time, while you would be heartily welcome on board ship, I should advise you to take up your quarters on shore, as there is so much for you to do and see that you would find it inconvenient to be constantly interrupted by coming off for your meals. The government and company people are always delighted to entertain visitors, and I will see that you have the proper introductions. Another bit of my advice is to put on your old Oonimak clothes, which will be in keeping with those universally worn on the island, and will prove more suitable to your explorations than anything else."

The lads accepted both these pieces of advice, and after bidding good-by to the officers, and to Miss May, who positively declined to visit people whose sole business was the killing of her dear seals, they set forth from the ship filled with eager anticipations of what they were to see.

"Remember," called out Miss May from the deck, "that you are to be on board in time to start for Sitka."

"Indeed we will!" answered both lads at once.

"We won't miss it this time, even if we have to accept your father's invitation to go in irons," cried Phil. "Good by!"

Mr. Ramey, who had obtained permission to go ashore with his beloved camera, for which he hoped to find sunlight enough after a while, went in the boat with Captain Matthews and the lads.

As it approached the shore and the fog began to lift, both Phil and Serge uttered exclamations of amazement. To the left as far as the eye could reach, literally covering the land, apparently ranged in platoons, companies, regiments, and armies, were the seals in countless myriads, an incredible mass of animal life. They were in ceaseless motion, and all, from old bulls to new-born pups,

were roaring, barking, spitting, yelping, or plaintively calling, until the whole formed a mighty volume of sound that is never stilled night nor day from the time the seals arrive in June until they depart in October.

From this scene, which they looked forward to visiting later, the lads turned their attention to the village of St. Paul, which occupied a rising ground on the right, directly above the beach. Here they were amazed to see a collection of nearly one hundred comfortable-looking frame houses, a number of warehouses and other company buildings, a Greek church, a store, and a schoolhouse, all painted white, and neatly ranged along regularly laid out terraced streets. With its general air of prosperity, neatness, and comfort, this sealing station in far-away Bering Sea compared favorably with thousands of other American villages scattered over more favored portions of the country. There were no shade trees, to be sure, nor is there a tree of any kind on the island; but then none is needed, for the almost perpetual fog does away with the necessity. High above the village, from the top of a tall pole floated an American flag. As Phil Ryder stepped ashore and looked up at this well-loved emblem of his country, he realized as never before what a vast and far-reaching empire it is, and his heart thrilled with pride at the thought that it was his country and that was his flag.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE THIRD LIEUTENANT'S HUMILIATING POSITION.

A THRONG of villagers were assembled on the beach to witness the landing of the boat, for in that distant community the arrival of a ship bringing news from the great world is an event of general interest. Every one knew Captain Matthews, and all wanted to shake hands with him; but he found time to present our lads to the principal men of the place, such as the government inspector, the company's agent, the priest, and the doctor who has charge of the hospital in which all sick or wounded villagers are cared for free of expense to themselves. All of these extended a cordial hospitality, and promised that the lads should be well taken care of during their short stay, and shown all the sights.

A good-looking young Aleut, who was the possessor of such a tremendously long and mysterious name that neither Phil nor Serge dared try to pronounce it, was introduced to them as the school-teacher, and as there was no school at that season he offered to act as their guide.

"There is a 'drive' going on now," he said, in such perfect English as to surprise them, "and if you care to see it, we must go at once."

Agreeing to this, the visitors started off with their guide in the direction indicated.

"The one thing that gets me," exclaimed Phil, holding his nose and making a wry face, "is how you people can stand this awful smell. It is enough to breed sickness."

"Smell?" repeated the guide. "Is there a smell? I suppose there must be, for I have heard other strangers complain of it; but I don't notice it."

"And yet you have a nose."

"Certainly I have; but then I was born here, you know. You would get so used to it in two or three weeks that you would not be troubled by it more than I am."

"Would I?" asked Phil, incredulously.

"Yes. When I first returned from the East, I must confess that I noticed it a little for a day or two."

"What part of the East did you visit?" inquired Serge, thinking that he meant eastern Alaska.

"Rutland, Vermont, where I was educated," replied the teacher, simply.

"You don't say so!" cried Phil. "Why, I am from New England myself! New London, Connecticut, is my home, and that is where I met Serge, too."

"Then I am doubly glad to make your acquaintance," said the teacher, "for I love New England almost as much as I do this island."

A thousand seals, all young males, were being slowly driven by half a dozen shouting Aleuts up from a beach or "hauling-ground," as it is called, two miles away. They were strung out in a long panting line, for a seal finds it extremely difficult to drag himself along on dry land, and must be allowed to rest every few minutes. To Phil's surprise they were as docile as sheep, and much more easy to drive because they could not run.

They had nearly reached the killing-ground when our lads met them, and there they were allowed to rest for an hour in order that they might cool off. If this were not done, and if they were killed when overheated, the hair and fur would drop out from the skin.

While the seals were thus cooling, the killing gang of about twenty stalwart young natives, all armed with six-foot clubs and with keen-edged knives, arrived upon the scene.

"Where do they get those tremendous baseball bats?" inquired Phil. "Do they come from the mainland?"

"Yes," laughed the guide, "and from the other side of it, too. They are killing clubs, and are made on purpose for this work in your own town."

"Not New London, Connecticut!"

"That's the very place."

"But why do you call them killing clubs? Surely they don't beat the brutes to death with those things!"

"Not exactly. But they kill them with a single blow on the head, and then cut their throats."

"What a barbarous way!" cried Phil, indignantly.

"Oh no," replied the teacher. "It may seem so to you, but it really is not. The seal's skull is so thin that a heavy blow crushes it and kills him instantly."

"Why not shoot them?"

"Because that would be a less certain and more expensive method, and then the noise would alarm all the other seals. They are easily panic-stricken, tame and fearless as they seem. For that reason not a gun nor a dog is allowed on these islands."

While they were thus talking, the killing gang, by command of their native foreman, was separating a "pod" of about two hundred seals from the rest of the drove. These were urged to a short distance from the others, where they were closely huddled together until they were directly beneath the uplifted clubs. At another word of command the cruel clubs descended with terrific force, and the work of killing was begun.

"Oh!" cried Phil, "I can't stand this! It is too horrible! Come on, Serge. Let's get away from here."

So, to the surprise of the teacher, who had imagined that his new friends would be particularly interested in this scene, to which he had become hardened by a life-long familiarity, they turned from it and hurried away.

If they had remained they would have seen the dead seals skinned with marvellous dexterity, and the skins loaded into mule carts to be driven to a salt-house, where they would lie in pickle for several weeks before being rolled into bundles of two each and stored in the company warehouse. At the end of the season, which closes in August, during which month the seals shed their coats, the seventy or one hundred thousand skins representing the year's take would be shipped in the company's own steamer to San Francisco, and from there to London, to be prepared for use as described in a previous chapter.

But Phil was too sick at heart and disgusted with the scene he had just witnessed to care for any further details of the business. So, followed by Serge and the teacher, he set rapidly off in the direction of the rookeries or breeding-grounds in search of more agreeable scenes.

In the rookeries the lords of all they survey are the old bulls, huge shaggy fellows, from six to eighteen or twenty years of age. These arrive at the islands early in May,




EVERY TIME HE ATTEMPTED TO RISE THEY PROMPTLY KNOCKED HIM DOWN.

and each immediately takes possession of a bit of the bowlder-strewn coast about twenty feet square.

"He files a homestead claim on it," as Serge laughingly remarked.

"Yes," said the guide. "And he is ready to defend it with his life, if necessary, against all rivals."

Here he remains, unless some bull more powerful than he drives him away, for the succeeding three months. During that time he neither eats nor drinks, never visits the sea, and only takes the merest snatches of sleep. His entire time is spent in roaring out fierce challenges to his neighbors, fighting savage battles with them, stealing their wives whenever he gets a chance, and in protecting his own against other seal wife-stealers like himself. He will attack a man who ventures on his domain as quickly as he will a brother seal, and is altogether a most pugnacious and disagreeable old fellow. He is three or four times as large as the gentle little female seals who gather around him, and always holding himself erect, with defiantly uplifted head, towers above them to a height of several feet.

In the midst of all this fighting and incessant commotion the fat rolly-poly "pups" are born, and here they spend a month or so under the protecting care of their mothers. Then, as they are sociable little chaps, they begin to herd together in great "pods," and roam about the rookery, until they finally reach the water, which they at first regard with great amazement and dislike. Gradually they paddle into its shallow pools, and begin to learn to swim. This is such a hard lesson that they do not master even its A B C for several weeks, and they study it for at least a month before graduating into the deep-water class.

These rookeries are never disturbed by the sealers, their drives being always made from among the countless thousands of "holluschickie" or young male seals, whom the old bulls will not permit to occupy the same ground with themselves, and who, when they wish to come ashore, are forced to "haul up" on the adjacent beaches.

While they were wandering here and there amid the files of this vast seal army, whose members were too busy with their own concerns to pay the slightest attention to them, unless, indeed, they happened to intrude upon the domain of some old bull, who speedily warned them off, they suddenly came upon so comical a sight that it caused them to roar with laughter. It was nothing more nor less than the arrogant young third Lieutenant of the *Phoca*, his uniform torn and covered with mud, seal hairs, and filth, trying to creep away on all-fours from the territory of two of the most savage old bulls on the rookery.

As was afterwards learned, he had made a dash for a rocky ridge from which he hoped to secure a fine photograph. When half-way up, his foot had slipped, and dropping his camera, he had pitched headlong directly under the noses of two rival bulls who happened to be contesting a bit of ground at the foot of the ridge. Instantly they devoted their entire attention to him, and every time he attempted to rise they promptly knocked him down. Then he tried to crawl away; but with each movement he made they would rush at him with open mouths and gleaming teeth, only to retreat a few feet and glare at him when he again lay still.

It was fortunate that our friends appeared on the scene when they did, for the victim of this awkward predicament might have been kept there until utterly exhausted if they had not. As it was, they succeeded in so distracting the attention of the savage monsters that he effected an escape.

His camera was ruined, and he was filled with wrath not only against the seals, but against those who had witnessed his ignominious position. In particular was he wroth against poor Phil, probably because he of the three rescuers was least able to restrain his laughter.

"Hang that fellow!" muttered Mr. Ramey to himself. "He's altogether too fresh; but I'll find some way to cause him to laugh from the other side of his mouth. See if I don't."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

## CHAPTER IV.

SUMMER came, and Mrs. Cameron went to her country place a few miles out of town. The children liked this, for they could spend the long days out of doors, and they had companions too, for they were allowed to play as much as they liked with some girls who lived in the adjoining place. Their uncle often came home early in the afternoon and taught them to play tennis, and took them to drive or on the river. It was a happy healthful life, and the summer went all too quickly.

Mrs. Cameron grew to depend more and more upon her young granddaughters, though she rarely showed her affection for them.

The 1st of October saw them in their city home again, and then the girls began to go to school. One afternoon in November Rose stood at the front window and looked over at the square. "I do wish I were in the country," she sighed. "Grandmother, may I go over to the square? I see lots of girls there I know."

"I do not like to have you go without Hildegarde," replied Mrs. Cameron, "and her cold is too bad for her to go out. We have had so much rain lately the square is damp."

"But, grandmother, all those girls are there that I know, and I am quite old now."

"Eleven is a great age," returned Mrs. Cameron. "However, if you promise to be careful and come in at half past four you can go. It is really possible to watch you from the windows."

"What do you think is going to happen to me, grandmother?" cried Rose, as she skipped away in a manner peculiar to herself.

"Anything might happen," said she, with what Rose called the "so-sorry" look in her eyes.

"I'll sit by the window, grandmother, and watch her," said Hildegarde; "and shall I read to you?"

Mrs. Cameron assented, and Hildegarde began to read *Ivanhoe* aloud, while Rose got her hat and jacket and ran over to join her friends in the square.

Every now and then Hildegarde looked up from her book to watch for her sister, whom she could see spinning about on the broad asphalt walks on her roller-skates, or experimenting on the tricycle of one of her companions, and often Rose looked up at the window and waved her hand.

Hildegarde read on and on until Mrs. Cameron nodded, and finally leaned her head back against the chair and slept. Hildegarde, however, was so interested that she did not notice. She had reached King Richard's interview with Robin Hood in the forest. It was quite the most interesting book she had ever read.

Suddenly her grandmother awoke with a start. "Oh," she said, "I must have been dreaming! What o'clock is it?"

Hildegarde looked at the clock. "Quarter of five."

"Has Rose come in?"

"No, grandmother, I don't think so." Hildegarde gazed out of the window. There was no sign of Rose in the square. It was growing dark, and most of the children had gone home.

"Run and see, child," said Mrs. Cameron.

Presently Hildegarde returned. "I can't find her anywhere, grandmother. She cannot have come in."

"Ring the bell immediately, or go call Jane yourself, or William. Any one, in fact. Quickly, child, run!"

Hildegarde flew from the room. She wondered why her grandmother was so much alarmed. Of course it was odd that Rose had not come, but she would probably be here soon.

"Jane!" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, when the servants entered—she had risen and was standing by the window, straining her eyes to see across the square—"Jane, she has not come home, our little Rose-flower! Go quickly and search the square. William, go also, and one of you bring her back to me."

Jane and William exchanged a look of intelligence as they departed on their quest.

"Poor old lady!" said William, "she's afraid of losing another."

"And it's wonderful how fond she's grown of the young ladies after not wanting them to come," said Jane.



"GRANDMOTHER, WON'T YOU TAKE MY ARM?" SAID HILDEGARDE.

"And not so strange either when you think what sweet young things they are."

They separated when they reached the square, and went by different paths. Occasionally they met in the course of their search and compared notes. Not a trace of Rose was to be seen.

Finally they went back to the house. Mrs. Cameron was at the window. "Hildegarde, they are coming back without her!" she cried.

"Perhaps she has gone home with one of the girls, grandmother."

"True. Very probably. She should not have done it, though. Yes, she has gone home with them. Which girls were they, child."

"I saw Lucy Hastings and the Drapers and Flora Page."

"Was that all?"

"All that I saw. Rose was riding on Flora Page's tricycle the last time I saw her. Perhaps she has ridden home on it."

"William, go quickly to Mrs. Page's," said Mrs. Cameron to the servants, "and Jane, go to the Drapers' and Hastings'. And bring her back to me! Please bring her back to me!" pleaded the old lady, with tears in her eyes. Then she paced up and down the room. "Strange, another! What have I done that this should come to me again?"

"Grandmother, won't you take my arm?" said Hildegarde, timidly.

Her grandmother looked at her fiercely, almost as if she did not see her, and continued to walk.

Hildegarde grew more and more frightened. Why was her grandmother so terribly alarmed, and where could Rose have gone? If Uncle Phil were only here; but he had gone out of town to dinner. He could soothe his mother better than any one.

It seemed a long time to wait, but at last William returned. "She's not there, Mis' Cameron," he said. "Miss Flora, she went home soon after fo' 'clock, and she said Miss Rose was gwine to stay little while longer."

Mrs. Cameron sank into a chair and covered her face. Thus she sat until Jane came in. Jane looked very white, and was twisting her apron nervously. "She ain't at Mrs. Draper's, nor at Dr. Hastings's neither," she said, "and the young ladies both said as how they left the square early, and Miss Rose said as how she'd like to stay a little longer, and she was off again on her skates."

"Jane," said Mrs. Cameron, uncovering her face and sitting upright—"Jane, it's the same thing over again. She's been stolen."

Hildegarde drew nearer. Her face was very white, and her eyes large and strained-looking. "Grandmother," she said, in a hoarse voice, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I say, child," said the old woman, rising and grasping Hildegarde tightly by the arm. "Our little Rose-flower has been taken from us. It is the old story over again." And then she began to walk, leaning heavily on Hildegarde. "Philip!" she said. "Send for Philip."

"Please, ma'am, where is Mr. Philip to-night?" asked Jane.

Mrs. Cameron paused a moment in her walk, and put her hand to her head. "Where is he?" she repeated, wearily—"where is he? I seem to forget."

"Uncle Philip said he was going to Germantown, grandmother, to the Grantleys'," said Hildegarde.

"Oh yes! The— Where did you say? I have forgotten again."

But William had heard, and he hurried away to send the message. After that he took upon himself to question the policeman whose beat included the square. But he could get no satisfaction from him. He had not noticed any young lady answering to the description given of Rose. There were too many children there every day for him to notice. William then went to police headquarters and gave the alarm. Thus far no lost child had been reported.

It was two hours before Philip returned, and most of that weary time Mrs. Cameron and Hildegarde walked up and down that long room, saying nothing, save an occasional word from Mrs. Cameron. Hildegarde could scarcely hear her, but it sounded like "Noel." That set her thinking. Perhaps Rose had gone to see Noel. She had almost forgotten him, it was so long since they had seen or heard of the boy, but Rose may have thought of him. It would be just like her to heedlessly run off to see if he lived in the same place, not realizing that it was so far. And then perhaps it grew dark, and she had lost her way coming back.

It made Hildegarde shudder to think of her little Rose-flower wandering alone through the great city. But perhaps she had staid, expecting them to send there for her when it grew dark. If only Uncle Phil would come home! Hildegarde could not speak of this solution of the mystery to her grandmother, for it would not do to mention Noel's name.

And at last Philip came. His mother relaxed her hold of Hildegarde and fell into his arms. "Oh, Philip," she said, "we have lost another!"

"What is the matter, mother? I have not heard."

"Rose!"

"Rose is lost, Uncle Phil!" cried Hildegarde. Now that he had come and the tension was relaxed, she lost her self-control, and was sobbing with all her might.

"Since when?" asked Philip.

"We don't know. I saw her last at four o'clock, but we did not know she was gone until five. *Ach, Oheim, wohin ist meine Schwester, meine kleine liebe Schwester?*" When she was strongly moved Hildegarde always spoke in German.

"It is now nearly eight," said Philip, consulting his watch. "What have you done?"

Hildegarde told him, and William said that he had notified the police.

"We must engage detectives at once. I will go now, mother dear." He gently removed her clinging arms. "Mother, it is not like the last time. Remember how much older Rose is than—than the little one. Let me go, dear. We must not lose a moment. But you are exhausted. Try to lie down for a while." He signed to Jane to come to her. "And you, Hilda, get something to eat. I suppose you have had nothing."

"Oh, I can't eat. But, Uncle Phil, I want to speak to you—privately," she added, glancing at her grandmother.

"Then come with me now, but be as quick as you can. We must not lose time."

Hildegarde followed him into the hall. "I have an idea about Rose. Perhaps she went to see Noel."

"Noel! What do you mean, child?"

"Noel—I don't know what his last name is. The boy we met on the steamer."

"Have you ever seen him since?"

"Yes, twice. We went there."

"Went there? Where?"

"I don't know the number, but it was away off in that direction"—pointing. "We went there twice last winter."

"And did you never say anything about it?"

"No, for grandmother did not like to hear his name. I was going to tell you when you were at home, but when you came there never seemed to be any chance."

"But did you not know that I was looking for the boy?"

"No, Uncle Phil. How should I?" asked Hildegarde, wonderingly.

"This comes of telling you nothing," said Philip, bitterly. "I told your grandmother that you ought to

know about it all. But tell me quickly what makes you think Rose may be there."

"Nothing, except that she liked to go and see Noel, and perhaps she remembered him this afternoon, and thought she would have time to do it."

"And you don't know the number or the street?"

"No."

"Would you be able to find the house?"

"Oh yes; I think so."

"Run, then, and put on your things. You must go with me. But, child, I insist upon your having something to eat before you go. A glass of milk and some bread and butter—anything, in fact," he said to William; "and do not tell Mrs. Cameron that Miss Hildegarde has gone with me. If she asks for her, make some excuse."

Presently the front door closed behind them.

"Take my arm, Hilda, and lead the way," said her uncle.

They walked straight across the square and up the street that led from it on the opposite side. Though it was night, Hilda knew the way perfectly. She had a well-developed "bump of locality," and the electric lights made many of the streets as bright as day. The crossings were still muddy from the recent rains, and clouds were gathering.

"How did you ever happen to see the boy again?" asked Philip, wondering as he noted the direction in which they were going.

"We saw him in the window."

"But what brought you uptown?"

"We wanted to take a walk one day, and we were afraid of losing our way, so we came straight out this street, and were going to turn and go straight home again. And then we happened to see Noel at a window, and he beckoned to us and begged us to come in."

"Did you see his mother or any of his family?"

"He only has an aunt, and she was out both times. She is rather strange, I think, from what Noel said about her. We took him some books the second time we went, and then we went out of town, and I forgot all about him. But I am glad I thought of him to-night, Uncle Phil, for I think Rose is there. Don't you?"

And Hildegarde squeezed her uncle's arm with delight. The food and the fresh night air had revived her, and she felt perfectly confident that they would soon find her beloved Rose-flower.

"Perhaps so. But tell me more. Have you never seen the aunt since you left the steamer?"

"Never. But Rose has. She came up to her once in a store. She thought our name was Lessing, because we came over with Mr. Lessing, you know. But Rose told her it was Von Dalbersdorf, and that we lived with grandmother."

"And you don't know her name?"

"No. And it's funny we don't know Noel's name either. But I suppose it is the same."

"Are we almost there, Hildegarde?"

"Oh no. It's squares and squares beyond this."

"Then I will tell you why your grandmother does not like to hear the name of Noel. It is very unfortunate, however, that you could not mention it, for it might have been the means of unravelling a great and terrible mystery. About thirteen or fourteen years ago my brother John's wife died, and he himself died soon after, leaving a baby boy named Noel. Your grandmother took him home to live, and became very fond of him. He was a very dear little fellow, and looked something as Rose must have looked at the same age. When he was about four years old, perhaps not quite that old, he disappeared."

"Didn't he die, Uncle Phil? I always thought he was dead."

"No, he was stolen. Everything that money could do was done to find him, but there was never a trace."

"Uncle Phil, how horrible! And that is the reason grandmother is so frightened now?"

"Yes; and it is also the reason why I was so anxious to see the boy you came over with, for he is just about the age that our Noel would be, and then it is a peculiar name."

"Yes, and he looks something like Rose. Oh, Uncle Phil, do you really think it is the same?"

"I don't know, Hilda, but it is a coincidence, at any rate."

"And we shall find him to-night and take him back to grandmother!" cried Hildegarde.

"There will be a good deal to prove first," said Philip, "and if it is as we suspect, the 'aunt' will do her best to evade us."

"He said the aunt was odd, and would never stay long in one place, and wouldn't let him play with any one. That was the reason why he was not going to tell her we were there."

"Poor little fellow!" said Philip. "What a life he must have led! If it is our Noel, Hilda, you and Rose-flower will have been the means of bringing him back to us."

"Oh, Uncle Phil, if it only is! But we are getting near there now. It is in this square, for there was a church on one corner and a provision store on the other. See? And it was just beyond these houses with the high steps. It was these low steps here by themselves with the lamp-post in front. This is the house. They had the second-story rooms, and they look all dark."

Philip rang the bell. After some delay a slouchy-looking maid opened the door.

"Does a boy named Noel live here?"

"They left to-day."

Hildegarde's heart stood still. The maid was about closing the door. Philip slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and she opened it again.

"Is the lady of the house at home?"

"No, sir; she ain't. There ain't nobody at home."

"Then perhaps you can tell me who went with Noel, and where they went."

"His aunt, that queer French woman. She was that stingy "

"What was the aunt's name?" asked Philip, interrupting her.

"Latchet, or some such name as that. I never could get the hang of it."

"And there was no little girl with them?"

"Little girl! I never seen no little girl. They went off at one o'clock, bag and baggage; and I don't know where they went, but mighty glad I was to have 'em go."

And before Philip could say another word the door was closed in their faces with a slam, and the woman went to rejoin her friends at the back gate.

Philip and Hildegarde looked at each other blankly under the flickering street light.

"What shall we do now, Uncle Phil?" asked the girl, tremulously.

"I don't know. I must think." The wind was rising, and it began to rain again as they turned towards home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHERRIES IN ENGLAND.

ENGLISH boys should be as grateful to Sir Walter Raleigh as are Englishmen. The first cherry-tree grown in England was planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, at his residence, Affane, nearly opposite Tourin Castle, once the property of the Roches, on the River Blackwater.

So while the Englishman who owes his pipe and his cigars to him who introduced tobacco into Britain, the boys, to whom cherries are a never-ending source of delight, should see to it that the knight of old has a warm place in their memories.

## A BASKET PARTY.

BY EMMA J. GRAY

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

"A SECOND Portia, only listen to her!" exclaimed Alice Conger, who, with her sister Charlotte, had taken Shakespeare lessons during the winter. "It is too bad Uncle James could not have heard you; without a doubt he would have had you engaged for the new opera-



"MAY I MAKE A PROPOSITION."

house, in which he has lately invested. But it may not be too late yet; such talent as yours should not be hidden within these quiet walls."

"Quiet walls? then I don't know what you call noise; most people couldn't hear themselves think. It is bed lam let loose."

"I've been considering," drawled out Robert Lee, "that what we have obligated ourselves to complete is not so much a quality of mercy as it is a quality of charity."

"There you go again; Robert is such a critic. I suppose, though, we should make our best bow to the future philosopher."

Rap, rap, rap, went the mallet on the President's table, and thus the Try League was called to order before Robert had an opportunity to answer.

The opening exercises were quickly over, as was also the secretary's and treasurer's reports. And as there was no unfinished business to attend to, new business was rapidly reached, and for this everybody seemed to be anxiously waiting.

The President then rose and said, "As some of our members were prevented from attending our last meeting, I will ask Robert Lee to clearly state what our society has promised to do."

"We resolved that the Try League pay for the tuition of Pauline Prior. Her father failed during the panic, and one week later died. She was thus left penniless and an orphan, as her mother died when she was a baby. She has but few relatives, and none who are in a position to assist her. In two years her education at the S—— College will be completed; she will then become a teacher and support herself. Three hundred and fifty dollars will be needed yearly; our treasury is, as you have just heard, empty. A King's Son Circle has made itself responsible for her board until she can earn her own. A King's Daughter Society will pay the physician's bill and other expenses connected with her father's death; our League must not fail to fulfil its contract. That her case is a worthy one we are assured."

Robert Lee having resumed his seat, the President asked: "Are there any plans as to how we shall raise this money? The first quarter's tuition bill must be met October the first."

Every one sat still. Indeed no one could have believed that these jolly boys and girls could have ever gotten so still; but in a minute a boy's voice exclaimed, "We *must* raise the money; that's a settled point; and there is no use in trying any of the old worn-out festivals or things; we simply must get something fresh, something people will want to come to, and something they will spend money at when they do come."

"May I make a proposition?"

"Why of course you may." And every one turned to look at as well as to listen to Alice Sutherland. She was the most popular girl in the League; but as she was very shy, she rarely offered a resolution or took a prominent part in the discussions, and that she should speak at the present juncture was a surprise.

"I am acquainted with a lady who knows about everything; she has made no end of money for various charitable purposes, and I am sure she could suggest just the thing for us."

"Hurrah for Alice Sutherland - hurrah for the lady!" shouted two or three of the boys.

"Order," said the President, rising. "When could you see your friend?"

"To-day, any time; she is now visiting at our house. Could you not come and talk to her yourself, or better still, as this matter requires haste, all come, and then having heard what she will propose, there will be nothing left for us to do but to go ahead."

This plan was readily agreed upon, and the evening of the same day the Try League met in the library of Alice Sutherland's home. Her friend, the visitor, was pleasantly introduced, and told them about a basket party, adding, "You will find it such an easy, jolly, and pretty way to make money that you will all be sorry when it is over.

"Some older lady than any of you girls should be put in charge. She will direct and supervise the entire matter. In that way you may waive all responsibility, for a mature judgment will be found to be invaluable in the many knotty points which are sure to attend such affairs.

"A basket party may be given in a hall or private house, but during the summer and early fall by all means substitute a lawn for a room, and thereby have the cooler air, as well as fascination that ever forms a part of outdoor festivities.

"Hang Japanese lanterns along the piazzas of the house, in connection with the lawn, where the party is given, as also along the walks of the lawn itself, and the varied colored lights from these will lend added charm to an already bewitching scene.

"Make preparations for one hundred people, or as many more as you know are coming. You will require small tables, only large enough for two persons. As you will give the party for 'Sweet charity's sake,' the tables, chairs, and whatsoever else you will be obliged to hire should be furnished at a reduced price, if indeed not altogether given to you. Table-cloths must fit nicely, and

each of the tables should be appropriately and differently adorned. In the wealth of the summer-time no excuse could possibly be offered for lack of table decoration. Be careful not to decorate too profusely, as then there might not be room enough for eatables. But it should be pretty. Each young lady connected with the League might make herself responsible for three or more tables; for these she must supply table-cloths as well as embellishment. The tables should be placed fairly near to each other, but in no particular forms other than what seems to be both attractive and convenient.

"A portion of the lawn should be set apart for speaking, singing, and general entertainment purposes. It would not of necessity require a platform, though such could be introduced if desired. A piano, as also two large chairs and a small round table would be required. If the piano is not standing on a platform put a rug underneath it, and thus prevent injury through dampness from the grass or ground. At the platform part of the lawn use greater decoration. Festoon cheese-cloth, silkoline, or China silk from tree to tree; knot scarfs or hangings into the chair backs and on the piano; possibly, also, a few flags might prove helpful. On the table put a vase or cut-glass bowl full of flowers, and do not be niggardly with the Japanese lanterns, but have them grouped as though you had thousands and thousands of them.




THE JOLLIEST AS WELL AS THE NICEST KIND OF SUPPER.

"The baskets should be uniform in size and shape; eighteen inches long and twelve wide would be satisfactory. They should have handles, but not covers. Buying so large a number would reduce their cost; the price should not exceed six cents apiece, and this bill, as all others, should be paid for by the society.

"Every girl member of the Try League should be answerable for three baskets; one she will fill herself and put her visiting-card inside, the other two she will have filled by two older ladies than herself—for example, her mother, aunt, or big cousin—and they must put their visiting-cards inside. By engaging older people for the party you will make more money, as it is the boys' fathers rather than the boys themselves who have better, if not over filled pocket-books.

"Each basket must be decorated—this may be done by paint, ribbon, flowers, etc.—and each one should know her own basket. Sometimes it is pleasant to quietly hint which is your basket to the friend you would like to buy it; but this is the occasional rather than the general rule.

"After the programme is completed, the next thing in order is the sale of the baskets. This is done by an auctioneer, previously engaged. He may be any of the young people's fathers or brothers; but whoever he is, he should be the best auctioneer that can possibly be secured. The baskets are sold to the highest bidder, and should be run up as high as possible. There is no reason, if the auctioneer is clever and you get the right people together, why some of the baskets should not be sold for from five to ten dollars apiece. If two boys want the same basket, it is the boy who offers the most money who will get it. The gentleman buying the basket looks inside, and reads the name on the card, and at the close of the auction invites the lady to eat supper with him. Should he not be acquainted with her, he is introduced by the member of the League who has invited her. They then proceed to one of the tables; the gentleman seats the lady, who at once undoes the basket. She serves her friend, as also herself, for she is now hostess. They each make themselves as agreeable to the other as is possible, and thus have the jolliest as well as the nicest kind of a supper together.

"The question, what will I put in the basket? is answered by whatever you would think would make the most delicious supper for two people—salads of all kinds, delicate dainty sandwiches, flaky rolls and biscuit, jellies, berries, fruits, olives, pickled walnuts, cake in variety, bisque glacés, charlotte-russe, ambrosia. Surely every



THE AUCTION.

girl, no matter how young, knows what tastes good. Besides eatables for two people, provide napkins, knives, forks, spoons, tumblers, cups, saucers, and plates.

"Water, tea, cocoa, and coffee should be arranged for by the League, and passed to the different tables.

"When supper is over, the lady packs the dishes, etc., in a box or basket which she has provided, and gives the decorated basket to the gentleman who has eaten supper with her as a souvenir of the occasion.

"As this party is altogether an invitation affair, there are really no positive strangers present, for each lady must have the promise of a man friend to buy a basket, if not her basket, some one else's. And if there are not as many boys as girls in the League, the girls must invite their own or some other girl's brother to make the boys and girls even.

"Serve supper about five o'clock, and as you have invited your friends for three o'clock, you should provide an entertainment to continue for an hour and a half.

"A two-act comedy would be very pleasant. Should you need a curtain, use tall screens. If not this, give a musical, both vocal and instrumental, at which time introduce several instruments—the harp, violin, banjo, mandolin, and of course the piano. Possibly a prominent artist might come to your help, should any of your number know of such.

"The proper dress for boys at this party is light trousers, black coat and vest, or jacket, as the case might be, and put a boutonnière bouquet in the left-hand side button-hole. Girls should wear yellow, white, pink, or blue frocks; indeed, any pretty summer costume, with broad-brimmed flat hats or jaunty garden hats, trimmed with flowers, laces, ribbons.

"An invitation to this party should be worded:

The Try League
requests your presence
at a
Basket Party
Saturday, August twenty ninth,
from three until six.
Lawn 319, Chrysdale Avenue
Auction of Baskets.

"In order to save money have all the invitations written, but use good quality of white note-paper, and two envelopes.

"There must be a reception committee to receive all the friends. This committee should be six in number—three boys and three girls. Their duty would be to provide their guests with chairs, take care of their wraps, umbrellas, etc., and make introductions, so as to have all feel comfortable and at home.

"It might be deemed advisable to use one or more rooms in the house connected with the garden in which the party would be held. These rooms serving as a place for wraps or retirement in case of need. An expert maid should be waiting in each room, and render every assistance to those who will enter.

"Suitable floral decorations should be all over the house, but particularly in the hall, staircase, and dressing-rooms. For this use trailing vines, ferns, and groundpine, as also woodland and field flowers of every hue and variety."

## HOW THE "CORNWALLIS" CHASED THE "HORNET" IN 1812.

GREAT BRITAIN'S policy of keeping a great navy afloat has always been a difficult one to carry out, the difficulty arising not so much from the building of so many ships as in keeping them manned with their proper number of skilful sailors. In time of war this was particularly so, and all sorts of means were resorted to to fill her ships with men. They were arrested as vagrants, kidnapped, impressed by the press-gang, and even convicts were temporarily released to do duty aboard ship. Honest Jack Tar naturally objected to associate with such creatures, and the service was not always a popular one.

If it was right to take men for the King's service wherever found, it was of course right to take them from merchant ships at sea, and a great many American sailors were impressed out of American ships into English ones, the only evidence against them being that they spoke English. Some of the sailors thus treated grumblingly served until a chance came of running away, while others absolutely refused to serve in the war-ships at all, preferring the horrors of imprisonment rather than run the chance of possibly fighting against their own country.*

Finally the impressment habit became so bold in its operations that we read of the British frigate *Leopard* firing into the American frigate *Chesapeake* just as she had left harbor in time of peace, because she would not submit to be searched on the first demand. Her decks being cumbered with luggage and her batteries and crews unprepared, her commander at last submitted—the *Leopard* taking from her three men, one of whom was hung at Halifax as a deserter.

Then it was that the United States blazed up in wrath. It availed not that England surrendered some of the men she had impressed and made promises of amendment. The outrages had been carried too far, and something besides protesting was to be done about it. Congress declared war.

It seems strange to us in this careful and cautious age that a young country with but a baker's dozen of frigates should thus boldly challenge another whose navy numbered into the hundreds. But such was the case.

Although our navy was small our merchant service was very large, and contained some of the finest ships of its class afloat. President Madison, while declaring war against Great Britain—which apparently left this great marine property at the mercy of England's fleets—also declared an embargo which effectually kept all those merchantmen from going to sea.

The British Admiral on our coasts soon had a strong line of frigates and line-of-battle ships patrolling the coast-line from Halifax to Florida, with the double object of capturing our merchantmen when they would at last dare to venture from out the ports of Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Savannah, or Charleston, and also of protecting the long fleets of English merchantmen that streamed along our coasts from Cuba and the West Indies, borne on the broad current of the Gulf Stream eastward to England.

That line of merchant ships was to the American sailors, cooped up by the embargo, what an orchard of ripe pippins would be to a school full of hungry boys. *Get at it* they must somehow, and when they did, as I am about to relate, the captures that the Americans made on that one line of traffic did more than anything else to shorten the war that followed, and to decide it in their favor. Hundreds of schooners and brigs were overhauled. Longer masts were put in, and new sails bent. Light easily handled batteries grinned over their rails, backed by a trusty "Long Tom" amidships, and with picked crews chosen from a thousand idle and impatient ones these vessels, authorized by "letters of marque and reprisal" from Congress, soon swarmed out from every harbor, river, and sound, and confronted the blockaders with an entirely new and most puzzling situation.

It required no off-shore storm to scatter the blockaders and let them out. Any dark night or favoring wind saw

* The name of one man is given who, upon being impressed into an English man-of-war, went below, seized an axe, and chopped his own hand off. He was released.



SOMETIMES THE BIG ONE WOULD THROW A SHOT ON BOARD OF THE SCHOONER.

them slipping down to the harbor's mouth, then out to the bar; then when the blockaders, discovering them, at last sought to close in on them, there would be a multitude instead of a few. Small boats with decoy lights running down the coast would follow eagerly in chase, while larger ones, making pretence of too close a chase, would put back to port, while the real privateers would be ere daybreak far out to sea, spinning away on their journey in search of rich prizes and retaliation. When Commodore Rogers sailed from Sandy Hook in search of the annual fleet of British West-Indiamen, it is said he followed them clear to the coast of England by the orange and banana skins left floating in their track; but when the American privateers got free they could be followed by the burning, drifting wrecks of ships they had captured but had no time to take to port.

The *Hornet*, Captain Biddle, was a fine example of the American man-of-war schooner so successful in that war. Meeting the British man-of-war *Peacock*, a vessel of her own size, she captured her, also the *Penguin*, after a sharp fight of twenty-two minutes. A short time after this the *Hornet*, while making her way over the Indian Ocean in search of fights or prizes, came near being captured herself. Mistaking the line-of-battle-ship *Cornwallis*, 74, for a huge Indiaman, she was allowed to come quite close before she discovered her mistake, and the big ship started in chase of her. All that night and the next day and through the next night did the great two-decker hunt the little schooner as a hound would a rabbit. Sometimes the big one would race up so close that her forecastle guns threw their shot on board of the schooner, and some made holes in her sails.

At last the seventy-four got a heavy favoring breeze that made every mast and spar creak, and nearly tore the studding-sails from their booms, and hand over hand she came tearing through the ocean swells, her forecastle guns flashing and booming as if in a giant shout of victory. The *Cornwallis* was known as a very fast ship, but her Captain knew her reputation would be greatly enhanced if he could capture the swift Yankee schooner just ahead. Captain Biddle also knew the speed of his craft, and would have turned on and fought the big one if by so doing he could have outrun her afterward.

It was a glorious race. Through sunshine and shadow, through squalls and darkness, through night into sunrise and broad daylight again, they held their way, ploughing their tracks through the troughs, or sunning their copper over the foam-crested swells.

Then came the final duel. Night was settling over the ocean again. The wind was strengthening, and the big one, with all sails set, was booming and flashing too dangerously near for Captain Biddle to believe that his tired crew could stand another night, half drowned, on deck. He gave an order, and instantly the men sprang to the work of lightening ship. Splash after splash followed the guns' crews as they raised their trusty cannon and rolled them over the rail into the waves.

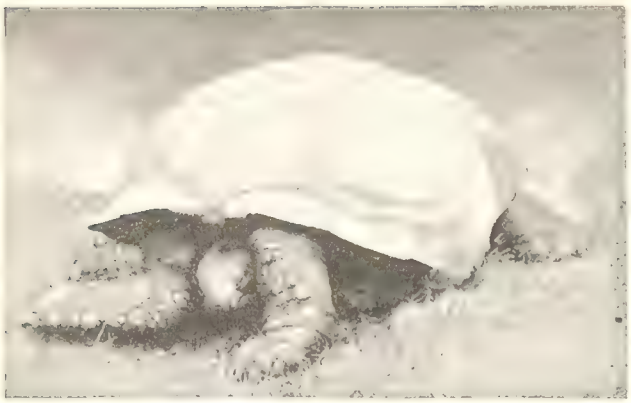
"She moves! She moves!" shout the men, as one by one they go, until but a single one remains.

"More yet!" cries Captain Biddle; and shot and chains and all kinds of movable iron-work are brought up and tossed overboard. "Still more!" shouts the Captain to the Lieutenant. "Send over the long-boat." It seems a shame to destroy such a beautiful craft, but the men attack her with axes and saws, and in a few minutes her broken fragments stream far astern. "She is doing finely now!" cries the Captain; "but it is not enough yet. Send the forecastle over too." Then amid a great chopping and rending of planks the forecastle went, and the waves were fairly alive with wreckage; but there was a great change in the saucy schooner's behavior, for as the men threw themselves down on the decks exhausted after their labors, they noticed how beautifully the *Hornet's* sharp bows now lifted over the frothy seas, how little water she took on board in her wildest dashes, and how rapidly the seventy-four was being dropped behind. Several times during the night they caught the glimmer of her towering sails, but each time she was farther away; and when at daybreak she was but a speck upon the horizon, and the quartermaster, looking at her through his telescope, announced that she was taking in her studding-sails, all hands knew that the *Cornwallis* was beaten, and a great naval race was ended.

If all the words should have a race,
I'm certain that the winner
Would be the word I love the most
What is that word? Why, "Dinner."

It means so many, many things
Roast beef, and pie, and 'taters,
And every dish so fair and fine
That to my hunger-caters.

And when I get to be a man,
As sure as I'm a sinner,
My crest will be a table set,
My motto will be "Dinner."



## DEAD AT TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

THERE died a few days ago at Colombo, in Ceylon, a famous resident who had reached the very great age of at least two hundred years. The figure is put at two hundred, because nobody knows exactly what it is. He himself was never heard to say a word about it, or indeed about anything else, but during the whole of his long life contented himself with a wild hiss now and then at people and things that did not suit him. This was a rare example of total abstinence, because he heard three or four languages spoken nearly every day of his life. There is, first, the language of the natives of Ceylon, who are kinsmen of the Malays. Then there are the many Dutch, who live at Colombo because their ancestors once ruled in the island for a century or more. Finally there are the English, who now own Ceylon and pretty nearly everything in it, including all that is left of this oldest resident. He was already old when the English took Ceylon from the Dutch in 1796, and he has ever since been a sort of pensioner on the British government

His silence of two hundred years was not the only curious thing about this aged resident of Colombo. His skeleton was on the outside. It was stuffed soon after his death, and is now one of the principal attractions in the museum of the city where he was so well known.

As you have already guessed, this old fellow was a turtle, and his portrait appears above. He seems to have been conscious all along of the dignity of his name, which was *Testudo elephantoxis*, the second half of it being given in honor of the fact that he was an elephant among turtles. His immediate family is very small—so small that few of his relatives survive him, and it is thought that these will die out in a comparatively short time. Even now the family lives in only one spot on the globe —Aldabra Island, north of Madagascar. Formerly there were a great many of these Testudos, and trading vessels in the Indian Ocean used to lay in a stock of them in order that the crew might be sure of having fresh meat should scurvy break out on board.

The turtle that has just died was one of the largest of his family, and his shell was four and a half feet long, but when his head and tail were unfolded from his shell he was fully six feet long. It is said that he was sent from Java as a present to a Dutch Governor of Ceylon something like a hundred and fifty years ago. Anyhow, the English took good care of him when they came into possession of him and the island, and most of the time since then he has had a park to live in. He was a pet of the children, and half a dozen of them used to ride at a time on his huge back. He was not to be trifled with, however, and seven men who once tried to persuade him to visit a show in Colombo found that, compared to him, a piano is an easy thing to move. In fact, they gave up trying to move him at all, after a tussle in which the turtle came out best.

Not long ago the British government concluded to use for a dock the park in which the old fellow had lived for a century, and it was decided to remove him to another park a mile away from the shore. He was carried to his new residence, but he was evidently homesick, and after a short illness he died. This is a pity, because people had begun to think he would live forever. The age of turtles is an interesting problem. Some people have a mania for turning every turtle they see upon its back and carving their initials and the date on its under side. The writer once knew of a turtle which crawled about wearing this inscription: "Pontius Pilate, 3 B.C." That seemed a very remarkable turtle, until somebody called attention to the fact that time was not reckoned "B.C." until long after it ceased to be "B.C." Probably the unfortunate turtle is still wearing that lie on his belly, for it takes a turtle almost as long as a tree to outgrow a gash from a knife.

### A WISH.

I WISH I were my little dog;
For while he is a dumb thing,
It always seems to me that he
Is laughing hard at something.

### A TURNABOUT.

WHEN little Wilbur saw Coxey's army marching through the village in which he lived, he turned to his mother and said he thought the old song, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," ought to be changed to "Boys, boys, boys, the tramps are marching."

### CHOCOLATE STICKS.

SMALL Jack's father does not smoke, and hence it was that when he saw his uncle smoking a cigar he was full of wonder. Later on, in a candy shop, he asked for "Some o' those chocolate sticks what has smoke in 'em."

### FRIENDLY ENEMIES.

PIE
And I
Do not at all agree.
First I
Play havoc with the pie,
And then, you see,
The pie takes hold and havoc plays with me.

### A TREMENDOUS VIEW.

"WE can see the Statue of Liberty from our house," said the Yonkers boy, proudly.

"We can beat you there. We can see the moon from ours," retorted the boy from Boston.



Drawn by F. S. Montague.

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

"IF YOU'LL GIVE ME SOME OF THAT CHOCOLATE I'LL GIVE YOU A BITE OF THE APPLE I'M LIKELY TO HAVE NEXT FALL."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN Rose's friends left her in Rittenhouse Square she buckled on her skates again and rolled gayly around the largest circle.

"I needn't go home just yet," she said to herself. "It can't be nearly half past four yet. I don't see why those girls left so early. But it's fun even alone."

As she came back to her starting-place, which was a bench on the farthest side of the square from her grandmother's house, a woman approached her. The stranger was quietly dressed in some dark material, and wore a thick veil over her face. There was nothing about her to attract attention but the very heavy eyebrows that almost met, which could be seen through the veil.

"Good - afternoon, Miss von Dalbersdorf," said she, as the little girl, with feet close together and arms outstretched to preserve her balance, drew up at the bench.

Rose looked up in great surprise. "Good-afternoon," she said, politely, not knowing who it was that greeted her.

"You do not remember me. I am the aunt of Noel."

"Oh, so you are!" exclaimed Rose, joyfully, holding out her hand. "I'm so glad to see you, for we haven't heard anything of Noel for ever so long. How is he?"

"Not very well, and I thought it would make him better to have you visit him."

"I would love to," said Rose, eagerly. "Hilda and I will come just as soon as we can. You see we can't always get off, for my grandmother does not like to have Noel's name spoken of, and so it would not do to tell her where we were going. It isn't that she would mind about your Noel," added the child, fearful lest she should be implying anything that was rude, "but she lost a little grandson whose name was Noel. He died ever so long ago."

"Ah, he died, *n'est-ce pas!*" returned the French woman. "But why cannot you come this afternoon and visit the little fellow? He is so *triste*—what is it that you call it?—sad, blue."

"I don't think there is time," said Rose. "My grandmother told me to come in at half past four."

"And it is now but three and a half," said the woman.



MADEMOISELLE HELPED HER COMPANION INTO THE HANSOM.

"Is that all," asked Rose, much surprised. "Why, then, I suppose I could go. But I had better tell Hilda where I am going."

"And so take the risk of having the grandmother hear? No, no, not so. Come with me now. I have a hansom around the corner, and I will command the man. *Vite! vite!* and, *voilà!* we are there! Has the little one ever driven in a hansom? No? Ah, come then; it is grand."

She helped Rose unbuckle her skates, and hurried her off almost before the child could realize what she was doing. She knew that it was not right for her to go without permission even from Hilda, but Rose loved excitement, and she wanted to see Noel, and it would be such fun to drive in a hansom. So she yielded to temptation, and departed with her new old friend.

"I don't know your name," said Rose, shyly.

"Noel calls me *tante*, and you might do the same."

"That is French for aunt, isn't it? But you are not my aunt."

"That doesn't matter," said the "aunt." Her name was D'Achette, but she did not choose that Rose should know it—at least not at present. Things might go wrong, she said to herself. "That is nothing. I should like to have a niece, and you will call me *tante* to make me think that I have one, will you not, my dear?"

"How very funny," thought Rose. "Noel's aunt is ever so much nicer than she used to be to us on board the ship. Perhaps the motion made her cross. I hope she has grown kinder about Noel."

Mademoiselle helped her companion into the hansom, gave an order in a low tone to the driver, and then stepped in herself. The doors were shut to on them, the glass windows were closed, and away they went, rattling on and off the car tracks as only a Philadelphia hansom can. Rose thought it was delightful—a thousand times more exciting than being rolled along in her grandmother's luxurious carriage

"Is this the way you go?" she asked, as they turned into Market Street and went over the bridge. "You used to live—" and then she stopped, remembering that Noel had asked them not to tell his aunt that they had been to see him.

"This is the way," replied Mlle. d'Achette, "and to get there quickly we leave the hansom and enter the train."

And to Rose's astonishment the hansom drew up at a railroad station. "Powelton Avenue" was the name printed on it in large letters.

"There is Noel now," she cried, pointing to the boy, who sat amid bags, shawls, and luggage of all kinds on the station platform.

"And here is our train, my dears," exclaimed her new aunt.

The great engine came puffing along, and drew up for a moment at the station.

"Express for New York," shouted the brakeman. "No stop before Jersey City."

"Miss—Miss *Tante*, do you hear?" cried Rose, bewildered. "This can't be our train!"

"Oh yes, it is. *Vite, allez vite!*"

And they were hurried in, and all sat down, Rose and Mlle. d'Achette together and Noel in front.

"Is this the way to your home, Noel?" asked Rose, leaning forward.

"Yes, to our new home, and I'm so glad you are going with us, Rose."

"But the man said New York," said Rose, turning to her neighbor.

"Oh, you misunderstood. You are—what do you call it?—all right. You are safe."

"But I didn't misunderstand," persisted Rose. "He said, 'This train for New York.'"

Her voice grew louder, and the French woman looked around apprehensively.

"I will tell you something," she whispered. "I have carried you off to spend the night with us. I sent a message to your grandmother by the hansom driver."

A lie to Marie d'Achette was as easy as breathing.

"Grandmother will not like it," said Rose, looking at her solemnly. "She never allows us to spend the night anywhere, and you ought not to have taken me away."

Miss d'Achette would say no more, and Rose herself did not feel like talking. This was the most terrible thing she had ever known. She had never been separated from Hildegarde before. How could she pass a night without her? And she had done very wrong to come without permission. Slowly the tears gathered. She looked out of the window, but she could see nothing for the blinding mist that was in her eyes. She furtively put up her handkerchief. It would not do to let the aunt and Noel see her cry, for they would think she did not want to come, and Rose was a kind-hearted little soul, unwilling to give pain to any one.

But she did wish that the aunt had not carried her off in this way, and she resolved never again to do anything without asking permission.

"For I know grandmother will not like it," she thought; "and oh, I want Hilda!"

When they were almost at their journey's end she suddenly exclaimed aloud,

"I've left my roller-skates in the hansom!"

"Too bad! too bad!" cried the aunt, angrily, and then controlled herself; but she muttered in French, "a clew for them!"

Noel, seeing that Rose did not care to talk, after one or two attempts at conversation, contented himself with looking out of the window, and after a while the journey came to an end, and they had reached Jersey City.

They did not cross the ferry to New York, but went to a boarding-house not far from the station, a dreary place, and as Rose looked about her she felt more homesick than ever. It had begun to rain, and all night the storm continued, the wind howling furiously.

Rose shared the French woman's room, and she cried herself to sleep, burying her face in the pillow that she might not be heard or seen, and thinking of Hildegarde, and her grandmother, and all the dear familiar things at home. It was almost as bad as when papa died, except that there was the terrible knowledge that they should never see their father again in this world, while in this case she was to go back the next day.

After breakfast Mlle. d'Achette announced that she was going over to New York.

"But when am I to go back to Philadelphia?" asked Rose, who hoped to start at once.

"Oh, that will be later in the day. I will return before many hours, say at eleven of the clock, and conduct you to the train."

"I do wish you would not go back," sighed Noel, when the door closed on his aunt, and they were alone. "It is so much nicer when you are here."

"But I could not leave Hilda and Uncle Phil and my grandmother," explained Rose. "You know they are my own relations. And besides, I ought not to have come without asking."

"It is nice to have relations," said Noel, wistfully. "Do you know, sometimes I think *tante* is not related to me at all, she acts so strangely to me."

"What does she do?"

"Oh, she's cross, and sometimes she says she wishes she had never had anything to do with me, and that I've brought her nothing but bad luck."

"Weren't you surprised when you saw me yesterday?"

"No; for she said she was going to get you, and she

always manages things. I didn't know whether your grandmother would let you come, but when I said that, *tante* said: 'She'll come. I can manage the grandmother. I've done it before.' I do wonder what she meant."

"So do I," said Rose. "She didn't ask her yesterday if I could come. I didn't know she had ever seen my grandmother."

"Neither did I," said Noel. "Do you know, Rose," edging up to her on the sofa where they were sitting, and speaking in a low confidential tone, "sometimes I think *tante* is a little, just a little bit—crazy!"

"Oh!" cried Rose, "how dreadful! Aren't you afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid," said Noel, somewhat scornfully. "Boys oughtn't to be afraid. But it isn't very nice to go around with a crazy relation."

"I should think not," said Rose, sympathetically; and then she could not think of anything else to say. It really must be very disagreeable to have a crazy relative; and she did not think it would be pleasant to go back to Philadelphia with such a person; she supposed that the aunt would accompany her. It might be dangerous. She had heard of insane people doing very dreadful things. The clock on a neighboring church struck eleven.

"There, it is time for her to come back," said Rose, apprehensively.

"I don't believe she'll come all day," remarked Noel, drumming on the window as he looked out at the wet streets.

Rose joined him there. "What makes you think so?"

"Because half the time she never does. Rose, I'm going to suggest something."

"What is it?"

"Let's run away!"

"Noel! Can we?"

"Why not? I've often thought of doing it, but I didn't know where to go, exactly. I've been waiting till I got a little bigger, and then I thought I'd run away to sea. I can't stand it any longer, and I'm not going to stand it. The trouble is I never have any money. Have you got any? We ought to have some to get away."

Rose felt in her pocket. "Yes; here is my purse."

She brought it out and opened it. There was an unusual amount of money in it. She poured the contents on the table, and the children counted them over.

"Ge whiskers! What a lot of money!" exclaimed Noel. "Do you always have as much as this?"

"Oh dear no! Some of it is Hilda's, and two dollars Uncle Phil gave me yesterday morning."

"It is a lucky thing *tante* did not know you had it. She would have taken it."

"Would she *steal*?" asked Rose, in horrified tones.

"No, I don't suppose she would really steal," said Noel, fearing that it was not quite the right thing for him to give his relative such a character, "but she might have borrowed it of you. It's about five dollars altogether."

"Will that take us back to Philadelphia?"

"I don't know, but I think so. But, Rose, if I go to Philadelphia, I don't know what to do when I get there."

"Come to our house," said Rose, promptly, "and Uncle Phil will help you. Oh, but I forgot!" And she stopped abruptly.

"What's the matter?"

"It's your name. Grandmother does not like it, you know, on account of our little cousin that died."

"Couldn't you call me some other name?" asked Noel. "I wouldn't mind a bit." A name seemed a small affair when compared with freedom. "Call me Jack. And you had better begin right away, so as to get into the habit of it!"

"Very well. But do you really think we can get away, Noel—I mean Jack?"

"Of course we can," said the boy, stoutly.

"I—I'm a little afraid," said Rose. "She may come back and catch us."

"No, she won't. I know her. She's away for all day. I'll take care of you, Rose. You needn't be afraid. And you'd better let me carry the money, as I'm older and a boy."

His true nature, hitherto cowed and repressed by the influence of his aunt, was beginning to assert itself.

"And, Rose, I'll tell you something else. I don't believe *tante* would let you go back to Philadelphia. She told me she was going to try and keep you a long time. And then she muttered to herself, 'An old grudge,' or something like that, only she was speaking French. I tell you, she's crazy."

"Oh, Noel, let's hurry! Don't wait another minute."

And in five minutes they were in the street. Where to go was the next question.

"Ask that policeman," suggested Rose.

"No, we had better not do that, for if *tante* should come home and find us gone she might go out and ask the policeman if he had seen us. Let's go around this corner and get away from him as quickly as possible."

So they hastened away from the dangerous locality, and coming to a drug store, they went in to inquire the way.

"We want a train for Philadelphia," said Noel, boldly. "Where is the station?"

The clerk directed him, and very soon they had reached the place, and Noel was standing at the ticket-office, Rose next to him.

"Two tickets to Philadelphia. I say, though, Rose, you're not twelve years old, are you?"

"No, I'm only eleven."

"A ticket and a half, then," said he to the ticket agent. "You see, I saved a lot of money that way," he remarked, as they walked on, "and, Rose, I'll pay you back the money for my ticket just as soon as I can get some work. I've only borrowed it of you."

They found that there was no train until one o'clock, which was a great disappointment. However, there was no help for it, and nothing to do but sit and wait. But suppose *tante* should come in search of them! They sat in a dark corner of the station behind a door, anxiously looking at every one who passed through the room.

She did not come, and at last the hands on the big clock had travelled slowly around, and it was almost time for them to start.

"I'm awful hungry, Noel—I mean Jack," said Rose.

"So am I, but I don't know whether we had better spend any money on food. We've only got a dollar and a quarter left."

"Oh, that's plenty," exclaimed Rose. So they bought some sandwiches, and when they were safely seated in the car they began to eat them. But Rose did not feel quite happy until the train moved. As they glided out of the station and through the streets of Jersey City she knew that there was no danger now of being overtaken by that very peculiar person called *tante*, and that they were safe.

"What a lot of water there is everywhere!" said she, after a time, looking out of the window.

"Yes. There has been so much rain," said Noel. He had expended two cents on a newspaper, and was reading it with quite the air of a man of the world. "There are floods everywhere, and the telegraph poles are all down from the wind."

"There are regular lakes out there. Do look, Noel—Jack! And how slowly the train is going!"

It was going slowly, and every now and then would stop, presently moving again for a short distance. Finally it halted for a long time.

People left their seats and crowded to the platforms. Noel opened the window and looked out.

"Why, look, Rose!" he cried. "We are in a sea of water! It must be a foot deep, and it is just like waves."

And true enough the river at Bristol had overflowed its banks, and the tracks were completely under water.

"I dare say we shall have to wait here all night," they heard one of the passengers say as he returned to his seat.

"Oh," exclaimed Rose, "how dreadful! And I am so hungry."

"So am I," said Noel.

"And grandmother will be so worried. And -and Noel, perhaps your aunt will catch us!"

"No, she won't," said Noel, reassuringly. "She couldn't get through the flood."

Outside it had begun to rain again, and the water washed up against the side of the car. It was exactly as if they were at sea.

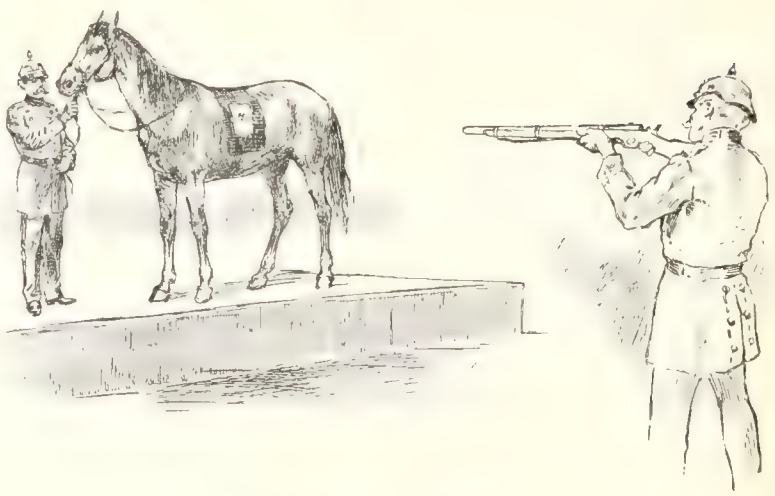
Slowly the hours wore away. Boys came through the train with baskets of sandwiches, for which they charged such high prices that Noel and Rose could afford but one apiece.

It grew dark out-of-doors, though the car was lighted. Tired and hungry, the children leaned their heads back, and were soon fast asleep.

They were awakened by the conductor, who shouted:

"Passengers for Philadelphia will go the rest of the way by steamboat on the Delaware. Carriages are waiting to take them to the wharf. Step lively, please!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



TRYING IT ON THE HORSE.

## THE SAME THING OVER AGAIN.

BY JAMES BARNES.

LONG years ago a knight who rode forth to battle was supposed to be the bravest of the brave. Perhaps he was. We read of valorous deeds in every old bit of verse, and the history of the age of chivalry is full of him. He slew foemen by the score, he was always in the thickest of the fray, and there was only one thing he could not do—get up if he fell down. Some of the deadly blows that struck him rang off his heavy armor in much the same way that the blows of a hammer would ring off an iron boiler. Now perhaps all this had something to do with his valorous deeds, and may account for the many foemen slain, and it certainly does account for his remaining alive so very often. They say that a knight in armor was as good as twelve men without it, and that as long as he could stay on his horse or keep his feet he was safe from the ordinary weapons of those days. It is proof enough to say that in a battle in France fifty armed knights on a side fought throughout an afternoon, and not a single one was killed. Therefore we must infer that they stopped from lack of breath, or perhaps the game may have been called "on account of darkness"; who knows?



HERR DOWE SUBMITTING TO THE TEST.

With the advent of gunpowder things changed. Armor gradually went out of fashion. It was no use. Bullets went through it, and came out the other side; so helmet and cuirass, shield, targe, buckler, greaves, and chain-shirt were used only for show, or to decorate armorial halls. Nothing could stand before the swift-speeding unseen bullet—and perhaps the knights became braver than ever—many more were killed in battle.

In naval circles, after the little iron-clad *Monitor* fought the iron-clad *Merrimac* wooden ships of war practically ceased to be built. Every nation turned its attention to building impenetrable bulwarks, and then guns were built to pierce them, and then thicker armor was made, and then heavier guns, and so on, hammer and tongs, they are fighting it out to this day. Now they are building ships fast enough to run away from each other, which seems the only way to stop this game of Everlasting.

But the powers of invention are most wonderful. What do you think of a steel-pointed bullet that penetrates two feet six inches of solid oak being stopped by a stiff pad of felt and some other composition; not only stopped, but all crumbled out of shape? This has been done, and a little tailor of Manheim, Germany, is the inventor.

His name is Dowe. Like almost all inventors no one believed him at first, and every one was too busy to listen to his talk. When he wished to put on his bullet proof vest, and stand up to be shot at, they all laughed, and thought that the tailor was crazy. At last he persuaded some one to take a shot at him, and lo, and behold, there was Herr Dowe bowing through the smoke of the rifle all unharmed, and as smiling as an Aunt Sally at a fair. Of course people believed him after that, and everybody said, "We thought there was something in it; but we did not know." Lots of other people wrote letters saying that they had invented the same thing years before, and

scores of imitators started up on every side. Before very long the army people—who hate to have other persons invent things—took up the subject, and Herr Dowe was given an official trial before prominent German officers. They were most sceptical, and would not let the anxious little tailor don his heavy waistcoat, and make a target of himself. They carefully put it on a plaster statue, and blazed away. "Ach!" said the German officers, when the smoke cleared—"ach! the tailor does not lie." Then they put the shield on a horse, and fired directly at his side. The animal went on eating, all unconscious that a great many spectators expected him to pitch forward and die on the spot; he was as unmoved as a deaf man at a pathetic sermon. It was Mr. Dowe's turn after that, and they shot at him, and he smiled, and they shot again, and he smiled again.

The breast-plate that Herr Dowe invented is made of felt and metal, it is supposed, but of course he doesn't tell any one just how it is made; it weighs about ten pounds, and is inflexible. The bullet does not glance, but tears itself to pieces in the cloth, and the blow is softened by the gradual impeding of the speed, so that there is little shock to the wearer; in fact, Herr Dowe says he *knows* when he is hit, and that is all. What the German army will do with the shield remains to be seen. Its inventor is now in England, and the other day gave an exhibition in London. Several Englishmen wished to try their own pet rifles, and many supposed that a bullet that would go through the tough hide of an elephant would certainly pierce three inches of anything but solid steel. Elephant rifle, express rifle, Martini-Henry, and Lee-Metford (the two latter being the army rifles of Great Britian), each one proved ineffectual, and the experiment (so far as Herr Dowe goes) was a great success. The Duke of Cambridge, who was present, refused to allow any one to be shot at, although Admiral Saumerez, one of the committee, volunteered to stand up like a man and run the risk. The little tailor almost shed tears of disappointment because they would not let him take his favorite rôle. The horse, however, was again brought on, and I suspect wondered what it was all about, for he never seemed to know whether to go to sleep or to prance about, and the bullets did not alarm him.

What they will do with this new invention is a problem; if they can make it light enough to wear, it may change the style of fighting, and they will have to build rifles to pierce it. Then comes the thicker armor again, you see. In Berlin in the great army museum there is a cuirass (a breast-plate and back-plate) that is perforated through and through by thirteen bullets. They took it off a poor French cavalryman, who was dead on the field where his squadron had charged on a line of intrenched infantry. If he had had on a Dowe shield he might have thought it a joke. Perhaps they may get tired spending money on war, and armor, and great guns, and stop fighting. I say again—who knows?

## HOW POLAR EXPEDITIONS ARE EQUIPPED.

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.,

SURGEON OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION OF 1891-2.

THE frigid zones are attracting a great deal of attention nowadays. At this moment two exploring parties are in the extreme north, two others are ready to start for the arctic regions this summer, two more are preparing to set forth thither by-and-by, and the plans of two expeditions to the antarctic are announced. Newspapers and magazines are full of polar questions. Scientific men are discussing them, and there is a general opinion that now is the time when important things are to be discovered concerning the top and the bottom of our globe, for success in polar ventures, though never quite sure, is less uncertain than it used to be.

There are many reasons for this, and important among them is the amount of thought given at present to equip-



DR. COOK IN HIS ARCTIC SUIT.

ment. The leader of a polar expedition in these days must be something more than a brave man, sagacious in dealing with emergencies. He must be one who can sit down at home, and foreseeing the adverse conditions that he is likely to meet, can either make plans to avoid them, or prepare apparatus with which to overcome them.

It is the best-equipped expedition that is most successful. Therefore, in order properly to fit out a party for exploration, the leader must be an expert on two subjects: first, he should know what the conditions are in the regions to which he is going; second, he must know his equipment, and how it will work under those conditions.

This knowledge is not to be acquired off-hand. The outfit of an expedition for arctic or antarctic service represents years of study on the part of the leader. Almost every expedition attacks the polar fastnesses by a route of its own or in a manner of its own; therefore almost every expedition has its own personal equipment especially invented. Nansen, now in the waters north of Siberia, purposes to allow a current to carry his ship across the polar sea; therefore he has had built a vessel with sloping sides, so that the ice-floes that choke those seas pressing against the vessel may not crush her, but may rather slide under her and raise her out of the water. Lieutenant Peary wishes to cross the snow-cap of Greenland; therefore he has provided himself with Norwegian and other snow-shoes, sledges, and dogs.

But there are certain things with which every party meaning to penetrate into the regions of cold must be supplied. Not one of them must be forgotten, for it could not be replaced. Demanding, as it does, incessant watching on the part of the leader, preparation for a polar voyage is the hardest sort of packing in the world.



TIDE GAUGE.

Perhaps I cannot give an account of it more easily than by describing in a few words part of the outfit of the expedition which I am to organize to attack the antarctic continent.

Having determined to go to the far south, I ask myself first, "What is my object in this expedition?" I answer myself: To spend a winter in taking meteorological and other scientific observations beneath the antarctic circle. To inspect the ice of the antarctic continent, and to undertake a journey over it toward the south. To learn something about the geology and geography of the supposed continent. Of course the next question is, "How shall I get there?" and to answer that involves a consideration of the conditions which I am to meet. The antarctic land masses are surrounded by a waste of wild seas, so I shall have to have a vessel, and this sea is full of ice-floes which grind powerfully against each other, so the vessel must be specially braced, lest being caught between two ice-fields approaching one another she be crushed.

Once there, how shall I keep myself supplied with the three essentials of life—food, heat, and shelter? Now I am brought to consider still more closely the state of the antarctic atmosphere and the land conditions of the far south. The first is unproductiveness. The second is isolation. I cannot rely on finding the means of preserving a comfortable existence down there, and I cannot come back to the nearest inhabited country for things that I want, because the nearest inhabited land is a thousand miles or more from where I am going; therefore I must take with me everything that I am to require, from pins and pencils to roast beef and confectionery. Most arctic expeditions can rely on finding fresh meat, and in summer, scurvy-grass in the valleys. I cannot depend on picking up any food supply as I go, though I may find a whale or two, and undoubtedly shall be able to provide myself with plenty of albatross. Of course there will be seal, porpoise, and perhaps narwhal; but though I am prepared to eat whale in case of emergency, I prefer dainties, and therefore I shall take a liberal supply with me.

So far as shelter goes, we could live in the ship or build a snow hut; but life in a ship surrounded by grinding ice-floes is precarious, and life in a snow hut is sometimes uncomfortable, and so I shall seek land, build a house, and probably send back my ship to South America, with instructions to return for me after the winter shall be over. The lumber for the house I must take with me, for no trees grow below the polar circles. Everything that I need, then, must go with me in the ship; and since I am to need many things, and the capacity of the vessel is limited, it follows that each article must be as compact as possible in form. It must combine the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of bulk and weight.

Everything must be of such a nature that it will pass through intense cold without changing its character. This applies chiefly to the food and the instruments of observation, which must give accurate results in all temperatures.

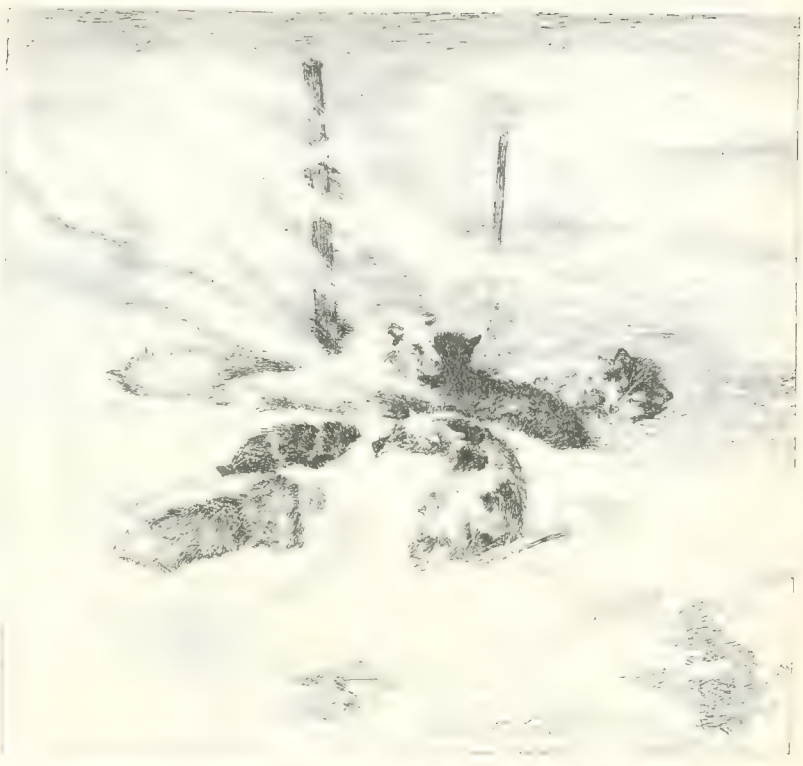
And now for details. The first thing to be considered is the vessel. The best vessels for navigation in the ice are wooden steamships, not too large, and strongly braced. The steam whaling ships of the fleet that goes to Lancaster Sound every spring are built for arctic work; their bows for seven or eight feet aft are almost solid with braces, so that if an ice-floe obstructs the course the vessel may ram it, and break it up without injury to herself. The engines are set well aft, so that the midship section, where the pressure is apt to be strongest when the ship is "nipped" between two ice-fields, may be crossed and recrossed with strengthening beams. The foretop-mast is fitted with a large barrel bolted on just below the truck. In this barrel, which is called the "crow's nest," stands the officer of the watch when the ship is pushing through the ice-pack. From thence he can see the open-water spaces, and shout down orders about steering and speed to the man at the wheel and the officer on the bridge. The propeller is made of bell metal, and rigged with a ball-and-socket joint, whereby it can be raised out of danger when the ship is "nipped," or lifted out of the water when she is under sail alone, so that it may not impede the headway. One of these steam-whalers we shall buy and load with coal and provisions for three years. But one item of our food supply deserves special mention here; most of the supply will consist of ordinary canned goods. Nearly everything is canned nowadays. While he is snug on board his ship or in his house on shore, where he can maintain something like an even temperature, an explorer may live nearly as sumptuously as the average New York family. We shall be provided with all kinds of canned soups, with dried and canned fish, with canned sweetbreads and peas, and many other kinds of *entrées*, with canned roast beef and turkey, with canned vegetables, canned puddings, and canned fruits. We shall have coffee, wines, canned milk, and an ice-cream freezer. So upon festive occasions we shall be prepared to eat good dinners.

To ward off attacks of scurvy we shall take plenty of acid foods and drinks—lime juice and lemons, and large quantities of cranberry sauce, most grateful of food to the palate during a polar winter. But for a journey over the ice-caps, when all our provisions for three months must be packed on a sledge or two, canned foods are not suitable. In the first place, they are too bulky and heavy in proportion to the amount of nourishment they contain. In the second place, they are not perfectly dry, and, of course, the moisture in them freezes. Food that will freeze, excepting cranberry sauce, is not to be thought of for long journeys. In my northern experience on one hunting expedition I relied on a can of corned beef for part of my food supply. I kept that in my sleeping-bag for two days before it thawed out. On another occasion, while hunting, we were occupied for three hours thawing a can of lunch tongue with an alcohol lamp before we could get our supper. The ideal food for a long sledge journey, the food that endures heat and cold without change of quality, that is light in weight, small in bulk, and palatable, is pemmican. Our pemmican we expect to have made in South America. It is a combination of dried beef and tallow; the beef is pulverized, the tallow heated, and the two substances are mixed in equal proportions, with a few currants, and no salt, but a little sugar thrown in. When the mixture cools it hardens into a solid that can be cut up into squares weighing half a pound, the allowance per man




DR. COOK'S STOVE.

for each meal. A man can eat this excellent food day after day, week after week, month after month, without tiring of it, if he has nothing else to eat. A ship's biscuit or two, a cup of tea in the morning and another at night, cranberry sauce once in a while, and pemmican three times a day, that is the bill of fare for a polar sledge journey. Although hundreds of so-called condensed foods have been laid before the world, nothing has yet appeared that can bear comparison with pemmican. After food, the next thing to be considered is clothing. We shall wear fur clothing cut nearly after the style in vogue among the northern Eskimo. There has been a great deal of controversy among explorers about the relative merits of furs and woollens. "Furs," said certain arctic authorities, "though undoubtedly warmer at first than woollens, do not permit perspiration to evaporate. When the wearer ceases to exercise, the moisture inside his clothing condenses, and he at once becomes chilled." That is undoubtedly true of the coats of the American pattern, and much suffering such garments have caused to certain expeditions. But one of the discoveries made by the Peary expedition was that fur clothes cut in Eskimo style are perfect habiliments for cold weather. Therefore our coats will be made of dog or reindeer skin, provided with close-fitting hoods, that can be thrown back.



DURING THE STORM THEY LIE DOWN IN THE SNOW IN THEIR WARM COATS.

These coats will be loose at the bottom, but provided with a string, by which they can be drawn tight around the body. They will fall just below the tops of the breeches. The short breeches will also be loose in the legs, and provided with draw-strings at the knees. They will come just to the tops of the high boots of seal-skin. The stockings will be reindeer or dog skin, with the long hair turned inside. Now upon the march, or when the wearer is exercising, the draw-strings can be unfastened and every garment flung loose, so that the air circulates fairly enough underneath it to evaporate perspiration as fast as it is given off. When at rest, the wearer can fasten his draw-strings, and be enclosed in a garb impervious to cold. Dressed thus, I have sat upon the snow to eat my lunch in a temperature of 40° below zero, Fahrenheit. It is nice to wear light woollen underclothing, for it makes the inside of the fur next one's body feel cleaner. Nothing thicker than gauze, however; anything heavy absorbs moisture and hinders evaporation. That is one reason why members of certain expeditions have suffered; they wore many woollen clothes under their seal-skin coats. We shall be well provided with furs. Last summer when I was yachting in the Greenland fiords I bought nearly enough skins to make a suit for every member of my party. For very low temperatures we shall have what I consider an almost perfect non-conductor—a shirt made of arctic bird-skins. Once settled in our house, suits of comfortable clothes, and good food, we shall begin our work of taking scientific observations. For these we shall need instruments—a barometer to measure the air pressure, thermometers to measure the temperature, a vane to indicate the direction of the wind, and anemometers to measure its velocity. We shall take a large pendulum and observe its oscillation. We shall take apparatus for sealing up samples of antarctic air and antarctic water to bring home.

Meteorological observation must be taken regularly at least three times every twenty-four hours during our winter within the antarctic circle. We shall carry the ordinary geological instruments, and also a dredging outfit. And in the spring, when our journey over the ice-cap begins, we shall need a new equipment. The most important items in it will be those of transportation—the sledges and the dogs. The lumber for the sledges we shall carry, to be made up during the winter by the members of the party. Each man will make a sledge according to his own plan.

These sledges will be hauled by Eskimo dogs, the only draught animals that can last even a couple of days in such a journey as ours will be. These dogs will pull a sledge patiently till the journey is over or they die of fatigue. During a storm they lie quietly down in the snow in their warm coats of fur; the wind never pierces their blankets. When it is through blowing they wake up, shake the snow out of their coats, and are ready for harness again. If not exactly docile, they are tractable, and they live in wholesome fear of the thirty-foot whip-lash an important instrument in a sledge journey, chiefly used, I am glad to say, as a producer of terrifying crackings. The load of the sledge will consist of food, of great warm reindeer-skin bags to sleep in, scientific instruments, and alcohol stove. Nearly every arctic explorer has had his own pet form of stove. For my part, I shall use an alcohol cooking apparatus of the simplest construction, one with the least possible mechanism. The primary object is to prevent radiation of heat, yet the machine must not be heavy. Hence the accessories, when possible, will be made of aluminium.

The lamp is a round vessel about two inches high and three inches wide, with a capacity of four ounces; this is filled with shreds of asbestos and covered with wire gauze. When alcohol is in the lamp this is moist enough to be ignited, and the flame is controlled by a circular opening two inches in diameter, which can be closed when the lamp is not in use, to prevent evaporation of the alcohol, or reduced to one-half when less heat is desirable. Over this we will place an aluminium funnel, in which the cooking vessel will be retained, and over the top, to make

use of the escaping heat, will be placed our melting vessel. This will be kept filled with snow or ice, which is the only source of water while travelling in the polar regions. I have spent many weary hours in developing this machine to its present perfection and shall expect to eat many a warm meal from it while in the antarctic wastes.

We shall take lumber to build a "tide gauge." The construction of this apparatus is simple, yet it registers one of the most important observations of natural phenomena. In temperate climes the rise and fall of the tides may easily be measured by a marked post driven into the ground below low tide. But for obvious reasons this device cannot be used in the regions of eternal ice. One of the simplest methods adopted by explorers for this purpose is a tripod placed over a hole in the ice, with a pulley in its apex, through which a wire moves with a heavy weight attached to one end. This keeps that end permanently fixed on the sea bottom, while a light weight on the other end moves up and down on one of the legs of the tripod, which is marked, and serves as a dial to indicate the rise and fall of the tide. These observations are sometimes taken at intervals of fifteen minutes, and when the temperature falls to 50° below zero it is necessary to break the ice oftener and free the wire.

The instruments to be used on the sledge journey are comparatively simple. There will be thermometers, barometers, a compass, sometimes a sextant, and an artificial horizon. When the sextant is used on land, where a sea horizon cannot be obtained, an artificial horizon is necessary. This is generally a basin of mercury, protected from the winds by a roof of plate glass with perfectly parallel faces.

In order to walk over soft snow, should we meet with



STARTING OVERLAND WITH DOGS AND SLEDGES.

it, members of the sledge party will be equipped with both Canadian snow-shoes and Norwegian skis. Everybody knows the form of Canadian snow-shoes; walking on soft snow they are excellent, but on a slight crust they are not as good as the Norwegian shoes, or skis (pronounced skees). Skis are bits of wood from six to thirteen feet long and about four inches broad, and in the heaviest part, near the middle, an inch or two thick. They are turned up in front. You buckle your feet to them in the centre, and stand as upon two long wooden sleigh runners. In walking upon skis you do not lift your foot, but slide it forward, proceeding over the snow with a shuffling movement. Thus you can traverse a surprisingly long distance in a day. And now, having provided shelter, food, clothing, and scientific instruments, the leader must bend his mind and consider a vast number of miscellaneous articles, each essential, but not to be classed with the others. He must see that his party is supplied with dishes, rifles, cameras, ammunition, bedclothes, knives, writing-paper, needles and thread, scissors, candy, games, books, and musical instruments.



A TYPICAL ARCTIC VESSEL.

The last three articles deserve special comment. They seem perhaps trivial things to be taken upon an exploring expedition. But they are not. For four months the sun will never shine. In the perpetual darkness the spirits of men are at best depressed. If they are allowed to brood over their discomforts, if they are not constantly provided with something to take up their minds, they become melancholy. And then they are liable to attacks of scurvy, which is a disease almost as destructive to the mind as to the body.

Whatever serves to enliven life in the antarctic is a most valuable bit of equipment.

After he has made out his list of the things that he wants, the next task of an explorer is to raise money. And then indeed is he brought face to face with a problem of magnitude. It is not easy nowadays to find money for a polar expedition. The government will not provide it, because of the disastrous ending of previous government enterprises. None of the scientific societies are rich enough to furnish an outfit, however much the society may approve the object of the expedition. By lecturing and by seeking subscriptions from either private persons or newspapers, a leader must work incessantly, perhaps for years, before he is ready to buy his equipment. The hardest work that an explorer has to do he has already accomplished before he sets out.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### WHERE IS THE CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES?

THE more Mr. Ramey reflected upon his recent ridiculous adventure, the more determined he became to keep its history from reaching the ears of his shipmates on board the *Phoca*, if such a thing were possible. He knew that if it once got into the ward-room he would never hear the last of it, for nothing more pleases a ward-room mess than a good joke at the expense of one of its members. The story is told and retold with such humorous additions as may suggest themselves from time to time. It is treasured up to be related through coming years in many different ward-rooms, until, unless its victim is sensible and good-natured, it weighs upon him like a chronic nightmare and causes him much unhappiness. Fortunately, most ward-room men have had both these qualities thoroughly rubbed into them by a four-years' course of vigorous polishing at Annapolis, and so are in a condition to laugh as heartily over a good story at their own expense as at any other. Unfortunately, in the present case, Mr. Ramey was not an Annapolis man, and had not yet learned to take such things good-naturedly. Then, too, as he was very fond of jokes at the expense of others, he realized how bitter and nauseous the dose would be made for him. Therefore, he mentally vowed that if he could compass it, neither Philip Ryder nor Serge Belcofsky should again set foot on the deck of the good ship *Phoca*. To this end he began to scheme even while they were brushing the dirt of the rookery from his uniform, and from the very first fortune seemed to favor him.

"I wouldn't mention this if I were you," he said, in a low tone, to the lads, "until we are once more aboard ship and away from the island, because there is such a strong feeling here against any one who disturbs a rookery that it might get me into trouble. Of course it is too good a yarn to withhold from the ward-room, but it will be all the better for being kept a few days."

"All right," replied Phil, striving politely to smother his laughter, "we won't speak of it on the island." At the same time the lad smiled to think how he should enjoy telling it to Miss May, and how heartily that appreciative daughter of the sea would laugh over it.

Captain Matthews dined ashore with the company's agent that day, while Mr. Ramey and our lads had accepted an invitation from the government inspector, under whose hospitable roof the latter were also to spend the night.

During the meal, at which in honor of the guests were served all the delicacies of the islands, Phil paid particular attention to a large omelet—a dish of which he was very fond. As he had seen no fowls about the village, he inquired of his host where he kept his hens.

"Oh, just around the corner," laughed the inspector, "where we have a chicken ranch containing several millions of egg-laying fowls. By-the-way," he continued, more soberly, "that is one of the sights of this region, and you ought certainly to visit it before leaving here. It—Walrus Island, I mean—supports the most accessible as well as one of the most populous and densely packed bird-rookeries in the world outside of the Antarctic Ocean. That is where we keep our million or so of hens—only we call them gulls, murres, arries, auks, chookies, sea-parrots, and cormorants. On the five or six acres of level surface offered by Walrus they are packed as tightly as sardines in a box; they are everlastingly quarrelling among themselves, and yet they are so perfectly fearless of man that they will scarcely move out of the way to avoid being stepped on. Yes, indeed, it is a sight you ought not to miss. A boat is sent over from here every few days after eggs, of which six men will collect several tons in as many hours. If I find that one is going over in time for you to make the trip I will let you know, and I should advise you to take it."

"Thank you, sir," said Phil. "I should like it above all things."

"There is another thing on hand just now," continued the inspector, "that I think would interest you immensely. Have you ever seen a sea-lion?"

"Yes," replied Phil. "I shot two only the other day."

"Then you know what great ferocious-appearing monsters they are. Would you believe that a herd of them could be driven out on land and kept for days at a time within a corral or fence of nothing but sticks, strings, and bits of fluttering cotton rags such as a child could easily tear down?"

"No," answered Phil. "It doesn't seem possible."

"Well, it is," said the inspector; "and you can see that very thing to-morrow if you care to visit Northeast Point. You see, as we kill all our seals for the year in-



"VERY WELL, MR. BELCOFSKY; DO AS YOU PLEASE," REPLIED THE OFFICER.

side of a month, we made our last drive of this season to-day. A lot of our young men, being thus set at liberty, have gone over to Northeast to begin a sea lion drive on their own account. The skins are valuable for making boots and shoes, while the flesh is esteemed much more highly than that of a seal."

"But how can they drive sea-lions?" asked Phil. "I thought they were so shy that a man couldn't get near them."

"So they are; and for that reason they can only be approached at night, when they are asleep on the beach, and then only by exercise of the utmost caution. The hunters creep along the beach among its many bowlders on all fours, until they are between the herd and the water. Then they jump up with waving arms and a wild yelling that frightens the sea-lions almost out of their senses. Those that have been asleep, with their noses pointed toward the sea, rush into the water with such force that nothing could stop them, and so escape. At the same time, those who are so unfortunate as to be headed inland when thus rudely awakened, rush with equal precipitation in that direction. The natives close in behind them dancing, brandishing weapons, screaming, making all sorts of frantic noises, and so drive them at a sort of a lumbering gallop for several hundred feet, when the frenzied animals, breathless and exhausted, fall panting to the ground. Instead of killing them where they are, the natives allow them to rest a few minutes. Then they rouse and urge them forward by all manner of devices, the most successful of which is the sudden opening of gingham umbrellas in their faces. When they have got the herd out of sight of the water, behind some sand dune, they crowd them together and run a fence of strings around them in no time. The strings are supported by slender sticks thrust into the sand, each of which bears a bit of fluttering cotton cloth. Here the forty or fifty big brutes are as securely penned as though behind stone walls, and here they remain for several weeks, or until three or four hundred of their kind have been secured and herded with them. During this time, instead of remaining stupidly quiet, as you might imagine, they are constantly on the alert, writhing, fighting, and climbing over each other with incessant motion."

"Seems to me I never heard of anything so stupid!" exclaimed Phil.

"Did you ever hear of any one being afraid of ghosts?" asked the inspector.

"Yes, sir; I believe I have."

"Well, it seems to me that such people are just as silly and stupid as the sea-lions who are afraid of bits of fluttering cotton cloth. Doesn't it to you?"

"Of course it does, sir!" answered the lad, heartily; for John Ryder had taught his son to regard all forms of superstition as the result of combined cowardice and ignorance. "But while I should hate to meet or know any person who is such a coward as to believe in and be afraid of ghosts, I should dearly love to see a herd of sea-lions in a corral of strings. So I think I will go over there to-morrow. I shall have plenty of time, sha'n't I, Mr. Ramey?"

"Certainly," replied the Lieutenant; "you have still two days and two nights to spend ashore; or, rather, you have two whole days, for the nights here are so short now that they are hardly worth counting."

"By-the-way, Ramey," remarked the inspector, "speaking of nights, do you remember the questions you promised to look up for me when you were last here? One was whether sunlight was ever absent from all parts of the United States at once; and the other was, where is the centre of this country between east and west?"

"Yes, sir," replied the Lieutenant, "I do, and I have looked them up. In summer the sun may always be seen from one part or another of United States territory; for it rises over Eastport, Maine, before it sets on Attu Island. As to the east and west centre of the country, it is—"

"Where do you say?" interrupted the inspector, and putting the question to Phil.

"Omaha!" was the prompt reply.

"Do you think so too?" asked the inspector of Serge.

"No, sir. I should think it might be somewhere west of the Rocky Mountains."

Phil laughed at this; but the inspector said, "Don't laugh too soon, my lad; I expect he is more nearly right than you. How is it, Ramey?"

"They are both pretty far out in their guesses," replied the young officer, delighted at this opportunity of exposing the ignorance of "these youngsters," as he mentally termed them. "Omaha is away off the mark, and 'somewhere west of the Rocky Mountains' is very indefinite. The truth is that Attu, the westernmost Aleutian island, lying very nearly three thousand miles to the westward of San Francisco, makes that city practically the midway point. In reality, though, the point is still some sixty miles to the westward of the Golden Gate, while the exact geographical centre of the United States is at a point in the Pacific forty miles off the mouth of the Columbia River."

"Well!" cried Phil, laughingly, "if that is the case—"

"I can assure you that it is," interrupted Mr. Ramey, stiffly, "for I made the calculations myself."

"I had no intention of doubting the correctness of your figures," responded Phil, in a tone that was painfully polite. "I was only about to say, if that is the case, when the seals leave here they seek winter-quarters in the very centre of the country."

This Mr. Ramey considered a very flippant manner of treating a problem upon the solution of which he had exhausted his entire stock of mathematics, and it confirmed him in his opinion that this young Ryder was decidedly "fresh."

Soon after this, Captain Matthews and his third Lieutenant returned to the cutter, while our lads visited the library, the hospital, the quaint Greek church, and the interiors of several native houses, which they found to be surprisingly neat and comfortable. Having thus seen all there was of interest in the immediate vicinity, they turned in to get a good night's rest, preparatory to their long trip of the morrow.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### WHY THE CUTTER DEPARTED WITHOUT HER PASSENGERS.

PHIL and Serge, in planning their expedition to Northeast Point to visit the sea-lion hunters, expected to walk the entire distance, which is about ten miles. At breakfast-time, however, they were told by the inspector that he had arranged to have them taken in a bidarrah, or large open boat, the wooden frame of which is covered with sea-lion-skins. He also had a supply of provisions put up for them, had ordered out a crew of six men to row the bidarrah, and had taken every precaution to make their trip comfortable and enjoyable. The boat was to return that same day, and would bring the lads back in plenty of time for supper, which they had been invited to take with the priest of the little Greek church.

Although the morning was damp and chilly, both lads thoroughly enjoyed the unique trip up the coast. Phil had brought along his kamleika, which kept him perfectly dry, and Serge did not seem to mind the dampness any more than the natives themselves. These fairly revel in wet, foggy weather, and are never more uncomfortable than when the sun shines out warmly, as it occasionally does even over the Pribyloffs.

On the present trip there was just fog enough to keep the crew of the bidarrah in good spirits, without hanging

so low as to conceal the shore-line. Consequently the wonderful seal life in the water and on land through and past which the boat moved was plainly visible. From end to end of the island the coast was crowded with it, and by the time the bidarrah reached its destination Phil declared that he believed all the "sea-bears" of the world must be collected in that one place.

They found the camp of the hunting party in and about an old native hut that reminded the visitors of the one they had occupied on Oonimak Island. It was behind a range of low sand dunes, and just behind it they caught sight of the chief attraction of the place, a small herd of sea-lions, great shaggy fellows, very much larger than seals, romping and floundering about behind an enclosure of strings. The situation struck our lads as so comical that they laughed at it until they were actually tired with laughing. For an hour they watched the frantic efforts of the uncouth beasts to discover some point of escape that was not guarded by a fluttering white rag. At the end of that time they were called to dinner, which was served in the old hut, and which proved so much better than they expected that they ate it with real enjoyment.

One of the hunters who could speak a little English told them that if the wind proved favorable that night he and his companions would make another drive, and Phil declared that he meant to stay in the hope of seeing it.

"It must be one of the most curious hunting scenes in the world," he said, "and I shall probably never have another chance to see it. I don't live in Alaska, you know. Besides, I'd a thousand times rather spend a night out here than in the village, where I must breathe the awful-smelling air of the killing-grounds. So if you will make my excuses to the priest, like a good fellow, I think I'll stay. We have plenty of time, you know."

"All right," replied Serge; "but as I want to see those queer old Russian books the priest promised to show us, I think I'll go back in the bidarrah."

As this boat was ready to leave directly after dinner, the lads bade each other good-by, Phil promising to make his way to the village on foot early the following morning, so as to reach it in plenty of time to rejoin the *Phoca*.

After his friend's departure he again visited the captive lions, and wondered, as he watched them, if they were the same as those he had read of on the so-called "seal rocks" of San Francisco. If his friend the inspector had been there he would have told him they were not, that the seal-rock sea-lions were of a variety found only on the Californian coast, and that they do not attain more than half the size of their great Alaskan cousins.

When tired of this amusement, Phil wandered to a point commanding a fine view of the great seal herds, and became so absorbed in watching them that the afternoon passed before he knew it, and he was surprised when the hunter who could speak English called him to an early supper. After it Phil and this hunter went together to the beach, where, to the lad's great disappointment, the latter said he feared there would be no sea-lion drive that night, as the wind showed signs of changing.

While they talked of this a boat appeared, coming from the direction of the village. One of its occupants, all of whom were natives, stepped ashore and talked for a minute with the hunter.

"He says," remarked the latter, turning to Phil, "that they are bound for Walrus Island after eggs, and that if you want to go they will take you. They will stay all night, but will start back for the village early in the morning."

"That suits me!" exclaimed Phil. "So long as there isn't to be any lion hunt, a hunt for birds' eggs in an arctic rookery is the next best thing. Besides, if these fellows will carry me back to town in their boat I shall be saved the long lonely tramp for which I didn't care very much anyhow."

With this Phil bade his hunter friend good-by, and stepped into the big boat, which was immediately shoved off and headed for Walrus Islet, six miles away.

About an hour later the inmates of the hunting camp were startled by the sudden appearance among them of Serge Belcofsky, hot and breathless, as though he had run all the way from the village.

"Where is my friend?" he shouted, darting searching glances about the dim interior.

"Gone to Morzovia for eggs," replied the English speaking hunter.

"Oh!" groaned Serge. "How could he do such a thing? Now we shall be too late, and the cutter will go without us."

His distress was so real that, while not wholly understanding its cause, the good-natured Aleut took pity on him and said: "My bidarkie is here. It has two holes. If you like, we will go to Morzovia. You may then fetch your friend back. I will come in the bidarrah."

Anything was better than a whole night of inaction. It was possible that the cutter would wait for them, and they might yet get back to the village in time. Thus thinking, Serge eagerly accepted this generous offer, and a few minutes later the light bidarkie was skimming the darkening waters of the open sea in the direction of Walrus Islet.

To understand the existing condition of affairs we must have been at the village about the time Phil and Serge were eating dinner with the sea-lion hunters. A newly arrived steamer had just dropped anchor near the *Phoca*, and her master, a stoutly built German named Kuhn, was on his way to visit and report to Captain Matthews. His ship was the *Norsk*, a tramp steamer from San Francisco, bound for the mouth of the great Yukon River with men and supplies for a new Alaskan fur-trading company. He had touched at St. Paul for information and, if possible, to obtain a pilot.

More important than all the rest of his news, in Captain Matthews's estimation, was that of a certain mysterious schooner which the master of the *Norsk* had seen in Oonalaska Harbor. He could learn nothing definite as to her movements, but it was commonly reported that she had been chartered at a big price to go into Bering Sea after seal-skins.

"Confound these poachers!" exclaimed Captain Matthews. "I no sooner get rid of one than another appears. Mr. Ramey, you will please go ashore with the gig, intercept Mr. Ryder and Mr. Belcofsky the moment they return from Northeast Point, and bring them back with you. Tell them we shall leave for the southward the moment they get on board, and that at any rate we must be out of here before sunset."

As the third Lieutenant was rowed toward the village his mind was filled with unpleasant reflections. These chaps were to come on board again, after all, and through them he would be made a butt of ridicule for the ward-room mess. It was tough luck, and he wished they were in Halifax or some other distant part at that moment instead of on the seal island of St. Paul.

When he reached the landing he found that they had not returned. He also found the egg-bidarrah just about to start for an all-night's trip to Walrus Islet. Now, Mr. Ramey had picked up a fair knowledge of the Aleut language, armed with which and a silver dollar he approached the native skipper of the egg-boat.

"The young white gentlemen," he said, "wish very much to visit Morzovia. They are now coming in a bidarrah from Northeast Point. Here is a dollar, which is yours if you will kindly stop when you meet that bidarrah, and invite them to go with you."



A SEAL ISLAND VILLAGE.

The native willingly agreed to do this, and a moment later he had the satisfaction of seeing the egg-boat shove off.

"The scheme may work or it may not," he said to himself. "At any rate, it is worth trying. It gives me one more chance, and it won't hurt those young beggars to wait here a week or so longer until some other ship comes along to take them off."

Half-way up the coast the egg-boat met the other bidarrah, and Serge received an invitation to go to Walrus Islet, which he declined. When he reached the village he found Mr. Ramey patiently waiting.

"Where is Ryder?" asked the young officer.

"He decided to stay behind and spend the night with the hunters," was the reply.

"Then he'll be apt to get left, for the cutter is to sail as soon as you and I can get aboard."

Serge was thunderstruck. For a moment he knew not what to do or say. Then a sudden plan flashed into his mind.

"Mr. Ramey," he said, "I am going overland to fetch my friend. It is the quickest way. Will you kindly beg Captain Matthews to wait for us just as long as he can. I know we can be back before midnight."

"Very well, Mr. Belcofsky; do as you please," replied the officer.

Then without another word Serge set off on a run for the distant point, where he expected to find Phil.

Mr. Ramey returned to the ship, and reported that he believed the young gentlemen had gone to Walrus Islet egg-hunting, and it was doubtful if they returned before the afternoon of the following day.

"The young scamps!" exclaimed Captain Matthews. "So they have given me the slip, after all! Well, I can't wait for them now; but we'll come back and pick them up after we run down this new poacher."

On hearing this Mr. Ramey was greatly troubled, and became filled with a fear that haunted him for some days.

So the *Phoca* sailed away, and her recent passengers were left behind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LAWRENCE, THE HALF-BACK.

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS.

IT is a very fine thing to play football, and a great honor to be on the school team, but such things have their disadvantages. Dick Lawrence began to think so on the night before the Greek examination, and the thought came to him with redoubled force the next day as he was sharpening his pencil on the way across the grounds. It was late in June, and the final examinations were on. And he told some of the boys, while going up stairs to the examination-room, that this time he would not pass. To this one of them replied, "Yes, Lawrence, you will make a dead flunk, as usual," which was sarcasm, for he had made predictions of this sort before, and the others knew how to take them. Lawrence did not object to having it known that he could get along on very little study. Neither would you or I.

He went into the room and took his seat in a careless manner enough, and when Old Bones, the head master, came in and made the usual remarks about any one seen communicating with his neighbor or using any unfair means being summarily dealt with, Lawrence listened absent-mindedly, and recalled the first time he heard that speech. It had made him blush to think that such warnings were necessary, and he had felt like assuring the master that no one would cheat. But he had heard it so often since then that now he felt like saying "chestnuts." The new under master, Mr. Nolan, who was to conduct the examination, looked bored, Lawrence thought, during this proceeding, and when "Old Bones" concluded his remarks by saying, "At the faculty meeting it was decided that the examinations should be conducted with still more strict surveillance," and glanced toward Mr. Nolan, as though asking "Didn't we?" the younger man seemed to be looking in the other direction.

As soon as the head master had left the room, however, Mr. Nolan looked up and said, "Boys, that is straight—about our being told to keep a strict watch. The older masters said they thought it necessary. I'm sorry to have to say it. Personally I don't like this sort of thing. I know most of you fellows well enough to know that you don't need any watching. You are gentlemen, not crooks; and I think an appeal to your honor would be enough—at least, it ought to be. But you all have heard my instructions, so it's my duty to see that nothing unfair is done, and you may be sure I mean to do it." He had a gruff voice, but always spoke in the language the boys used, and never assumed any unnecessary dignity, as do so many under masters fresh from college. "And if I catch any one cribbing," he concluded, "I shall—I don't know what I should do."

Then he turned to the blackboard and wrote the examination questions in that odd plain handwriting that some of the boys imitated, just as they did his manner of wearing the hair. It seemed to be hard for him to talk to them on such a delicate subject. Every afternoon he lined up on the football field with these same boys. They considered him a wonderful man, as indeed he was, for the year before he had played on one of the great college football teams. He and Lawrence's oldest brother Harry were classmates and great friends. Ever since the first day of the term, when Mr. Nolan said, "Why, hello, Dick," as he was getting out of the carriage, the other boys all wished that their brothers had been in that class. They thought it must be a fine thing to know such a man personally. They always listened attentively when Lawrence told what Nolan had said and done during his visits at the Lawrences'. But the best thing about the new master was that he was teaching the school eleven a great system of massed interference and a new tandem trick, and an old-fashioned long pass which was bound to work every time. Lawrence was thinking about these when the under master threw down the chalk and said, "Shake it up, boys; you have only two hours to write your papers in," and then he remembered where he was,

and started to work. Johnson, in the next seat, who worried and studied so hard that he was called the worst poller in the form, had already begun. His face was flushed and his pencil trembled. It made Lawrence tired to see any one care so much about it.

Lawrence did not waste much time over the grammar or composition; he never knew much about that stuff. But he would make up for everything on the translation. That was his strong point.

There were three passages from the Anabasis, or rather the references to them, for which the boys were allowed to bring in their books. He started off with a rush on the first passage. It was one which he had translated in a recitation, and the corrections of the master were fixed in his mind, and even the little pet renderings of certain clauses. The second passage was pretty easy also, and his pencil ran along at a great rate. But when he came to the third and last passage, he could make no more of it than you can of a new lesson which you sit down to study before a recitation. The very first word was such a puzzler. It was a crazy-looking thing, which began with an *eta* and *iota* subscript, and which never should have been allowed to live all these centuries.

And it was very important that Lawrence should know something about this word, for then he would be able to translate the whole sentence, and with that much of a start he was quite sure he could run through the whole passage. But if he could not do that, he was certain that he would be conditioned. And it would never do for Lawrence to receive a condition. For one thing, his father would come down on his playing football, and if he couldn't play with the team next fall, he would not be elected captain the following year, and would not, consequently, run such a good show of doing something on the 'varsity field the year after, when he entered college. And if he didn't have things like that to think about and hope for, what was the use of living? Besides, what would everybody else say when they heard Lawrence had flunked? It would not do at all.

He left the passage for a while—which is the best way to do when you are puzzled in an examination—and tried more of the grammar section, and changed some acute accents, which were right, to circumflexes, which were wrong. Then he looked over his paper once more, and estimated that for the grammar he might get ten, for the composition fifteen, and for the translation, maybe twenty-five. Sixty was the passing mark.

If he could remember that one word—then he suddenly recalled where he had seen it. No wonder it looked familiar. It was a sentence translated in the notes. He had seen it often when looking up other references. He remembered that it was at the top of a page on the right-hand side, and that the italics filled two lines and a half. If he could remember that one sentence, he was sure he could hammer out the rest—at least enough of it to pass him. He made up his mind that after the football season he would buckle down to hard polling. But he could not remember.

He looked about the room. "Sport" Douglass was scratching his head, too. Lawrence remembered how he said a couple of hours before, "Yes, you will make a dead flunk, as usual." Little Simmons with the black curly hair looked up and smiled a queer little perplexed smile when he caught his eye. Lawrence wondered if little Simmons would keep on admiring him as much after he had flunked. If he could only remember that one little sentence so nicely translated in italics. Then he blushed.

He glanced up and found Mr. Nolan looking straight at him, and then he blushed still more, though he did not know why, and turned his eyes away, as did Mr. Nolan. It made Lawrence angry, and he felt like going up and demanding, "Do you think I am cribbing?" Mr. Nolan had no reason to suspect him. Lawrence had no reason to think that he did.

The under master was becoming too officious of late. Lawrence thought that the fact of Nolan's being a friend of his brother was no excuse for his acting as he had been doing lately. Only last week he had come to Lawrence's room again. "See here, Lawrence," he had said, in his gruff tone, with his hands in his pockets, "you've got to take a brace. I think I'm a good enough friend of yours to give you advice. You see, I've been through all this, and I know that it pays to get a good prep, even though you propose to loaf all the time you're in college." Then he paused a moment, and added, "Of course I understand that it's none of my business exactly, but that's my opinion, and you can take it for what it's worth." Then he slammed the door and hurried down the stairs.

Lawrence had considered this all right at the time. But as he did not happen to take the brace, he became dissatisfied, and quite naturally blamed it all upon others. So now he was drumming upon the desk, and telling it that Mr. Nolan had a great deal of nerve to meddle with his affairs. He was as bad as the rest of the faculty. Old Bones said, "Cheat if you dare; I give you leave to try." And Nolan thought to win their favor by appealing to their honor, and then ended his remarks by saying, "I'll watch you, just the same." It was mean and it was low, and it was enough to make any one want to crib. That was the reason he was putting his fingers in between the leaves of the book where the notes were. He looked behind him to see if any of the boys saw what he was doing. But cribbers generally do not sit up straight and do their work in plain sight, and none of the boys noticed it. Then turning the pages quickly and carelessly, as he would in his own room when at study, he looked toward the front of the room again, and met Mr. Nolan's eyes, which were fixed intently upon him. Lawrence dropped his head and closed the book, and listened to the steam-heater clanking




"HERE IT COMES," HE SAID TO HIMSELF; "NOW, THEN, TAKE A BRACE."

in the back of the room and to Johnson's pencil scratching like a newspaper reporter's at a ball game, and waited for Mr. Nolan to call his name and send him to Old Bones for dismissal from school. He imagined just how the others would stop writing and look up surprised, and say to themselves, "Why, it's Lawrence!" and then when the door had closed after him go to writing again. But Mr. Nolan did not speak, except once, when he said, "Boys, you have half an hour to finish your papers in." It seemed like many half-hours to Lawrence, and when it was over he gritted his teeth and filed out with the others. They whistled and laughed and sang on the way down stairs, as every one does when through with an examination. Lawrence whistled a little too, and asked and answered the question, "How did you hit it?" But he had not written another word on his paper. Nor had he once looked up at Mr. Nolan.

When the examinations were over the boys generally gathered in the library to wait for dinner. But Lawrence went off to his room alone, and began to pack his trunk. He wondered whether they would give him twenty-four hours to get ready or send him off home that night. But he would fool them there. He had thought it out very carefully. He had pictured meeting his father, the Colonel, and remembered how he used to talk to his sons about the honor of the Lawrences. He decided that he could not go home. He would go off to some other city, and begin as an office-boy, and work up. He thought he could succeed. Perhaps some time he could forget all this. Then he heard a step on the stairs which he recognized.

"Here it comes," he said to himself. "Now, then, take a brace." His heart began to beat a little faster, in spite of himself, but he was perfectly calm, just as, when the team formed the flying wedge at the beginning of a game, he trembled sometimes, though he was always cool and determined.

The door was ajar, and the caller did not stop to knock. Lawrence began to arrange some books on the table. Then the under master said, "Lawrence!"

The tone sounded harsh and authoritative, and it made Lawrence double up his fists, but he only said, "Mr. Nolan," in a low tone.

"I looked over all the Greek papers this afternoon," Mr. Nolan said. "Yours is very poor."

"I know that," said Lawrence, without turning his face from the window.

"But poor as it is, there are several which are worse." The under master's voice still seemed harsh. "You scraped through—just barely, but you passed." Then there was a pause. "Did you expect to?"

"No," said Lawrence.

There was another pause. The young master drummed on the open door with his knuckles, and looked at Lawrence, whose face was still turned toward the window, through which he was staring hard at nothing. Suddenly he turned squarely about and faced Mr. Nolan. "What's all this dallying about?" he blurted out. "Why don't you say what you came up to say? I suppose you want to see whether I will confess."

"Because I did not know just what to say to you, Lawrence; because I could not believe my own eyes, and would not now if I could help it. Dick," said the under master, changing his tone, "you're too nice a fellow for this sort of thing. I know your people, and I thought I knew you, Dick, and, blame it all, I can't make the two things jibe." He was calling him Dick, just as he used to long ago when Lawrence was a little high-voiced fellow in knickerbockers when Nolan used to spend vacations at the Lawrences. He used to take him out in the surf on those broad shoulders. "You know I never had a mother, Dick—that is, since I can remember—but if I had one like yours I think I should—all right, I won't say that." Then he stopped, and seemed to be wondering what he could say next. Lawrence ought to have been wondering about that too, but he wasn't at all. He was thinking of the last time he came home, and how there came out into the hall to meet him some one who kissed him and said, "My big strong boy."

"Once I did something like that you did to-day," the under master was saying. "It was not in an examination, but I was about to take an unfair advantage of another. He was the only one who knew, just as I am the only one who knows what you have done to-day. The way he treated me for it was the turning-point of my life. Don't ever mention this. I never told any one before. Dick, I am going to do the same to you. I can do so conscientiously too, because you wrote nothing more on your paper. He didn't do a thing. He let it slide. You'll keep mum about what I told you about myself, won't you? What do you say?"

But Lawrence, the half-back, wasn't saying anything. He was doing something he did not do the year before when the tendon in his leg was torn in the Ballington game, nor even when he fell out of the rigging of the yacht when he was ten years old. Neither of them ever spoke of it again except once, a year afterwards. It was the day after Commencement, and Lawrence had just received word that he had passed for Princeton without conditions. He was saying good-by, and he said to Mr. Nolan, "The only reason my name was in the honor list is—the fact is, I never should have graduated at all if it hadn't been—"

But Mr. Nolan interrupted him. "That's all right," he said. "Now remember what the 'varsity captain told you about keeping in shape this summer."

## THE REFORMATORY ROOSTER.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THERE was once a merry old farmer who delighted in playing tricks upon the various animals and fowls upon his place. His love for this kind of pastime was almost ungovernable, and he never seemed to weary of it. He would be beside himself with joy when an opportunity presented itself to shake the chickens suddenly off the branches of a tree, like so many apples, and if he could think of nothing else to do, he would impale turnips on the horns of the cow that he might enjoy the efforts of the latter to satisfy her appetite with them.

This sort of thing went on for a long while, until the pigs were afraid to eat the apples he tossed to them, for fear of becoming the victims of some well-laid joke. One day the old Shanghai rooster sitting on the rail-fence soliloquized:

"I think it very mean that this farmer, to whom we all owe allegiance, should treat us in this way. We lay eggs for him, and give milk for him, and fill his winter's barrel with pork; and he seems to have nothing like a fair appreciation of us and our efforts for his welfare and happiness. And I feel sure that he should be taught a lasting lesson for the sake of his future.

"Of course he doesn't know that I am a Friday rooster, and that I was hatched with my spurs on, and that with my spurs I broke the shell and walked into the light of day. And if he did know all these things, he would not know that through them I have only to wish a thing to make it come to pass."

Thereupon the old rooster wandered into the kitchen to begin the reformation of the joking farmer. When he had stepped over the sill he heard the farmer say to his wife, "Molly, don't you think we had better have some baked beans to-night? We haven't had any since the week before last."

"They have been soaking all night," responded the farmer's wife, feeling glad of the pleasant surprise her words wrought on him, "and in a few minutes they will be in the oven."

"Aha!" chuckled the rooster, "now is my time."

So he stood in the doorway on one leg, and saw the farmer's wife put the beans in the stove, and when she opened the oven door about twenty minutes later to see how they were doing she was greatly surprised to find that they had burst into blossom. Her expression of bewilderment was so great that it made the rooster smile so broadly that he felt obliged to put his head under his wing lest his hilarity be observed.

"I declare to gracious," she said, as she removed the pan and put it on the table, "this is the queerest thing I ever saw! All my beans are in full flower, and they seem to be growing. I wonder what kind of a scent they have?"

As she bent forward to smell the blossoms the old reformatory rooster peeped between his feathers, only to see her draw back when they burned her nose, because they had not cooled.

"Gracious!" she said, as she rubbed her nose with her hand, having first dipped it in cold water. "This is something I cannot understand."

Just at this moment the farmer came in, and when he saw the condition of the beans and heard his wife's story concerning them he was dumfounded. "Well," he said, "if our beans have been spoiled, I think it would be a good plan to kill the old rooster and stew him for dinner; he is pretty old and tough, but I guess he'll do."

So he picked up the broom to stun the reformatory rooster that was still chuckling in his wing at the idea. No sooner had he taken hold of the broom than he began to sweep the floor with might and main.

"Why don't you hit the rooster?" asked his wife.

"That is just what I want to do," he replied, "but I can't; I am sweeping in spite of myself."

"I remember how he once set off fire-crackers under my perch," said the reformatory rooster, "and now it is my turn."

So the old farmer went on sweeping, and as the dust went out of the door the wind blew it in the window, and the more he swept the more the floor needed sweeping. Although exhausted, it was impossible for him to relax his efforts.

Just then some neighbors added to his mortification by dropping in and asking an explanation of his curious movements.

"I can't stop," he replied, as he swept on with renewed vigor.

"Why don't you send for the doctor?" asked one.

This question seemed to have weight with the reformatory rooster. "Perhaps," said the barn-yard troubadour, "I am too cruel in keeping him in this sea of dust, and I will therefore have him go forth and sweep the farm a little."

Just then the old farmer ran out of the door and began to sweep the grass quite as hard as he had swept the floor. He was greatly annoyed when he noticed the cows laughing at his frantic efforts, for they stopped eating while he passed them, and seemed to enjoy his discomfiture very much, because they could see he was having a terrible time, and they well remembered the pranks he had delighted in playing on them, such, for instance, as tying them together by the tails.

Although very indignant at his position, which he was at a loss to understand, he did not realize just how absurd a figure he was cutting until he swept his way down to the pig-sty, and saw the pigs standing upon their hind-legs, with their foremost members placidly folded over the top bar of the pen. They were grinning from ear to ear, and finally they burst into shrieks, such as they utter when being killed. These shrieks of laughter seemed to shake the very hills, and the pigs were greatly rejoiced, because they well remembered how the farmer had given them apples filled with red pepper for the pleasure of hearing them cough and seeing them shed copious tears.

"Why don't you stop sweeping?" asked one of the pigs, an old spotted patriarch, as soon as he could control himself sufficiently to speak.

The farmer did not deign to reply, but swept on down toward the turnip patch, where the old reformatory rooster had proceeded in advance.

On his way he passed under an apple-tree. This tree had a gaunt outspreading limb, and upon the end of it was a hard red apple. The tree took a deliberate aim, drew its branch back as far as it could, and threw the apple at the farmer, hitting him squarely on the nose. He could not loosen his hold on the broom to rub the injured member; and when he began to sneeze, a large yellow turnip noticed his expression of woe, and by a great effort jumped out of the earth and knocked his hat off, which only increased his agony, while the reformatory rooster chuckled in great glee, and a fallen tree, overcome with laughter, split itself into kindling wood.

Sweep, sweep, sweep, went the farmer until he came to the pumpkins. Some of them were warty specimens, and seemed to have noses and ears. He soon noticed that those that had what looked like grotesque human faces were all on a broad grin. And when he made a desperate kick at one of them, it suddenly burst like a bombshell, and covered him from head to foot with seeds and the golden filigree that constituted its inner pumpkin.

The old farmer presented so woful an appearance that the heart of the reformatory rooster was at last touched, and he lost no time in turning the farmer about and sending him sweeping towards the house. The pigs and cows saluted him as he went by, and he felt greatly relieved when he reached the door and found that he could stand the broom in the corner and take a seat in the rocking-chair.

"The worst of it all was," he said to his wife, "that the animals laughed at me, and seemed to enjoy my misery."

"But don't you laugh at the animals and enjoy their misery every time you play a joke on them?"

"I do; but I'll never again play a trick on them, or do anything to make them unhappy."

The reformatory rooster felt very happy in the knowledge of the fact that he had succeeded in teaching the farmer so wholesome a lesson.

"As long as he keeps his word," said the old fowl, with a smile of pleasure, "I shall do all in my power to shield him from evil and misfortune. In short, I shall endeavor to be his guardian rooster."

And when the old farmer and his wife happened to look at the pan of blooming beans a little later, they were surprised to find that each of the flowers had turned to a golden coin, and the beans to a steaming hot plum-pudding.

## DAISIES AND CLOVER.

DAISIES and clover,
The wide land over,
Swaying and nodding and bright with bloom.
Daisies and clover
The great fields cover,
And fill the winds with their sweet perfume

Daisies and clover,
And each child lover
May gather and pluck them and hold them fast,
Over and over,
For daisies and clover
Haven't we watched, and they're here at last.



THE TRAVELLING CALF.

It was a festive little calf
That left his home behind,
And went a-travelling to improve
His somewhat bovine mind.

He walked into his master's home,
And took a glance about;
But not a thing did he see there
That he could quite make out

And when he felt his appetite
Beginning for to grow,
He tried to eat the buds that on
The papered wall did blow.

But finding that this diet was
A disappointment sore,
He tried to taste the carpet greens
Upon the parlor floor.

But these he found were quite as vain;
And so it came to pass
He saw 'twas better far for him
To go again to grass,

And leave to other creatures, quite
Distinct from his own kind,
The task of travelling to improve
A somewhat bovine mind.

## SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

SIX children walked down the lane to the mill-stream. They were going wading. Mabel and Jessie were the farmer's daughters. The others, two boys and two girls, belonged to a family staying at the farm-house.

Pretty pink roses were in bloom all the way to the bridge and on either side. There were plenty of blackberry-bushes too, but they had no berries yet, although Carrie looked for them every day.

The girls sat down on the bank of the stream to take off their shoes and stockings. "Sit down, Willie. Sit down, Carrie," said Lottie. She tucked their stockings into their shoes, and put them high up on the bank. "No one can get them there," she said, "and they won't fall into the water. Now come, children." Lottie was only twelve, but she always called the younger ones "children."

They waded out into the smooth shallow water across to the island, and up and down over the pebbles and stones. Tiny fish and tadpoles were all about, and the girls gave small shrieks whenever they swam over the five pairs of little white feet. Fred took his shoes in his hand, and walked down stream to look for flag-root.

"Let's go under the bridge and down to the lower end of the island," said Mabel.

So they waded down stream, and under the branches of the birch-trees which stood along the edge of the water.

"Girls," called Fred from below, "somebody is coming down the bridge road."

"Who is it, Fred?"

"Those people staying at the hotel."

"Gracious! Our shoes are 'way up there on the bank!" exclaimed Lottie.

The little city girl thought it a terrible thing to be seen with bare feet.

"They're coming down to the bridge," said Mabel, in a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know what we *shall* do," cried Lottie in despair.

Willie, thinking some calamity at hand, began to cry.

"Hush, Willie, hush. We'll go home presently."

"I want mamma," said he.

"Let's walk under the bridge," suggested Mabel. "They'll go across, and we can come out after they've gone by."

Four of the children crowded under the narrow bridge. Little Carrie determinately walked up the bank, secured her shoes, and tramped homeward. The people on the bridge did not disturb *her*.

Jessie clung to Mabel's side, and Willie to Lottie's. They did not understand why they must stand in the water and wait.

The lady and gentleman and little girl got as far as the centre of the bridge. The children could hear them talking.

"It's very pleasant here," said the lady.

"Sit down and rest, my dear," said the gentleman. "You are tired."

"Yes, do, mamma," said the little girl. "Papa can fix me a line, and I'll fish."

Lottie, under the bridge, groaned.

"I want to go home," whimpered Willie.

"Yes, yes, Willie. What *shall* we do, Mabel?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mabel.

Somebody else settled the question—somebody who was coming down the lane, smiling as she came. At her side trotted Carrie, her shoes and stockings this time on her plump little feet.

"Mamma! mamma!" called Willie.

Lottie tried to quiet him, but gave a sigh of relief while she did it.

"Come, children," called mamma, laughing. "You will have to be excused, I think, while you come out and get your shoes and stockings."

Much humbled at their dreadful predicament, the children came from their hiding-place.

"Our shoes are up the other side of the bridge," explained Lottie, in a crushed tone.

Up the bank they walked, right under the laughing eyes of the lady and the gentleman and the little girl.

"I'll never go wading in that dreadful brook again," cried Lottie, shuddering. But she did—the next day.

### AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

THE following anecdote of an absent-minded man has lately come to hand, and while some of you may have heard it before, it seems to be too good to be passed over entirely.

Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrowes, the celebrated barrister, and one of Ireland's "worthies," is the following remarkable instance of absence of mind: A friend called upon him one morning in his dressing-room, and found him shaving with his face to the wall. He asked him why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."

"Why," said his friend, "there is no glass there!"

"Bless me!" Burrowes observed, "I did not notice that before."

Ringing the bell, he called his servant, and questioned him respecting his looking-glass.

"Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed *six weeks ago*."

### A WISE SCARECROW.

"I SAY," said the tramp to the scarecrow, "let's swap clothes."

"Not I," said the scarecrow. "Fact is, it would never do."

"Why not?" said the tramp.

"Well, the crows, seeing me, are scared. They think I'll run after 'em. But if they thought I was like you they'd know I'd rather fall asleep. I tell you, old man, crows know a thing or two. They judge by appearances."

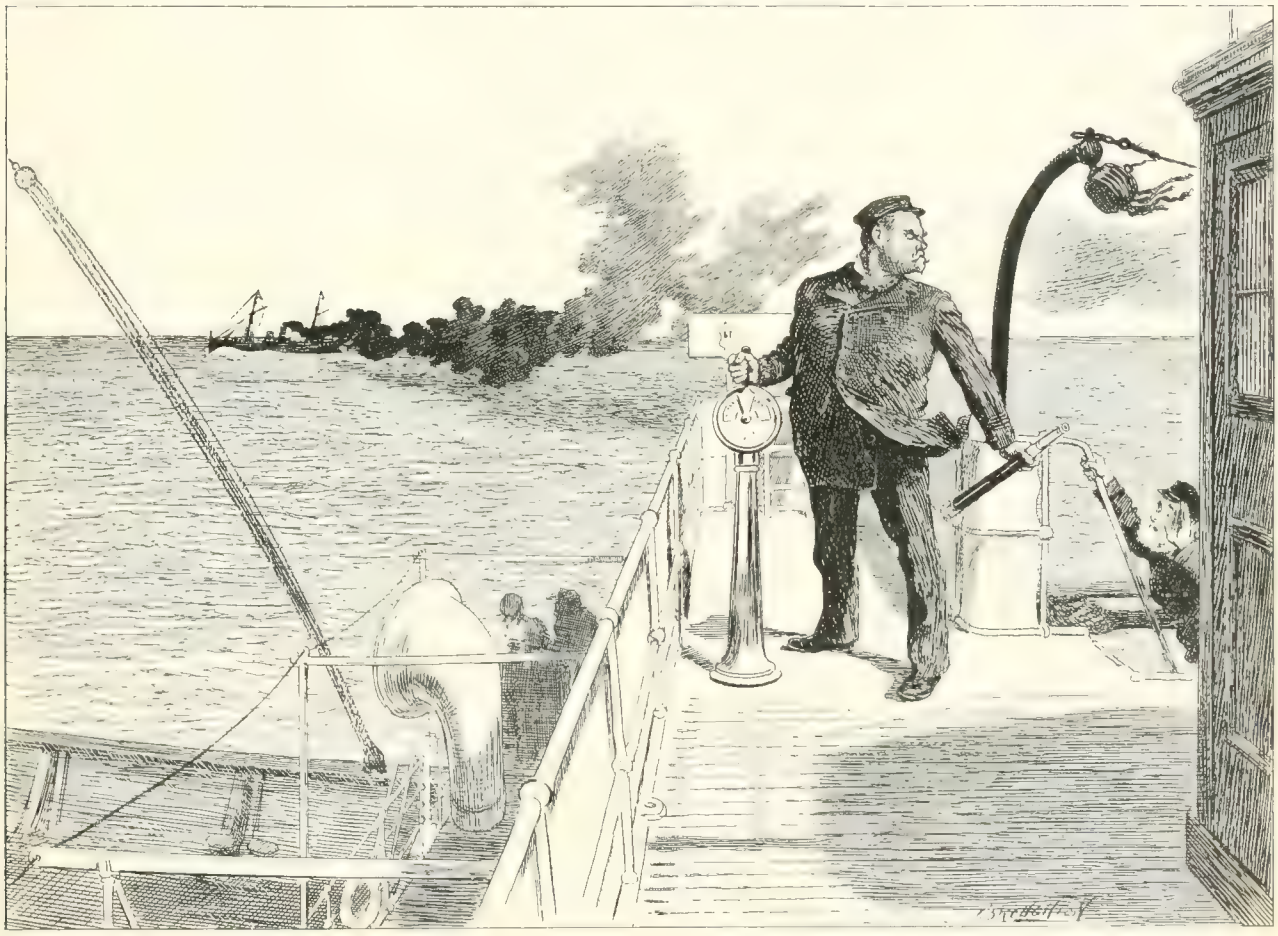
# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## A VERY HOT CONTEST.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a clear, cool summer morning, and the Old Sailor sat in his customary place at the end of the pier. The two boys were sitting beside him. All three were gazing out on the ocean. The long glassy swells rolled lazily in, and shattered themselves into fragments of flashing silver against the hard yellow beach. A stately fish-hawk soared high above, a floating silhouette against the clear blue sky. Far out to the eastward a magnificent full-rigged ship with double topsails and topgallants rolled slowly as she vainly strove to make her way to the southward in the light air. Nearer to the land two steamers were tearing the water into clouds of smokelike spray as they hurried down the coast. Heavy columns of black smoke showed that the stokers hidden away in the dark recesses below were spreading fresh coal on the fires.

"S'posin' I was to ax you," said the Old Sailor, suddenly, "what them there two steamers was a-doin', wot 'd you say?"

"I'd say that they were firing up," answered Henry, confidently.

"'Werry good,' said the Old Sailor. "'werry good as fur as it goes. But wot are they a-firin' up fur?"

"'Because they're in a hurry,' said I, the George.

"'Also, moreover, an' likewise werry good too. But boys, me ver ye ain't hit the p'int yit.'

"'Won't you tell us what the point is?" said Henry.

"'That are the werry identical thing wot I'm about to go fur to come fur to do," answered the Old Sailor. "'Ye see them there two steamers is a startin' on a race.'

"'Oh!" exclaimed both boys.

"'Edzackly—oh," continued the Old Sailor, gravely. Then, after a moment of silence, he unexpectedly continued: "'W'ich the same it reminds me o' the v'yage I made on the tramp-steamer *Pickled Pepper* from Constantinople to Noo Yawk in the year 1878."

"Please tell us about it," said the boys.

"'Ain't you two boys knowed me long enough to know that w'en I gits reminded o' suthin' I allus tells ye about it? Wot else's the use o' gittin' reminded? Anyhow, s' help me Sally Growler ef this ain't the way wot it happened. The *Pickled Pepper* had taken on a cargo o' ottomans. Do ye know wot a ottoman are?"

"'It's a sofa without a back, isn't it?"

"'Werry good. It aren't got no back an' consequentially no backbone, w'ich are w'y it's like Turkey, an' that are w'y it are called the Ottoman Empire. Ottomans was all the rage in 1878, an' the genooine ones from Turkey was a-sellin' like hot cakes. The steamer *P. W. Murphy* were a-loadin' with 'em at the same time we was, an' we knowed there were a-goin' to be a scrimmage to see who'd git to Noo Yawk fust. 'Cos w'y, ef we both got in at oncet an' dumped all our ottomans on to the market, the price 'd go down. But ef we could git in a day or two ahead, the firm wot were a-goin' to take our ottomans could git 'em all sold off afore the *P. W. Murphy* could discharge her cargo. Well, as luck 'd have it, jess as we was a-gittin' the last o' our cargo aboard, somethin' busted down in the engine-room. The engineer said as how it would take twenty-four hours to repair it, so the *P. W. Murphy* got to sea six hours ahead o' us. That made our Cap'n b'ilin' mad. As soon as we started he shouts down the tube to the engineer, 'Shove the old kettle through it till her sides smoke; we got to beat that Irish tramp to Sandy Hook.' An' the engineer he sez to the Cap'n, sez he, 'Werry good, sir; it should be did.'

"Putty soon a most outrageous black smoke come a-rollin' up out o' the funnels. 'That's business,' sez the Cap'n; 'but goodness gracious, wot a lot o' soot are a-fallin'!' Sure 'nuff, the soot beginned fur to come down out o' that smoke like it were black snow, an' putty soon the whole deck abaft the smoke-stack were covered with it two inches deep. The Cap'n he calls the bo'sun's mate, an' tells him to git a gang o' men an' shovel it off, an' then he calls down to the engineer, an' sez he to him, sez he, 'Wot on 'arth are you a-burnin'?' An' the engineer sez he to him, sez he: 'It's that bloomin' Turkish coal. I think they've swindled us. We bought it at the same place as the *P. W. Murphy*, though.' Then the Cap'n danced an' used hard words. 'Them fellows has paid the coal-man to sell us bad coal, but we'll beat 'em anyhow.' So he ordered the engineer to pile on the coal, an' not stop to worry about whether it 'd last till we got to port, an' he told him to tie down the safety-valve. 'We'll bust our b'ilers an' all go to Davy Jones's locker afore we git beat,' sez the Cap'n. 'Werry good, sir,' sez the engineer, to him, sez he; 'Davy Jones's locker are our port, ef yer sez so.' An' then the smoke beginned fur to git wuss an' wuss. We was all busy tryin' to sweep the soot off the deck, but we could hear the awful rumpus the engines was a-makin' down below. I made up my mind that Davy Jones's locker were close aboard o' us, but it turned out that we wasn't bound there, arter all.

"It were daylight the fourth day w'en the *P. W. Murphy* were sighted dead ahead o' us. She were about ten miles away, an' so we'd gained a good fifty mile on her. 'Cos w'y, we reckoned that her best speed were about ten knots, an' we'd got up to a p'int ten miles astern arter her leavin' six hours ahead o' us. Well, mebbe that 'ere *P. W. Murphy* weren't a-hustlin'. She sart'nly were. W'y, the water were a-flyin' a dozen feet high under her starn where the perpeller were a-slashin' it. But, ye see, the wessel's lines was so full that she couldn't be druv no faster. An' now it come to a question o' who could keep up the strain best an' longest.

"'Put suthin' greasy onto your fires,' calls our Cap'n down to the engineer.

"'All right, sir,' sez the engineer, sez he. 'We got two hundred Cincinnati hams in our stores. How'll them do?'

"'Let the cook cut all the fat off 'em, an' heave it in.'

"'Werry good,' sez the engineer, sez he. An' in half an hour light blue smoke beginned fur to come up out o' the smokestack, an' dear, dear, what a dreadful smell! Next thing we knowed the same kind o' smoke were a-comin' from the *P. W. Murphy*.

"'They're a-burnin' their hams, too,' sez the Cap'n, 'but we'll beat 'em at that game.'

"Then he ordered the ship's carpenter to broach the paint-room stores, an' in a few minutes the stokers was a-firin' up with raw an' boiled linseed oil, turpentine, Japan, mineral paint, an' patent dryer. My eye, you never see nothin' burn like that patent dryer! It made the fire so hot that the engineer called up through the tube,

"'The steam's too much heated; it's makin' the cylinders red hot!'

"'Turn the hose on 'em,' sez the Cap'n, sez he. 'We got to beat that bloomin' tramp, an' there mustn't be no accidents.'

"The perpeller were a-thrashin' away mos' dreadful, w'en all on a suddent there were a jolt, an' the engineer reports that one blade were bruk off the screw.

"'Make her go around faster then,' sez the Cap'n.

"'Then I got to have more fire,' sez the engineer.

"'Send down the topgallant-yards,' sez the Cap'n, 'an' w'en them's gone give him the tops'l-yards. I'll burn all the wood on the consarned ole hooker, but I will catch the *P. W. Murphy*.'

"The yards was lowered an' chopped up, an' byme-by we got orders to give the stokers the topmasts. The lower-masts was iron, so they couldn't burn them; but we unrove all the riggin' wot were made o' tarred rope, an' that went into the fire too. The furnaces was red-hot now, an' hands was a-standin' by heavin' water on 'em to keep 'em from meltin'. Every half-hour the steward went 'round an' put ice on the heads o' the engineers an' stokers, or else they'd 'a' died right at their posts. The thermometer were 170° in the fire-room. Fust thing we knowed there were another jolt, an' the engineer calls up,

"'Another blade are gone, sir.'

"'Turn the bloomin' thing around faster,' sez the Cap'n, sez he.

"'Gimme more fire!' yells the engineer.

"'Rip out the cabin bulkheads,' sez the Cap'n.

"Bang! went the axes, an' we commenced choppin' the ship apart.

"'I wonder ef we're a-gainin' any onto her,' sez the Cap'n.

"Then he sends for his sextant, an' he takes the altitood o' the *P. W. Murphy's* water-line, an' he sez, sez he:

"'We ain't a-gainin' a bloomin' foot onto her. We got to make more steam an' drive that one blade faster or bust our b'ilers in the attempt.'

"'Werry good, sir,' sez the mate, w'ich he were me. 'Wot shall we burn next?'

"'The deck houses an' the boats. Let 'er go!'

"An' accordin' to orders I lets 'er go, fur I seed now that the Cap'n was bound to win, ef he had to jump into the furnace hisself. This 'ere race wot I'm a-tellin' you 'bout had now been goin' on several days, an' we was more'n half-way across. The *P. W. Murphy* were still about ten mile ahead o' us. All at oncet she stopped.

"'Quick! Quick!' yells the Cap'n; 'git me my glass, till I see wot's the matter with her.'

"I fetched him the glass, an' he took a squint. Then he ups an' slams the glass down on the deck, an' knocked it so crooked you could see round turns in the horizon-line.

"'They've come across a dirilict loaded with wood, an' they're a-gittin' of 't aboard!' sez he to me, sez he.

"'Werry good, sir; but all the time we're a-runnin' up onto her hand over hand,' sez I to he, sez I, jess like that, him bein' Cap'n an' me mate.

"'But you howlin' old idiot,' sez he to me, sez he, 'we're a-burnin' up the ship under our werry feet!'

"'We ain't a-burnin' the engine an' the screw, sez I to he, sez I.

"'You're a loonatic,' sez he, dancin' round like his feet hurt him.

"'It are so hot down here that the men can't stand,' comes up from the engine-room.

"'Turn a hose on 'em an' cool 'em off,' sez the Cap'n.

"'But that 'll fill the engine-room with water.'

"'Bail it out, then!'

"I made up my mind the Cap'n were gone crazy, an' I'd have to stand by to save the ship. The *P. W. Murphy* knocked off takin' on wood w'en we got about two mile astern o' her, an' beginned ploughin' ahead agin at a ten-knot gait. She hadn't burnt up her yards nor nothin', but she'd sent all her spars down, so as to be on even tarmes with us.

"'Can't ye drive that thing around faster?' yells the Cap'n down to the engine-room agin.

"'No, our fire's gittin' low.'

"'Rip up the deck!' sez the Cap'n.

"'All hands rip up deck!' yells the bo'sun's mate.

"The men stared a bit, an' then fell to with axes an' hatchets, an' the plankin' beginned fur to come up. It were good fat Georgy pine, an', my lands, how 't did burn! We piled that on, an' then the steward came on deck, an' sez he to the Cap'n, sez he,

"'We got lots o' sugar an' molasses an' sweet oil an' putty consid'able kerosene in the stores.'

"'W'y on 'arth didn't ye tell us that afore?' screamed the Cap'n. 'Put 'em all in the furnace fires.'

"Ten minutes arterward he hollers down to the engineer:

"'How are your fires now? Hot 'nuff?'

"'Too hot! The iron plates in the ship's sides is a-meltin'.'

"'Let 'em melt an' be blowed!' sez the Cap'n.

"'But this 'ere wessel 'll sink,' sez I to he, sez I.

"'Who 'n Jerusalem cares?' sez he to me, jess like that.

"'But we can't get the cargo to port ef the ship sinks,' sez I to he.

"Can't, eh—can't? Call yourself an old sailor? You watch me, an' I'll show ye how we can get this 'ere cargo into port.'

"Then he orders the bo'sun's mate to take all hands b'low an' pack them ottomans down into the lower hold.

"'Cut away all the bulkheads,' sez he, 'an' run the ottomans in solid from stem to starn. Then git all the wire riggin' aboard an' lash 'em together, so they can't possibly come apart.'

"The hands jumped b'low to do w'at he'd told 'em. All this time the ship were a-reelin' an' a-tremblin' like she had a fit. But we was a-gainin' on the *P. W. Murphy*. Half an hour later we passed her. All hands was called on deck to cheer. But the engineer he yells up the tube,

"'All the bolts in the wessel's frames is melted out, an' I spect she'll fall apart.'

"'Let 'er go!' yells the Cap'n. 'All hands b'low!'

"He jumped off the bridge an' tumbled down into the hold. We all follered, even the man at the wheel. The next minute there were a crash an' a tremendous sizzlin', an' the old ship jess opened out like a piece o' paper wot's bin folded. There were nothin' left to hold her together, an' her iron sides flattened out an' went steamin' an' bubblin' down into the sea. An' then we all seed the Cap'n's idee. Fur we found ourselves afloat on them there ottomans, an', bless your souls, so were the furnaces an' the engines an' the shaft an' the perpeller! All the time we'd been so excited that we didn't know where we was, but now we seed that we was not more 'n twenty miles off Sandy Hook. At that werry minute blow me fur pickles ef there weren't a tremenjis explogion, an' we seed that the *P. W. Murphy* had bust her b'ilers!

"'Hooray!' sez the Cap'n.

"'Hooray!' sez us.

"At that there were a jolt an' a wobble, an' wot d'ye think?"

"What?" asked the boys, breathlessly.

"The rest o' our perpeller were gone.

"'Stick a ottoman onto the shaft!' sez the Cap'n.

"No sooner said than done, an' the whole crew putty nigh died a-laffin' to see that Turkish sofa thrashin' the water. But it kep' us goin' ahead, an' byme-by we got a tug an' was towed up the harbor, an' got our cargo landed twelve hours ahead o' the *P. W. Murphy*."

"A great victory!" exclaimed Henry.

"Not so werry, either," said the Old Sailor, solemnly. "'Cos w'y, they went an' discharged me an' the Cap'n fur gittin' the goods damidged by water!"

## HOW THEY MADE FANCY CAKES.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE girls were already in the kitchen the day of the next cooking lesson when Miss Dodge appeared laden with various small parcels.

"Such a time as I had getting this almond paste!" she said, putting her bundles on the table. "Open it, and look well at it, girls, for I fought and bled and almost died for it."

"It looks rather like putty," said Ethel, as the wrappings were removed from a lump of light-brown paste of a consistency resembling heavy Graham bread.

"What do we do with it, Miss Dodge?"

"Make macaroons with it, for one thing," replied Miss Dodge.

"Sure enough. This is the day for fancy cakes, isn't it?" exclaimed Gertrude.

"*Isn't* it? I should say it is," cried Nellie. "You cold-blooded, unemotional creature. I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of it, and here you seem uncertain about it." And she turned her back upon Gertrude with a fine air of scorn.

"I'm sure I like the lessons just as much as you do," began Gertrude, tartly; but the incipient squabble was checked by Miss Dodge with her usual introductory phrase:

"Come, girls, let's get to work. The first thing to do," she went on, "is to put on the sugar to boil for icing, and then to make a cake to use the icing on."

"I didn't know you ever *cooked* icing," said Mary. "When mother makes it, she just beats the whites of egg up with sugar, and spreads it on the cake."



MISS DODGE APPEARED LADEN WITH PARCELS.

"That is a very good quick icing," said the teacher, "but it has one fault: it is very likely to crack as soon as it is hard. French or *fondant* icing may be made by the quantity, and kept a long time, and is always ready for use."

"May I make it?" asked Carolyn.

"You may do the actual work on it if you wish, but the others must see how it is done, for it is one of those simple receipts that some good cooks think very hard, and I would like to have you learn for yourselves how simple it is. First take this porcelain-lined kettle, and put into it a pound of granulated sugar. Add to that a small cup of water."

"Hot or cold?" queried Carolyn.

"Either may be used, but of course it will heat more quickly if you take the hot. Now stir the sugar and water together, take out the spoon, and put the saucepan on one side of the stove."

"And is that all there is to it?" asked Carolyn, in a rather disappointed tone.

"That and a little more," answered the teacher. "There is nothing else to be done until it has boiled for a while. Now for the cake."

"Please tell us just what we are going to make," begged Nannie.

"First a plain cup-cake to practise upon with your icing. A pound-cake is really better for fancy cakes because it is of closer grain, but the cup-cake is much less expensive, and will serve our purpose of to-day quite as well as something more elaborate. Then we will have macaroons and jumbles. And we are to have our luncheon, too, you know."

"That long-delayed omelet?" laughed Nellie.

"Yes, and chicken salad and soufflé bread and cocoa."

"All that and Heaven too," quoted Nellie, dramatically.

"The last is not in my charge," said the teacher, dryly. "I can only answer for the luncheon."

"Well, who is to make what?" asked Ethel, eager for the fray.

"I think two of you would better make the cake," said Miss Dodge. "Nannie and Mary might do that. Then Ethel could do the jumbles. You see, we must not forget we have the luncheon to cook too. Nellie, how would you like to do the mayonnaise dressing?"

"Very much," said Nellie, but with a look of indecision that made Miss Dodge say,

"One of the other girls can do it if you don't care to."

"Oh, I do—I do!" cried Nellie. "The only thing is, I did want to have a finger in those macaroons."

"Oh, that can easily be arranged. Gertrude may begin on the macaroons now, and you can finish your dressing in time to help her with the last touches. Carolyn, you may cut up the celery and chicken while you are waiting for your icing to cook."

"What about the omelet and bread and cocoa?" asked Gertrude.

"They come later. Now for the cake. It is the good old 'one, two, three, four' kind. 'One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs.' But you must add two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder to the flour and use a cup of milk besides, or your cake will be a failure. Rub the butter and sugar together until they are creamy; beat the whites and yolks separately, and add the yolks to the butter and sugar; then put in the milk, the flour, and baking-powder, and the whites last of all."

"How long must I beat the whites?" asked Nannie.

"Until they are so stiff you could cut them with a knife or turn the bowl upside down without their slipping out," said Miss Dodge.

"But how am I to know when the yolks are beaten enough?"

"They will grow thick and creamy. Ethel, you and Gertrude must divide your eggs. You need the yolks of two for your jumbles, and she must have the whites of two for her macaroons. Before you break them you would better weigh out your other materials. Six ounces of the almond paste for you, Gertie, and half a pound of powdered sugar. Nellie, what are you doing?"

"Getting ready for the mayonnaise," rejoined Nellie. She had collected salad-oil, vinegar, mustard-box, pepper and salt, and a soup plate at one end of the table. "These are the things our waitress uses when she makes salad dressing, although I don't know what she does with them."

"You are an enterprising young woman," commented Miss Dodge. "But you need one or two things besides—a lemon, and a fork to mix your dressing with. Put the white of one egg into a cup, and the yolk in your soup plate, with a good pinch of mustard—about a salt-spoonful. Squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and begin stirring. As soon as the yolk and lemon are mixed, begin putting in oil, a few drops at a time, stirring all the while, and as soon as the mixture begins to thicken add the oil more rapidly.

"Ethel, you will need for your jumbles four ounces of butter, four ounces of sugar, and a scant six ounces of flour. Cream the butter and sugar, put in a tablespoonful of sherry and the flour, and then flavor with extract of rose. Chop the almond paste fine for the macaroons, Gertrude, the first thing of all."

Carolyn, who was a practical girl, had meanwhile opened a can of chicken, and turned it out, and separated and washed a bunch of celery she had found in the pantry. She waited only to learn that she needed equal quantities of chicken and celery to begin cutting them up; the celery in half-inch lengths, the chicken into neat pieces of corresponding size. Miss Dodge watched her approvingly for a moment, bestowed a glance upon the cake makers, and went over to the stove, where the sugar was boiling merrily. Dipping in the point of a fork, she lifted it, and held it for a moment above the saucepan. But there were no signs that it was done, and she turned back to the table, where she opened one of the parcels she had brought that morning, emptied from it some shelled almonds into a bowl, and poured a little boiling water upon them.

"Are we to make salted almonds?" cried Nellie.

The teacher shook her head. "These are only to put on top of the macaroons. And this," she added, taking a piece of citron from another paper, and beginning to cut it into thin strips, "is for the jumbles."

"The dough for them is awfully stiff, Miss Dodge," came from Ethel's corner; "and I haven't put in all the flour yet."

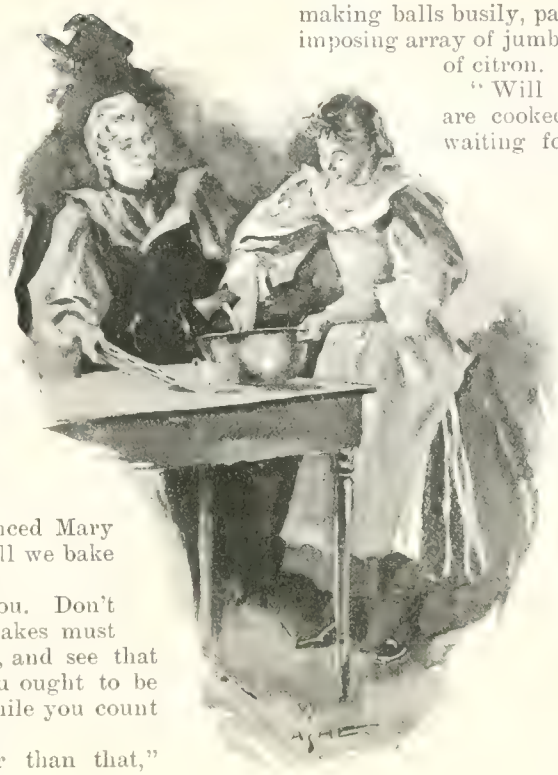
"Don't put in any more," said Miss Dodge, after examining the dough. "Some flour thickens more than others, and this dough is as stiff as you can handle well now. Add a little of this extract of rose, flavoring it to taste rather strong, as it goes off in cooking. Then you may make the dough into small balls about the size of a hickory-nut, with your fingers, while I butter some paper to lay under them in the pans."

"Our cake is ready," announced Mary and Nannie. "What pans shall we bake it in?"

"Those biscuit-tins there by you. Don't put too much in each, for the cakes must be thin. Grease the pans well, and see that your oven is not too hot. You ought to be able to hold your hand in it while you count thirty."

"Good gracious! It's hotter than that," cried Mary, after a hasty trial.

"Leave the door open and let it cool for a minute."



"OUR CAKE IS READY."

"My mayonnaise is ever so stiff," proclaimed Nellie.

"Thin it with a few drops of vinegar, and then go on with the oil."

"My chicken and celery are all cut up," and "My almond paste is all chopped fine," came from Carolyn and Gertrude at the same moment, and then each added, "What comes next?"

"For the macaroons, beat up the whites of the eggs rather stiff, stir in the sugar, and then the almond paste. Carolyn, you and I will test the sugar together."

The teacher again dipped the fork into the boiling syrup, and as she held it up a floating hair spun itself from the end of a tine.

"Now let us try it in water."

She put some cold water into a cup, dropped in a spoonful of syrup, and made of it a soft little ball that was neither hard nor sticky.

"It is ready to come off now. Set the saucepan outside where the syrup will cool. When you can bear your finger in it, bring it in and stir it to a white paste."

"Will that clear syrup turn to a white paste?" cried Carolyn, incredulously.

"Indeed it will, and be so stiff you can hardly handle it."

"Isn't this mayonnaise done, Miss Dodge?" asked Nellie, looking with longing eyes towards Ethel and the macaroons.

The mayonnaise was smooth, thick, and yellow, and good to the taste. There was nothing more to be done to it until the beaten white of egg was added, just before it was used, and Nellie joyfully set away the dish in the cool cupboard, and hurried over to where Gertrude was getting herself into a deplorably sticky state in the effort to make little balls of her macaroon paste.

"Those don't look very much like macaroons, do they?" she said, ruefully.

"There is enough sticking to your fingers to make three or four," remarked Nellie, cheerfully.

"Put in a little more sugar," advised Miss Dodge.

This proved of benefit, and Nellie and Gertrude began making balls busily, pausing, however, to admire Ethel's imposing array of jumble balls, each crowned with a slip of citron.

"Will those look like that when they are cooked!" asked Carolyn, who, while waiting for her icing to cool, had lent a hand with the jumbles.

"Oh no, they will flatten into little cakes, just as your macaroons will. I am going to put them in the oven now."

For the cup-cakes were out now, and a goodly odor filled the air. Ethel put in her jumbles, and went with Carolyn to ascertain the condition of the sugar. It had reached the right stage, and Carolyn began to beat it briskly. It quickly grew too stiff to be managed with a spoon, and had to be worked with the hands. It was beautifully white and firm, and the girls were eager to begin using it. The little cakes were still going to the oven in relays, but there was an appetizing display of light yellow jumbles and pale brown macaroons on the table. The cup-cakes were cool enough to cut, and Nannie and Mary began slicing them into triangles, squares, and diamonds, while Miss Dodge directed Carolyn to divide the icing into three portions, put each into a bowl, and set these on the stove in outer vessels of boiling water. Nellie presided over one of these, and Ethel over another, while Carolyn took charge of the third. Gertrude busied herself in spreading part of the cakes with raspberry jam and part with currant jelly.

"But there are three kinds of icing," she said.

"We will use the chocolate in single cakes," said Miss Dodge. "Girls, stir that icing constantly, for if you don't it will go back to syrup."

She hastily grated two table-spoonfuls of chocolate, and put them in a cup set in boiling water on the stove. By the time the icing was the consistency of thick cream the chocolate was melted. This went into one portion of the icing, a little lemon juice into the second, and vanilla and a few drops of liquid cochineal into the third. This last was a lovely pink, and went on the cakes that were filled with currant jelly, while the white lemon-flavored icing coated those that held raspberry jam, and the plain ones were well covered with chocolate. The icing stiff-



"OH, I AM SO HOT!"

ened so quickly when it left the fire that the girls found they had to work rapidly to prevent its cooling in lumps, and having to be coaxed into shape by a knife dipped in boiling water.

"Oh, I *was* so hot!" cried Nellie, as the last batch of cakes was set on the table. "And I am as hungry as a hunter, even if I have been tasting sweet stuff all the morning. There is an aching void where my luncheon ought to be."

"It's high time we had luncheon, too," remarked Miss Dodge, glancing at the clock. "Nellie, do you think you can pluck up sufficient energy after your fatiguing labors to help Gertrude make an omelet?"

"Indeed I can," cried Nellie, on her feet again in a twinkling. "Come along, Gert. What do we do, Miss Dodge?"

"Beat seven eggs, the whites and yolks separately, add half a cupful of milk with salt and pepper to the yolks, turn in the whites, and cook in this omelet-pan. See, I have put it on the side of the stove, where it will heat slowly, so as not to brown the table-spoonful of butter I have put in.

"Now for the soufflé bread. Nannie, you and Ethel may make that. You will need three eggs, half a cup of flour, a table-spoonful of melted butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make a thick batter. The whites and yolks of the eggs must be beaten separately, and very light, and all the other ingredients put together before you turn in the whites. Grease this tin bread-pan very well, and bake the bread, covered, about fifteen minutes, then uncover and brown."

While this was going on, Mary had quietly been making the cocoa, measuring out a cupful of milk for each person into the double boiler, and moistening with a little milk seven heaping teaspoonfuls of the powdered cocoa. As soon as the milk was hot this was to go in and cook five minutes.

Carolyn had beaten the white of the egg stiff for the mayonnaise, and with Miss Dodge's help mixed the chicken and celery, seasoned it with salt and pepper, a couple of table-spoonfuls of oil, and one of vinegar, and then mounded it in a dish and spread the mayonnaise over it.

The soufflé bread was receiving its final browning by now, the cocoa was gathering richness by a prolonged simmering, and the rest of the class gathered around eagerly to see Nellie and Miss Dodge cook the omelet. The whites had only been partially mixed with the yolks, and it was a pretty blending of white and pale yellow that was poured into the omelet-pan. Then, after a minute or two, Nellie slipped under the edge of the omelet the broad flexible blade of a palette-knife Miss Dodge had brought with her, lifting the mass here and there that the butter might run from one place to another and prevent the scorching of the egg. That was an anxious moment when the omelet was folded, and Nellie was fairly pale with excitement when she slipped the yellow brown mound to the hot dish held ready for it. But even that was performed safely, and the omelet was an accomplished fact.

Of course the soufflé bread was good, the chicken salad perfect, and the cocoa nectar. The appreciation of the omelet was fervently expressed, and the fancy cakes satisfactorily finished a meal that was, they all declared, fit for Queens—of the kitchen.

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A PROBLEM.

If I'm but dust, as teacher said
At Sunday-school to-day,
I can't see why, with all my baths,
I've not been washed away.

# AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

## CHAPTER VI.

HILDEGARDE and her uncle went home as quickly as possible, overcome with disappointment. Even Philip had allowed himself to think that they might find Rose with the boy Noel, and now that hope was taken from them. When they reached home he ordered Hildegarde to bed at once, for the girl was completely exhausted with fatigue and excitement, went himself to his mother for an instant, and then was off again to institute a thorough investigation, and to offer liberal rewards for the lost child.

"It is strange," he said to himself, "that we should be going through a second experience of the same kind."

Later he went back to the place where Noel and his aunt had been living. The house was dark, and repeated rings at the bell failed to bring any one to the door. Philip then tried pounding. At last a window was raised in an upper story.

"Who's there?" said a voice.

"I want to ask you about Miss Hatchet, the lady who left to-day."

"Well, I'd like to know what you mean by pounding people up at this hour of the night! If you're after her unpaid bills, you won't get anything from me."

"But tell me where she has gone?" persisted Philip.

"To Chicago, she said, but you can't believe her." And down went the window with a bang. Philip looked at his watch. It *was* late to arouse people—half past twelve.

The next morning the storm continued with unabated fury. Mrs. Cameron refused to stay in bed, and came to the breakfast table paler and sterner-looking than ever. Hildegarde, who had cried half the night, went to meet her, and led her to her place, apparently without being noticed by her grandmother.

The morning papers contained an account of the disappearance of Rose, and a description of the child. Thus far not a trace had been discovered. All the morning the door-bell was ringing, people calling to make inquiries and leave messages, but no one to give any information.

At about eleven o'clock Philip came home. He beckoned Hildegarde from the room, unseen by his mother. He had a pair of roller-skates in his hand.

"Are these Rose's skates?" he asked.

Hildegarde examined them eagerly. "Yes, yes, they are!" she cried. "Oh, Uncle Phil, where did you get them?"

"They were found in a hansom last night. The driver saw the notice this morning, and has just brought them to me. He says he took a lady and a little girl to the Powelton Avenue station yesterday afternoon, who got into his cab near the square. It is the first clew we have had. The telegraph wires are down between here and New York, but I have sent a man on. The conductor of the four-thirty train yesterday remembers a party consisting of a lady, a girl, and a boy who got on at Powelton Avenue. I think it seems very likely, Hilda, that if these skates belong to Rose, she was the girl who got on the train. But we must not feel too sure."

"But, Uncle Phil, why would she go off to New York, and whom was it with?"

"It is impossible to explain, child. It may have been Noel and his aunt. I would go on to New York myself if it were not for leaving mother. I do not dare leave the city. But I've sent an able man."

Hildegarde was showing her true womanliness, and Philip was glad to consult with her. And then they heard Mrs. Cameron's querulous tones.

"Philip, Philip, what are you whispering about out there? You are keeping something from me. I know you are, Philip. Rose is dead—my little Rose. She was drowned in this terrible storm. She and Noel together."

Hildegarde started, and looked at her uncle. What did her grandmother mean? Had she heard that they thought Rose was with the French boy? Philip divined her thoughts, and shook his head.

"Is it Rose or Noel that is lost, Philip?" continued his mother. "I don't seem to remember." And she pressed her hand wearily to her head.

Hildegarde knelt beside her.

"I don't want you," said Mrs. Cameron, pushing her away. "You are neither Noel nor Rose. You are a German girl."

Hildegarde struggled hard to keep back the tears.

Philip took his mother's hand. "This is your granddaughter, mother dear, who loves you and wants to comfort you. We hope Rose will soon come back."

And so it went on all day. The storm continued, and it was terrible to think of their little Rose-flower wandering no one knew where, nor with whom. Hildegarde slipped away to her own room as often as possible, and prayed with all her heart that God would take care of her little sister and send her back to them safe and well. And then Hilda would look at the photographs of her father and mother, which stood on her dressing-table. What would they have said?

Philip went out and in. There could be no communication with New York by wire, and now it was said that the tracks were under water, and the man whom he had sent on could not get back. He probably reached Jersey City at one. It was after that hour that the delay in travel began. This storm had come at a most inopportune time. Such floods had not been known for years.

Towards night the wind abated somewhat, though it continued to rain. Philip came in at nine o'clock, tired and disheartened, but trying to be cheerful.

"It is said that the Pennsylvania Road is sending its passengers by steamboat on the Delaware from Bristol, so there is a hope of my man turning up to-night some time. Mother, hadn't you better go to bed? I will tell you as soon as I hear anything."

But Mrs. Cameron refused to leave them, and then they sat in the library, she by the fire, as she had been when the children first saw her, Hildegarde on a stool at her feet, Philip restlessly walking about.

It was almost eleven o'clock, when the door-bell rang. William, who was waiting near to be ready, opened the door quickly. Philip hurried down stairs. Hildegarde, unwilling to leave her grandmother, listened.

There was an exclamation from Uncle Phil, a movement in the hall below, a familiar voice saying, "Oh, Uncle Phil, Uncle Phil, I'm so glad to get home!"

Was it—could it be Rose's voice? Hildegarde tried to rise, but her strength seemed to have left her. She looked at her grandmother. Mrs. Cameron sat motionless and upright, her eyes fixed on the door.

The portières were swept aside, and in another instant Rose was in her sister's arms.

"My child! my child!" cried Mrs. Cameron, and then she fainted.

It did not take long to restore her to consciousness, but in the excitement no one at first paid much attention to Noel, who stood in the background and looked with envious eyes at the scene.

If only they had been equally glad to see him! He choked back the sobs that would rise in his throat. It was not manly to cry, and now that he had escaped from *Tante*, Noel wanted, above all things, to be manly. Hildegarde was the first to notice him.

"Why, there is No—the French boy!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, that's Jack," said Rose. "Hilda, his name is Jack."

Hildegarde, not as quick to catch an idea as Rose, looked amazed.

"Don't you see?" whispered Rose. "Grandmother doesn't like his name, so we'll call him Jack."

"How do you do, Jack?" said Hildegarde, shaking hands.

Philip did the same, looking at him narrowly the while.

"And now tell us how you came to be together, and where you have been? But first, are you hungry?" asked Mr. Cameron.

"Hungry? I should think we were!" said Rose. "We haven't had anything to eat since—oh, years ago! And we've been all overflowed, and came on a steamboat, and it was lots of fun, except that we were hungry, and it was dark, and we didn't know the way very well. And I'm so sorry I was naughty, grandmother!"

The servants who had gathered to see them hurried off to get food.

"Bring it here," ordered Mrs. Cameron. "She must not go out of my sight."

As yet she had paid no attention to Noel's presence. She lay on the lounge, where she had been placed, and gazed at Rose. Noel, however, looked at her and about the room as if trying to remember something.

A well-filled tray was brought, the books on the library table were swept aside, and Rose and Noel were seated in state, all vying with one another in waiting upon the wanderers. The boy ate as if he were famished, and as if he had never had anything good to eat in his life before. Philip watched him. He certainly looked like Rose, and there was an innate refinement about his behavior that betokened the born gentleman.

"We've had such a time!" said Rose, when her appetite was somewhat appeased. "Grandmother, I was so bad! I did not mean to be. No—Jack's aunt asked me to come and see him. We knew Jack on board ship. And I ought to have come and asked you, but—but—well, I didn't. And I didn't know we were going to Jersey City until we were on the train, and Jack's aunt said she had sent you a message, so I thought perhaps you wouldn't worry. Then this morning she was going to bring me home, but she didn't come in time, so No—Jack and I ran away, and here we are. He's a nice boy, grandmother, and I hope you'll like him, because he took care of me all the way. And wasn't it funny? A gentleman on the boat thought he was my brother. He said we looked exactly alike. And, grandmother, you will excuse me, won't you? I'll never do it again."

"Yes, child!" said Mrs. Cameron.

Rose was far from realizing all that her family had suffered owing to her heedlessness, and they had not the heart to scold her in their joy at seeing her again.

When the meal was finished Noel rose and walked over to Philip.

"I'm very much obliged to you, sir," he said, shyly. "I—I think I'll have to be going now."

"What do you mean, my boy? You don't think we are going to let you go out again to-night, do you, after bringing Rose back to us? No, indeed. You shall stay here to-night at least."

"Do you really mean it?" asked Noel, huskily, as he looked up at him.

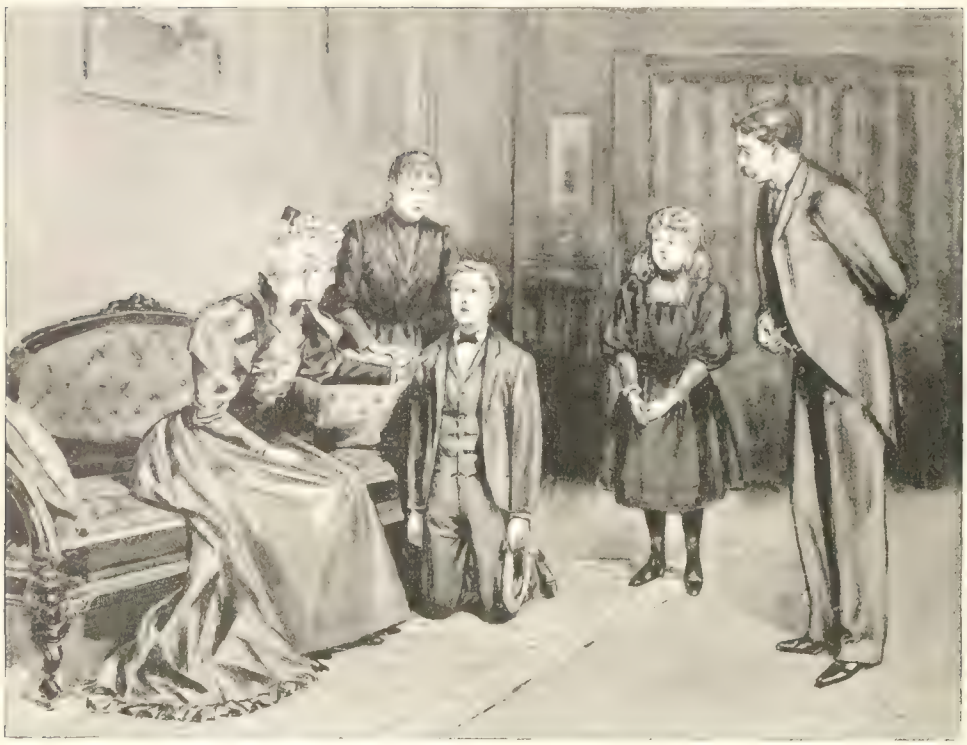
"Never was more in earnest in my life," said Philip, kindly.

"Oh, Noel, you must stay!" cried Hildegarde, forgetting the name.

Her grandmother sat up. "Who is that boy?" she asked; "and what do you mean by calling him Noel?"

"Oh, Hilda!" exclaimed Rose, "what have you done?"

"Philip," said Mrs. Cameron, "is that boy's name Noel?"



HE LOOKED BACK AT HER STRAIGHT IN THE EYES UNFLINCHINGLY.

"Yes, mother."

"Tell him to come here."

The boy walked across the room and stood in front of her.

"Where did you get your name, boy?"

"I don't know. I suppose my grandmother named me."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes. I used to live with her. She—she—I hope you won't mind my saying so—she looked something like you, only I can hardly remember her."

"Did she die?"

"No. She cast us off, my aunt says."

The old lady seized his arm and drew him down. He knelt beside her and she gazed at him. He looked back at her straight in the eyes unflinchingly. Then she relaxed her hold. "It could not be," she murmured, leaning back again.

"Tell me, my boy, where have you been living?" asked Philip.

"Everywhere. So many different places."

"What is the first thing you remember in your life?"

"In my whole life?" repeated the boy, thoughtfully. "The thing I like to remember best is a room with colored pictures all over the wall. It must have been at my grandmother's, for I know a tall lady with white hair came into the room to kiss me. She looked something like this lady, except that she smiled at me."

Mrs. Cameron sat up again. Jane, who was in the background, came forward eagerly. Philip also drew nearer.

"And after that?"

"After that there was a ship, I think. But then we have been on board ship so often it may not have been then. And then it was only *Tante*, and going about from place to place. And, oh, sir, I don't want to go back to *Tante!* I have run away from her, and I know she will come after me."

"Please, Mr. Philip, may I ask a question?" It was Jane who spoke.

"Certainly."

"Well, then, what does the person look like you call 'Tarnt'?"

"She has frizzled hair," said Noel, "and queer eyebrows, and—oh, I don't know exactly."

"It's the same!" cried Jane, hiding her face in her apron. "Mr. Philip, you remember the French maid with the eyebrows, that took the money?"

"Hush, Jane!" said Philip, glancing at his mother. She was still gazing at the boy.

"Philip, he spoke of the pictures. Take him—you know where, Philip." Her son nodded. "And I will go too," said Mrs. Cameron, rising with unexpected vigor.

Slowly the little procession ascended the stairs, Mrs. Cameron leaning on her son's arm, with Noel beside them, then Hildegarde and Rose, followed by Jane and William.

"What does it mean?" whispered Rose.

"Hush! I will tell you. Perhaps Noel is our cousin."

"But he is dead, I thought."

"So did I, until Uncle Phil told me. He was stolen."

"Hilda! And where are we going now?"

"I don't know."

They stopped at the door of a room which was always kept locked. The children had never seen the inside of it. Mrs. Cameron drew a key from her pocket and gave it to Philip. He unlocked the door, and they entered. William lighted the gas.

The walls were covered with an old-fashioned paper in bright colors representing scenes from *Mother Goose*, and the room was furnished as a nursery, with a child's crib in one corner.

Hildegarde and Rose looked about them curiously, but the others watched Noel.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, joyfully, "this is like the room I remember, and you," turning to Mrs. Cameron—"you are smiling now! You look like my own grandmother."

"My boy! my boy!" she cried, tottering as she held out her arms. Philip caught her, and signed to Noel to come to her. In an instant her arms were around him.

Hildegarde and Rose stood apart watching the group.

"My child is found again!" cried the old lady, weeping. "And you," holding out her hands to Hildegarde and Rose—"you have found him for me. Philip, it is he—isn't it? Tell me, Philip, is it really our Noel?"

"I think so, mother. See how much alike he and Rose are. You know we have always thought Rose looked as Noel would have done at the same age. But, mother, don't set your heart on it too much. We must have further proof."

"I don't want proof, Philip. I *know* it is he. And he remembers himself, do you not, child? Say, Noel—my little Noel—you remember, do you not?"

"Yes," he said, slowly. "I remember."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RUSSIAN COSSACKS.



MEXICAN VAQUEROS.



AMERICAN COWBOYS.



SOUTH AMERICAN GUACHOS.



LASSO-THROWING FROM HORSEBACK.



COSSACK AT FULL SPEED DODGING A SHOT.



GUACHO THROWING BOLA.



COSSACK STANDING IN THE SADDLE.



MEXICAN LASSO-THROWER.



WELL THROWN.



OROPEZA SWINGING HIS LASSO.

Photos by Geo. S. Richardson

THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.—[See Page 586.]

## THE ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

JUST as every boy at some early stage of his life wants to be a drum-major or a horse-car driver, so, when he gets a little older and reads some of the fine stories of adventure about the Western plains, he longs to become a cowboy. He reads that the cowboy originally was merely a pony rider, who had charge of a certain number of cattle belonging to some one of the great ranches of the West; that at certain times of the year large herds of these cattle, numbering upwards of a thousand, were given in the charge of a dozen cowboys and driven hundreds of miles across the country to the markets at San Francisco or in the East. This drive of from three to six months involved such an extraordinary amount of endurance, skill, and courage, that only the most daring of the cowboys were able to bring their expeditions safely to an end, and many of them never lived to tell why they had failed. As long as the weather was fine and the sun shone it was a comparatively simple matter to drive a thousand beasts across the plains; but if, as often happened, a thunder-storm suddenly arose at night, or a band of Indians appeared, at the first flash of lightning, at the first whoop of the red man, the whole thousand bullocks would start at the top of their speed and rush off over the prairie in stampede.

Then the cowboy must wake up, catch his horse, mount him, dodge the Indian arrows in the dark, and ride after the herd, in turn catching and passing them, before he could pretend to have any influence over the frightened beasts. In the darkness it was a reckless ride, and the chances were many that the horse might step into any one of the thousand prairie-dog holes or other depressions, throw his rider, and probably kill him. If he happened to pass the herd and then fall in front of the terrified bullocks, the cowboy was as good as dead. But if, on the other hand, the herd were not followed until daylight, they would be scattered to the four points of the compass, and never completely collected again. This was a hard school, but it developed such an extraordinary set of men, that in a short time the cowboy became a character of the West, and stood as the type of daring, bravery, and reckless courage.

All this, as I say, is familiar to you from the stories of the Western plains you have read. You have grown, however, to believe these stories were made out of whole cloth; they are too good to be true. And yet not even all these stories come up to the actual character, for the cowboys in the illustrations accompanying this article have all made themselves famous for one deed or another; they are dressed in their loose shirts, with a handkerchief tied about their necks; they wear the typical slouch hat of the plains, each riding his small angular pony, with the lasso rope hanging in a coil from the pommel of the saddle, and if you go down to the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show, where these pictures were taken, you will see them there large as life, quiet, unassuming, well-bred in their gruff way. Yet they are the real cowboys, and before the exhibitions they give are finished you do not attempt to deny that the stories of their marvellous ability in riding are nothing more than simple truth.

Perhaps the most realistic exhibition the cowboy makes is the bucking-bronco riding. A half-dozen wild broncos are turned loose in the arena, and as many cowboys, mounted on their own horses, chase them about the ring until they have lassoed and caught them all. Then comes the difficulty of saddling a wild pony, and even three cowboys have a hard time doing this. Watching his opportunity, one of the "boys" then leaps upon the horse's back, and the others jump aside, leaving him alone at the mercy of the bronco—and then the "bucking" and the fun begin.

The little horse rises upon his hind legs, throws his head down between his fore legs, humps his back, and with a vicious kick tries to throw the rider off. It is impossible to describe the suddenness and wickedness of his movements, and yet the cowboy sits upon his back without any apparent trouble. But, after all, these cowboys are best when you can get them to tell stories in their tents after the exhibitions are over. They say but little. They do not talk often of themselves. In fact, they make less noise than any of the other members of the company, but if there should be an outbreak among the Indians, or any of the other men, these same cowboys would have the mutiny killed within an hour.

One of them told an anecdote a short time ago of his own experience in the West that is worth repeating. He said he was riding through a small cañon, when, on turning the point of a rock, he saw a bear sitting on a bowlder some feet above him and a short distance ahead. For some unknown reason it occurred to him that he would like to lasso the bear and ride him, and forthwith he sent the lasso over the creature's neck and pulled him off his pedestal into the bottom of the cañon. But he had reckoned without his host, for the bear, instead of running away, turned upon the horse, and the cowboy was compelled to run himself, still keeping the end of the lasso, however, attached to the saddle. In a few moments it appeared that the bear was a better runner than the horse, and the cowboy had to cut his rope and put his horse to its utmost speed. Fortunately they soon came to the end of the cañon, and the rider left his mountain acquaintance behind.

There was a laugh at the story as the cowboy finished, and two or three men doubted the truth of the statement, whereupon the cowboy answered:

"Well, if you go to such-and-such a cañon and see a large grizzly with a rope around his neck you will know he is the one. You can have the bear, but the rope is *mine*."

The captain of the small cowboy troop which has accompanied Colonel Cody in all his travels had charge at one time of an Indian encampment. The scene was in England, and the Indians were gathered in a large garret in the top of a tobacco factory, which was reached by a circular staircase. There were some forty or fifty Indians in the room at the time, and seven cowboys, including the captain. It was in the evening, and all was quiet, when suddenly a loud noise of some one ascending the stairs was heard, which proved eventually to be three of the Indian chiefs, who had been out, and were now coming home crazy with drink.

The first of them, as he ascended the circular staircase, was amusing himself by thrusting his huge fist through the glass in each window, and it was certain that, should he and his companions reach the garret, there would be a fight between the Indian braves, resulting in the certain death of many of those present. As the leader reached the top stair, without a word or gesture of any kind the captain of the cowboys struck him square in the face with his fist, and knocked him down stairs. In his fall he carried the other two with him.

Then there was a fearful uproar. All the Indians howled and whooped, drew their clubs, and rushed at the cowboy captain. But his six companions were quicker still. By the time the first of the Indians arrived the seven cowboys were side by side, and with the butts of their pistols they knocked ten Indians senseless before the latter had had time to think what they were going to do. In a moment the whole disturbance was quelled, and the Indian encampment sank into quiet again. Had the cowboys fired one shot there is little doubt that the whole seven would have been instantly killed, for the Indians are afraid of a cowboy's fist, while a shot would have only enraged them.

While the cowboy is brave and a good rider—proba-

bly the best rider in the world—there are certain movements in the saddle that seem impossible for him which his Cossack brother executes without apparent effort. The Russian Cossacks, with their long beards and fierce countenances, their peculiar coats with skirts reaching below the knees, their daggers and sabres, have been well named the "Pirates of the Czar." After a dance of their own peculiar sort, they mount and ride around the ring. The speed of the horse alone is something extraordinary, and yet, without any uncertainty, and apparently with little difficulty, one Cossack after another will stand up in his saddle, draw his sword, and go through the sabre exercise while his horse dashes around the ring two or three times. Another will let himself down the side of his horse until his toes just touch the ground, and hanging thus by his hands from the pommel, his horse going like the wind all the time, he shows you how he can get completely out of the way of bullets while still going at full speed. One of them, putting his head down by the animal's neck, throws his feet into the air, and rides for perhaps five hundred yards literally standing upon his head upon his horse's neck. And all this is done without effort, and with a certainty that shows it is nothing more than the ordinary *fantasia*.

The third rough rider is the Mexican cowboy or vaquero, and he is as reckless and as daring as his brother in the United States; but, partly from his training and partly from his Spanish descent, he has not the open, free-and-easy countenance of the cowboy. You do not "take to him" instinctively as you do to the cowboy. Perhaps the most interesting exhibition by the Mexicans is that given by Vincent P. Oropeza, the champion lasso-thrower of Mexico, which is the same as saying that he is the champion lasso-thrower of the world. He not only throws the lasso in the usual manner, as shown in one of the illustrations accompanying this article—that is, by grasping in his right hand both the rope near the coil and the loop of the noose—but he uses the lasso in the manner that is clearly shown in another illustration—without touching the noose at all. It seems almost impossible that this can be done, and yet this illustration is taken from a photograph of Oropeza himself. He not only swings the rope about him, keeping the noose open all the time, but he sends it wherever he chooses it shall go, jumps through the noose himself as he would through a skip-rope, brings it down over his head, and finally ends by dropping it without the least apparent effort over the neck of some horseman who happens to be running by.

The fourth and last of these fascinating riders are the guachos, or South-American pampas riders. Their costume is a peculiar bluish-black garment, fastened at the middle by a belt, and forming a combination of trousers and a skirt below the waist. They ride very strong small ponies, and throw what for them takes the place of a lasso. This implement is called a *bola*, and consists of three pieces of rawhide thongs fastened together by one end, each having an iron ball attached to its other extremity. A guacho can throw this implement with unerring aim at any animal or object, and the moment one of the ropes strikes the animal's legs the others wind themselves about him, until he is completely tangled up and falls to the ground helpless. The guacho can also use the lasso to some extent, but this peculiar *bola* is so powerful in his hands that it is more effective by far than the lasso itself.

These four rough riders of different nations are better than any description can make them. They are from different continents. They speak different languages, and yet they have a good deal in common, because they understand and love horses, and because even at this great show, where they know each other well, they cannot help but admire the feats of horsemanship which each can show the other.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," RAFTMATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

### IN HOT PURSUIT.

CAPTAIN MATTHEWS had obtained the name of the suspicious schooner from the master of the *Norsk*. It was *Philomel*, and he at once recognized it as that of a well-known craft belonging to a sea-otter trader, which he had frequently seen plying her honest vocation among the islands of the Aleutian chain. "That is a new dodge, and a good one," he muttered. "The rascals knew the risk of bringing a strange vessel into the sea, and so have chartered a well-known craft, thinking that she can go where she pleases without exciting suspicion. I am on to their game, though, and they must be a good deal smarter than I think they are if we don't have them alongside before many days are past."

The *Phoca* first ran down to Oonalaska, and dropped anchor in Captain's Harbor on the second day after leaving St. Paul. Here her commander learned, without going ashore, that the *Philomel* had been chartered by one Jalap Coombs, and had cleared five days before for a general trading voyage to Oonimak Island and other Bering Sea points lying to the eastward.

"Ho! ho! my veteran poacher with the medicinal name! It is you, is it? and up to your old tricks!" said Captain Matthews to himself, as he ordered his vessel to be got under way for the eastward.

Late that same afternoon the schooner *Philomel* was reported at anchor off the northeast point of Oonimak, and close inshore.

"Very good, sir," said the Captain to his first Lieutenant, who made his report, "we will anchor for the night a cable's length outside of her, and you will at once send an officer on board to make a careful examination of her cargo. If he finds anything suspicious about her, any guns, extra boats, or other evidences of a sealing outfit, let him bring her skipper back with him."

To the surprise of those on board the cutter, she had barely dropped anchor before a small boat containing two men was seen to put off from the schooner and come towards her. Captain Matthews, who was curious to see what sort of a man he had to deal with, stepped on deck in time to receive a genuine surprise. Instead of the old sea-dog whom he expected, he beheld a fine-looking man of middle age, wearing an iron-gray mustache, and clad in the soft hat, corduroy suit, knee-breeches, worsted stockings, and heavy walking-shoes of a gentleman tourist or sportsman. Lifting his hat, as he stepped on deck and approached the Captain, the stranger asked,

"Are you the commander of this vessel, sir?"

"I am," replied Captain Matthews. Then, thinking to display at once the extent of his information, he added, "And you, I presume, are the person who has chartered yonder schooner?"

"I am, sir," answered the stranger, "and my name is "

"Jalap Coombs, is it not?"

"Oh no! Mr. Coombs is still in the boat, and we have come off to beg your assistance. As I was about to say, my —"

"Excuse me," interrupted the Captain, "but I fear you are applying to the wrong person for assistance in the business in which you are engaged."

"Do you know what it is, then?" asked the stranger, with an air of surprise.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

"I have reason to believe that you are after seal-skins," was the reply, given with an air that seemed to say, "Deny it if you can."

"I am willing to acknowledge that part of our business here was to secure certain seal-skins that had been left on yonder island. That, however, devolved entirely upon Mr. Coombs, and was something with which I had nothing to do. My errand here, and the one in which I hoped for your assistance, is the searching for a lost boy—my own son, in fact. He was known to be on Oonimak Island two weeks ago; but now, though we have scoured the island from end to end, we can discover no traces of him."

"Bless my soul!" cried Captain Matthews. "And your name is—?"

"John Ryder, while that of my lost boy, on whose account I am suffering the greatest anxiety, is Philip—Philip Ryder."

"Yes, yes, my dear sir! I know him well. The young scamp! And you may instantly set your mind at rest concerning him. He is safe, sound, and hearty not far from here in a place from which he cannot possibly escape. Why, he was on board this very ship only a few days ago."

"But where is he now?" asked Mr. Ryder, eagerly.

"Just over here on one of the Pribyloff islands, where you will find him as snug as a bug in a rug, only I defy you to distinguish him from a dozen of the young Aleuts there."

"Then," sighed the happily relieved but still anxious father, "he is still three hundred miles away from me."

"Oh no; not so far as that. Barely two hundred and seventy. A mere step to one who, like yourself, has already covered such great distances in searching for him. You see, I know all about your fruitless trip to Victoria. But how on earth do you happen to be here and in company with Rhubarb—Hartshorn— Plague take the man's pharmaceutical name!"

"Perhaps you mean Jalap," suggested Mr. Ryder, laughing for the first time in many days.

"Jalap! That is it. Jalap Coombs. But never mind now. Come down into the cabin and meet my daughter and take dinner with us. You can't imagine what a pleasure as well as a surprise this is to me. And we'll have Jalap down too. Then all our yarns can be spliced together and served until there's no sign of a break left. Mr. Nelson, will you kindly invite Mr. Coombs aboard, and in my name request the pleasure of his company at the cabin dinner table? Let one of the men look after his boat. Now, Mr. Ryder, if you are ready."

Thus it happened that a few minutes later the very cabin which had so recently received Phil and Serge into its cheery presence was occupied by a group of those friends who were most deeply interested in them, or had shared their adventures and experiences. Captain Matthews and Mr. John Ryder were equally pleased with each other, while Miss May found the unique personality of Jalap Coombs so fascinating that she devoted herself to drawing him out, and making him feel at home.

The honest sailor was at first shy and embarrassed amid his unaccustomed surroundings, but under the charming influence of his fair hostess his self-possession was soon entirely restored. Thus when she finally said, "And now, Mr. Coombs, do begin at the very beginning and tell us how you happened to desert those poor young men, and leave them without any one to take care of them on this desolate island," he readily replied as follows:

"Waal, marm—that is to say, miss—as old Kite Roberson uster say—"

"I knew he would come in!" cried Miss May, laughing and clapping her hands.

"Who, marm?" asked the mate, turning a bewildered gaze toward the cabin door.

"Your friend, Mr. Robinson, of course."

"Yes, to be sure. You see, me and him's been friends so long—it's going on forty year off and on, boy *and* man—that now wherever you finds one, you're likely to run agin t'other on the next tack. Waal, he uster say, Kite did, that while a word's a word, it has as many sounds as there be people that uses it. So while the word desartion has a pleasant sound coming from your lips, it's mighty ugly from some; and I'm proud of the chance to clear myself of the charge, seeing as I didn't do it intentional, but with the best of intentions.

"So, to begin with, the day on which I were left, or as some might ignorantly call it, desarted, by my young shipmates, on that very day along comes a schooner, the same *Philomel* that is now swinging under our starn. Although she were in charge of a crew of natyves, with a natyve cap'n, *and* in a powerful hurry, she stopped at my signal and sent a boat ashore to see what was up.

"Do all I could, I couldn't strike no bargain with 'em, nor get 'em to wait till I could go for the boys. The best they would do was to offer me passage to Oonalaska, where her owner lived, who, so they said, would give me a charter in no time. So, seeing as I couldn't do no better, and thinking I'd be back again inside of three days, I left a note for the boys and went aboard. We made a quick run to Oonalaska; but when I tried to get a charter out of the owner, he wouldn't hear of nothing but cash down, and as I hadn't dollars enough to charter a dingy, let alone a schooner, there I was. For the best part of a week I staid in that melancholy seaport, wishing as I'd never heerd of it, and laboring day by day with the shark that owns the *Philomel*. I offered him a quarter of the seal-skins, then a half, and finally the whole of 'em, only to let his schooner go and fetch off the boys."

"What a horrid, avaricious old thing he must be!" cried Miss May, indignantly.

"It ain't no name for it, marm—that is to say, miss. He is a 'Hunks,' if ever there was one, and so I up and told him. He said he didn't believe I had any seal-skins, but just wanted to get his schooner for a poaching cruise in the sea. While I was thus gybing and filling without making an inch of headway, a Dutch steamer come in, and I offered the skins to him to go and fetch the boys back to Oonalaska; but the Dutchman was suspicious like the rest of 'em, and said he




GREEK CHURCH AND CUSTOM-HOUSE AT OONALASKA.

was in a hurry to get to St. Michaels, which, of course, I knowed the boys wouldn't want to go there anyway, seeing as it would make 'em wuss off than ever.

"Finally, when I was wellnigh desperate and at the end of my cable, the Sitka steamer came in, and I went aboard to see what I could do with her cap'n. There I run across the very Mr. Ryder what sits facing of me at this minute, who, when he heard me say as my name were Coombs, speaks up quick, and sez, 'Jalap?' and I sez, 'Jalap it is.' Then he sez, fiercelike, 'Where's my boy?' With that I knowed for the fust time who he was, and I sez, 'Don't ask me, Mr. Ryder, but count on me to help ye find him, for,' sez I, 'I'm as bound as you be to do it, ef it takes every seal-skin I'm wuth.'

"That same day we had the *Philomel*, chartered for cash, with me in as cap'n, and was cracking sail on to her for this blessed island of Oonimak. We made port in fine style, with our flag a-flying, and would have fired off our kerosene stove, only we didn't have any. But it warn't no use. There wasn't nary soul in sight, nor hasn't been from that day to this. The seal-skins was gone too, and it's my opinion that blooming Dutchman came along and shanghied 'em."

"No, he didn't," laughed Captain Matthews. "I seized them in the name of the United States, and they are in the hold of this very ship at this minute."



"WAAL, MARM—THAT IS TO SAY, MISS—AS OLD KITE ROBERSON USTER SAY—"

"Waal," said Jalap Coombs, with a comical air of resignation, "ef government has 'em, 'tain't no use, and I might as well do like old Kite Roberson said. He uster say, 'Jalap, my son, let bygoners be bygoners, and never waste time in fretting over lost fish.'"

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

### MR. JOHN RYDER'S STORY.

WHEN the mate had thus finished his yarn, Captain Matthews turned to Mr. Ryder and said, "Now, sir, that Mr. Coombs has so satisfactorily explained his own movements since he was last heard from, perhaps you will have the kindness to relate your own experiences while in pursuit of your elusive son."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Mr. Ryder, "provided that you will afterwards tell us how you discovered the lads, and how it happens that they are now at the Pribyloffs."

"Certainly," replied the former. Whereupon Phil's father proceeded with his narrative as follows:

"When I learned definitely that my boy was to join me at Sitka by a certain steamer I was filled with pleasant anticipations, and counted the days until he should arrive, for I think there is a stronger bond of sympathy between us than between most fathers and sons of Phil's age. I so arranged my business that we could spend the greater part of the summer in those hunting and exploring trips of which we are both so fond. In fact, all my plans were laid with reference to him, and when the steamer came in without him I doubt if there was a more disappointed father than I in the United States. It brought a letter from him, written in Victoria, stating that he was ready and waiting to take that very ship, and it brought his trunk. I also discovered among the passengers an acquaintance named Ames, Judge Ames, you know, who had met Phil in Victoria, planned with him what they should do together while coming up the coast, and was greatly exercised over the boy's non-appearance.

"Of course the chances were that he had simply got left, and would be along on the next boat; but as I could not bear the thought of ten days of suspense I determined to go back on the steamer that had just arrived, at least, until we should meet the up-boat. Then, if Phil were on board, I could return with him; while if he were not, I should be well on my way toward Victoria, in which place I should then know he must have met with some serious trouble. You now know as well as I that I did not meet him on the second steamer, and did not find him in Victoria. I did, however, discover plenty of traces of him. First there was a note for me at the Driard, stating that he had taken passage with a friend named Serge Belcofsky—whose mother I had met—on the fishing-schooner *Seamew* for Sitka. Upon making inquiries I learned that the *Seamew* was more of a sealer than a fisherman, and that while she might possibly touch at Sitka, the chances were against her doing so.

"I also found at the hotel my boy's rifle—which, by-the-way, I have with me now—his travelling-bag, and overcoat, all of which he had left to satisfy a bill for board amounting to less than ten dollars. As I had provided him with plenty of money I could not at first understand this. When, however, I discovered a wad of bills, most of them Canadian, amounting to very nearly one hundred dollars, inside the lining of his overcoat, and found the upper edge of an inner pocket partially torn from its fastenings, it was all made plain. I knew in a moment that poor Phil's careless habits had again got the better of him, and had this time brought him to quite serious grief.

"What worried me most of all was to learn that on the second of the two nights he seems to have spent in Victoria Phil was arrested. Of course I followed this up at once. I found and rewarded the police sergeant who had taken such pity on the lad as to allow him to occupy his own bed instead of locking him up. Then I saw the Judge before whom the case had come for examination. We discovered that we had known each other by reputation for some time, and he relieved my mind at once. He said he remembered the case very well. Phil had been arrested on a charge of threatened assault and battery, evidently trumped up to gratify some private spite, as the complainant never appeared to press the charge. The Judge said that when Phil gave him his name it had a familiar sound; but that he did not identify it with mine until after the boy had been dismissed and had disappeared. He also said that if the young scamp had only made himself and his trouble known he would gladly have assisted him to the extent of his power.

"I was still puzzled to know how the boy had obtained a position as a sailor, and what he was wearing, as his trunk, bag, and overcoat were now in my possession, and apparently nothing had been taken from the two former."

"He wasn't just a common sailor. He was a hunter," here broke in Miss May, proud of her acquaintance with the facts in this interesting case.

"So I afterwards discovered," replied Mr. Ryder, "and I must say that is his one act of which I feel ashamed. I never thought that a son of mine would become a pot-hunter, and pursue butchery as a business."

"Oh, but you don't understand!" cried Phil's fair champion, eagerly. "He didn't know at first that he was to be a hunter, and then he didn't realize what it meant, and just as soon as he found out he refused to obey the Captain's orders to hunt any longer."

"As clear a case of mutiny as I ever heard of," laughed Captain Matthews.

"Yes, and the wust of it were that he carried the best part of the crew with him, meaning me and young Belcofsky," added Jalap Coombs, "which if he hadn't ye'd have found him safe in Sitka when ye come back, as it now turns out."

"That is one of the best bits of news I have heard yet!" exclaimed Mr. Ryder, "and it lifts a load off my mind. As for being a mutineer, I hope my boy will be one all his life against cruelty, no matter what consequences may be threatened, nor what results may follow. Now I am reconciled to my long delay in finding him, though when I returned to Sitka and discovered the schooner *Seañew* at anchor in the harbor, but without my boy aboard, I was wellnigh heartbroken. Of course I interviewed her skipper, and got all possible information from him, but he was a surly fellow and gave me but slight comfort. My only consolation was that he spoke so highly of Mr. Coombs, and claimed that he would get my boy out of his scrape if any one could."

"Which I thanks him hearty," exclaimed the mate, "and could say the same for him ef I had to, bearing in mind old Kite Roberson's advice allers to speak the truth when ye're compelled."

"After learning all I could from Captain Duff," continued Mr. Ryder, "I made some inquiries about the Oonalaska steamer, which happened to be in port, and then went to see what mail had been laid on my desk, which stands in one corner of Gifford's store. Among my letters was one for Phil, which, under the circumstances, I thought I might take the liberty of opening. It was very badly written, but I managed to make out that the writer, who evidently was some sleeping-car porter, enclosed and forwarded a trinket that Phil had lost and he had found in his car. The article in question was in the shape of an animal's tooth, and bore some sort of carving. Not thinking it of any particular value I left it lying on my open desk while I went to call on Mrs. Belcofsky, from whom I wished to learn what she had heard from Serge."

"It wasn't a fur-seal's tooth, was it?" interrupted Captain Matthews with eager interest.

"I am sorry to say that it was, and, moreover, that it was *the* fur-seal's tooth, as I discovered a very few minutes later. I found Mrs. Belcofsky full of trouble on account of the importunities of some Indians who were demanding something from her. After I had driven them away she explained that they were bound to obtain a certain charmed talisman in shape of a fur-seal's tooth that had once been the property of their tribe, but which had afterwards fallen into her husband's hands. He had left it to her, and she had given it to Serge.

"I at once identified it with the one that had just come so queerly into my possession, and promising to fetch it in a few minutes, hastened back to my desk. But I was too late. The tooth had disappeared. Nor could I discover a trace of where it had gone.

"When I reported this to Mrs. Belcofsky she said it was only what she had expected, because, while it would bring good fortune to me, to whom it was a gift, and evil to him who stole it, it possessed such a fascination for certain persons that they could no more resist the temptation to take than they could help breathing. 'The Indians say that it was stolen in the first place,' continued Mrs. Belcofsky, 'all carved as it is from the oldest and wisest seecatch that ever lived in Alaska, and that it will continue to be stolen to the end of time, save when it is guarded by a shaman (medicine-man), from whom none may steal it.'

The next day I left Sitka on the Oonalaska steamer, determined to continue the search for my boy along the entire Aleutian chain, through Bering Sea, and to the North Pole itself if I failed to find him short of there.

"Our trip was without incident, except that our purser, a young fellow from Sitka, met with a series of accidents, one on top of another, that finally culminated the day we reached Oonalaska in his falling and breaking a rib. When we undid his shirt we found the fur-seal's tooth suspended by a string from his neck, and he acknowledged to having stolen it from my desk in Sitka. Said he intended to sell it to the Indians when he got back."

"Good enough!" exclaimed Captain Matthews at this point. "I am relieved to learn that you finally recovered that pesky thing. Now will you be kind enough to let me look at it? I want to show it to my daughter."

"I am very sorry," began Mr. Ryder, "but —"

"Don't say that you have gone and lost it again!" cried the commander of the *Phoca*, with a comical aspect of despair.

"No. But I am inclined to think that it was again stolen. You see, just then Mr. Coombs appeared, and in the confusion of the moment I thrust the tooth into an inside overcoat pocket, and for some time thought no more about it. I lunched that day on board the *Norsk*, a German steamer that happened to be in port. While at the table I happened to relate the history of the fur seal's tooth up to date, and as the captain expressed a desire to see it, I directed the Japanese table-boy to fetch my overcoat, which was hanging in a state-room. He did so. But to my great mortification I found that I had again allowed the tooth to slip through my hands. It had disappeared, nor have I since heard from it. The *Norsk* left Oonalaska that evening, and the next day we came here, only to meet with the disappointment of which you have already learned. The only thing we have discovered is a fragment of the note left by Mr. Coombs for the boys. As it was at a distance from the hut, and badly chewed, we concluded that the foxes got it instead of those for whom it was intended."

"Well," exclaimed Captain Matthews, "it is a mighty

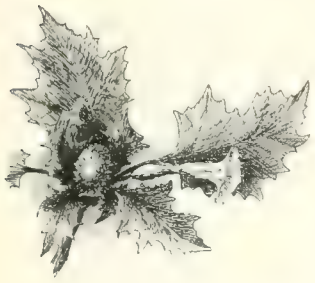
interesting yarn, and I wish you every good-fortune in your search for those boys. If you'll take my advice, though, you'll start for the Pribyloffs just as quick as the wind will allow, for they are as slippery as cats, and there's no knowing what they'll be up to next. In the mean time I'll jog back to Sitka, and leave you to bring them along as soon as wind, tide, and accidents will allow."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## POISONOUS ROOTS.

BY DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

THE recent death of five school-boys at Tarrytown, New York, from eating a root which they supposed to be sweet-flag, calls attention in a very tragic and painful way to the presence of poisonous plants in our woods and fields. Just what the root really was I have not definitely learned. A medical journal commenting on the case supposes that it was the very common plant known as poison-ivy or poison-oak (*Rhus toxicodendron*). My own opinion would be that it was more probably either the water-hemlock (*Cicuta maculata*) or the American hellebore (*Veratrum viride*), both of which are poisonous plants that grow, like the harmless sweet-flag, in moist localities. But perhaps it is not so important to learn what plant killed the unfortunate lads as to remember that the fatal root was so palatable that the boys ate it eagerly. That a root or other vegetable product may be pleasant to the taste and yet contain a deadly poison is a very important thing to know.



STRAMONIUM.

Fortunately not many of our native plants possess this very dangerous combination of qualities. Of those that do, perhaps the most dangerous is the water-hemlock, already mentioned. This is a rank weed, growing commonly in moist localities. Its fleshy roots have a pleasant aromatic taste, but are virulently poisonous. To add to the danger there is a closely related plant, called the sweet-cicely, that grows in similar localities, and much resembles the water-hemlock, but which has a root that is both palatable and wholesome. Many persons have lost their lives through mistaking one of these plants for the other. Another related plant that now grows commonly here, having been introduced from Europe, is the poison-hemlock (*Conium maculata*), the plant that furnished the poison with which the ancient Greeks killed their capital criminals, and sometimes, as in the case of Socrates and Phocion, their philosophers. These deadly hemlocks belong to the same family with the parsnip, carrot, and celery, all three of which vegetables are poisonous in their native state, and have only become wholesome through cultivation. Even now the parsnip sometimes develops poisonous principles if allowed to become too old before being pulled.



WATER-HEMLOCK.

The hellebore is also a common plant, growing in boggy places. It is a lily (though no one but a botanist would suspect the relationship), with broad plaited leaves that clasp the stem at their base. The poisonous properties of this plant were well known to the Indians, who are said to have sometimes used it in selecting their chiefs — the man who could take most of the poison with impunity being regarded as strongest and best qualified to lead. On account of this tradition the hellebore is often called "Indian-poke." It is also sometimes called "crow-plant," because the early settlers scattered corn steeped in a decoction of hellebore over their fields to poison crows.



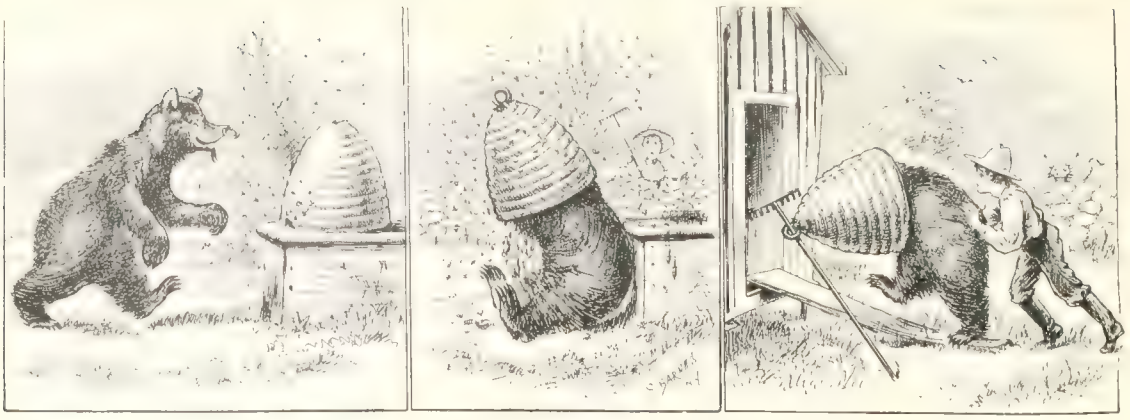
AMERICAN HELLEBORE.

The aconites are another tribe of common and very dangerous plants. A few weeks ago a family on Long Island suffered from eating the roots of one of these plants. We have several native species, but none of these is as well known as the "monk's-hood," which has come to us from Europe. This plant has a historical interest, as its poison was used on arrow-heads in primitive warfare, and in the execution of criminals in more civilized communities. In some countries it was used to poison wolves, and hence it is often called "wolfsbane."

We are also indebted to Europe for several other common plants that are very poisonous; in particular, the foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), the deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), the henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*), and the stramonium (*Datura stramonium*). The last-named is a very common road-side weed, having a large tubular white flower. It is commonly called Jamestown weed, often corrupted to "jimsen-weed," this name having its origin in an incident of the early history of Virginia. Some soldiers who had been sent to Jamestown, to quell the rebellion of Bacon, were poisoned by eating a salad made of young shoots of the stramonium. The deadly nightshade must not be confounded with our charming lilies called drooping nightshades (Trilliums), which are plants of far better repute.

I have mentioned only the commoner plants whose poisons are most virulent. A long list might be added of plants in some degree poisonous, but the effects of which are seldom fatal. Perhaps the most common of all, and certainly the most generally known, is the poison-ivy, already referred to, which really is not an ivy at all, but a climbing sumac (Rhus). This plant has the unenviable distinction of being poisonous to the touch. Fortunately it does not affect all persons, however, some being able to handle it with impunity. Those who are susceptible can hardly go into the woods ungloved without suffering from contact with this plant. Its effects though extremely disagreeable, are not really dangerous.

All our other poisonous plants may be handled freely without the slightest danger (except possibly in the very rare case of a peculiarly susceptible individual), and only become noxious when their juices are taken into the system. Fear of being poisoned need keep no one out of the woods. But, on the other hand, the knowledge that poisonous plants grow almost everywhere, and that their virulence cannot be determined by the taste, should make every one very careful indeed as to what herbs or roots or berries he puts into his mouth.



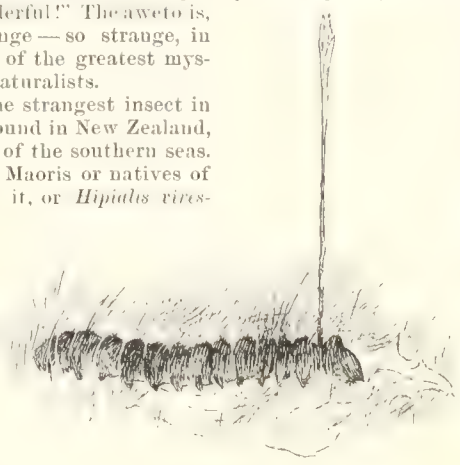
THE TRICK BEAR AND THE BEES.
How Farmer Jones exchanged his honey for a bear.

## THE AWETO.

BY JOHN CHARLES LEMPFERT.

THE name "aweto" has a very strange sound, and will be known to but few of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, and when they have read this story they will cry out, "How strange, how wonderful!" The aweto is, indeed, very strange — so strange, in fact, that it is one of the greatest mysteries of modern naturalists.

The aweto is the strangest insect in the world. It is found in New Zealand, the Great Britain of the southern seas. The aweto, as the Maoris or natives of New Zealand call it, or *Hipialis virescens*, as naturalists term it, is a vegetable caterpillar of from three to four inches in length.



THE AWETO.

So far science has not been able to say whether it is a vegetable or a plant, but as I have been many years in New Zealand, and have seen hundreds of them as a boy and as a man, I am able to tell you as much about it as anybody else.

It is a perfect caterpillar, like any other caterpillar, with one exception.

It is always found at the foot of large myrtle-trees that have beautiful red flowers on their own stems, and a beautiful creeping clematis as white as the snow. The Maoris call this tree by the name of *rata*. The aweto buries itself among the roots of the rata, a few inches below the ground, and there lives until it is full grown, when it undergoes a most wonderful change. The spore of a vegetable fungus, termed by naturalists *Sphæria robertsii*, fastens itself to the neck of the caterpillar, just between the head and the first ring, as you will see in the illustration, and then grows upward to a height of from six to eight inches. Many people assert that there is never more than one stem, but such is not the case, for I have found them with two stems, although very rarely.

The stem in shape is much like the plant which our boys and girls call "cat-tail," only, of course, it is much smaller. The stem shoots up out of the ground, above where the caterpillar is living, about two or three inches; below the earth it grows into the aweto, until it fills up every possible space within the outer skin, without changing the form of the insect in the slightest way whatsoever, but simply substituting a vegetable matter for animal substance.

As soon as this takes place both the plant and the caterpillar become dry and hard and die, but retain exactly the same form as when alive.

The whole has a brown color, and the insect appears a wooden caterpillar, with a huge horn standing up from the back of its neck.

How the caterpillar manages to propagate its species no one can tell. Usually the caterpillar becomes a chrysalis, the chrysalis changes into a moth, the moth lays eggs, and these eggs again become caterpillars, and so on without stopping.

I have heard many reasons given why the plant shoots up from the back of the neck of the aweto, but they have been found worthless upon further investigation. Mine is that the aweto has a slimy substance oozing out from its neck, which, while the aweto is boring at the foot of the rata-tree for its only food, catches the seed of the fungus and holds it fast there till the latter begins to grow. When it has sucked all the vegetable life out of the aweto it must naturally die, for it finds no further nourishment.



A WELL-MARKED HERO.



MAORI CHIEF.

The aweto is by no means seldom found; on the contrary, it is often found, and in large numbers in the one neighborhood. I have found as many as twenty-six at the foot of one rata-tree.

When it is half grown it is yellow and much like marrow, and the Maoris consider it a great delicacy. When it is hard and dry they pound it into powder, which they use for dyeing their skin. As all know, the Maoris consider it a mark of great beauty to disfigure themselves by tattooing their faces in the most horrible manner.

In the accompanying portraits you may see the likenesses of some great Maori chiefs. You will notice all kinds of circles and half-circles on their faces. These are cut in when they are quite young — eighteen years of age — and the powdered aweto, mixed with a vegetable juice, is rubbed into the wounds, which are then allowed to heal. When healed, these circles and half-circles are perfectly green. The masters who perform this cruel work of tattooing are very skilful at their art, as you can see, for the figures are the perfection of order and regularity. This frightful habit is, however, rapidly dying out as the Maoris become more civilized.



AWETO MARKS.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## MILO MILLS'S FOURTH OF JULY POEM.

A STORY OF AN OLD-TIME INDEPENDENCE DAY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

MILO MILLS was the poet of the school.

I shall never forget the June day—all birds, blossoms, and waving meadows—when Major Cameron stopped his horse before the school-house, and sat in his wagon waiting for the school to close. Major Cameron was one of the District School Committee, which we deemed a position of the highest honor and gravest responsibility, as indeed it was. For what was he waiting? Why did he not come to the door?

"School is dismissed," said the master. We usually rushed out at the word, but we walked into the yard very quietly this afternoon, as the "Committeeman," as he was termed, stood watching us.

The Major leaned forward with a grave look, and said, "Milo Mills, I wish to have a word with you."

What had happened? What was about to happen?

The Major began speaking with Milo in a low tone, but in a firm, distinct voice, which he evidently intended



we should all hear. "Milo Mills," said he, "I represent the Town Council."

We were all ears. Had the Major come to arrest Milo? That could not be. Milo was an honest, faithful, great-hearted boy. It was true that he had "spells of the imagination," as the woman who lived by visiting and dress-making used to say, but such things do not break the peace.

"The Town Council have voted an appropriation of one hundred dollars this year to celebrate the Fourth of July." He spoke so that we could all hear. We were greatly surprised. One hundred dollars! "And I have been honored by being made the chairman of the Committee to expend this munificent sum." What a beautiful word—"munificent"! We stood rooted to the ground. We almost wondered if the sky was not bending down. What would he say next?

"Milo, they tell me that you are a poet."

An osprey, whose nest was in a decaying buttonwood-tree, came sweeping down, and one of the class in the Latin Reader said "Tarquin." We recalled the old Latin story of Tarquin and the eagle which had been read so often in our hearing.

"And I have the honor of inviting you, in behalf of the Committee, to read a poem of your own composition after the great oration."

We opened our mouths and our eyes, and stood like so many statues. Was ever a school so honored in any of its members before?

There was a deep silence. Milo looked like one petrified. His mouth opened a little, and then closed again; then a little wider, and a lump moved up and down in his throat.

"Speak, Milo," whispered the master. "You can do just as well as anybody. Speak up brave. Homer and Virgil were once no older than you."

That sounded encouraging indeed, but Milo stood dumb. A preoccupied robin alighted on a locust bough overhead and began to sing. The girls waved their aprons and said "Shoo!" A robin isn't an eagle, and this seemed to the class in the Latin Reader like a veritable council of the gods.

"What do you think? Will you come?"

Milo made a stage bow. Why shouldn't he, when Virgil himself was once no older than he.

"Go 'long," said the Major to his horse. "Hudup."

The vehicle moved away. We were all rejoiced for Milo. The news flew like the birds of June. Milo was a poor widow's son, and every one was glad for his mother as well as for him. There was a happy mental atmosphere in Rexford that June night. When good hearts are made happy the whole community is happy, and if there were ever two great, loving, forgiving hearts anywhere they were those of the widow Mills and Milo.

But the next day a shadow crossed the mental sky. It was a gray rift of doubt.

"Do you think that he will be *ekal* to the emargency?" Mary Strong, the busy dressmaker, asked one and another as she wended her way from one guide-post to the other, and the next evening the people's minds were all interrogation points. There were shakings of heads.

"If he should fail," said the same tailoress, on her return, "it would be just *awful*. The whole town, and the nation, bein' it is the Fourth of July, would be disgraced!" She added, to the parson: "Don't you think he looks rather pinddlin'? and, la me! if it were me, my knees would knock together like drumsticks. I could never stand up under such a strain!"

The question began to be asked as to who was to be the orator on this notable occasion when one hundred dollars was to be expended. The people were at last greatly astonished to hear that the great Senator Webber had been secured to deliver the oration, and that he would receive fifty dollars for the effort, so that with the military company and the engine company there would be nothing left for fireworks. And the poet, he would have to go unpaid.

The beginning of a thing is a long way, and the act of the patriotic Town Council in appropriating one hundred dollars filled the town with an inspiration to make the celebration the greatest possible success. The military company voted to turn out.

The company possessed an old siege-gun that had been used in the investment of Boston, in General Ward's day, and this patriotic and historic piece of ordnance they voted to bring out and to fire. It had not been fired for nearly one hundred years, but there was an old soldier of the war of 1812, named Hackett, called Major Hackett, who, although he was only used to small-arms, volunteered to load and fire this ancient gun, which was to be exploded by a long iron rod with a heated point.

The fire company resolved to parade in their red shirts to the sound of the trumpet.

The schools voted to form a floral procession. They arranged to have a floral car, in which the Goddess of Liberty should ride, surrounded by some thirty or more young girls, representing the States, with white dresses, blue sashes, liberty caps, and shields.

The scene of all this patriotic expression was to be the Oaks in the lot outside of the town that had been once devoted to the general training. The flag-pole stood here. Here the preparations were begun. Booths began to be built for the sale of powder-crackers, torpedoes, and election-cake.

As the plans evolved, the mind of Mary Strong became more and more troubled about Milo. In order to give him a sense of his responsibility, so as to make his inspiration rise to the occasion, she felt an impulse to talk to him. She met him one day by the way-side. She lifted her spectacles and said, "Milo?"

"Yes, marm."

"That is a great thing you have undertaken, and I've been wantin' to see you for a long time, so as to give ye a cheerin' word an' encourage ye. Do you know what all the folks are sayin'?"

"No, marm."

"Well, then, I must tell ye, so as to nerve ye in to do your best. They all say that if anybody fails, it will be *you*."

There came an appalled look into Milo's face.

"Think, Milo, how you would feel if you were to stand up there, and set to shiverin' and shakin', and the great Senator Webber, after his great, great oration, lookin' at ye, and all the people laughin' at ye! And your voice all stuck in your throat, so that you couldn't get it up nor down! But as bad as that would be, it would be a great deal wuss if the poem itself should not rise to the height of the great occasion."

The great day came at last. A fiery splendor lifted its arch above the sea, and in it the sun rose clear; all the bells in town began to ring, and the flag shot into the warm blue air as if to meet the sun.

The town was up betimes, and all was preparation. The drummer and fifer went through the streets, scaring babies and dogs in the yards, and even the birds in the trees. People poured into the town from the farms—lads and lasses, the wise and the foolish, queer old vehicles, and people seldom seen on the street except on Saturday market day.

Senator Webber, the orator, came early in a coach drawn by four bay horses, and stopped at the inn.

The day blazed. The air warmed to an intense heat, and towards noon great white peaks of clouds began to rise above the horizon, like Italian Alps or tropical Andes. The heat increased, and the air became perfectly still. Leaves drooped, and birds flew about panting.

The procession began to form. The military company were to lead, and they indeed looked fine. After the company the floral car with its Goddess and the States wheeled into line, very shaky. Next came a coach, with Chairman Cameron as the Master of Ceremonies, and the Senator and the poet.

As the coach was waiting, Jasper stepped up to the carriage and said to Mr. Cameron: "If the exercises should be likely to be too long we might omit the poem. We could have it printed in the paper."

Milo had passed a sleepless night. He saw and felt the meaning of Clerk Jasper's remark.

The firemen took their places, the town officers in carriages, the people on foot, the Antiques, and that musical pony.

The drum and fife filled the lifeless ear of the air. So did another sound—a distant rumbling in the sky.

The procession moved towards the training-ground, on which had been erected a platform for the speakers. Just before the coach with the orator and the poet started Milo's mother handed him an umbrella, and said, "Take it, Milo; it may rain before the exercises are over."

She looked up. The ospreys were wheeling low under the deep blue sky. The white vapory clouds with black bases but pearl-like heads, like the Alps at Lucerne, were rising. They were beautiful, as the full light of the noon sun fell upon them. Not a leaf stirred, but the birds were singing everywhere.

The procession started gayly. As it came to a halt another rattling sound, like a park of artillery, seemed to rise from the hills.

Mary Strong came up to the carriage and whispered, "Milo?" The poet bent down his ear. "If it should rain it will be luck for ye. Sometimes I hope it will. Think of the boy 'that stood on the burning deck'!"

The procession moved on, and the air grew feverish. The prudent hay-makers were hurrying in the fields. A peak of cloud met the sun, and the earth became half shadow and half sunlight.

The training-ground, some half-mile from the town, was full of people. Fans were waving everywhere under the great clouds of sunshades.

It had been arranged to fire the siege-gun when the head of the procession should reach the platform. The gun had been set in an embrasure of rising ground overlooking the sea. It had been heavily loaded, so as to make a great noise, and a keg of powder had been left open near it, so that it might be loaded again. Major Hackett stood like a hero on the meadowy height, with a long rod in his hand, on which was a fuse. He ordered all the small boys away with a royal wave of his rod, which looked like an immense poker.

The procession swept round to the platform. In doing so the floral car leaned over at the curve, greatly to the trepidation of the Goddess of Liberty. But it righted. As the procession reached the platform, Major Hackett, on the hill, gave the long poker a flourish, and the drummer and the fifer took their places behind the musical pony, so that he might canter to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," which stimulation did indeed prove to be needed.

The anticipated moment came. The Major marched proudly up to the gun and applied the fuse. The gun responded instantly. There followed a tremendous explosion. The cannon leaped out of the embrasure, and backward, and a part of it flew into the air, like the explosion of the "Adams" in the hands of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery—a broken gun yet to be seen in the chamber at the top of the Bunker Hill Monument.

Major Hackett may have seen service, but the unexpected conduct of the ancient gun filled him with nervous terror. He turned around and around with the poker in his hand, dipping the latter up and down, until in the dense cloud of smoke he reached the keg of powder. He touched this by accident, when there followed another explosion. The earth seemed flying from its base. Pudding-stone rose into the air. Several horses broke from the procession and ran to the town.

Out of a cloud of smoke Major Hackett came hobbling down the hill, having left the unfortunate poker behind him.

The earth was growing dark now at noon-day. Clouds were piling upon each other, and the south was a long black wall.

The Senator mounted the platform; our poet followed with his prudent umbrella.

There was a black silence in the air.

The Master of Ceremonies recited a prepared introduction, extolling the eloquence of Senator Webber, and asking the indulgence of every one for Milo, and added: "If the exercises should be very long, we may have to omit the poem, which can just as well be printed. The weather looks threatening." It did.

Zigzag lightning darted across the black wall which was now rising higher and higher, with a vapory mantle hanging half-way between the earth and the sky.

Senator Webber arose.

"I should be sorry to disappoint my brother, the poet, but it does look as though my oration, which is long, as I have so much to say, would be likely to fill the time under the somewhat alarming circumstances. I am glad that the poem can be published." He continued, taking a statuesque attitude: "This is our nation's jubilee. We have assembled here together to commemorate the day on which our forefathers offered their hearts and hands and all that they were to their country. So the Romans of old, led by their eagles, went forth with their spears and shields. So we in spirit march forth with them to-day, and offer our hearts, hands, and —"

An appalling gust of wind broke the stillness of the air. It was raining in the black and purple distance, and the rain was travelling like a flying host. The limbs in the grove at a little distance began to be lashed hither and thither, and great drops of cooling rain to fall.

—"offer our hearts, hands, and our—"

"*Heels!*" shouted old Jasper. "It's comin' like an army of the giants of old. We'll have to offer our heels to our country to-day as sure as the elements are against us."

There followed another peal of thunder, and the rain began to fall. The crowds were running.

—"shields—heels—" said the Senator, and then leaped down from the platform and followed the crowd, declaring, "We never know what is goin' to happen." He was right.

The people ran to the oak grove, or hid under the carriages, or found shelter in the booths. The storm swept over the scene, with blinding rain and hail, as though a winter lake were being blown away. The air instantly cooled. The poor horses stood shivering, and one of the tents was blown away.

The poet? Where was our poet amid these fearful scenes? He had spread his umbrella, and sat still on the platform like the boy that stood on

"the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled."

In some twenty minutes the cloud passed over, and left behind it an opening in the sky which seemed almost like a vision of the gates of Paradise. The people began to look out of their shelters. The poet, sitting on the platform under his umbrella, was the admiration of all. Some of the boys under the carriages began to cheer. The cheering was followed by the people in the grove. The rain abated, and the people came out of their covers, and gathered around the platform. Among them were Chairman Cameron, Clerk Jasper, and Mary Strong.

Chairman Cameron ascended the platform and shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen!"

The people came running to hear what the chairman should say, and the crowd of the morning gathered again.

"Ladies and gentlemen: we cannot tell what a day may bring forth. We rise up smart as peppergrass to be cast down by hail-stones. To-day everything has failed — the procession, the old cannon, the floral car, the 'Yankee Doodle' pony, and even the oration; all but the poet. I wonder if he will fail too, as we have been predicting?"

There went up a great shout of "No, no, no!"

"Shall we have the poem?"

"Poem, poem, poem!" shouted the people.

The sun's rays burst out, and an immense rainbow spanned the retreating clouds. The robins set up a great chorus in the grove. How beautiful all nature looked!

Milo closed his umbrella and stepped forward to the front of the platform. There arose a great cheering. He took from his pocket his poem, and, dropping it in his hand by his side, began to recite it in a musical voice.

"O Time! O Change, how have these green hills altered
Since those far-distant days
When Vikings hailed, from prows that never faltered,
The summit of these bays!"

The poem pictured the long history of the coast and its heroic towns. The people listened to it as to a historic revelation. As he lifted the paper at the close never was heard such cheering in the old port town as arose on the air.

"Shout your fill," said the chairman, "there is one thing that hasn't failed!"

Mary Strong hurried up to the platform. "Milo, come here," she said. "You owe that to me, now, don't you? You remember how I encouraged you down by the pastur bars, don't ye? Well, what I have to say to you is, 'Prepare for further usefulness, and never forget your friends!'"

## THE CLAM-BAKE AT PIGEON COVE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

IT was funny to see the two pairs of bare legs pattering over the sand, and the two big straw hats that looked as if their small owners might have taken bites out of the brims, shading the rosy sunburnt faces cut after the same pattern, while the twins made rapid time toward a vine-covered porch attached to a comfortable-looking farm-house.

They could not wait until they reached it, but sent their voices before them in the shout of, "Mamma! mamma! May we have a clam-bake?"

The sweet-looking lady who sat there with a book smiled as she replied, "Let me hear about it first."

The boys were rather out of breath when they threw themselves down beside her, and both tried to talk at once.

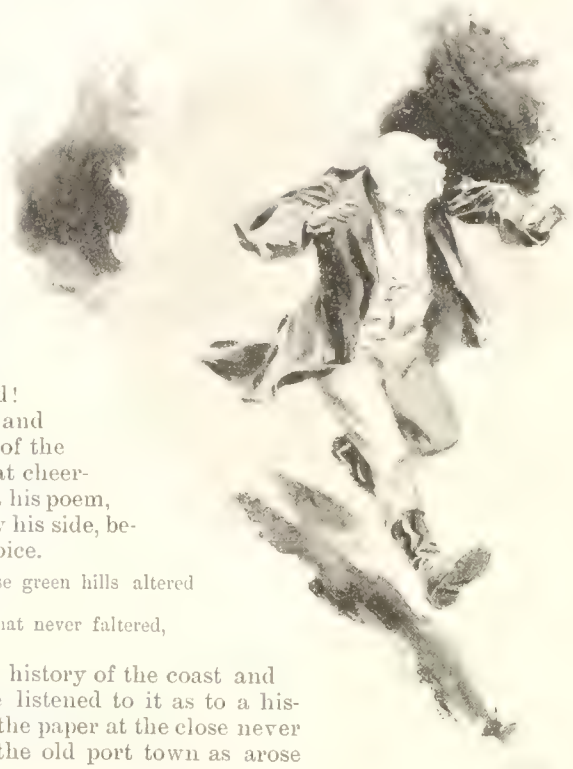
"Quogue says it's splendid!" began Walter, excitedly.

"It's a clam picnic, you know," said Donald, at the same time, "and you'll like it, mother."

Mrs. Herrick closed her book and took up some embroidery. "Then I am to be invited?" she asked, as she pushed back the damp hair from each flushed face. "I should be almost afraid of getting broiled out on the beach if it is such a day as this."

"We'll build you a hut, mamma," said the twins, beguilingly; "and we might ask a lot of other people, and tell 'em to bring tents."

"What?" laughed mamma. "Expect them to come, like clams and lobsters, with their houses on their backs? That will never do."



"HEELS!" SAID THE SENATOR.

There were plenty of campers-out in the vicinity of Pigeon Cove, and Mrs. Herrick had friends among them, besides the guests at Captain Nettle's boarding-house; but summer after summer the little family went to the same quiet farm-house, where they felt almost as much at home as in their own house in town. The boys were allowed to go barefoot when they liked, and to wear old clothes that couldn't be spoiled during the greater part of the day; but at meal-time and late in the afternoon they were always dressed like little gentlemen.

"Quogue" was a delightful old Indian, who often came to the farm-house, while the Herricks were there, with fish and clams and berries for sale. He was supposed to have lived a hundred years; but he always said when questioned about his age that he didn't remember when he was born. He lived in a fascinating little hut that he had built of logs and driftwood; but Walter and Donald thought it should have been a wigwam, and when they first went to see him they glanced around rather fearfully for scalps and tomahawks. But Quogue knew little of such things, and spoke English as well as any one. He had been captured by a party of soldiers when a small boy; and all his people, he said, were dead long ago.

The twins were never tired of listening to the old man's stories, and he seemed never to tire of the twins. Every summer they brought him a useful present of some kind, which mamma usually chose, because the first time Walter had bought him a photograph album, while Donald thought a handsome inkstand would be the thing; and when they went back to town there were treasures of all sorts in their trunks which old Quogue had gathered for them. Mamma generally found it expedient to weed out this collection, but enough remained to give their room quite the look of a naturalist's museum.

"Why is a clam so happy, mamma?" asked Walter. "People here, you know, are always saying, 'as happy as a clam.'"

"It certainly is not pretty," replied Mrs. Herrick, "with its mouth opening almost directly into its stomach, but it is very contented. The saying is, 'as happy as a clam at high tide,' because it is then safely covered

with so much water that it cannot be seen and dug out of its sandy nest. But I have not yet heard the particulars of this clam-bake, and how it is to be managed."

"I guess it isn't very particular," replied the twins; "anybody can come that 'll pay a quarter. It is for Quogue, you know, to buy him some winter clothes, and *he* knows how to manage it."

They couldn't see why mamma was laughing, but she kissed them both and "blessed their little hearts," as she told them that they might have their clam-bake and welcome, and she would certainly come to it unless she had one of her bad headaches.

"Let me see," she added; "this is Tuesday, and Thursday will be a good day for the clam-bake, if that would suit Quogue. I'll write to Aunt Mary and Cousin Nell, and all the tent people, and ask them to come early."

The ten-year-old twins gave a shout of delight as they rolled tumultuously off the porch, and went to report to their Indian friend. He grunted his satisfaction in true Indian fashion, and then, with a boy at each side, he went forth to select his ground.

There was quite a discussion over this, as Walter and Donald felt as much interested as any one, and they enjoyed the fun of choosing and objecting. But Quogue always managed to carry out his own plans without hurting the feelings of his little friends, and having fixed upon his piece of ground, or sand, he let them think that they had selected it, and that he could scarcely have done without them. It was a sort of hollow, made deeper by digging, and the boys plied their little wooden spades manfully.

"Nuff done now," said the Indian, who always used as few words as possible; and while the little fellows were resting he brought some large flat stones and placed them at the bottom. He would tell them no more; and wishing that Thursday morning had come, his small assistants went home to get hands and faces washed for dinner.

Every one responded pleasantly to Mrs. Herrick's invitation, and there promised to be quite a gathering at the clam picnic. When the day really came the twins were nearly wild with excitement. They began to fear that there would not be enough picnic to go round, for people came in what the boys called large bunches, every one bringing some one else who had not been expected. Pretty Cousin Nell, looking like a rose in her pink lawn dress, was there with Aunt Mary, and they brought a quizzical-looking gentleman with them, who had a rose in his button-hole, and told the boys that he was wearing Miss Eleanor's colors.

Meanwhile croquet and other games were arranged for those who liked them; there were strolls in the neighboring woods for the walkers, and several bright-looking tents dotted the beach. All declared that it was a perfect day and they were having a delightful time.

Quogue was hard at work over his "clam pie," as the twins called it, and they watched his operations with great interest. First he spread a thick layer of seaweed over the red-hot stones, and on this a layer of clams; then another layer of seaweed; next came a layer of green corn; then seaweed again, and on it fish, lobsters, and crabs; more seaweed piled up thick, and this made the cover of the pie. Over all was spread a thick white cloth to keep the steam from escaping. And when this curious dinner was served every one said that it was perfectly delicious.

Mrs. Sims at the farm-house had made plenty of coffee, and cake and confectionery had been gathered from various quarters. Altogether the feast was highly successful.

The quarters were a sight; and when the boys had arranged them in little heaps of dollars, the old Indian declared that if there were *three* Quogues they would have clothes enough to keep them warm.



QUOGUE PREPARING THE CLAM PIE.

### SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

As soon as school is done,
We run and shout for fun,
We've counted and counted, and we don't care a cent,
We haven't thought of play,
For weeks and months we've given to books the care of every day.

And now we've earned vacation, and we'll frolic all day long,
The summer holidays shall keep the measure of a song.

There isn't any pleasant thing but we are bound to do,
While summer winds are gentle and while summer skies are blue,

To swim, to dive, to row, to drive, to climb, to jump, to ride,
To run on races with the waves, and dare the flooding tide.

Whatever other boys and girls in other years have done,
We mean to do with might and main, and so have lots of fun.

## AT THE CAMERONS'.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

### CHAPTER VII.

IT was late that night before the household was quiet. Rose, exhausted with her long journey and her numerous adventures, was soon asleep, her last words to Hildegarde being, "How nice it is to think that Noel is really our cousin!"

Noel, in a bed made up in his old nursery, was also tired and worn with excitement, and did not stay awake long. All that he knew or cared for to-night was that he was safe from Tante, and that Rose's nice relatives were his also. He only hoped that he would not wake up in the morning and find it all a dream.

The rest of the family, however, had much to keep them wakeful. Mrs. Cameron did not close her eyes, but her thoughts were happy and peaceful ones.

"I have found my darling. God is good to me."

Philip was planning his course of action. He must go to Jersey City, find the French woman, and force her to confess that the boy was Noel Cameron. The police should be put upon her track, and she should at last be brought to justice. In his mind there was not the faintest shadow of doubt that the boy was the son of his brother John, the family likeness being so extraordinary, but he knew that further proof would be necessary before they could be absolutely certain.

Hildegarde lay for a long time with her eyes wide open in the darkness. Noel was their cousin; he who had been mourned so long by their grandmother, the idol of her heart. Grandmother would be so happy now. Suddenly a new idea occurred to her.

"Perhaps," thought Hildegarde—"perhaps she will not care to keep us with her now."

Her heart grew heavy at the thought. Hildegarde was old and thoughtful beyond her years. Her life had tended to make her so. She decided that in the morning she would tell her grandmother—what? That they would go, now that she had Noel. Perhaps the German grandfather would take them.

It was very hard, for Hildegarde had grown to love her American relatives and home, but there was not the faintest feeling of jealousy of Noel in her heart. Simply that he had come back to his own, and therefore there was no place for them.

And then she cried herself to sleep.

It was a happy party that met at the breakfast table the next morning. Hildegarde and Rose scarcely knew their grandmother, her face had so changed. The "sorry" look had gone from her eyes, and in its place was a lovely light that reminded them of their mother.

Noel sat at her right, and when Hildegarde saw the loving care bestowed upon him she felt more strongly than ever that they were not needed now. She alone was quiet, and her food almost choked her.

"But I am glad he has come," she repeated to herself. "It is hard for us to have no father and mother, but think what his life has been! *Ach!* I shall never cease to miss them, *mein Vater und meine Mutter*."

"Has the woman been kind to you, my child?" asked Mrs. Cameron of Noel.

"Sometimes. But she often acted so strangely that I did not think she could be my own aunt. She would look at me in such a dreadful way." And Noel shuddered at the recollection.

"Noel thinks she's crazy. He told me so," said Rose. "That's one reason he ran away."

"Has she any money?" asked Philip.

"Not very much. Every now and then she would get more, but I never knew how she got it. And she was always afraid of seeing people, and more afraid in Philadelphia than anywhere, and yet she staid here so long. Sometimes when she came in she would say to herself, only loud enough for me to hear: 'Another narrow escape. I saw them to-day, and they did not see me.' And then she would laugh. That would always make me think she was crazy. I never knew what she meant."

"I think I must take Noel to Jersey City this morning, mother," said Philip.

"Philip, I cannot let him go. It would be impossible to give him up again."

"But remember, we must get some proof of his identity. And there is no danger of losing him if I am there. He must go to show me where the woman is."

After much urging Mrs. Cameron gave her consent, and Philip and Noel left the house. The storm was over and the weather was clearing. Travel had been resumed on the railroad, although there was still some delay, and Philip warned his mother that they might be late in returning.

When Mrs. Cameron and the two girls were left alone Hildegarde felt that the time had come to speak. There might not be another such chance, for she would not like to mention the subject before Noel. It would make him uncomfortable. They were in her grandmother's room—Rose at the window, looking over the square, and wondering if she would ever be allowed to play there again. Hildegarde had her work, though she was not doing much. It was Saturday, so there was no school. Mrs. Cameron, as usual, sat in a high-backed chair near the fire. She was longing for the day to be over, and for "her boys," as she called them, to return. Hildegarde made several efforts to speak, but the words would not come. At last she said, in a faltering voice,

"Grandmother!"

Mrs. Cameron did not hear her. And yet it was very quiet in the room, so still that the ticking of the little clock on the mantel-piece was plainly audible, and the occasional crackling of the wood fire.

"Grandmother!" she said again.

"Yes, child," said Mrs. Cameron, recalling her thoughts.

"I want to tell you—at least I thought I ought—that is—" and then she stopped again.

"What are you trying to say, child?"

"Only that I thought, perhaps"—Hildegarde's work fell to the floor unheeded, and she spoke very quickly—"now that Noel has come, you don't need us, and we might be in the way. And I'm *glad* Noel has come, grandmother, very, very glad. Don't think I am not. But he belonged to you before we did, and we don't want to be in the way."

Mrs. Cameron was gazing at her in astonishment, and Rose had left the window and drawn nearer.

"Hilda, what are you talking about?" exclaimed Rose. "*I* don't want to leave grandmother, and I'm sure if you'd been to Jersey City you wouldn't want to either."

"Do you want to go, Hildegarde?" asked Mrs. Cameron.

"No, no, grandmother. Indeed I do not," sobbed Hildegarde, her face buried in her handkerchief. "I only thought we ought to."

"Hildegarde, come here."

The girl obeyed.

"Never let such a thought as that come into your mind again. I am your grandmother, child. You are my daughter's children. Who has a better right than I to take care of you? And not only that: I will tell you something, though it is a difficult thing for an old woman to confess to a girl of your age. I neglected you too long, child, you and your parents. I was absorbed in Noel, and then in his loss. It seemed as if I cared for no one but him and Philip. I was punished by losing him. Then you came. I acknowledge that I did not want you at first, but I soon grew to love you both. And then when Rose was lost I thought, 'I am again punished.' You know what I suffered then. And it is really owing to you and to her that my Noel has been found. Do you think that I would give you up? Never. Do not mention the subject to me again, Hildegarde, unless you want to break your old grandmother's heart." And the usually undemonstrative woman put her arms around Hildegarde and kissed her tenderly many times. "Promise me," she said, "that you will never think such a thing again."

"I promise," said Hildegarde, feeling as if a thousand-pound weight had been lifted from her heart. "Dear grandmother," she murmured, with her cheek pressed close against Mrs. Cameron's, "I love you very much."

"I'm ashamed of you, Hilda," said Rose. "The idea of your *thinking* that grandmother would not want us! I know she loves us almost as much as she does Noel. Don't you, grandmother?" she added, with an air of confidence.

"Yes, dear, I do," said Mrs. Cameron, with tender eyes.

In the mean time Philip Cameron and Noel were having an exciting experience in Jersey City. Philip took the precaution to engage a policeman in citizen's clothes to go with them, and, directed by Noel, they soon found the little house from which he and Rose had run away the day before.

Fortune favored them. As they approached the steps the door opened and a woman came out.

"There! There she is now!" exclaimed Noel.

"You go ahead and speak to her," whispered Philip.

The woman stood on the top step, and looked quickly to right and left. She was closely veiled, and, as usual, quietly dressed. She carried a bag, and looked as if she were about to start on a journey, which was the truth. She had decided, too late, to run away.

Almost immediately she discovered Noel, who went up the steps to meet her.

"*Ah, méchant! méchant!*" she exclaimed, pouring forth a volume of abuse in French. "Where have you been, and I distracted? And the girl, what have you done with her?"

In her excitement at seeing him she had not noticed the two men who now drew near.

"*Ciel!*" she cried, when she caught sight of Philip. Turning towards the door, she caught the handle, trying in vain to open it. She rang the bell furiously. Then she tried to go down the steps, but her way was blocked. For a moment she lost her head completely.

"*Ah, Monsieur Philippe!*" she cried. "*Pardon! mille pardons!* I have kept him safe. I—" Then she suddenly realized what she was doing. She straightened herself up, and with a haughty air turned towards the door.

"I have forgotten something," she said to Noel. "I will go back for it, and then you will explain where you have been."

"You have indeed forgotten something," said Philip, quietly.

The officer approached on the other side, and took hold of her arm.

"Unhand me, villain!" she shrieked tragically, and just then the door was opened by the astonished maid-servant.

The little party went into the house, the woman still protesting violently in French and English.

There was a terrible scene, but she was finally quieted, and at last acknowledged that she had stolen the money and the jewels ten years ago, and a few months afterward the child.

"I loved him, you know," she said. "I knew I could take better care of him than his grandmother. I wanted him, and I had the chance. It was great. It was fine" (and she laughed heartily) "to circumvent the haughty madame. And I succeeded. And many is the time since," she added, "that I have passed you in the crowd, Monsieur Philippe, and you saw me not. Ah, it has been a life of excitement!"

They forced her to give a detailed account of her proceedings, and to testify that the boy was Noel Cameron. This was done in the presence of several witnesses.

Afterward Marie d'Achette was removed to the station-house; but it was proved beyond doubt that she was insane, and no steps were taken to punish her. She was placed in confinement, however, and before many months her complaint became very much aggravated, and she died.

Noel and his uncle returned in the afternoon to Philadelphia, Noel scarcely able to believe that Tante was not really his aunt, and that his life was now to be so different. Occasionally he pinched himself to see if he were awake. It was more exciting than the most thrilling book he had ever read.

Philip had telegraphed to his mother as soon as the matter was settled, and she and the girls were waiting for the travellers, Hildegarde and Rose in their prettiest frocks, and prepared to celebrate the occasion.

For weeks it seemed impossible to realize that Noel had come back. Noel himself was the last to become accustomed to the change in his fortune.

The poor boy's education had been sadly neglected, but he had a bright mind, and with the help of a tutor, who coached him out of school hours, he soon caught up with the boys of his own age.

Hildegarde and Rose found life far more attractive and delightful now that Noel had come. Their grandmother was a different creature from the stern, haughty woman they had found on their arrival from England, and Noel himself was a most congenial companion.

Christmas was very different this year. It was also Noel's birthday, and the day was filled with joy and gladness. They had a tree decked in real German fashion, which pleased Hildegarde, and touched her, for she knew that her grandmother intended in that way to show that she truly loved her German grandchildren.

It was soon after Noel's return that another letter came from Grandfather Von Dalbersdorf. He was unwilling that all communication should cease. Several of his children and grandchildren had died during the past year. He was growing old, and his heart yearned towards the daughters of his Otto. If they were not to live with him they might at least be permitted to visit him during the summer.

And so it was arranged. The following summer Mrs Cameron and her three grandchildren went abroad, and while she and Noel travelled or remained quietly at different delightful places, Hildegarde and Rose visited the old castle on the Rhine which had been her father's birthplace and early home, and that of so many generations of ancestors before him.



"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, AND I DISTRACTED?" SHE SAID.

It was all so strange and different from what they had ever experienced that they could not help enjoying the life; but they came back to Philadelphia in the fall feeling very glad that they were American children.

"And though our German grandfather was very kind," said Rose, "he is not to be compared with our American grandmother; and, besides, it was not very nice of him to give up papa for so long."

"No," said Hildegarde. "Oh, Rose, I wish our father and mother knew how happy we are now! Do you think they do?"

"Yes," said Rose-flower, simply, "I think so."

THE END.

## THE FOURTH AT MARCIA MEYER'S.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

IT was lonely for Hester in the long vacation. She amused herself sewing on the gallery, watering her flowers, making sweetmeats over a spirit-lamp with poor Madame Cherdidi, who seldom went away either. And taken down to the kitchen by Miss Marks to toss up desserts and make tea-cakes, she was becoming quite a mistress of the useful arts.

But although Miss Marks sometimes went away with Hester on little journeys, just now Hester was alone with madame and the servants. And she grew tired of sewing, tired of rowing round the cove, tired of her books, almost tired of writing to her dear father far off in the South Seas—tired, anyway, of writing to Bella Brooks, having her usual lovely summer at Mrs. Tenterden's. The only excitement of her days was walking to the post-office for her letters. And she spent herself in longing to see her father, to put her hand in Miss Marks's, to have a good confidential hour with Marcia.

She was sitting on the high stone steps in the garden one morning, her guitar across her knee, a streamer of the still-blossoming sweet-brier reaching down to garland her dark hair, a bird overhead bubbling forth a fearless song, as if Hester were only a part of the garden wall. Very forlorn indeed a moment before, all at once she felt as if something had happened—as if she had had a dream. For there stood Marcia in the path, the sun shining straight through her hazel eyes and on her leonine locks.

"Oh, you dear little graven image!" she cried. "You look as if you hadn't a friend in the world! You're awfully homesick and awfully lonesome, and wish you were tumbling with the brown babies in the surf of Pango Bay! Don't you, now?"

"Oh, Marcia!" cried Hester. "Is it really you?"

"And no less," said Marcia. "Come off your perch."

"Oh, Marcia, you said you wouldn't talk any more slang!"

"Slang? When you really are perched up there? Well, then, condescend, oh, dark daughter of the South Sea, to come down—"

But the dark daughter was already down, and had both her arms round Marcia's neck.

"What do you think?" cried Marcia, returning the rapturous embraces. "I always told you St. Marks was an angel! She and mamma have arranged that you're to spend next month with me at home."

"Oh, Marcia! Oh, Marcia dear!"

"Truly. And Miss Persis has come down with me to fetch you back. And to-morrow's the Fourth, you know; and papa has promised us a stack of fireworks—oh, lots of them!—blue-fire and flower-pots and set pieces, the flag, and Washington. I like the fireworks, but it's an awful day altogether, for John and Bert and Helen and Agnes are so patriotic it makes you wish there wasn't any country."

"Wasn't any country?"

"That was what I said, Miss Prim. But as you have so many—"

"I have only one country, Marcia! And I hate the other flags flying down there over the bay at home! And when I see ours, like a beautiful cloud in the sun, blowing so soft and slow over the water, I love it! Oh, I love it!"

"Great applause! Well, it isn't the Fourth yet, Mr. Speaker—I mean Miss. And you run along now, and throw some gowns into your trunk, and ask the madame to get in and tread them down, if you can't."

"Oh, Marcia," said Hester, laughing, "I really will be quick!"

"I don't suppose the most precise little packer under the sun can be quick. But the train goes back in two hours. And I've the greatest surprise for you! Now I'm going to take Miss Persis round the place, and introduce her to dear old Cherdidi, and let her see how much worse off she could be than teaching the little Meyers."

"Oh, she couldn't!" said Hester, fervently.

"It is such engaging frankness that endears Miss Hes-

ter Stanley to her schoolmates," said Marcia, kissing her. "The little Meyers don't mind."

"I know they don't," said Hester, laughing too.

"I mean, don't care. Come, hurry up, now you've hurried down."

And Hester hurried. Not so much for the sake of the Fourth and its fireworks, for to be with Marcia and Rafe was festival enough for her. And presently they were off. And at the end of the long railway ride there was Charlotte Risley, with all the Meyer children — at least almost all—in a hay-cart trimmed with green boughs. And when Hester saw them, although she knew that John was a dreadful example for Bert, and that Charlotte was sometimes a terror at school, she felt her heart warm, as if loneliness and vacancy had never been, and she had always had this dear little rabble about her.

"I'm so glad to see you, Hester," whispered Helen, slipping her hand in hers when they were on the hay in the bottom of the cart. "Rosy says you're her friend. But—"

"Oh, I am every one's friend," said Hester, smiling, with her great dark eyes full of happiness.

"It is so good of you to come, Hester dear," Rosy leaned over to say.

"As if I could help it!" cried Hester, gleefully.

"John has got lots of torpedoes for you to fire, Hester," cried Agnes.

"And cannon-crackers," echoed Mabel.

"You needn't tell all you know," said John.

"And I've got some Roman candles for you, Hester," said Bert.

"So've I," said Tot.

"You can't fire a Roman candle," exclaimed Georgie.

"I can, too. I can fire anything."

"Now look out, or I'll fire you out of the cart!" cried John, dropping the pin-wheel he was fastening on the bush in the corner of the cart, to go off with a splutter.

"Oh, you *have* fired us out!" cried Marcia. "Stop, James! Stop! Whoa, I say!"

And the children sprang out in a terror lest the hay should blaze.

"It wasn't lighted," said John, loftily.

"John, you were forbidden to bring any of those things along," said Miss Persis. "You are not to be trusted with children in muslin frocks. There; now you may get in again. All but John. He may walk home."

"Then I will walk, too," said Bert.

"And I," said Georgie, not to be outdone by the bigger boys.

"So shall I," said Agnes, who was Georgie's guardian angel.

"Then I shall, too," said Mabel.

"Perhaps we all had better walk," said Marcia, after the way the Meyers had of hanging together in the face of the enemy.

"I sha'n't," said Charlotte Risley; "and I don't believe Hester will."

"It's a pity," said John, "if people can't do as they please on the Fourth of July!"

"It isn't the Fourth yet," said Rosy.

"The Fourth of July is Independence day, and John Adams said the way to keep it was with gunpowder and noise."

"I wish John Adams had never been born!" cried Marcia.

"Marcia," said Miss Persis, "I thought you were going to help me. Get into the cart immediately now—all but John."

And soon Mr. John was left trudging behind in the sun and dust, while silence and melancholy filled the hay-cart.

By the time they reached the old red house, and the baby Hester had toddled out to meet her little godmother Hester, who couldn't kiss her enough, good humor was restored. Mrs. Meyer asked Miss Persis if they were all there, and Mr. Meyer asked if she had not better count them, and Rafe came rolling himself along in his wheel-chair. That was the great surprise for Hester, since the last time she had seen him was up at Old Benbow, when he could help himself but very little, and had to be lifted from arm to arm. She could hardly think of a greater joy than this; for that Rafe should be well again was one of Hester's fondest dreams. But there was not much time for dreaming now.

"Charlotte is going to have a party," said Marcia. "It seems to me you ought to run home now, Charlotte dear. You're the hostess. All the Meyer children are invited over to Charlotte's. And they have to go and wash their faces first, you know."

This was necessary; for Charlotte's aunt was so particular that she could not keep Charlotte herself at home, but had to send her away to school. From which you may imagine that in dreary vacations it was gayety for



SITTING ONE MORNING ON THE GARDEN STEPS, HER GUITAR ACROSS HER KNEE.

[illegible] for the [illegible] along the hall half frightened them, where [illegible] their balance, and where they had to sit in a stiff row and [illegible] for Miss Rose [illegible] tea parties.

Meanwhile, with John's fatal facility for getting into mischief, he found companions on the way, and did not reach home till the children were trooping up the green from the party. And then, seeing his father—late about everything—just opening and assorting the box of fireworks that the expressman had left a little while since on the front piazza, he slipped through the side door that he might whip up stairs and be in bed before his absence should be noted. But those glad voices were too much for the little scamp. He would have his *feu de joie* after all. He rushed for one of the serpent rockets from his store, and lighted and sent it writhing and hissing down the green to greet the home-comers. And crying out and skipping here and there, to his delight, to escape the twisting, flashing thing, they looked up and saw John's face in the light grinning like a gargoyle. But in a second that face was transfixed with horror. For there was a wild cry, a crack and crash and roar and splutter, and blinding flashes filled his eyes, and shrill screams rent his ears; he heard his father's voice and James's in the midst of the uproar that seemed to go on uninterruptedly, while the air was thick with the bursting of Roman candles, the whizzing of rockets going all ways at once, the whirring of wheels, the detonation of cannon-crackers, dark with volumes of smoke through which went up flakes of flame, and foul with the smell of burned gunpowder. He realized in an instant that some spark from his wicked little serpent rocket had flashed into the heap of combustibles and reached a grain of gunpowder—and all was done. To-morrow night's fireworks had gone off in one big blaze and roar—and it was fortunate if that was all.

James had the hose attached to the hydrant, and was flooding the piazza. The explosions were over—although Mr. Meyer was having an explosion of his own. The fireworks were gone. All the pleasure the children and the neighbors had been expecting had vanished in three minutes. John felt as if there were no heart in his body, it sank so—not altogether from fear, but with real disappointment for the other children. "Oh, why can't I be good, like Rafe!" he sighed to himself. And he crept into bed, after his father had made him a visit, sore and sorry, and wished there had never been a pin-wheel made.

"There," said Marcia, when Hester was in the little bed opposite her own, "that's a very fair beginning for our sort of Fourth of July. It doesn't always go off quite so fine at the start. Mamma's been made ill, and John has had a whipping, and the little children are too nervous to sleep. Wasn't Rafe beautiful, trying to quiet them when his own nerves were all on edge so? Now if we can get forty winks before pandemonium sets in we may have strength for to-morrow. I don't know what is going to become of John—"

But Hester was asleep while she was talking.

The town clocks had been answering one another with three strokes of their silver tongues when Hester was waked from the dream of an Indian war-whoop by sounds as blood-curdling—long blasts of fish-horns under the windows, and reports of revolvers. It was the boys—John's boys—who had come to call him out, it having been in the programme that he was to escape by way of the roof of the shed and meet them; and as he had not done so they had come to demand his surrender from the superior powers.

[illegible] to them, Hester," said Marcia. "They all know me, and they won't mind a word I say. They'll only hoot the louder. And they'll kill mamma if they stay."

Hester slipped on her little dressing-gown and went to the open window. She felt very angry, and the late-rising moon shone full in her face, which was very pale, and kindled her great black eyes, so that she fairly struck the surprised urchins with a sort of awe.

"John's mother is very ill," she said. "If you don't want to be murderers, you will go away." And the poor little fellows, terrified at the thought, made a rush across the green, and were gone, to fire their guns and burn their crackers under other innocent windows.

But John had gone with them. Twice that night Hester had to repeat this performance with parcels of strange boys who came along; and she felt as if she had not been asleep at all when, just at the pink of dawn, the town bells began to ring, and somewhere, not very far off, they were giving a salute of great guns. The reports of the little guns and the spluttering of crackers were all about them, and Hester found herself waiting feverishly for the next one; and she fell off into troubled and disordered dreams, and was just talking with a firecracker that stood up and offered her a hand that was so warm she dropped it, and opened her eyes wider, to find the sun shining full across her face.

"It's Fourth of July!" said Marcia.

"Oh, you needn't tell me!" sighed Hester, stopping her ears with her hands at the noise of a roar from Bert because John would not give him the torpedoes and things he couldn't use himself—for John had come home wounded in both hands from his dark foray, and was in bed for the day at least.

"It's always the way," said Mr. Meyer at breakfast. "If you anticipate a pleasure unlawfully you spoil it. If John had let his pin-wheels alone yesterday we should have had our fireworks."

"We did," said Georgie.

"We should have had them in quite a different manner, and without making your mother ill. Poor John! It's lucky it's his fingers; that 'll keep him at home, and be the means of saving his eyes, perhaps."

"And it's too bad," said Helen. "It's Hester's first Fourth of July."

"Her first gunpowder Fourth, you mean," said Marcia.

"It seems to me as if I had done nothing but smell smoke ever since last night," said Miss Persis.

"Why, how do they keep the Fourth down on your islands, Hester?"

"They don't keep it," said Marcia. "And if they did, they couldn't do anything so silly and barbarous as we do, with our crackers and things. And we have to get them from Eastern barbarians, anyway."

"That's just because you're a girl!" said Bert.

"I've got lots of torpedoes," said Tot, defiantly, "and I mean to fire them."

"Well, you're only a boy," said Marcia, exasperatingly. "It doesn't matter what a boy does till he drinks his milk without spilling it. For my part, I wish there wasn't any such day! The ice-cream at dinner's the only good thing about it. Seems to me I'm smelling smoke all the time too, Miss Persis. I suppose it's the powder."

"Oh, Marcia!" cried Hester. "If there wasn't any Fourth of July you'd be no better off, perhaps, than one of the island women down there swimming inside the reefs. You wouldn't know any more. You'd be worshipping an idol! Or you'd have your feet squeezed all out of shape, like the Chinese women, so that you could only get along the way a baby does." And she stopped to kiss the baby Hester, lest this should have hurt her feelings. "You'd be working in the fields, harnessed with a dog, maybe."

"Oh dear, dear, don't tell me any more. Take care, Mabel! There you go, all over my clean gown!"

"Well, Hester," said Mr. Meyer, when it was quiet again, "if you kept the Fourth as you chose, what would you do? Another cup, Miss Persis, please."

"Oh, I don't know," said Hester.

"Well, fancy."

"I think — yes — I would have the great guns off on the hill and echoing out at sea."

"And so would I!" came a chorus.

"And the bells, you know. They sound so glad."

"Oh, bells always do," said Marcia.

"But why more glad to-day than any other day?"

"Oh," said Hester, "because they say, 'Come here, come over here, all you poor people. Here are fields and food and friends.'"

"And they say, 'Be glad, you people who are here now, that you were born free and have the chance to make yourselves all that human beings may,'" said Miss Persis.

"And they say, 'Be good, little boys, so that you can grow to be Presidents,'" cried Bert.

"They say, 'Down with Kings! down with thrones! We rang when they drove tyrants over the sea the way St. Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland,'" said Marcia.

"They say, 'Fire your crackers! fire your crackers!'" cried Georgie, leaving his oatmeal, and running to the window to throw out the torpedo that was in the way of burning a hole in his pocket.

"They don't say, 'Ask Miss Persis to excuse you first,'" said Marcia, witheringly. "Oh, I do hate the smell of gunpowder so!"

"I don't," said Bert. "And don't you forget it!"

"And after the bells, Hester?" asked Mr. Meyer.

"We might go up to Rafe's sitting-room, and have him read the Declaration; and then have you tell us about the day they signed it, sir. And we would sing the songs. And then — Miss Persis says she would have things in the town-hall, plays where the children have parts —"

"Or tableaux," said Miss Persis, "of scenes in history."

"And bands of music in the square, and all the people out walking," said Helen.

"And ice-cream free!" cried Bert.

"And lemonade!" cried Agnes.

"And a great dinner in a tent, or else all go off on some picnic or sail," said Marcia.

"And come back for fireworks at night," said Hester.

"And come back for fireworks at night," said Helen.

"And not a speck of gunpowder anywhere else," said Marcia.

"I wouldn't give a cent for such a Fourth as that!" cried Bert.

"We shouldn't have as good as that if we moved down to the Texas ranch where you want to go so, Bert," said his father.

"Oh, papa!" cried Marcia and Helen together.

"Oh, we may have to. Letters, Bridget?" as the maid brought in the mail. "One for you, Marcia; Miss Persis; here's a Round Table epistle for Lady Rosy; one of the Shut-Ins for Rafe. H'm, h'm, h'm—they'll keep. What were we saying?"

"Oh, papa!" cried Marcia, waving her letter. "It's from Bella Brooks! And Mrs. Tenterden is coming down the coast this afternoon in her little steam-yacht to take us all to see the fireworks along the shore this evening! She let Bella choose what to do, and Bella chose this. Oh, isn't she a starter! We're all invited. Too bad about John—though I don't know. I wonder if I've a clean cambric? Helen, you must wear your little white lawn—"

"On a yacht? I shall wear my dark blue flannel."

"Well, your too too solid flesh will melt then."

This was joy enough for the day. The younger ones promised their best behavior and obedience to Marcia and Charlotte and Hester and their father; it was well understood that although John must stay at home with his mother and the baby and Miss Persis, it would take all of these to keep company manners among the little Meyers. "And they haven't any other manners, you know," said Marcia.

Hester proposed to stay at home and amuse John, but no one would listen to that, which John thought very unfeeling. And after spending the morning watching for the little yacht, which was not due till three or four in the afternoon, at last they saw it float in over the bar like a bubble. Then while they waited impatiently, Mrs. Tenterden had to come up with Bella to call on Miss Risley, whom she knew, and go into ecstasies over the old house, and the old heirlooms, and the shining old furniture, and the grim old portraits that were Miss Risley's pride and care.

But at last they were off, the little *Swan* putting her nose down through this wave and skimming over the top of that, so that it was impossible for the Meyer children to restrain the manifestation of their delight, which was very agreeable to Mrs. Tenterden, although Charlotte and Marcia made her feel that they were dignified enough for all the rest. Then Hester, with her South Sea Island remembrances, was an object of interest to Mrs. Tenterden, who was always on the outlook for something novel. And so the time sped. And the afternoon changed into a sunset that the sea reflected and doubled, so that they seemed to be in the middle of a gorgeous shell. And then the purple twilight came, and the evening star trembled like a falling drop of gold, and looked at her shadow in a long broken line of light upon the waves; and suddenly a yellow sun seemed to burst in the top of the sky and shed a shower of emerald and sapphire and ruby stars; and the dark sea repeated them. And then all the western sky was a shifting glory of long curving flights and ribbons of fire, and dances of shooting stars, and clusters of jewels paling to sparks, and all painted again in a tangle of lustres upon the sea, which had begun to be a little rough as the *Swan* headed down the shore for home. And Mrs. Tenterden said it was so charming to have all this without the noise and confusion of the land; and the young gentlemen were initiating Mr. Meyer into the mysteries of yachting, quite heedless that Mr. Meyer had sailed yachts before they were born; and the children were absorbed in the multitude of breaking splendors, and Hester and the other girls were in a hushed rapture of enjoyment. And so they came into the bay—a great good fortune that no one was uncomfortable.

For the wind was coming up, and it was not such smooth sailing as before. As they neared the bar of the river it was quite exciting sailing. It was very exciting sailing to Mr. Meyer, who stood up on the bow and watched sharply what Mrs. Tenterden had said was some set piece of fireworks on the horizon—a steady glare that grew larger and redder as they drew nearer, and did not burn out, as such fires do, but now and again streamed up with volumes of illumined smoke.

"It is some conflagration," said Mrs. Tenterden then. "Do you suppose it is a meeting-house? A barn full of hay? Dear me, I hope it is not any one's house and home! I am almost sure it is, though. Can you make it out, Mr. Meyer?" And she handed him the glass.

Mr. Meyer gave a long and steady look. He saw a mass of wallowing flame; he saw the lofty elm-trees illuminated till they looked like fountains of fiery sparks; and it seemed to him that if the *Swan* did not go faster he should have to swim ashore himself. For the tide was running strongly over the bar, and the wind met it with a great cross sea, and the little *Swan*, on the top of



"IT IS SOME CONFLAGRATION," SAID MRS. TENTERDEN.

a wave, made a plunge, and dipped her beak into a sea that ran to swamp her, and rose and shook as if she were tossing off the foam, and rolled from side to side, and diving, with her screw out of the water, wriggled like a worm on a pin, as Marcia said; and up she rose, and down she plunged, and slipped over into still water. And in five minutes more she had left her guests ashore, and was on her way back between the harbor lights.

There was a great turmoil at the landing. Fire-bells were still ringing, and cries and shouts still rending the air. But Miss Risley was on the spot. "Oh, Mr. Meyer!" she cried. "They're all over at my house! And all in bed! Every one! And most of the furniture is saved! It was a spark from those fireworks last night that caught under the piazza and crept along the sills, smouldering all day. Miss Persis kept saying she smelt smoke. But they're all safe," she said, with the last remnant of that breath. "No one is hurt at all."

"Thank God for that!" said Mr. Meyer.

"And you must all stay with me," said Miss Risley, rising to heights of sacrifice, "till you can rebuild the place."

"You can't rebuild a homestead," said Mr. Meyer. "You are very good, Miss Risley. We shall be glad to stay till we find some spot for the rest of the warm weather. But this settles it. We shall go to Texas; and you will have to come down to the ranch for a return of your hospitality," he said; while Marcia rushed on like a tempest to find her mother and John and the baby, leaving Hester and Rafe to quiet the sobs of the rest as they clustered, half bewildered, round Rafe's chair.

The little Meyers slept late the next morning. And dressing them in what came first, and impressing the fact that Miss Risley's goodness must be met with goodness, Marcia sent them all over to play in the ruins.

"You see, it's just as I say, Hester," said she. "It's no better than a Gunpowder Plot the way we keep Fourth of July. Sometimes we burn up a city, and sometimes only a house. Oh, the dear old house!" cried Marcia, the tears running over her face. "You'll never come to us another Fourth of July, Hester."

"Not in the same dear old house, Marcia," said Hester. "But it isn't the house, you know; it's the people in the house. And I should love you and come to see you just the same if you lived in a tent."

"Oh, Hester! That's just the greatest! What do you think? Of all the strange things in this strange world! Papa has hired a couple of big tents, and he's going to pitch them over in the garden, and we're going to live in them there till he looks about him, and makes up his mind what he really will do. Poor papa!"

"Oh, Marcia, how lovely! how really lovely! And do you believe I can stay, too? Are you sure I won't be in the way? It will be just one long picnic!" said Hester.

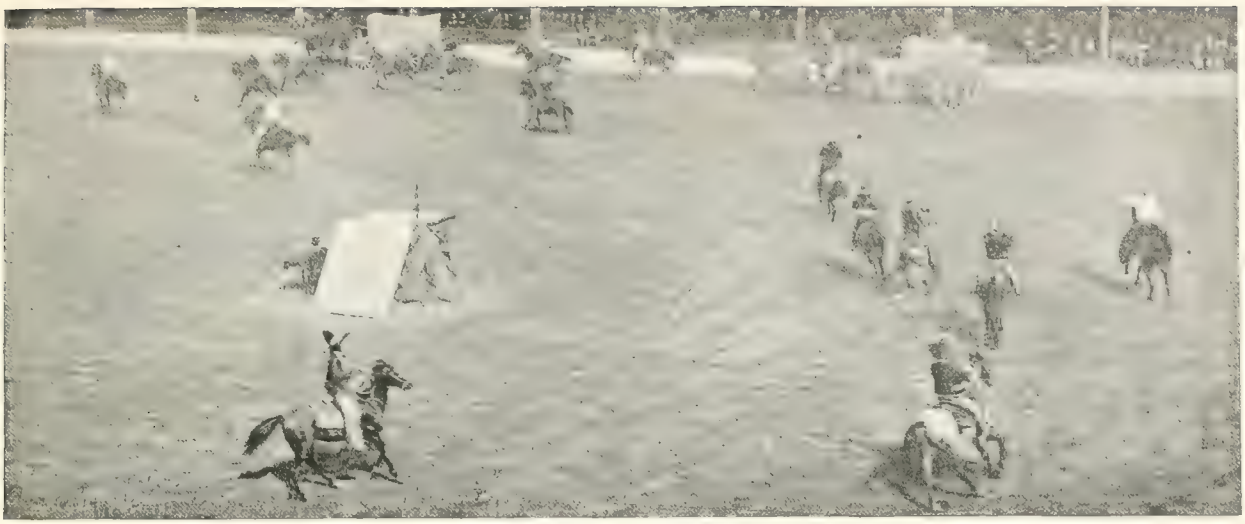
"Well, I suppose it will be," said Marcia. "Gypsy fires and all that. It's well to have something good, anyway, out of our Fourth. There come Charlotte and Rafe with the Baby in his chair. I ought to be taking care of that child."

"I ought to be," said Hester, "when I'm her fairy godmother."

"They're going to set the stakes for the tents," cried Rafe. "And the Baby is going to strike the first blow."

"Oh!" said Charlotte. "Just think of me living in that house with all those portraits, and you living in a tent all summer! You *must* ask me to visit you!"

"Angels have always visited people who live in tents," said Rafe.



THE EMIGRANT TRAIN ON ITS WAY.



ATTACKED BY INDIANS—COWBOYS FIRING OVER DEAD HORSES.



LITTLE JOHNNY NO NECK AND HIS PLAYMATES.



THE DEADWOOD COACH.



AN INDIAN WAR-DANCE.



Photos. by George S. Richardson.

THE INDIAN MARRIAGE AT THE WILD WEST SHOW.

EPISODES OF PRAIRIE LIFE.—[See Page 606.]

## EPISODES OF PRAIRIE LIFE

BY JAMES OTIS

WHO has not read the story of life in the emigrant trains that used to creep slowly across the plains under the guidance of a scout, like a convoy of ships across the ocean. Creeping slowly along until the white topped Pikes Peak came out of the mist and then creeping for weeks with the peak seemingly as far off as ever.

Many were the dangers—losing the trail, water giving out, and horrible deaths, but the worst of all—Indians! The red men that used to hang on the trail of a small emigrant train like wolves after a wounded buffalo.

All this is of the past, and we will never have it again. But we can still see what it used to look like, and what a real Indian attack might have been, and all this at the Wild West Show over in Brooklyn.

In come a few lumbering prairie schooners surrounded by men on horseback; the mules plod along until, with a whoop, out of a rocky gorge sweep a band of yelling Indians. Bang! bang! go the guns, and off go the mules on a dead run. It seems to be going hard with the emigrants. Probably the Indians are thinking of scalps and victory, then we hear a Yankee cheer. In come the gallant rangers, headed by the great ex-scout. The firing is fast and furious, the Indians gallop off, and the emigrant train is saved.

The danger from Indians, the uncertainty of the road, and the constant vigilance required by one man or the other of the cowboy guard that used to accompany many of the trains, educated a set of men who were as sharp as any Indian at his own trade. They knew all the tricks of prairie warfare; they could use every tree, every stone to advantage, and when worst came to the worst, and the Indians were tearing around their impromptu fort, they knew how to kill their horses and use their bodies as breastworks. Each man fell down behind the carcass of his horse, and as the Indians swept upon them, and shot, and tried to get away out of range, one of them dropped from his own horse each time that the little puff of blue smoke jumped up from behind one of the dead cavalry steeds. The red man, who could surprise and almost exterminate General Braddock's army in the forest, was no match for one-fiftieth the number of cowboys when the latter came on the scene seventy or eighty years later.

One of the best representations of these combats of the prairie, which have been so frequent and are now fortunately becoming so rare, is that given by these Indians, cowboys, and United States troops of the celebrated Custer fight. Every American boy has read of this fearful slaughter, or if he has not he should do so as soon as he can, for it not only gives reality to all the methods of border-life warfare with the Indians, but shows what American soldiers can do in the way of bravery and courage and attendance to duty.

General Custer was in command of the American troops, and was endeavoring to suppress an uprising of the Sioux Indians, who were fast organizing their own tribe with the Blackfeet and other Indian races into an extended outbreak. Custer understood that in the valley of the Little Big Horn he would find five hundred Indians encamped ready to proceed against him. He at once determined to attack them, and ordered a general movement into this valley, where instead of five hundred Indians he found something like two thousand warriors ready and waiting in ambush. It was a fearful fight, and no one of the Custer troop survived, with the exception of one man, who was saved probably because in the madness of the moment none of the Indians noticed him. This fight and charge of the Custer men are given by the Indians and troops in order to show what an Indian war means.

Here we have a party of braves on their way to the amphitheatre. Here are old Rocky Bear and old chief No Neck, and a dozen young men in all the toggery of war, and here are two matronly squaws, and a pappoose just big enough to toddle.

About twenty-five years ago, between Cheyenne and Deadwood, Colorado, they used to run a stage-coach that has now become historic. What is left of it belongs to Buffalo Bill, but many pairs of wheels have been worn out since it left the dangerous road along the border, where it had often been attacked by Indians, held up by highway robbers, and its occupants either robbed or slain. Twice every day for the last few years the same old coach has careened around the amphitheatre, the mules at full run, pursued, as long before, by a band of yelling, shrieking Indians on horseback. The occupants of the coach return the fire, but it is easy for the spectator to see that they, like the emigrants, are getting the worst of it. It looks like the days when the bullets used to fly through the coach awnings, and every shot emptied a saddle, or turned a horse heels over head on the ground. But in come with a rush the trusty cowboys, whom the Indian fears in a way he never fears the soldiers. Off go the red men again. In fact, they tell a story of an old Indian who asked General Sherman for a cannon. The General inquired what use he wished to put it to. The Indian said,

"Umph! want it to kill cowboy."

"No," said the General; "you want to kill my soldiers."

"No," said the Indian; "kill cowboy; kill soldier with a club."

But to return to the old coach surrounded by the yelling redskins. As soon as they see the cowboys they fire a volley, and with considerable screeching and no loss of life they hustle out of the arena by one of the side entrances, leaving the gallant scout master of the situation.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing, outside of the riding and the shooting, that goes on in the Wild West Show, is the way the horses are trained and looked after, discipline is maintained in the ranks of the supernumeraries, and the huge undertaking of running a town of seven hundred inhabitants of all nations and colors and sizes without friction or turmoil. As they all wait for their turn to enter the arena, it is a sight that can never be forgotten: Indians who have fought one another, American soldiers who have fought them, Mexicans who have fought the Americans, Germans who have fought the French, and English, who have fought everybody—they are all out in dress parade to amuse and entertain the American public. The best thing about the show is, perhaps, the reality that attaches itself to everything—everything is real, and there is no over-exaggeration of detail or action.

But to drop the Indian and take up some of his performances in the big amphitheatre across the ferry in Brooklyn.

A great many times you must wonder what the Indian thinks of us. It is easy enough to find out from the rough riders; they are all complimentary, saying they think we are very nice people indeed; but the Indian, he says nothing, and like Uncle Remus's "Tar Baby," "keeps on saying nothing." He never says "Thank you," even if you give him a cigar or cigarette; that is a phrase that is unknown in his language. Still twice a day out he comes, painted and bedizened, and dances and does his tricks, evidently with the greatest enjoyment. In a few years, probably before many of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE have grown old, all this will be a reminiscence; the "Border" will be no more; there will be no necessity for a cowboy, little for the army, and the poor Indian will either have been absorbed with his land by the neighboring whites, or killed off by diseases and

civilization. At present, the best way to keep him happy and peaceable is to give him three square meals a day.

One of the illustrations shows a group of Indian boys; the one standing up, to the right, is little Johnny No Neck, who was found upon the battle-field of Wounded Knee, a weak little baby, hardly able to lift his hands and cry for food. He was adopted by "No Neck," one of the friendly chiefs, who afterwards joined the Wild West Show. He is a smart little fellow, but his manners are none too good; I worked unsuccessfully for a full hour trying to get him to say "thank you" for a box of candy. I think that he would rather have given up the candy than to have been polite.

There was an Indian wedding at the Wild West Show, the first Indian wedding that ever took place off an Indian reservation. It is a curious ceremony, and was rendered doubly so by being performed almost in the heart of the Greater New York, and within sight of the Statue of Liberty. When an Indian woman marries she becomes a slave.

It is a strange thing that there are many Indians out West upon a few of the reservations who have seen more of the world than a large majority of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. Dressed in their feathers and war-paint, they have danced in the arena of the Coliseum, Rome, have swept down the great lagoon in a gondola at Venice, and have appeared in their dances before the various kings of Europe. They have then returned to their old life of doing nothing, eating all they can get to eat, and dreaming of the days when it was still their privilege to kill a white man. These travelled Indians have been attached to the Wild West Show that has been all over Europe.

The Indian is a peculiar character; he is a good actor, shrewd at a bargain, suspicious, and generally on his guard, but those who know him best say that amongst his own people he is often light-hearted and as gay as our friend the plantation negro, singing songs, swapping stories, and indulging in horse-play with his neighbors. There are some traits that he never loses. The older men possess a dignity of demeanor and desire for positions of importance and a hatred of all kinds of work.

## BOUNCING-BET.

WON'T you tell me, Bouncing-Bet,
What it was you did,
Flower anear the highway growing,
Sweetly budding, sweetly blowing,
That the neighbors chid?

That they passed you, prim and proud,
In that far-off day,
Stared you down so chill and haughty,
And declared you rude and naughty,
With your laugh too gay.

Did it vex you, Bouncing-Bet,
Such a name to wear,
Did you tell your gossips funny,
Bird and bee and frolic Bunny,
That you did not care?

Yet you blushed, my wayside pet,
Just a tender flush,
And your sweetness grew the sweeter,
And your nods a bit discreeter,
In the vesper's hush.

Never mind it, Bouncing-Bet,
Bloom anear the way;
Sweet things need not care for flaming,
Need not heed an idle shaming
Nor what neighbors say.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

### JALAP COOMBS'S PHILOSOPHY.

THE little *Philomel* had a hard time getting to the Pribyloff Islands. She was buffeted by head-winds, and forced to scud nearly one hundred miles out of her course by a gale. Then she became involved in such mazes of fog and perplexity that ten full days elapsed before she finally entered the region of screaming sea-fowl, and her people knew that the seal islands were at hand. Soon afterwards a lifting fog disclosed the low dark coast-line of St. Paul, which, forbidding as it appeared, gladdened Mr. John Ryder's eyes as though it had been the fairest scene on earth. Was not his boy there? And would not a few more hours see them reunited? He fondly hoped so, and in spite of his many disappointments could not believe that another was in store for him. No; Phil must be here, of course. It was not likely that he had been offered a chance of getting away, and even if he had, he was pretty certain to have waited for the *Phoca's* promised return. So it was with a heart full of joyful anticipations that Mr. John Ryder finally landed at the village of St. Paul.

The usual crowd was collected on the beach to witness the arrival, and stepping up to the nearest white man, who happened to be the government inspector, Mr. Ryder handed him a note of introduction from Captain Matthews, saying, at the same time: "There are my credentials, sir, and my excuse for landing here, when I am well aware strangers are not permitted save by authority, is that I am in search of a lost boy, my son, Philip Ryder by name. I must confess that I am disappointed at not seeing him here, but you can doubtless tell me where to find him."

A strange silence fell over the little group at these words, which most of them understood, while the inspector turned pale, and the hand that he held out to Mr. Ryder trembled.

"This is terrible, sir!" he said; "and I know not how to tell you—"

"What? Has anything happened to my boy? Is he ill? or—or—dead?"

The unhappy father almost choked as he pronounced the last word.

"I hope not, sir. We hope not," replied the inspector, in a voice husky with emotion. "All we know is that he is lost, and has been for two weeks past. In fact, both he and his companion disappeared just as the revenue-cutter *Phoca*, on which they came to the island, left it, and we have been unable to discover a trace of them since, though parties have been out in every direction searching for some clew to the mystery. But come up to my house, gentlemen, and you shall be given all the particulars so far as they are known to us."

At the word "lost" Mr. Ryder, strong, self-contained man that he was, had staggered as though struck a heavy blow, and Jalap Coombs, who stood immediately behind him, grasped his arm.

"Don't ye give up, sir!" he cried, though even his usually hearty tone was a little shaky. "Your boy Phil ain't the lad to get lost so as he can't find hisself, nor into a scrape that he won't work his way out of somehow, not ef I know him, and I think I do. He's been lost before *and* found, same as he will be this time. Why, sir, it wouldn't surprise me one mite to see him turn up to-mor-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

power of utterance and smiling. As my old friend Kite Roberson used to say, 'Them that's lost the oftenest l'arns best how to take care of themselves.'

During the utterance of these homely words of comfort the little party had been walking up the ascent to and the inspector's house, and now within its friendly walls, that had so recently sheltered his boy, Mr. Ryder learned all that was known concerning Phil and Serge.

The former had gone with a party of egg-hunters to Walrus Islet, and so was away when the Captain of the *Phœa* was obliged to depart in search of a poaching sealer, of whose operations he had just learned.

"By-the-way, her name was the same as that of the schooner in which you have just come. Could she have been the same?" asked the inspector.

At this the stricken father groaned aloud, while Jalap Coombs answered, "I expect she is, sir; though it was all along of a mistake."

"Of course it doesn't matter," said their host, "only it does seem rather hard. But to return to my story, your son being away his friend set out to fetch him, and went over to Walrus with a native, whose place Phil was to take for the return trip. They overtook the egg-hunters just as they were landing, the native was left with them, and the two lads started to return in spite of the fact that, as night accompanied by a thick fog was shutting down, the hunters tried to dissuade them from the attempt.

"Your son shouted back, 'It 'll be all right! we can't miss it! and we must take the chances anyway, for we're bound to get to Sitka.' That was the last seen or heard of them.

"We did not feel any anxiety here until the egg-hunters returned the following day, for we had not expected that the lads would get back that night; but when the bidarrah came in without them, we knew at once that something serious must have happened. By questioning the hunters, I learned that the wind had changed and blown fresh from the southward soon after the boys left them, also that the tide was flooding, with a strong current running north between Walrus and St. Paul. It seemed most likely, therefore, that the lads had been carried so far to the northward as to miss the island entirely, especially as the night was of unusual darkness.

"As soon as I obtained these facts I prepared for sea the little schooner that we use to maintain communication between here and St. George, manned her with a crew of picked men, and sent her out with orders to cruise back and forth to the northward of the islands for a week in the hope of picking them up. Upon his return the captain of this vessel reported that he had been as far as one hundred miles to the northward, keeping the sharpest kind of a lookout all the time, but without avail."

"So you do not think there is the slightest chance that we shall ever see them again?" asked Mr. Ryder, in a voice that betrayed his own hopelessness.

"I will not say so," replied the inspector, "for, of course, there are always chances, and while doubt exists there is also room for hope."

"Of course there is, sir, aplenty of it, and rightly too," broke in Jalap Coombs, who had followed the inspector's narrative with the closest attention. "My friend old Kite Roberson uster say that hope was the thing of all in this world he had the greatest respec' *and* admiration for, 'cause ye couldn't kill it, and every time it got a knock-down it would pop up agin bright *and* smiling in some onexpected place. So I say let's tie to hope, and not give up those boys yet a while. This gentleman has kindly give us the dark view of this case. Now s'pose we takes a squint at the bright side."

"Is there a bright side?" asked Mr. Ryder.

"Waal, I should ruther say so. Not sunlight, maybe, but bright enough to steer by. To begin with, a bidarkie is one of the best sea-boats there is long's ye keep her head to the sea, or scudding, and especially if ye have kamleikas aboard. Did the lads have kamleikas, do ye know, sir?"

"Yes," replied the inspector, "Phil had his own, and Serge borrowed one from the native who owned the bidarkie."

"And how was they off for grub?"

"I don't believe they had any except a few eggs that Phil insisted on taking as specimens for Miss Matthews."

"Then they couldn't have been better fixed," cried the mate. "Eggs is meat *and* drink both in one shell. Why, old Kite Roberson, who was one of the likeliest navigators as ever trod a deck, uster consider eggs the main part of a ship's stores. He knowed every egg island in three oceans, and uster visit 'em regular. Besides that, he carried along sich a stock of fowls, that no matter what ship he sailed in she was allers called the 'Hen-coop.' So what's to hender two able young seamen like Phil and Serge, with a good sea-boat under their feet, and a locker full of the best of grub, from making a cruise to some one of the islands lying up here to the nor'ard. Nothing at all, I say. It would be right in the line of sich lads as they be, and I wouldn't be one mite surprised ef they was setting on some handy p'int of rock this very minute, straining their eyes watching for us, and wondering why we didn't come along."

"Are there islands to the north of this?" asked Mr. Ryder, with a show of interest.

"To be sure. There's St. Matthew and St. Lawrence and Noonivak, and then up in the very middle of the straits, where the United States and Russia is less 'n forty mile apart, is the Stepping Stones, two little islands with the line running between 'em, and so close together that an able-bodied biscuit-tosser standing on the American island could toss a biscuit over into Asia. To be sure they're nigh on to a thousand miles from here, and there ain't no show for the boys to have fetched up there, nor yet on St. Lawrence, but it's jest possible they've brung up agin St. Matthew."

"We'll go there and see," exclaimed Mr. Ryder, roused into a new activity by the ray of hope thus skilfully brought to bear on the situation by Jalap Coombs.

"Besides," continued the mate, "the lads has a chance of being picked up by every one of the vessels cruising in these waters, of which there is aplenty—men-o'-war, whalers, revenoo-cutters, company ships, and the like, to say nothing of seal-poachers and walrus-hunters."



NOONIVAK ISLAND AND THE WALRUS-HUNTERS' HUTS.

Thus it was decided that the *Philomel* should continue her search to the northward, and Mr. Ryder was in a feverish state of anxiety until they were again off. Before starting he promised the inspector that however their search might result, they would return to the Pribyloffs and report.

Two weeks later they did so. They had been to St. Matthew, where countless numbers of polar-bears may be seen at all seasons, and where an outlying cone of basalt rises sheer a thousand feet from the sea, and, like a huge chimney, pours forth an unbroken column of black smoke. They had visited the savage walrus-hunters of Noonivak, and they had returned to the place from which they started without having discovered a trace of or heard a word from the missing lads.

Now, with hope well-nigh extinguished in his bosom, though still lingering as a faint spark, John Ryder came ashore to make his last inquiry. If he heard nothing here hope would indeed be dead. He wondered slightly at the unusual throng gathered on the beach to welcome them. Suddenly his despair, wonder, and all other feelings were merged in an overwhelming joy, for while they were still some distance off a clear, ringing voice shouted out,



JALAP AND PHIL'S FATHER HEAR BAD NEWS OF THE BOYS.

"We have heard from them, and they are safe!"

"Didn't I tell ye it would turn out same as old Kite Roberson allers said?" remarked Jalap Coombs, in a tone of quiet exultation.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### LOST AND DRIFTING IN BERING SEA.

When Phil Ryder stepped from the bidarrah or big open boat in which he had made the six-mile trip from St. Paul to Walrus Island, and clambered up over the slippery rocks of the latter, he was nearly stunned by the volume of sound that ceaselessly rises from it. The shrieks of myriads of startled sea-fowl, the rapid beating of their pinions resembling a low roll of thunder, the gruntings, croakings, and hissings of setting birds that refused to leave their splotched and dirt-smeared eggs, the roar of walrus, and the boom of surf combined to form a pandemonium of sound at once deafening and distracting.

"How can I spend a night here?" thought Phil. "And what a fool I was to come."

He was standing bewildered by the awful racket, with arms bent above his head to defend it from the whizzing flight of clumsy birds that shot through the air in every direction. Two enraged burgomaster-gulls, whose nests his feet were invading, were pecking savagely at his legs, and he was just meditating a retreat, when some one pulled his sleeve. Turning, he was amazed to see the sea-lion hunter who could speak English, and whom he had left nearly two hours before on Northeast Point.

As the latter could not make himself heard above the horrible din, he was pointing to the tiny cove in which lay the bidarrah. There, to Phil's greater surprise, he saw his friend Serge Belcofsky fending off from the rocks a two-holed bidarkie that tossed light as an egg-shell on the heaving waters.

"What on earth brought you here?" he shouted, as soon as he had scrambled to his comrade's side.

"You did," answered Serge. "The *Phoca* is about to sail, and I've come for you. So step in, quick, and let's be off. The hunter who came with me is going to stay in your place and come back in the bidarrah."

"All right," replied Phil. "I'm more than willing to leave this beastly rookery, and more than anxious to start for Sitka. I must have a few of those eggs, though, for I promised Miss Matthews some for her collection."

Within two minutes as many dozen eggs of all sizes and varieties had been collected and stowed in the after part of the bidarkie. Phil slipped into the forward hatch and fastened his kamleika about its coaming, while Serge assumed his position aft, and made the second hatch equally water-tight with the hunter's over-garment which he had borrowed.

It was nearly dark, and they could see a fog bank roll-

Serge himself felt somewhat uneasy, but he had come too far and worked too hard on this errand to incline toward giving up now. Besides, he also was very anxious to reach Sitka. So he shoved off, and both the lads began to paddle with long sweeping strokes. In another minute the arrowy craft had shot away from the roaring islet, and was lost to view in the gathering gloom. They had not covered more than a mile before the advancing fog enveloped them in its soft moist folds.

"Whew!" gasped Phil, breathing rapidly from his vigorous paddling. "Isn't this smothering?"

"Yes," replied his companion; "and I'm getting somewhat dubious about finding St. Paul."

"Oh, I guess we'll find it all right. We've only got to keep the wind at our back. It is blowing from the eastward, you know."

"But this fog came in from the southward."

"Do you think so? It seemed to me to come from the east with the breeze."

"All right," agreed Serge. "Perhaps it did. I'm not quite sure of my compass up here. We've got to keep on now, at any rate, for we could never find Walrus again, while we can hardly miss hitting so big a mark as St. Paul. If we strike either coast we can cruise along it until we come to the village. I'm afraid, though, we won't get there in time to catch the *Phoca*."

"Oh, yes, we will: Captain Matthews isn't the man to go off and leave us, when he knows we are going to be back some time to-night. You said you sent word by Ramey, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then he's sure to wait. What's his hurry, anyhow?"

"I believe he has word of some sealer poaching in the sea, and is going to hunt her."

"My! won't it be fun to be on the other side of such an affair? I tell you we struck big luck when we met the *Phoca*. In fact, I think this whole cruise, as I look back on it, has been made up of a series of lucky events, even though we haven't had the fur-seal's tooth to help us."

So they talked in disjointed sentences as well as their rapid breathing and relative positions would allow, and all the while wielded their dripping paddles with the energy of young athletes striving for a prize.

Finally Phil stopped paddling, and half turning said: "Let us listen a minute, old man. It seems to me we ought to hear the roar of seals on St. Paul by this time. I'm sure we've been an hour on the way." So the lads listened intently, but all they heard were the ceaseless roar and dash of the wind-swept waves.

Under circumstances such as those in which the occupants of the little bidarkie now found themselves there is no sound more depressing and awe-inspiring than this, nor one that conveys more clearly an idea of the immensity and terror of oceans. When it is accompanied by darkness and fog the effect is so heightened as to be wellnigh unbearable.

As our lads listened to it, and felt the chill breath of the wind-driven mist on their cheeks they shivered, and a great fear began to creep into their hearts.

"This won't do!" cried Phil. "We must keep at work or we'll never get there. It is strange, though, that we don't hear anything. We ought to be almost on the beach by this time. Do you notice how big the waves are? It's lucky that our course is with them, for they'd be tough fellows to work against, and make an ugly sea to cross."

For an hour longer they paddled steadily and in dogged silence. Then both paused in their labor as though moved by a single impulse.

"We've gone wrong somehow," said Serge, without an attempt to conceal his anxiety.

"Do you mean, old man, that you think we have missed the island altogether?"

"I am afraid we have."

"Then may God help us, for we can no longer help ourselves."

"Amen," responded Serge, solemnly.

"I suppose we had better continue paddling, if only to keep her headed with the sea."

"And to keep from freezing," said Serge. "I'm chilled to the bone now."

So they resumed their labor, but they worked listlessly, and without heart.

At length the short night came to an end, and daylight, dim and shadowy, began to steal over the tossing waters. Occasionally the round head of a seal rose above the surface close at hand, and the animal stared at them for a moment with great wondering eyes before again sinking silently from their sight.

"We could get one of those fellows if we wanted him," said Serge, his glance resting on the slender shaft of the native spear that was lashed on deck.

"What good would it do us? I thought we lost our interest in seal-skins some time ago," said Phil, bitterly.

"Seal meat would save us from starving."

"How could we cook it?"

"We couldn't," replied Serge, significantly.

"Well, I must confess that I'm hungry, but I don't think I care to eat raw seal meat just yet. I say, old man, do you suppose two fellows ever had such an unlucky trip as ours? We seem to have jumped from one trouble into another ever since we started."

"And this is the worst of all," answered Serge, despondently.

"Yes, I suppose it is. And starving to death does seem a very dreadful way of dying. I don't know but what I'd rather drown and done with it."

"Suppose we try an egg," suggested Serge, with a sudden inspiration.

"That's so! we have got eggs. I'd forgotten them entirely. Raw eggs aren't half so bad as raw meat. I've eaten them before, and when I didn't have to, either."

"So have I," replied Serge, as, unfastening his kamleika, he reached behind him, and drew forth a couple of the eggs Phil had brought along as specimens.

"H'm!" ejaculated the latter, as, after carefully removing a portion of the shell to see that the contents were fresh, he swallowed them at a gulp. "A little fishy, but not so bad as I expected. Let's have another."

After eating half a dozen eggs apiece the lads felt decidedly better, and even a little cheerful.

"It warn't much of a breakfust, but even a poor breakfust tastes good to a hungry man, as old Kite Roberson uster say," remarked Phil, and at the picture thus called up both lads actually smiled. Then, too, they caught a glimpse of the sun, which was a slight comfort, though not so great as it might have been had it not shown them that they were headed due north instead of west, as they had supposed.

"We are headed for the north pole," said Phil. "Do you know of any place on which we might fetch up short of it?"

"Yes," replied his companion; "there are islands somewhere to the north of here, though I don't know exactly where. I don't believe they are more than a hundred miles or so away, though."

"Let's make a try for them," cried Phil, with sudden

energy. Anything is better than lying still, and we are not done for yet, by a long shot."

So all that long weary day the plucky lads tried to cheer each other as they alternately paddled, rested, and made melancholy pretense of enjoying their raw, fishy eggs. At length, however, their supply of these was exhausted; they were too utterly wearied to paddle any longer, and night was again coming on. The fog had thinned during the day, but only so as to disclose a wider expanse of chill waters, and with the coming of night it closed in again as dense as ever. The only comfort was that the wind had gone down with the sun, leaving a smooth sea.

"I'm beat out, old man!" said Phil at length, as he laid his paddle on deck.

"So am I," answered Serge. "And what is worse— Here the lad suddenly checked himself. He would not add to his comrade's misery by disclosing, any sooner than he could help, the new source of dread that had just been revealed to him by a peculiar motion of their frail craft.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## INDEPENDENCE DAY.

HERE'S a thrilling day, good people,
Banners flung from roof and steeple.
Soldiers marching, bugles pealing,
All the air alive with feeling.
List the throbbing of the drums,
Where the long procession comes;
Hear the cannon-thunders crashing,
See the gay torpedoes flashing;
Laughing girls and shouting boys
Fill the merry streets with noise;
'Tis a good old-fashioned way,
So to celebrate the day.

Once such firm blue-coated column
Stepped with mien severe and solemn;
Once across a waiting nation
Smote our fiery Declaration,
"Free and equal" this the phrase,
Grandly flung for blame or praise;
Then our plucky gauntlet thrown
Meant that we would hold our own,
Standing solidly and strong,
Though the stubborn foe might throng:
All *that* struggle lives in pages,
Written for undying ages.

Cheer your best, the day is glorious!
Day that marks the right victorious!
Run the colors mast-head high
'Neath the glowing summer sky!
Proudly wear it, boy and man,
Name of names—"American!"
Love the mighty land that bore you,
Love the flag that's floating o'er you,
And, in brave old-fashioned way,
Greet our Independence Day.

## CAPTAIN JACK.

BY W D HOWE.

IT was the Fourth of July.

The commanding officer of one of the largest forts on the Atlantic coast was a General who had gone through the Mexican war, and who had fought against the Indians, and in many battles of the Rebellion. He was a tall fine-looking man, and though strict with the officers and soldiers, they were all fond of him, and also proud of him as their commander.

The General's only child was a boy of sixteen, who was known throughout the regiment as Captain Jack. He wished to be an officer when he grew up, and often begged his father to send him to West Point; but although his father wished him to go there, he had grave doubts whether he could get him an appointment. The trouble was that Jack did not live in any town or city, and was therefore not allowed to write the competitive examinations, and so try to win an appointment. The President and the Secretary of War had each the right to send a few boys to West Point, but the boys they sent were generally their friends. Jack's father did not know the President at all, and knew the Secretary of War only slightly, so he could not expect to get an appointment from either of them.

On the morning of the Fourth of July Jack went up on the ramparts with his father's field-glass to look at the men-of-war, three American and two British, which the evening before had dropped anchor in the harbor. He examined them carefully, and felt proud that the guns on board of them were not as large as those in the fort. Then he wished it were already twelve o'clock, because precisely at that hour the national salute was to be fired—one gun every minute, and one for each State in the Union. Though all the men-of-war were to help give the salute, they must wait for the fort to fire the first gun. As the time drew on Jack saw all kinds of boats, crowded with people, coming down from the city, some of them taking positions near the battle-ships, and others landing at the fort, where the passengers went ashore and collected in a crowd behind the cannon on the ramparts. At half past eleven Jack started for the other end of the fort, to meet his father. He saw him coming in company with a gentleman who was not in uniform.

"Jack," said his father, "this is Secretary Gordon, Secretary of War."

Jack took off his hat politely as Secretary Gordon offered to shake hands, and then walked back with them to his father's quarters. There the Secretary and the General sat down to discuss some important matter, while Jack stood at the window and watched the people go by. Presently a company of soldiers, led by a sergeant, marched past to load the guns. Jack glanced at the clock. It was a quarter to twelve. Then he looked for the officer of the day, who had charge of the salute. At ten minutes of the hour the officer had not appeared. Five minutes more passed, and still there was no sign of him. Jack began to feel worried. Suddenly he saw a soldier hurrying toward the General's quarters. Something serious, Jack felt, had happened. The soldier hurried up the steps, and the next moment knocked at the door.

"Sir," he said, saluting, "the officer of the day reports that he is injured, and cannot direct the firing."

"What!" exclaimed the General, jumping up. "At this late moment! Go at once to Lieutenant Brown with orders to take charge of the firing."

The soldier hurried off.

"It's five minutes to twelve now, father," said Jack, "and he may not find him."

"True," said the General, looking up at the clock. "And there are those men-of-war waiting. If I could get there in five minutes I'd go myself, but it's too far."

"I can. I can run fast—with all my might," said Jack, his face suddenly becoming all aglow, and his eyes sparkling.

The General looked at the Secretary of War.

"Can he do it?" the Secretary asked.

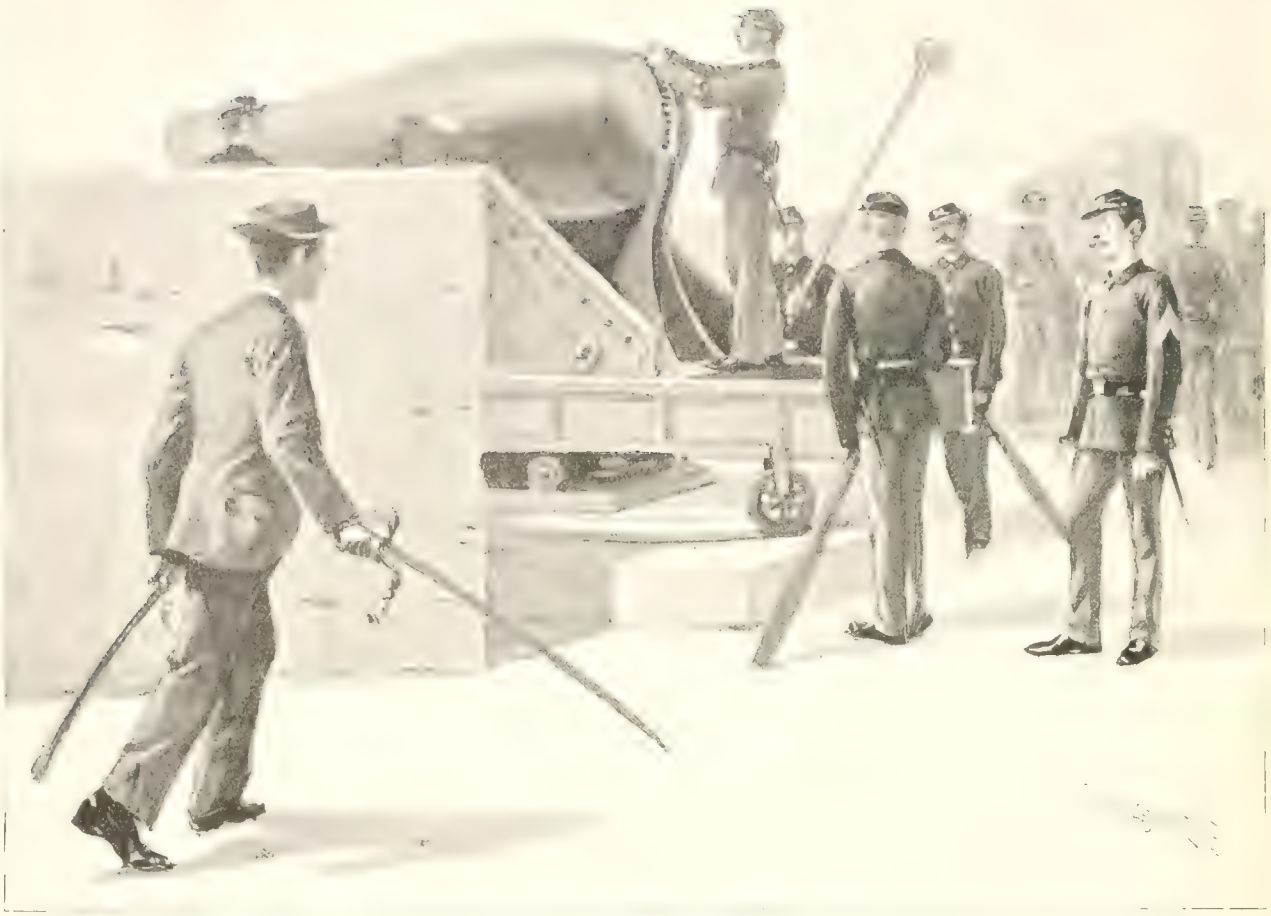
"Yes."

"Send him."

"Jack, here's my sword. Run!"

"I need a watch, too, father."

"Take mine," said the Secretary, quickly unfastening his watch.



"NO. 1" HE CRIED. "FIRE"

The door closed with a bang. With the sword in one hand and the watch in the other, Jack leaped down the steps, dashed past the guard in the sally-port, and then made a bee-line across the parade-ground for the ramparts. He saw the crowd of people behind the guns, the soldiers standing beside the loaded cannon waiting for the order to fire, and he saw the stars and stripes floating above him, and the men-of-war riding at anchor.

Everything on board the ships was in readiness. The guns were loaded, the gunners stood by them, and the officers, watches in hand, were pacing the decks, and waiting for the fort.

The General and the Secretary of War stood silently and anxiously before the clock to see whether the first gun was fired precisely on the hour, because if it was not then the British officers might think that there was not strict discipline in the American army. So they watched the minute-hand as it reached the one-minute-to-twelve mark. Then they saw it approach the twelve-o'clock dot.

Jack, almost out of breath, broke through the crowd of people, and hurried up on the ramparts.

"Officer — day's — hurt," he panted to the sergeant. "Father sent me. This 's his sword, and—" But as he glanced at the watch he saw both hands just over the dot.

"No. 1!" he cried. A moment's silence. The sword leaped from its scabbard. "*Fire!*"

There was a flash, a crashing report of a cannon, and then a great mass of white smoke rolled over the edge of the ramparts, and was carried slowly away by the breeze. The next instant there was a second brilliant flash, this time from the port-hole of one of the American men-of-war. Then the two remaining United States battle-ships at once discharged a gun each, and amidst this thundering noise and volume of smoke came the fire and the reports from cannon on board the two British men-of-war, saluting the stars and stripes.

When the first gun was heard the General turned with a smile to the Secretary of War. The latter took up his hat.

"I think I'd like to see, too," he said.

Meanwhile Jack walked slowly down behind the row of cannon, stopping, however, at each one, keeping his eye on the watch, and waiting until a minute had passed since the last gun was discharged. Then, raising his voice so as to be heard above the noise made by the men-of-war, he gave the command to fire. When he saw his father and Secretary Gordon come on the ramparts he hastened to meet them.

"I got here just in time, sir," he said, unbuckling the sword, and holding it out to his father.

"No, keep the sword, and please finish the firing yourself," said the Secretary.

Jack bowed in acknowledgment, and then turned to do his duty. The Secretary of War, though talking with the General, kept his eyes on Jack. Presently he noticed that one of the cannon missed fire, but nodded his head in approval when Jack instantly transferred the order to the next gun. A few minutes later the General's orderly reported to Jack that his father wished to speak to him.

"Secretary Gordon arrived so late this morning, Jack, that a salute in his honor could not be given be-

fore it was time to fire this one. But it will follow ten minutes after your last gun. Since Lieutenant Brown has not appeared, will you take charge of it?"

"I should like to have you do so," said the Secretary, smiling. "By-the-way, how old are you, Jack?"

"Sixteen, sir."

"Wouldn't you like to be an officer when you grow up? I think we need just such men as you."

"Wouldn't I, though! Jiminy! I'd like to more than anything else, sir."

"Then will you go to West Point if I give you an appointment?"

"No. 15—*fire!*" cried Jack. When the report died away, he replied:

"Yes, sir, I will, if my father will let me, and if you don't forget; for you know, sir, I won't be old enough to go for a year and a half yet."

"Your father just told me he was willing, and I won't forget you, believe me."

Jack's face was radiant with joy.

"Oh, I'm so much obliged! I'm sure I can't thank you enough, sir, for I have always wanted to go to West Point so much, and become an officer. Gosh! Won't I just stuff those guns with grass! Orderly, ask the sergeant whether he will have enough powder left to fire seventeen more guns in honor of the Secretary of War. No. 17- *fire!*"

The orderly reported back that the sergeant had only eight extra charges.

"Go to the sergeant of the guard," said Jack, "with orders to send a dozen charges here at once."

"But what is the grass for, Jack?" Secretary Gordon asked, when the orderly was gone.

"Oh," replied Jack, the color deepening in his cheeks, "since you promised to give me an appointment, I wanted to give you a fine salute, and, you know, a wad of grass rammed down hard on top of the powder causes a much louder— No. 19—*fire!*"

## DOCTORING WILD ANIMALS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

I NEVER felt worse in my life than I did for a handsome young tiger whose van had been left by some oversight during the night too close to the hyena's cage. The tiger's tail hung out between the bars. "That's my chance," yelled the hyena, as he gave a vicious snap. Then there was a tiger with only a stump of a tail. It was suggested that a sham appendage might be adjusted for the show business; but the trouble was to find any one bold enough to fix a manufactured tail on to a tiger.

Because wild animals when in captivity are deprived of exercise there are many mishaps. Under the best conditions monkey mortality is very large. Monkeys usually die from what is believed to be consumption, but it is the want of exercise which brings on various complaints.

The claws of tigers and lions when they live in cages grow to extraordinary length, and these claws require constant watching and clipping, and the manicure or pedicure business is rather troublesome. Strong-cutting pincers like those used for severing telegraph wires are used.

It sometimes happens that a new animal, say a tiger, has to be introduced to other tigers, because three or four tigers in one den, if it is large enough, get along better than when they are separated, for they seem to enjoy each other's company. When such an introduction takes place, then the claws of all the old occupants of the cage are clipped short, and for this reason: There is certain to be a row, but the new animal, having long claws left him, can outscratch the others. Just as soon as he has settled the business, the whole party become friends.

Carnivorous animals suffer at times from toothache, and they show it. I am not likely to be very amiable with a jumping back tooth, and we are not to expect a lion with an ulcerated jaw to show much sweetness of temper. Lately there was a lion who in feeding forced a splinter of bone between his back fangs. The bit of bone could not be moved with a toothpick. It was getting to be a very serious matter. The lion was tied up securely, a chisel and mallet were used, and the wedge of bone was driven out.

The former superintendent of the Central Park zoological collection in New York had to act as dentist for many lions and tigers. The risk of chloroforming the animals was considered too great. The big brutes were strapped down, and the forceps were used. The last case was that of the largest tiger who had a bad tooth. It took a dozen men with ropes, pulleys, and a windlass to tackle him, and an uncommonly strong man extracted the fang. In a week the tiger was quite well. Did he exhibit any gratitude? Not a bit. Maybe I ought to feel very kindly towards my dentist, but I am sorry to say I do not.

The giraffe when in captivity has hoofs which grow out of all proportion. I have been told by a great African hunter that in following giraffes, and noticing their peculiar rocking gallop, they wore their hoofs down very close.

The ancients had a belief that all animals knew how to cure themselves when they were ill or suffering. You will find in the books that when the mongoose, the cobra-killer, is bitten, he is said to make a rush for a certain kind of herb, which is an antidote for cobra poison. The best modern authorities declare this to be all nonsense. The mongoose is too quick for the cobra, and is probably never bitten.

Young elephants are prone to inflammation at the base of their tusks, and sometimes have trouble with their grinding teeth. It is by no means easy to play nurse to a sick elephant. I am sorry to say that I am one of those who place no confidence in an elephant. Endowed with amazing intelligence, he is utterly deficient in amiability. An animal may be very clever and exceedingly treacherous, and that is my idea about the general run of elephants. I even advise those of you who may go to look at the big brute never to go too near him unless his keeper is present.

To chloroform an elephant is an impossible task. Some time ago a young elephant, nine years old, broke one of his tusks, and had the biggest kind of a toothache.



DRIVING THE FILLING HOME.

Iodoform was used, and gradually the pain ceased. There was [illegible] a big hole which had to be stopped. Now to have plugged that cavity with gold would have cost a small fortune. The [illegible] artist made a solid cartridge out of pure tin, smeared it over with mastic, and with the tap of a hammer drove it home, and so there exists to-day a lively young elephant with a plugged tusk.

## A "HIGH-FLYER."

BY J. HALLEY ADAMS.

TO make the "flyer" you will need a piece of thin sheet tin, zinc, or iron, that may be purchased from a tinsmith for a few cents; and for the engine a linen-thread spool, a piece of hard-wood stick, and a few steel wire nails will be required.

To begin with, obtain an empty linen-thread spool having a smooth hole through it, and in one end drive four one-inch steel wire nails at regular distances apart, so as to form the corners of a perfect square; drive the nails in half-way, then file the heads off, and the spool will appear like Fig. 1. Next get a round hard-wood stick seven inches long, and around it, two inches from one end, make a deep cut with your knife. From this cut to the end of the stick shave the wood away so it will look like Fig. 3.

These two parts will complete the engine, and the next thing to make will be the flyer. Thin sheet zinc will be found the best to make it of; and having obtained a piece, mark on it with a compass a circle five inches in diameter; mark two lines across this circle from edge to edge, at right angles, as shown by the dotted lines in Fig. 6.

From a piece of stiff paper cut a pattern in the form of one of the ears shown in Fig. 6. Lay this pattern on the zinc so that one of the lines will be in the centre of it, and mark the shape on the zinc; mark the other three ears in a similar manner, and then with a stout pair of shears cut out the flyer.

In the centre of it make a hole large enough for the small end of the stick to pass through it, and around it make four small holes at the centre of each ear, to correspond with the pins on the spool.

The flyer will then fit over the stick and pins, and lay flat on top of the spool; bend its ears with your fingers so they appear like the propeller blades of a steam-boat, or like a windmill, and it will then be ready to fly (Fig. 2).

When bending the ears they must be arranged so that the edge that catches the wind first will be inclined upward, as otherwise the flyer, instead of flying, will hug the spool tightly.

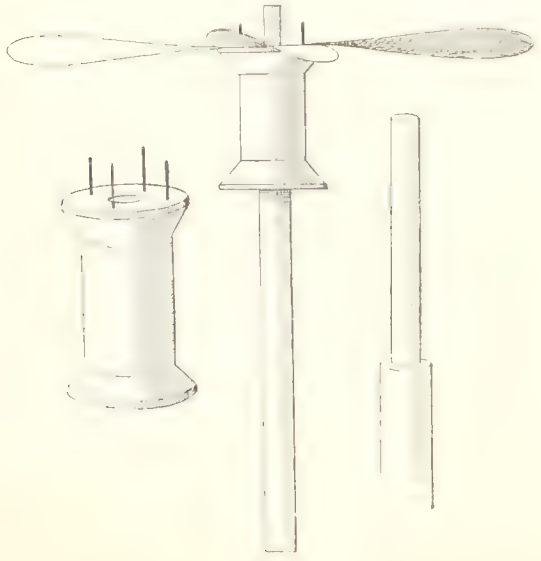


Fig. 1. Fig. 2 Fig. 3.



Fig. 4. Fig. 5. Fig. 6.

Another style of flyer is shown in Fig. 4, and is made of a circular disk of zinc four inches in diameter.

Make the five holes in the centre fit over the stick and pins. When all the places have been cut, bend the ears down, as shown in Fig. 5, and when flying it turn it upside down, letting the ears project upwards.

To put the flyer in action, take the stick in your left hand, and over the small end of it place the spool, against which put your thumb, to keep it from slipping. Wind strong cord around the spool, to the end of which a button is fastened to keep the cord from slipping through your fingers; on top of the spool place the flyer, and give the string a vigorous pull, at the same time releasing the spool with your thumb, and the centrifugal force will cause the flyer to revolve rapidly, shoot upwards, and sail to a height of fifty or a hundred feet in the air, slowly descending as the revolutions diminish.

Larger flyers can be made in a similar manner, and to make a very large one plant a post in the ground, having its upper end reduced to form a shoulder, as explained for the small stick. Get a round piece of wood several inches in diameter, and arrange four very stout steel wire nails in the top of it. Make a tin or iron flyer twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, and use a piece of small clothes-line or cotton line to spin it with.

To operate it wind the spool with the rope, and have some one under it to keep it from slipping. When you are ready to pull the rope, place the flyer on the pins, and as the spool is released give the rope a quick strong pull, and the flyer will rise.

## SOMETHING ABOUT STEAM.

WHAT is steam? If you look in the Dictionary you will find that it defines steam as "an invisible, elastic, gaseous fluid generated from water under the influence of heat." I imagine that there are those who will be inclined to take exception to the word "invisible" contained in the definition, claiming that they can see steam pouring from the exhaust-pipes on buildings in which steam-power is used, and from the whistle-pipes on steamboats. Nevertheless, steam is invisible so long as it is confined. To prove this let it be supposed that we pour water in a clear glass bottle until it is about half full, then tightly cork it, and place it over an alcohol lamp allowing it to remain there until the water can be seen to boil. Now there is not the slightest suggestion of steam or vapor in the bottle, yet we know that all the space above the level of the water must be filled with steam because the water is boiling. Now if we pull out the cork and let the steam escape into the atmosphere, it will turn white because the cold air will condense it, proving that what some have mistaken for steam is only a mist and not the real article. This condensed steam has parted with its characteristics as steam, and instead of being a gaseous fluid it is simply water in small particles, like fog.

## GASCONS AND GASCONADES.

IN days gone by there lay in the southwestern portion of France the province of Gascony. This has now been divided into four sections, which are known as the departments of Landes, Gers, Ariége, and the Upper Pyrenees, containing, it is estimated, no less than a million inhabitants. A great peculiarity of these natives is their frequently manifested tendency to boast, and so strongly developed has the quality of the blusterer been in them from time immemorial that both our own and the French language have been enriched by words derived from the name of the province. Thus a Gascon is set down in the dictionaries as a "boaster or a braggart; a vainglorious person"; and a gasconade in English, or a *gasconnade* in French, is the name given to all boastful, vaunting talk. For instance, the dictionary of the French Academy, to illustrate the meaning of *gasconnade*, gives as an example: "*Il dit qu'il se battrait contre dix hommes; c'est une gasconnade*"—*i. e.*, "He says he would fight ten men; 'tis a gasconade."

Of course, however, the fame of gasconades does not depend entirely on mere flat boasting like this, but on the intermixture of wit and piquancy with the most prodigious self-exaltation. The following are some examples we have met with.

A Gascon preacher stopped short in the pulpit. It was in vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs—"my friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."

A young Gascon arrived at Paris for the first time. It was in summer, and he went to see the Tuileries immediately on his arrival. When he saw the Gallery of the Louvre, "Upon my honor," said he, "I like it vastly. Methinks I see the back of my father's stables."

A Gascon officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a Prince who, in an assault upon a town, had killed six men with his own hand, "Bah!" said he, "I would have you to know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"

A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood but the bâtons of the different maréchals of France of his family.

## MAKING THE BEST OF FAILURE.

TO make the best of one's failure and mistakes is at once one of the rarest and greatest of gifts. To realize that one is face to face with failure and to present a smiling visage to disappointment destroys to a great extent the sting thereof. One of the most beautiful characters that the world has ever known, loved for his sweet simplicity and for his exquisite self-denial, which qualities have reared for him an enduring monument of esteem in the hearts of all who are familiar with his career, was Charles Lamb, and to him in no small measure was granted this gift. He was quick to realize his failures, and by his attitude toward them completely disarmed criticism.

As an illustration of his habit in this regard, there is told an amusing story of how he hissed his own farce at its first presentation. The farce, according to report, was wofully devoid of humor, and so undramatic as to be totally unfit for production on the stage. There was much in it of value. Lamb could hardly write anything that had not the literary quality, but it was, as a farce, unmistakably a failure. Lamb was present, and towards the end of the performance, when it was evident that success was out of the question, his friends were horrified at a violent outbreak of hissing from one corner of the auditorium. Investigation showed that the hissing auditor was none other than Lamb himself, and when, after the curtain had fallen on the first scene, he was asked for his motive in starting the storm of disapprobation, he stammered out:

"I—I was af-fuf-fraid they t-tuk-took me t-to bub-be the author."

For such a man surely this could be no real defeat.

LITTLE ADA (*who is about to subscribe for* YOUNG PEOPLE). "Mamma, how shall I send the money?"

MAMMA. "Just put the bill in with the letter, dear, and seal it up."

LITTLE ADA. "Why, mamma, you can't do that! Don't you know all the signs say, 'Post no Bills.'"

## MAID OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.*

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

DID you happen to hear the other day
How France had sent to a little maid
Her gift of gifts, for which brave men pray;
A child of ten, who, unafraid,
Ready and steady, and full of nerve
Faced a danger, and did a deed,
One day last summer, that well may serve
As a lesson of valor for all to heed?

This dear little Jenny was by herself
Picking the berries that, ripe and sweet,
Grew high on the rocks which shelf on shelf
Made steps for the nimble and fearless feet.
Down below were the narrow lines
That marked a path for the rushing cars,
Speeding along, with many a throng,
Under the sky, by sun and stars.

Oh! but the berries were ripe and sweet,
And the small brown fingers stained and red,
She picked them merrily, paused to eat,
The sun-bonnet slipped from the curly head;
Something fluttered the little heart,
A stir, a rustle, a puff of smoke!
The trestle on fire! With sudden start
From her holiday pleasure the child awoke.

It was time for the train, and far away
Its faint, fine whistle her quick ear caught!
There wasn't a second to lose, to stay,
For the hesitant process of slow-paced thought.
The trestle on fire! the coming train,
Packed with people, would plunge beneath
To the yawning gulf! The child's quick brain
Leaped to the rescue as sword from sheath.

Swift as the flash of the fiery death,
Jenny of Milford took her stand,
Tore her petticoat off in a breath,
A scarlet flag in her sturdy hand.
Round the bend, the engineer,
Eye on the watch, would see it float;
Hers was the chance! She lifted clear
Cry on cry from her shrill young throat.

Well, this is the rest of it! Just in time
The train was stopped, by the length of itself,
And women and men poured out to climb
To Jenny's perch on the rocky shelf.
Hugged her, kissed her, paled to the lips,
As they saw the woe of the might have been,
And some went home on the ocean ships,
And remembered our bit of a heroine.

The great World's Fair is over and done,
The pure White City we see no more,
But Jenny, taller, a twelvemonth gone,
Runs to open her father's door.
A messenger waits with a packet sealed;
The medal that, won at the point of the lance,
Men wear as the lily upon the shield,
"The Legion of Honor," 'tis hers, from France.

* Jenny Creek, of Milford, Ohio, has received from France a gold medal with the insignia of the Legion of Honor, a tribute for her heroism in saving a World's Fair train last summer. Details were published in the New York *Tribune* of May 28, 1894.



INDEPENDENCE DAY IN THE COUNTRY.
OLD BOB, LAME AS HE IS, IS UP BRIGHT AND EARLY THIS MORNING, AND WITH A MERRY BOW-WOW-WOW UPON HIS CRIPPLED LEGS.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

THINGS TRY TO CATCH HIM

DEAR Mr. Editor,—A new boy has moved in across the street. There, I meant to talk about the weather a little and say I hoped you are enjoying good health first, but it slipped out about the boy before I thought. The boy's name is Samuel Taylor Hopkins. Ma says I'm *so* abrupt.

Since Samuel Taylor Hopkins moved here we've visited with each other a good deal. Ma looked at him the first day, and I heard her tell Pa that he was a "quite ordinary-looking boy." She was right, too, 'cause he's got two legs, and two arms, and one head, and ears and eyes and a nose, and such things, just like any other boy. He's about my size, but I think I'm a little stouter than he is, and I don't notice how he's any smarter than me. But he's got a Pa that just beats any man I ever heard of. Yes, sir; I never heard of anything like it. Sammy has been telling me about him.

I heard Ma telling Pa that she 'u'd like to know something about those Hopkinses people 'fore she let me 'sociate too much with Sammy; but if she wants to know about Mr. Hopkins she just ought to talk with Sammy. Sammy calls his father Pop.

"One day Pop," says Sammy to me yesterday, "was crossing a field when the lightning got after him. I mean chain-lightning—course nobody would pay any 'tension to any other kind. Well, the lightning knew Pop, and it knew it had got to be awful sly; so it sneaked up behind him and fired off a big thunder to 'tract his 'tension, and then it went for Pop on the jump. But Pop was ready for it, and he just hopped to one side, and by went the lightning, all red-hot and sizzling, and slam into the ground it went, rippity-snort, and tore up a big hole, as if a elephant had put his head down and gone to rooting like a pig. Well, this made the lightning pretty mad, and it rose up and went for Pop again, zizzag and jumpity-jump, and chased him all over the field, thundering all the time and raining pitchforks, tines downward; but Pop dodged it every time, and at last the lightning got all tired out and disgusted, and snorted off into a barbed-wire fence and rattled along down it, throwing up red-hot barbs in a cloud just like grass 'bove a lawn-mower. This was twenty years ago, and the lightning ain't never tackled Pop no more."

Sammy's grammar is awful. I guess he has always dodged grammar at school, like his Pop did the lightning.

"I don't see how your Pop could do it," I said.

"Oh," says Sammy, "'tain't nothing for Pop. 'Sides, lightning ain't so awful quick—I believe I could dodge it myself if I knew it was coming. Of course if it sneaked up on me and jumped out sudden without saying a word, prob'ly it would get me; but if it will play fair I ain't afeared of it. Lightning ain't got any legs—that's what holds it back. Kankerroos are the things for quickness. They've got plenty of legs and a tail as big as a fire-hose to boost themselves with. When Pop was in Australia a flock of kankerroos took after him. He was afoot, and he thought at last he was done for. He knew they could run faster than he could, and he knew it wouldn't do any good to dodge 'em, 'cause they would switch their tails round sideways and hit him when they went by. They came for him on their fastest jump, slapping their tails down so it made the ground shake, and Pop saw he'd got to stir hisself. So he just begun to turn hand-springs, one after another, end-over-end, flippity-flop, buzzity-buzz, twenty feet at every turn, and in ten minutes he looked back and couldn't see a kankerroo in sight."

Sammy means kanjerroo. He's always turned hand-springs when he's seen his natural-history lesson bounding towards him, I guess.

Now if you print this, Mr. Editor, I'll write you some more about Sammy's Pop, because I know lots more. And I hear Sammy hollering now, and I guess he wants to tell me another lie. So, yours truly, HARRY.

## TOMMY TODDLER'S DREAM.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I HAD a fearful dream one night.
I dreamt I was a man.
My face it was an awful sight,
Because a beard of tan
Did cover up my cheek so white,
And down my chin it ran.

I wore a shiny beaver hat
Just like my father wears.
I had a great big silk cravat,
And, oh, such lots of cares!
So heavy were my troubles that
I'd two or three gray hairs.

The queerest thing about it, though,
I'd still my toddling walk.
No matter where I'd wish to go,
My feet my step would balk;
And when I'd try to speak, d'you know,
I spoke in baby-talk!

Then everybody laughed at me,
And I—I upped and cried;
And then their horrid mean old glee
Made me so mortified
I rushed up in the nursery
And locked myself inside.

I slammed the door—'twas made of oak—
With all my might and main;
So hard I slammed it that it broke
A part of it in twain,
And then I howled till I awoke
And changed to me again.

That's why now'days I always cry
As loudly as I can,
Why tears flow from my great blue eye
Like gravy from a pan,
When anybody says that I
'M a pretty little man!

CAUSE FOR THANKS.

WILLIE SLIMSON. "Mamma, the Sunday-school teacher says we should all try to be as spotless as we can. Is that the right way to be?"

MRS. SLIMSON. "Certainly, Willie."

WILLIE SLIMSON (*thoughtfully*). "Then I'm glad I'm not a zebra."

A POSSIBLE REASON.

WILLIE. "Isn't the Nile one of the oldest known rivers in the world?"

TEACHER. "Yes, Willie. Why do you ask?"

WILLIE. "Oh, nothing! only I was wondering if that wasn't why it wasn't called the Juvenile."

JACK. "Do you know why the tramps go over the bridge instead of the ferry?"

FRED. "Because they have no money."

JACK. "No; they're afraid to get too near the water."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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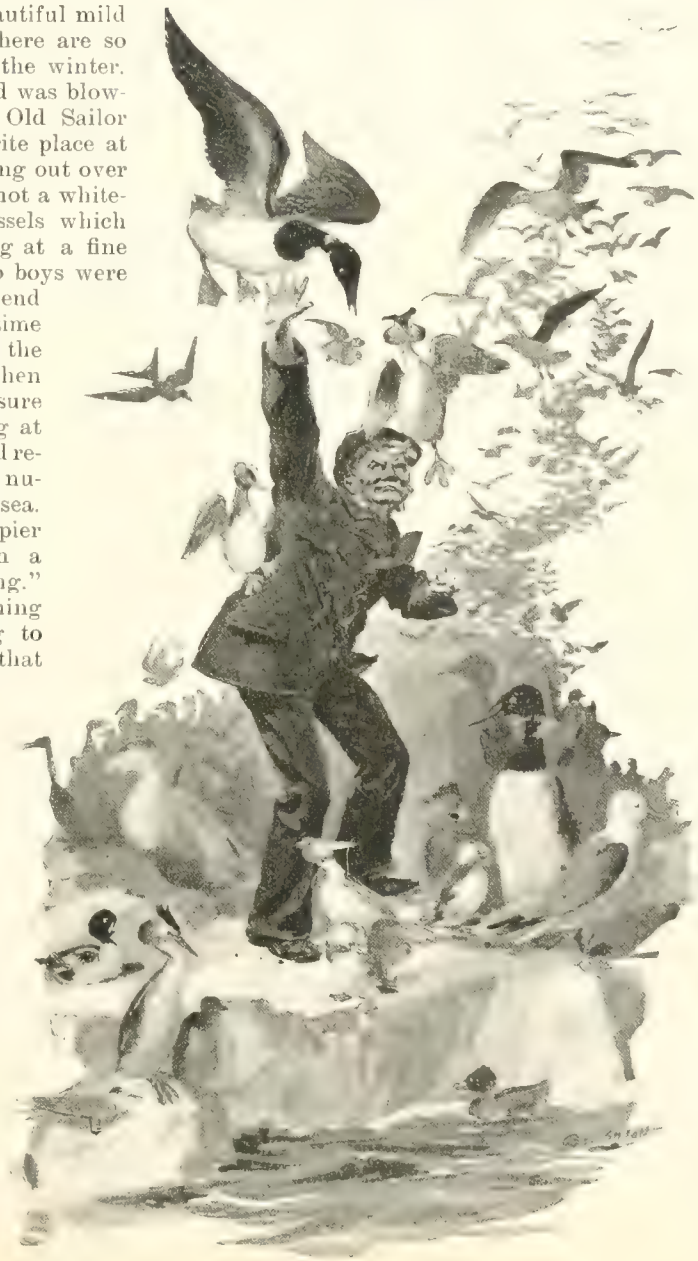
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## THE NORTH POLE DISCOVERED.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was one of those beautiful mild mornings of which there are so many in the course of the winter. A moderately brisk wind was blowing off shore, and the Old Sailor was sitting in his favorite place at the end of the pier, gazing out over the ocean. There was not a white-cap in sight, but the vessels which were passing were going at a fine rate of speed. The two boys were standing at the inshore end of the pier for some time before they noticed that the Old Sailor was there. When they saw him they felt sure that he must be looking at some vessel which would remind him of one of his numerous experiences at sea. So they ran down the pier and greeted him with a cheery "Good-morning." As usual, without turning his head, or appearing to be aware of the fact that they were near him, the Old Sailor indulged in one of his quiet laughs, and said, "Waal, and how's the wind this mornin'?"



"I think," said Henry, "that it's pretty nearly due west."

"Werry good," said the Old Sailor, "an' it are just about that, w'ich the same it are a werry good wind for eny wessel wot's goin' down this here coast."

He relapsed into silence, and continued to stare out on the ocean. The boys watched him for a few moments, and finally little George, who could not restrain his impatience, said, "We thought maybe you might see something that would remind you of something."

"W'ich the same I do," said the Old Sailor.

"Then maybe you wouldn't mind telling us what it is?"

"W'ich the same I also would not," answered the Old Sailor. "Mebbe if you was to look the right way you might see a ship somethin' uncommon."

Both boys looked around the circle of blue water that spread before them, and cried out at once, "I see it!"

The Old Sailor indulged in another of his hearty but silent laughs, and then said, "Wot are it?"

"It is a full-rigged ship," said Henry, "with high top sides, topgallant poop and forecastle, tumbling-home sides, and a white stripe with false ports painted in. Her flying-jib-boom is sprung, and has a bend in it like our school-teacher's nose. She has old-fashioned single top-sails, and her spanker has three new cloths in it. She is bound south, about four miles off shore, and is doing about seven knots an hour."

The Old Sailor, for the first time, turned his

tion.

[illegible] young friend you, [illegible] seaman sailor [illegible] other, but durin' the course of my life I seen a good many fellers wot could stan' on a beach an' [illegible] when the same on board [illegible] couldn't tell a [illegible] n'spike from a slush-bucket. Howsumever, I s'pose [illegible] are no more than wot's to be expected after hearin' so many yarns. Waal, that is the werry ship wot I were lookin' at, an' she reminds me o' a woyage wot I took about thirty years ago, w'ich the same time I got into werry high latitoods. Fact is, there ain't no higher latitoods than wot I got to."

"Latitude ends at the North Pole, doesn't it?" asked Henry.

"Waal," said the Old Sailor, ignoring the question, "blow me for pickles if this ain't the werry way wot it happened. I were shipped as second mate onto a wessel called the *Skimmed Milk*, which the same she were the identical picter of that wessel wot you see out yonder. This 'ere *Skimmed Milk* were a sort o' a whaler an' trader mixed. I s'pose they called her *Skimmed Milk* 'cos she were such bloomin' poor quality. Her business were to run up the west coast of Greenland, where she killed whales when she saw whales, caught seals when there were any, an' traded with the Eskimos for all kinds of truck when there were nothin' else to do. I shipped onto her, 'cos havin' been up north oncet I were liable to git the artic fever oncet in a while. Everybody does wot's ever been up there oncet. The pertiklers of our woyage north ain't no sort of consekence, so I'll just jump over all wot happened till we got 'way up near the north end of Smith Sound. We'd got a few whales an' seals, an' done a good deal of tradin', an' the Captain were thinkin' o' turnin' his head south; but, bless your heart, one of the howlin'est gales wot ever blowed just bu'st right out o' the south. Pack ice an' floes came tumblin' up with it, an' there weren't nothin' for us to do 'ceptin' to turn tail an' run fur the north'ard. We ran fur two days an' two nights, an' then, while it were my watch below, smash-bang! the ship went plum into a iceberg. I were out o' my bunk an' on deck just in time to tumble into a boat an' git away from the ship's side, when she rolled over like a dog goin' to sleep an' went down. There was six men in that boat besides me, an' we drifted fur three days. At the end o' that time, not wishing to make you feel bad, I will say, fur short, that there were only one man in that boat, an' he were me. I tried to git to the south, but it war not no good; so, seein' open water to the north'ard, I let the boat go that way, hopin' as how I might find a Eskimo willage somewhere or other, an' git dogs an' a sled to take me south to a settlement. I kep' on goin' north for about five days, an' then the ice shut in all around me, an' the fust thing I knowed my boat got nipped an' were smashed into kindlin' wood. So sez I to myself, sez I, 'There bein' no water 'ceptin' ice, an' no boat 'ceptin' splinters, I reckon as how I got to git out an' walk, w'ich the same it would be better for skatin'.' Now, if I could 'a' seen any shore somewhere I s'pose I would 'a' gone ashore, but w'ichever way I looked I couldn't see nothin' 'cept ice. There were a good deal more ice nor I wanted; 'cos why, such perwisions as I had would 'a' kep' just as well without it. So I started ahead, or prehaps I ought to say afoot, not knowin' werry well w'ich way I were goin'. It turned out afterwards that I were goin' north all the time. I s'pose I needn't tell ye that the weather were putty consid'able cool, so I kep' movin' pretty rapid for to keep my blood warm. I camped out on the ice the fust night, an' woke up in the mornin' so stiff that I almost cracked when I tried to git up. When I finally did git up, wot do you s'pose I saw?"

"What!" asked both boys.

"Why, I were afloat on a big ice-floe 'bout a hundred yards square, an' there were water all around me. 'Waal,' sez I to myself, sez I, 'I was oncet afloat on a iceberg, but it were bound south, an' I don't know wot way this 'ere floe is a-goin'; howsumever, it don't make no difference wot way it are goin', 'cos I can't go no other.' 'Long toward night all kinds of birds lit on my floe, an' some of 'em lit on me. I druv 'em away, 'cos why, I kin stan' a good deal, but I'm blowed if I'll be a chicken-coop fur snipe. The nex' mornin' when I woke up, an' got the stiffness out o' my joints, I took a look around. I were still at sea, as you might say, an' 'peared likely to stay there. An' wot do you s'pose I found sittin' on my floe?"

"I can't imagine," said Henry.

"A bloomin' big seal," said the Old Sailor, "w'ich the same, when I looked at him, he wunk one eye at me, an' wagged one of his flippers. Then he puts his head down on the ice, an' begins to cry like a baby. Nex' he sits up on his tail, hoists his head up into the air, an' makes a melancholic noise with his mouth like he thought he were a bloomin' opera-singer. Sez I to myself, sez I, 'That there seal are crazy.' Putty soon the seal commenced crawlin' towards me. I didn't like the way he were actin', so I backed off. The more I backed off, the more he come on. So sez I to myself, sez I, 'It are got to be a game of tag between me an' this 'ere fish.' Sure enough, that's wot it were, 'cos he chased me around that there floe fur about two hours, till I got so bloomin' tired I couldn't stand up no more. So, seein' as how I couldn't stand up, I fell down, an' then that there measly seal come wobblin' along the ice an' gave me a boost with his nose, an' shoved me right into the water. Great guns! but it were cold. O' course I went down, an' when I came up the seal were alongside o' me. Fust thing I knowed he dived down under me, an' come up so I was sittin' astraddle o' his back. Just as soon as he found me there he started off across the sea at a ten-knot gait. O' course there were nothing left for me to do but to hang on. I couldn't see nothin' at all 'ceptin' white spray, wot flew around me like a cloud of smoke. Byme-by I got sort o' dizzy, an' all I could do was to shut my eyes an' try to stick on the seal's back, 'cos ef I fell off I'd git drownded. Well, how long we kep' agoin' I don't know. All I know is that after a while we fetched up all on a suddent—that is to say, the seal did. He stopped, an' I went sailin' up'ards into the air, an' lit on my back on dry land. I were stunned for a minute, but I were woke up by a voice sayin' to me, 'Well, who in thunder are you?'

"I looked up, an' saw a feller sittin' on a rock smokin' a pipe. He were not putty to look at. He had a sort o' pale greenish-yaller hair, an' whiskers o' a similar constitootion wot stuck out all round his face like the whiskers on a jack-in-the-box. His nose had been broken, an' one o' his eyes had a droop to it like a flag when there ain't no wind. Soon as I could git my breath I answered him, an' sez I to him, sez I,

"'I'm the second mate o' the ship *Skimmed Milk*.'

"'Wot!' sez he to me, sez he; 'are there a ship up here?'

"'No,' sez I to him, sez I; 'she are down there,' w'ich the same I pointed to the bottom of the sea.

"'Oh!' sez he to me, 'I feel better. I don't want nobody comin' up here to steal my pole.'

"'Wot pole?' sez I.

"'The one up yonder,' sez he.

"I looked w'ere he pointed, an' saw a tall flag-staff with the English flag flying on it. I didn't see no reason why any one should want to steal that pole. But not wishin' to be disagreeable, I sez to him:

"'There ain't nobody comin' but me, an' I wouldn't 'a' come if I could 'a' helped it; but that there bloomin' seal, after doin' some circus tricks, shoved me into the

water, dropped me on his back, an' brung me here whether I wanted to be brung or not. That are the most perticklerest seal I ever saw.'

"'Oh,' sez he, laughin', 'that are my trained seal.'

"'Did you train him yourself?'

"'No,' sez he. 'He were a trained seal in a American circus. He were bein' took to London with the show, an' he were kep' in a tank on deck. One day in a gale a big sea came aboard the ship an' washed him overboard. The minute he struck the ocean he made a beeline for his own home up near Lady Franklin Bay.'

"'Where did you git him?'

"'I ran acrost him in that bay on my way up here, an' I knowed him by his tricks, 'cos I'd seen him in the show in New York. He are a werry useful animal, are that seal, an' anythin' wot he finds adrift he brings right in to me.'

"'You 'ain't told me who you was yet.'

"'Oh,' sez the man, 'I'm just a plain every-day sailorman like yourself.'

"'How did you git here?'

"'That's wot I don't tell,' sez he, lookin' werry cunnin'.'

"'An' do you live here?"

"'Yes,' sez he to me, sez he, 'I live here all the year round, right on this little island; an' mind you, it ain't near so bad as you might think. It are not near so cold as it are five hundred miles further south, an' the fishin' an' shootin' is bully.'

"'Still,' sez I to him, sez I, 'I don't see why you stay here.'

"'Oh,' sez he to me, sez he, 'I don't dare go away.'

"'Why not?' sez I.

"''Cos,' sez he, 'if I did, somebody would come an' steal my pole.'

"'Why,' sez I to him, sez I, 'I don't see nothin' wonderful about that there pole. Wot for should anybody want to steal it?'

"'Why, blow me!' sez he; 'that are the North Pole.'

"'Waal,' sez I to him, sez I, 'you don't expect an old sailor like me to b'lieve that the pole are really a stick stickin' up out o' the end o' the earth, do you?'

"'Oh no,' sez he to me, sez he, laughin', 'that stick ain't the pole. That's a stick I stuck into the spot where the pole is so as to h'ist the English flag over it, an' claim the discovery in her Majesty's name.'

"'Waal, now that you've discovered it,' sez I, 'why don't you go home an' tell about it?'

"'How kin I?' sez he. 'Soon as I go away some other feller like you will come up here an' steal the North Pole from me.'

"'Why,' sez I to him, sez I, 'if you were gone an' I was here alone, I wouldn't be a bit better off than you was afore I come.'

"'That's all right,' sez he; 'but how were I to know that a whole boatload of men wouldn't come here some day an' find this pole?'

"'Then wot are you goin' to do?'

"'I'm goin' to stay right here, hold on to this pole, an' keep the English flag a-flyin' over it till somebody comes an' finds me here.'

"'Waal,' sez I, 'it seems to me that somebody has come an' found you here.'

"'An' will you play square an' go back an' tell folks that John B. Smith, of Yarmouth, has discovered the north pole, an' is a-holdin' on to it for all he's worth?'

"'You kin bet your entire possessions,' sez I to him, sez I, 'that if ever I git back to a place where there's less latitood an' more longitood than there is up here, where there is all the latitood you kin git an' 'ain't no longitood at all, I'll send somebody up to find you.'

"'Waal,' sez he, 'there won't be no trouble about your gittin' back.'

"With that he whistles two or three times, an' the seal came swimmin' up, an' wunk his eye an' shook his flipper at him.

"'Go git the boat,' sez he to the seal, sez he.

"The seal swum away, an' then I sez to John B. Smith, sez I,

"'Prehaps you wouldn't mind givin' me some dry clothes.'

"Waal, to make the story short, he fixed me out with dry clothes, an' then the seal came swimmin' round, towin' a good-sized yawl-boat. John B. Smith an' me loaded her with perwisions, an' then I got aboard. I shook hands with Smith, an' sez I to him, sez I, 'Good-by; an' I hope no one will steal your pole while you are asleep.'

"'Good-by,' sez he. 'Be sure you send up a relief party.'

"'I jumped into the boat, an' off the seal went, towin' me to the south at a twelve-knot gait. He never let up on towin' me till we come in sight o' a whaler in Smith Sound. Then the bloomin' seal wouldn't go no further, an' he wouldn't let me take the boat. So I got out an' walked across the ice, an' waved my coat till the ship saw me an' sent a boat for me, an' that's the way I got back from the north pole."

"And did you send a relief party?" asked Henry.

"Waal, I been tellin' this story ever since I got back; but do you know wot?"

"Well, what?" said Henry.

"I can't git nobody to b'lieve me."

And shaking his head mournfully the Old Sailor walked slowly away.

## "PIGGY."

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

NO one ever understood why Piggy loved Mrs. Bareback. For though she was jet black, had long slender yellow legs, wore a big red comb on the very top of her head, and laid better eggs than any other hen in the garrison, she had never been considered interesting. Yet Piggy, for all that, had chosen her as favorite. This, too, in the days when the Chaplain's barn-yard at West Point was in the heyday of its glory, and Piggy was chief in the hearts of all hendom. When, too, there was no other rooster like him anywhere along the Hudson.

To an ordinary bird his name might have been an affliction. But it was wonderful to see how this noble fellow bore it, even when he remembered it had been given for a greedy habit of early youth—one long since overcome. As for me, I would change the name now for you if I could, except that, ugly as it is, it was as well known and as famous as that of the Superintendent himself. Ask any old soldier, indeed, who lived there in those days, and he will nod his head and tell you that he knew Piggy well.

Of course they all knew him—brave Piggy, who, when the hens in early spring lay about in the grass gazing up at him as he stood there among them, the sunbeams playing over his glossy back, the wind blowing the long black curved feathers of his tail this way and that, his red comb falling to one side like the cap of a soldier, his eyes full of brightness, looked like nothing so much as a great General on horseback, lofty plumed and be-sabred, gazing calmly about on a multitude assembled in his honor!

It was in early summer, in fact, the cadets had just begun to wear their white trousers, when Piggy and Mrs. Bareback first met. The hour was that of the chickens' noontide rest. They were all drawn up in squads, dozing in the shadow of the wall. Edith, the Chaplain's daughter, opening the gate with a click, walked in, and taking a black hen from under her arm placed it on the ground.

[illegible] rumbling sound chickens always make when startled. Mrs. [illegible] never spoke first — Black Spanish, as [illegible] said — "Well, we never do get rid of that [illegible] family?" With that she sprang fiercely at Mrs. Bareback; for the new comer was none other than Mrs. Bareback herself. Then every other hen sprang too.

Had Mrs. Bareback shown a spirit of decorum at this time, she would have fought them all, or else allowed them to chase her away. What she did was so startling it upset all the traditions of the barn-yard.

Piggy, you must know, had all this time been standing like a sentinel — straight, tall, and silent by the wall. He was the only one in the yard who had not changed his position. He considered it beneath his dignity to meddle in the affairs of the hens. Mrs. Bareback saw him. Indeed, from the time of her entrance she had not been able to take her eyes from off him. With one bound she escaped her tormentors, with the air of never having noticed their presence, left the hens to themselves, and fell crouching at Piggy's feet.

"It's the most disgraceful thing I ever heard of," said Mrs. Gray hen, turning angrily away. "I never expected to live to see such a performance. I trust none of my chickens were looking." All the other hens followed, or pretended to scratch as if nothing had happened.

Piggy had given a little start, and stood for a moment looking down at Mrs. Bareback crouching at his feet.

"Can't I stay by you?" she said, gazing up into his face. "You are so beautiful, not like any one else I ever saw."

Poor Piggy! This bit of flattery turned his head. He had not intended until then to take any sides, for roosters are not supposed to interfere in the quarrels of hens. But Mrs. Bareback had appealed to him in a way no other hen had ever done. She made him feel quite like another rooster. He thought he could do anything. He began to strut about, as she still crouched before him, lifting his feet up from the ground and drawing in his toes as he stepped, as if he thought he was really walking on air. Mrs. Bareback's reign had begun.

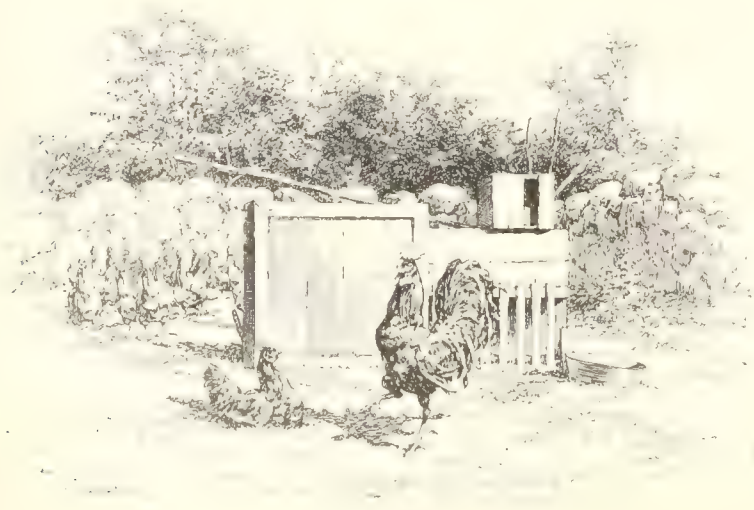
There was very little in the way of devotion or folly, after this, Piggy neglected for her sake. For in a short space of time he discovered she was no ordinary hen. She demanded incessant attention. She was so nervous, so timid, and so helpless, she had to be constantly watched and as constantly amused. When she first went, as the hens are obliged to do, alone to her nest every morning, she would try half a dozen places, jumping off each of them as though something had frightened her out of her wits, or she would rush down stairs when her egg was laid, not cackling as hens have done since the world began, but screaming like some one in hysterics, and flying from one side of the yard to the other, bumping into everything. She told Piggy she was "too nervous to see."



THEN SOMETHING BLACK WAS SEEN FLYING WILDLY ABOUT.

Had Piggy been like any other rooster he would have left Mrs. Bareback alone—saying to himself, perhaps, that no rooster need ever expect to understand the ways of a hen, and that certainly it was not his place to try. Instead of that, however, when he heard her screaming and saw her flying about, he always began scratching very rapidly and excitedly in one place, just as nurses tap on windows when a baby cries. "Deary me," he would say, "what a beautiful thing this is! I never dreamed of anything so nice. I wonder if any one happens to know." This would surely arouse the curiosity of Mrs. Bareback, and in her eagerness to gratify it she forgot her late nervousness. She was sure to come and see what Piggy had, which made him scratch harder than ever, talking all the time, until finally he led her off on the hill-top, where the air was better, and she became quiet.

After seeing Mrs. Bareback in a few of her nervous attacks, Piggy, no doubt to avoid others like them, began a habit he always continued, of going up stairs in the hay-loft with her when she went there in the morning. He would stop and scratch on every step as he went, jumping, not flying, from one step to the other. His voice, of course, was never still for a moment. Mrs. Bareback needed constant change and diversion. Once upstairs, Piggy would sit beside her on the nest, she looking even more nervous, and he doing his very best to entertain her. The Chaplain's daughter, who was always about the yard and the barn with her chickens, tried often to hear what Piggy was saying, but she never was able to understand exactly; indeed, he seemed to be repeating only gentle nothings, but his voice, as he uttered them, was so tender she never forgot it all her life. They laughed at her indoors when she spoke of it, but clever people often do laugh at children whose wisdom is beyond them.



POOR PIGGY! THIS BIT OF FLATTERY TURNED HIS HEAD.

Once Mrs. Bareback chose to lay her eggs under the barn floor. It was the most difficult place to reach she could possibly have chosen—such an amount of squeezing and pushing, it tired one out to watch her go in. As she liked the place, however, she was, of course, allowed to have it. Mrs. Bareback, like many weak creatures, always had her way in everything. When she began to cluck, and it was known in the barn-yard that she was going to sit, great excitement prevailed. "I never thought," said Mrs. Greyhen, "that one of that Black Spanish family could ever keep still long enough to do a sensible thing."

Piggy was overjoyed. He never thought of the dignity of a rooster, but squeezed himself under the barn floor every day, and sat by her for a little time. When she came out he was always there to scratch for her, giving her the best that was to be found in the yard. "It was so important," he told her, "that sitting hens should be cared for." He seemed, so far as one could gather, for a rooster so reserved as he with every one except Mrs. Bareback, to be altogether absorbed in thought for her and the chickens that were coming. When at noon the other hens were sleeping near him by the wall, he never lay down as they did, but stood straight, dropping his head a little. Every now and then he would raise it suddenly and proudly as he looked about with a murmuring sound. The hens, when he did this, supposed

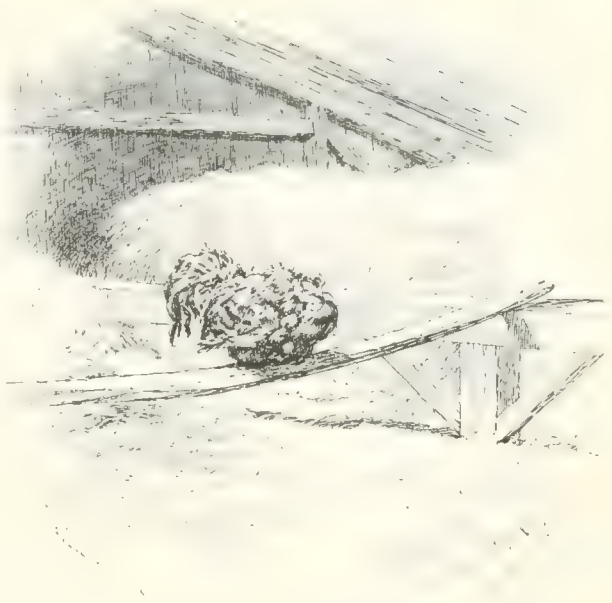


PIGGY GOT NO FURTHER THAT DAY.

he had seen some bird flying overhead, or was watching to see how far the sun had travelled in the sky. Those who knew him better, however, understood very well that he was thinking of other and more important affairs —of those proud, happy days that were to come, when he would be scratching for Mrs. Bareback and the chickens.

Three days before they were to appear Edith was sitting on the stone wall. The cow was lying in the shadow of the barn chewing her cud. The day was so warm no leaf of the willow-tree stirred. There was not a sound anywhere. Every hen and rooster lying together near the wall was sound asleep. Piggy awake, but dreaming, was probably the only one present giving a thought to Mrs. Bareback. His thoughts were not those of anxiety, for he had seen and talked to her that very day. Suddenly there was a scream. Every one started. Then something black emerging from the barn was seen flying wildly about, bumpity-bump against everything—cows, chickens, wheelbarrow, as if pursued by dreadful horrors. No one knew what had happened, except Edith and Piggy. They understood in one moment that Mrs. Bareback, overcome by the heat, had deserted her nest.

Edith could have cried. As for Piggy, he tried in



TATTERED AND TORN LIKE A WARRIOR FRESH FROM BATTLE.

every way to induce the black hen to go back to her nest. He even went so far as to crawl under the barn floor, and sit there himself for a time. No one had ever heard of a rooster doing that before. But Mrs. Bareback was not to be persuaded.

"You don't seem to understand," she said to Piggy, "that hens of my family seldom sit. I only did it to oblige you. You wouldn't ask me again if you knew how it made me feel. Why, when I was there in the dark, and heard all you roosters crowing outside, it made my back ache and set shivers up and down my spine, for I could tell just how you all looked, strolling about in the barn-yard as if you owned everything and hadn't a care in the world. I shall certainly fly out of my skin if I had to stay on those eggs another minute." Mrs. Bareback's language was not always good, but then this was the longest speech she ever made.

Such conduct created great scandal in the barn-yard. Mrs. Greyhen thought the world must be going to destruction. "I declare," she said, angrily, "when I see that Black Spanish creature tearing about the yard,



STONE DEAD.

[illegible] of all hearts.' A hen of her age, too! Older than Piggy, as every one knows, and to make all that fuss about eggs and chickens, when it's [illegible]

Some of the young roosters said it was a chicken-heart [illegible] to do—sitting on eggs, indeed, that was the business of hens. They thought, too, Piggy ought to be wearing his sister's feathers, instead of his spurs. But these were the roosters who crowed loudly when Piggy was not looking, and who always ran away when he was.

The young pullets said nothing, but each of them thought how differently she would have behaved had she only been in Mrs. Bareback's place.

Piggy listened to nothing that any one said, and he never swerved in his devotion to Mrs. Bareback. At the same time he said to himself once or twice that he thought he must be getting tired, for the barn-yard suddenly seemed to be but a stupid sort of place to live in. There were so many chickens always under his feet, and the other roosters were such cowards, and he felt he must have a change. That may have been because his patience had been so tried. People always do want a change after that.

So one lovely morning, when the air was fine and the sky was blue and the wind blew down from the mountains, Piggy went off to see the world. He began by flying on to the top of the fence and down on the road that ran by the Superintendent's back yard. The Superintendent's rooster happened also to be out that morning, having just walked through the gate behind a cart some soldiers were driving.

Piggy did not go any farther on his journey that day. Indeed, there began a battle for him that was fiercer and more bloody than any the British ever fought about those historic hills during the Revolutionary war.

Piggy's reputation was made at once. The cadets began to ask about him. The boys laughed knowingly when they mentioned him. The soldiers, too, when they raked the gravel paths on Saturday pointed over the fence and winked at each other about the Chaplain's rooster strolling about the yard. "He's game," they said.

Piggy began to disappear very often, and often looked very badly when he came back, as though he had scratched his head in some bushes or something. Edith never understood it, until she found him one day in the hay-loft all tattered and torn, like a warrior fresh from battle, and expecting to die there alone. The real secret was out. Piggy, gentle and patient as he was to Mrs. Bareback, was yet the very best fighter at the post.

Mrs. Bareback never paid him a visit. Her nerves, perhaps, were not strong enough, or perhaps she had not the time, she gave so much of it to a young cock who took her off by the willow-tree and scratched for her all day. Mrs. Bareback was never nervous with him. He would have left her if she had been. She never talked of Piggy, and she looked very frightened when he walked into the barn-yard again well and strong as ever. Mrs. Bareback waited for a moment, and then flew up to him, crouching at his feet, as she had done on the day they first met. Piggy looked down at her as he too had done at that time, but with very different feelings. He did not scold or reproach her. Scolding weak creatures never does them any good. He made the other rooster run away like a coward, though, while she was looking on.

Mrs. Bareback was not quite sure what he would do to her after that. So she looked up at him, and said: "How funny it is to see a rooster when he runs away! You are so big and so beautiful, though, I think we are all just a little bit afraid of you."

Which pleased Piggy so much that he began to scratch again, as he had done before. Afterwards, when they had walked about a little, he did ask her why she had gone about so much with other roosters.

"What could I do?" she said. "You neglected me so long. I never knew where you were."

Which made Piggy feel it had all been his fault, and that he had been a brute, and that there was nothing to do but to be gentler than ever to Mrs. Bareback to make up for having made her unhappy, as he had done by his neglect.

Summer went, and then came one of the coldest winters ever known on the Hudson, freezing the river and covering the hills with deep snow. In the Chaplain's barn-yard there was no longer any air of pleasure. The chickens, with necks drawn in and feathers ruffled, crowded together on their roosts and sat still all day. There was no crowing and no scratching, and an egg, when it was laid, was apt, when found, to be broken open with the cold. In the middle of the day, when the sun was high and the icicles on the barn roof melted enough to drip down on the snow beneath, the chickens went out for an hour or two, more than happy if they could get into the cow's stall for a few minutes' scratching and warmth. It made them more comfortable to see her breath while she stood chewing her cud, just as she had done in those far-off summer days. But nothing made life really bright for them.

On the coldest day of all that cold winter Mrs. Bareback insisted on laying her egg very late in the afternoon. She chose a nest by the door of the coop. Then she ran screaming about the garden for a little, as she had done in summer, Piggy going after her through the snow-drifts in his brave, gentle way. She refused to go back and keep her egg warm, though Piggy had sat there beside her. He let her go up on the roost without him; she said she was shivering and had to go. She made herself a warm place between two roosters, and was quite the most comfortable hen in the coop. Piggy staid down by the nest.

The cold sometimes plays strange tricks with roosters, filling their heads with sweet and lovely visions. It must have done some such thing with Piggy that night, keeping him there by that egg, dreaming all through the dark hours of those other eggs Mrs. Bareback had deserted in the summer, and the little chickens he had hoped to have. For in the morning, when the Chaplain's daughter went there, she found Piggy still over Mrs. Bareback's egg with wings outspread, stone dead.

## THE BICYCLE IN WAR.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

IT is worth while to think that full 2000 years ago warfaring-men deemed the ability to "get there" on short notice a matter of great importance, and they have not changed their minds from that day to this.

The days of gunpowder and good roads simply made it important to have more men and less horses, so Napoleon used to transfer his men from point to point by coaches, saving their legs for use in the charge and field manœuvres. Then came the age of steam; and troops are now massed by railroad where railroads run.

But through it all, from before the time of Xerxes until the year 1880, or thereabouts, the scout, the despatch-bearer, the raider, who harries the camp in the night, have all by preference gone on horse, mule, or camel back.

It was true that the beasts would break down, or eat something harmful, or find no water when water was specially desirable, leaving the rider to go on foot or take root where he was. As warfare 1500 years ago was quite like Sioux warfare now, so far as results to the captured were concerned, little accidents like that had unpleasant results as a rule. And even now, while a captured messenger in civilized war has no great peril of his own to face, the failure to carry his message through may cause

the death of some thousands of his comrades in arms, all because of a foundered horse.

So men of war are always on the lookout for some improvement in rapid transit; and since the winged men that Peter Wilkins saw have not been seen by any one else—to my knowledge—and flying-machines have not yet become fashionable, they have begun to take up seriously our new device—the safety bicycle. It is hardly necessary for us to argue the matter as to the value of this scheme. Most boys, and girls too, know that it is less work to wheel six miles than to walk one, to say nothing of the difference in time per mile. But you may not know that one of our Generals tested the matter quite recently, and sent a troop of men, laden with rifles, blankets, etc., for a march of an hour and twenty-five minutes; and those men covered in that time space which to cover on foot would have taken at least five hours. On foot they would have been about ready to camp. Awheel they would have gone as much further, with pleasure. Then, too, you have all read of that despatch, from Chicago to New York, carried for a thousand miles through mud and rain and the wildest weather by relay riders, awheel, just to show what the wheel could do. No war courier is ever likely to meet worse weather. And all these things have set the soldiers thinking.

So now we find that across the sea, where great armies are the rule, the wheel is being tested in every possible way with a view to its use when war-time comes again.

England leads, as is natural, since there is where cycling had its practical beginning. She now has a body of cyclists in her standing army amounting to more than 5000 men. Every spring, when the volunteer drills take place, and the sham battles fill the air with powder smoke, these cyclists are out in force, scurrying off with commands, scouting far ahead of the troops for ambushments, tapping hostile telegraph wires, patrolling the roads whence spies may come, or flinging themselves in a body into some advance post.

Belgium, Switzerland, France, and Germany are now using the wheel, but as yet only experimentally as Italy is. None of these nations are as devoted to athletic sports as the English are, which in a measure accounts for their more cautious advance in the use of the cycle. This is natural. It cost Germany an army before she learned the lesson not to storm a post in solid column in these days of rapid fire. Then they learned that lesson for all time. It may cost some nation another army in order to take to heart the fact that 10,000 men awheel on a good road can shoot across country, along by-roads, and far from railroads, and in a day fall on their enemy's rear or most vital point, like a falcon swooping from an eyrie, safe, sixty miles away. If need be they could fight their battle, blow up the bridge, tunnel, arsenal, or what not, and be back in their own lines before another sunset. It was but the other day—to be accurate, on May 5, 1894—that in a road race in Massachusetts twenty-one riders covered the distance of twenty-five miles in less than 1 hour 15 minutes 10 seconds, which had till then been the record time; a score of others were but a few seconds later coming in; and if our country were in danger, and as aroused as it was in 1861, 60,000 strong, speedy wheelmen could be ready for their rifles within a week, and would be ready, unless we are made of different stuff from what I think.

In our own country there has not been that need of the military wheel "since there was a wheel" as has been apparent in countries across the seas. Nevertheless, "in time of peace prepare for war" is a good old maxim, and by way of a beginning the United States military post of Fort Sheridan, Illinois, has a detachment equipped with Columbias. Texas contemplates adding two cycle companies to the militia, and I am told that Connecticut already uses the bicycle in that connection. We may yet see regiments of flying infantry dusting down the road to quell riotous strikes among some of our imported citizens, while in Boston we have already mounted our park police.

Finally, during my investigations, I have come across no less than three different books of regulations for bicycle drill, including bugle-calls, suitable for military use; and on "Lexington day" I found fully 20,000 wheelmen whirling around Concord, or following the route taken by the British troops a trifle over 100 years ago. Combine the books and the wheelmen on another such



BELGIAN INFANTRY BICYCLIST.

occasion as happened then, and the red-coated soldiery would find retreat as much out of the question as they did at Isandula.

Would they not? Let us see. It is easy to suppose a probable case and its results to both parties concerned. History repeats itself, but is not yet independent of science. War had been declared. For reasons—who knows? Twenty transatlantic steamers with 40,000 troops aboard were rising into sight, and in an hour or so had felt their way with cautious casts of the lead across the sands of that shallow shore on that calm and sunny day. Broadside on they swung. Prompt to the minute a host of surf-boats dropped into the water, already filled with scarlet-clad soldiery, while over the bows of a hundred of them scowled here the round black bore of a rapid-fire shell gun, there the grim honeycomb of a Gatling. And our army—where is it? Twenty-eight thousand in all, in round numbers, scattered from Maine to Texas, hurrying to a focus as fast as steam can carry. What can be done?

There is a gray-headed man in civil life who thinks he knows. He is not a soldier. He was but a boy in 1861, and he is as full of enthusiasm now as then. He is the secretary of the "L. A. W."—the League of American Wheelmen.

It is a great organization—greatest in being composed of enthusiastic, muscular young fellows, to whom open-air life is a passion, muscular work a delight, bursts of speed and daring to the verge of recklessness a matter of



MILITARY BICYCLE DRILL OF AMERICAN WHEELMEN.

keenest pleasure as a joy longed for, because tasted at not too frequent intervals. These are the men who need to be held back, not hounded forward; and to them the Secretary is telegraphing, with the consent of the government at Washington. And not merely to them, for the greater army of the "unattached" is just as ready, just as eager, and needs but the sending of the modern war-arrow from clan to clan, from club to club, as has been already done during the past week in anticipation. Now the hour has come. New Jersey's 2200 League men have about all turned out, for the danger has come home to them. New York and Pennsylvania have sent full 5000 each, racing by trains that have the right of way. Tracks beyond Long Branch have been promptly torn up, culverts blown up, and made impassable generally by ready-witted section-men, and the enemy must do their marching by foot-power.

Every L.A.W. man who did not own a rifle or a ducking-gun has got one now. Educated and intelligent, many of them college-bred, they know that they are no match standing rank to rank with drilled soldiery; but that same independence of drill is a useful adjunct to guerilla warfare; each man has his own duty to do, and needs no officer to watch that he does it. What they have to do is not to fight, but to harass, to delay; and all night long messages are carried, orchards are levelled, shade trees converted into abatis, knolls that flank or enfilade the road are crowned with rifle-pits and ramparts, perhaps armed with quaker-guns, and the sun rises on a different scene. For a space beyond Freehold the red-clad outposts are finding it expedient to fall back. They have only gone so far as yet. They can shoot as straight as any one, but it is inharmonious to be looking out for a sharp-shooter on one side and have a bullet bore through a comrade from the other side, especially before breakfast. Out swarm the enemy like angry hornets, but only to find some 3000 to 5000 spots of smoke around them at as many different points of the compass, with a confusing cross-fire of lead buzzing in. There is no one point important enough to warrant a direct advance; yet this business must be stopped at once, and their General wrathfully signs to his bugler.

"Skirmishers forward!" rings the order, and out they come, as active as monkeys, and backward, ever backward, retire the men they march against. They will not be caught; they will not cease from stinging; they know that theirs is the duty of *gaining time;* and they are doing it. In their rear whole train loads of comrades are hurrying forward. The New Jersey *Road Book* is in every Captain's hands; and when the men at the front grow weary or run out of cartridges, it is but to spring to saddle and speed away for an hour, and they are far beyond safety-line, fresh men taking up their work. What progress can be made in the face of this? Not much. Nor can men exist without sleep, nor fight battles with rifles without cartridges, and such battles use up the copper cases fast. *We* make them. *They* have to carry their supplies. Our stock is unlimited. Theirs is not. Long before the spires of Trenton rise to view they find that they must have re-enforcements even to hold their own ground.

They had forgotten that the men of 1861 were not yet dead, and that the sons of the men who were at Winchester were as ready as their fathers were to send an enemy "whirling." Presently that enemy discovers something of importance — that occasionally the bullets come in volleys, that here and there a gleam of Union blue appears. The regulars have at last got here, and the game is up.

The Secretary has lived in the telegraph office for the last day or two. He has hardly slept at all. Now he slings his hat through the window, whence it sails down half a dozen stories and crowns a telegraph pole, while its owner goes down by elevator, and takes a bee-line for home. He has done his duty. The rest of the war is for professional hands; and the hands—and hearts—are ready to attend to it.



BICYCLE OUTFIT OF ENGLISH SCOUTS IN AFGHANISTAN.

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH: A STORY OF ALASKAN ADVENTURE.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

SERGE had noticed for some time that the movements of the tiny craft in which he and Phil Ryder were navigating the mighty waters of Bering Sea were heavy and lagging. It seemed to have lost life and buoyancy. Instead of gliding smoothly through the waters, it seemed to drag, as though its bottom were fouled with grasses and barnacles. Serge, of course, knew that this could not be the case, and after puzzling over the matter for some time, concluded that the fault did not lie so much with the boat as in its exhausted crew, who no longer possessed the strength necessary to force it ahead with the same speed as formerly.

All at once he felt a movement of the bidarkie's skin between its wide-spread ribs, and heard a peculiar sobbing or sucking sound that instantly explained the situation. It also filled him with a dread, before which even the fact that they were drifting helplessly over the vast expanse of the great northern sea seemed insignificant.

A bidarkie, or "bidarka," as it is often spelled, made of green sea-lion skins, stretched as tightly as possible over a wooden or bone frame, allowed to dry in the wind until they become taut and smooth as a drum-head, and then liberally coated with seal-oil, is for twenty-four hours or so one of the swiftest, safest, smoothest, and most graceful of craft. A few years ago two wrecked sailors made a 2000-mile voyage from one of the Aleutian islands to San Francisco in a nineteen-foot bidarkie; but they hugged the coast, took inside passages wherever it was possible, and camped on shore every night. By so doing they were enabled to lift their frail craft from the water, and allow it to dry for six, eight, or ten hours out of every twenty-four. Thus it retained its shape and remained serviceable during the whole of that tremendous voyage. If they had not been able to do this, their bidarkie would have been worthless by the end of forty-eight hours, the one great fault of this craft being that after a while its skin covering becomes water-soaked, and will stretch. In this condition it sags in and out between the ribs with strange sounds, until the boat becomes well-nigh unmanageable. By-and-by, if the soaking and stretching process continues, the skins are so softened that the sinew threads with which they are sewn together pull out, and the seams open. Then in a moment the bidarkie fills, and sinks like a lump of lead.

In the present case the softening process had begun, and Serge was aware of it. Before another day was done their frail craft would have ceased to float, and they —well, they would be beyond the reach of human aid or knowledge. Their bodies would be hidden deep beneath the cold green surface of Bering Sea, while their unknown fate would serve as a matter for sad conjecture for many a day to the dear ones whom they should never again see.

All this flashed through the lad's mind in an instant



"WHITE MEN, AS I SAID, AND AMERICANS, I'LL BE BOUND!"

[illegible] his companion. [illegible] Poor Phil [illegible] [illegible]ly. No; he would keep the discovery to himself, and his well-loved comrade should be spared its added [illegible] as long as possible. So, [illegible] his paddle, declaring himself utterly exhausted, Serge answered:

"So am I; and what is worse, I don't believe we will [illegible] to stand watch during the night. Certainly both of us can't keep awake all the time, and so, old fellow, I would advise you to get a nap if you can. Before sleep overpowers me I will wake you. And so we will keep watch by turns as best we may."

"What shall we watch for?" asked Phil, in a hopeless tone.

"For the vessel that is to pick us up, to be sure," repeated Serge.

The former uttered a bitter little laugh as he said: "Then we might as well watch with our eyes shut. There is no wind to move a sailing-vessel, even if there were one in all this great awful sea, which I doubt. As for a steamer, she would have to pass within fifty feet before any one aboard could either see or hear us. So I am going to try and forget our troubles in sleep, and would advise you to do the same. Good night, old man."

With this the disheartened lad slipped wearily down into the bottom of the bidarkie until his head rested on the hatch coaming, in which position he was speedily oblivious of his surroundings. He dreamed of his adored father and dear aunt Ruth, and was once more in his far-away well-loved Eastern home. So he smiled as he slept.

As Serge sat there alone amid the immensity of that silent sea, he too thought of his home in green Sitka, of the mother and sisters who were watching for him, and he groaned aloud as he realized how little chance he had of ever seeing them again. Then the brave father, whose memory had been with him all these years, seemed to appear to him with loving words. By these he was so soothed and comforted that after a while he too slipped down, and with his white face upturned to the dim sky, dropped into a slumber so profound that it seemed as though nothing could ever waken him from it.

So for an hour or perhaps more the bidarkie, still upbearing its precious human freight, drifted through limitless watery space, unguided and unwatched save by Him who watches over all and takes note of all in this His world.

As she drifted, the tiny craft became aware of a sister ship towering dim and formless through the mist, but drifting, like herself. There is a bond of sympathy between drifting ships, called by some people the attraction of floating bodies, that impels the smaller to seek the company of the larger. So the little ship drew gradually nearer and nearer to its big sister, and was disappointed when the latter began to move away. In another minute she would have disappeared, and the sleeping lads would never have known of her presence any more than she knew of theirs had not something so incredible and wellnigh impossible happened that it might never happen again in all the years of the world.

Just as the steamer began to move away, for the ship that had come so silently drifting through the fog was no other than the steamer *Norsk*, which had left St. Paul that very afternoon, something small and sharp struck Serge Belcofsky's face with stinging force. He started up with a piercing scream of pain and fright, but instantly wide awake.

His scream was answered by a loud "Hello! who's there?" uttered in a clear, manly voice, from the stern of the vanishing ship.

"Help! help! Don't leave us! Help! help!" yelled Phil and Serge, wild with excitement, hope, and fear. At the same time they tried with desperate energy to paddle after the vision of safety that had so suddenly come to them, and now seemed about to disappear as mysteriously as it had come. It did indeed glide out of sight in the all-enshrouding fog; but ere they lost hearing of the many sounds now arising from it a ship's boat, manned by lusty oarsmen who uttered cheery shouts of encouragement, shot out of the mist, and guided by the voices of the lads, came toward them. In the bow stood the sturdy well-balanced figure of a man of thirty, holding a flaring torch above his head. The face thus revealed was to Phil and Serge as the face of an angel, and one they would never forget.

This man was Gerald Hamer, a western Yankee and leader of the Yukon Trading Company, that the *Norsk* was taking to Fort St. Michaels. It was he who, leaning over the after rail of the ship just as her engines were started, after being stopped for an hour for some slight repairs, heard and answered the despairing call for help that apparently came from the very waters beneath him. The Captain lay ill in his cabin, and the first officer, a thick-headed fellow who understood English very imperfectly, was in charge of the ship.

When Gerald Hamer ran forward, told him of what he had heard, and begged him, in the name of humanity, to stop his ship and send a boat to the relief of those who were crying for help, the fellow refused to do so.

"Id's some of dem nadives," he said. "Ve cannod vaste dime on dem."

"Natives nothing! you thundering blockhead!" roared Gerald Hamer. "If they were, you'd stop and see what trouble they were in, or I'd know why. But I tell you they are white men, and Americans. I know the Yankee tongue when I hear it, if you don't. So you stop your ship, and stop her quick, too, or, by hookey! I and my men will stop her for you!"

Thick-headed as he was the mate realized in a moment that he could not safely refuse to obey this command, backed as it was by a score of sturdy Americans, who, at the sound of their leader's voice, were gathering about him like a swarm of angry hornets. So he gave the requisite order in a surly tone, and the recently started engines were again stopped.

"Bud I shall nod risq my mans for dot dirdy nadives," he said. "If a boad goes den musd you dake it yourseluf."

"Take it myself! Certainly I will!" cried Gerald Hamer. "Do you suppose I'd let you or your lubberly crew have the honor of rescuing one of my countrymen? Not much! Here, men, I want half a dozen volunteers for dangerous boat duty. Now don't all speak at once."

But they did, and as though with the voice of one man, raised a mighty shout of "Ay, ay, sir!"

Their leader smiled as he detailed six men to lower a boat and go with him in it. To the others he said: "You fellows stay here, and see that this ship doesn't move an inch till I come back. Not an inch if I'm gone a year. Do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"And keep the ship's bell ringing eight bells till I get back, too, so that I can locate her if we get out of sight."

"Ay, ay, sir!" And for the next fifteen minutes it seemed as though the clangor of that brazen-throated bell might have been heard from Bering Strait to Oonimak.

"White men, as I said, and Americans, I'll be bound!" cried Gerald Hamer, as the light of his torch fell on the object of his search. "Great Scott! They're only boys, and their craft is a water-logged bladder! How in the name of the good and the great— But there, lads, no matter. You are safe now. Your troubles are all over."

As he spoke these last words the strong man's voice grew husky and his eyes moistened, for poor Phil's over-

strained nerves had given way, and he was sobbing hysterically, while Serge also seemed on the point of breaking down.

Very tenderly were the rescued lads lifted from the frail little craft that had upheld them so bravely into the ship's boat. They were too stiff and numbed to stand. They could not even sit up, but sank limply into the bottom of the boat, their heads pillowed on coats gladly offered by members of the crew.

Then, with the bidarkie in tow, the boat was headed back through the fog toward the clanging bell. Ten minutes later Phil and Serge, each surrounded by a group of rough but willing nurses, were between warm blankets, their bidarkie had been hoisted on deck, and the good ship *Norsk* was cleaving the waters of Bering Sea on her way to the distant port of St. Michaels.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### JAPONSKI'S TEMPTATION AND THE FUR-TRADER'S OFFER.

WHEN the steamer *Norsk* left the harbor of Oonalaska, on the very day that Mr. John Ryder took lunch with her Captain, she carried with her the fur-seal's tooth. Japonski, the table-boy, had listened with avaricious ears to the story of its value. He hoped soon to go to Sitka himself, for he had a brother there employed as ward-room-boy on an American man-of-war. How well it would be to have one thousand of those big American dollars to show to him and to spend! Japonski's brother had laughed when he sailed on the *Norsk*, and told him that not many yen could be picked up in the merchant service. So it had proved; but here was a chance. A tooth would be a very little thing and so easy to hide. The white man said, "He who stole it would have no good fortune"; but he must have said that to make him (Japonski) afraid. But a Hakodate man was not afraid. He would prove it.

So Japonski slipped the fur-seal's tooth up his sleeve, even while, with innocent face, he handed the overcoat to Mr. Ryder. That night, in the privacy of his own cubby-hole just off the pantry, he examined his prize, and gloated over it. The white man had gone without suspecting him, and the ship was already far on her way. Whatever this thing was worth, it was his, and no one would ever know how he obtained it. He smiled scornfully at the thought of its bringing him any misfortune; but as he looked at it closely, the smile faded from his face.

That bit of ivory had never been carved by Indian hands, nor by Aleuts, nor Eskimos. Nowhere in the world could such dainty work be done save in his own country, and who would thus depict the frowning face of Buddha, terror of evil-doers, except a devout native of Japan? That was one emblem borne by the ivory tooth. On the opposite side was a fish. What could it be but the lucky fish of Queen Jung-gu, the conqueror of Corea?

Alas! that he had dared steal a curio of such omen as this! But he could not give it back. He dared not give it to any, except him from whom he had stolen it. So he hid it away; but he thought of it all the time, and from that day all things seemed to go wrong with him. Never had he broken so many dishes, never spoiled so much food, never so incurred the Captain's wrath. Still, he clung to the tooth, and would not part with it. The white man had said it was worth one thousand silver dollars. That would be fifteen hundred silver yen, and on that sum he could live like a prince for many years in his own country.

At the Pribyloffs the *Norsk* took on board one Nikrik, an Aleut, who had been for some years employed at St. Michaels to act as a pilot through the shoals of Norton's Sound. Although there was a strong general resemblance between this man and the cabin boy, each regarded the other as belonging to an inferior race. As, however, they were both looked down on by the whites, they were almost forced into each other's society, and thus it came about that very early in their acquaintance Japonski displayed his treasure to Nikrik, and asked him what he thought of it.

Now the Aleut was too great a traveller not to have heard of the fur-seal's tooth, for it was known, at least by fame, to all northern Alaska, and the moment he saw it he was determined to possess it. So he told Japonski tales of its strange power for evil over all but those native to Alaska, and tried to frighten him into giving it up. But Japonski only smiled blandly, and said, "Alle same I keep him."

Still he was made uneasy by these tales, and from that moment misfortunes seemed to crowd upon him more thickly than ever. At length he so enraged Captain Kuhn by his carelessness that that individual turned purple in the face, became speechless, and was threatened with an apoplectic fit. Japonski had seen him thus before, and knew just what to do. There was a certain medicine that must be given quickly. He prepared it, and forced a spoonful down the Captain's throat. To his horror the Captain turned white and rigid, and to all appearances died then and there.

The terrified cabin-boy rushed out for aid, and the very first person he came across was the chief engineer, who was regulating a delicate bit of machinery. The engineer was so startled by Japonski's sudden appearance that he dropped a tool into the machinery, something snapped, and a moment later the engines were stopped for repairs. Then Japonski ran and hid himself in his cubby-hole, where Nikrik, finding him some time later, said that if the Captain died and the ship was lost it would all be owing to the fur-seal's tooth, which he must give up at once in order to avoid further disaster.

Upon this Japonski conceived such a horror of the bit of ivory that he rushed frantically on deck, and flung it, with all his might, into the sea. Almost at the same instant the engines were again started, and when he went below the first news he heard was that the Captain was getting better. So he was glad of what he had done, though it had cost him a fortune in silver yen.

Early the next morning, when Nikrik went on deck before any one else except the watch, he spied the bidarkie in which our lads had come, and examined it closely, to see where it had been made and by whom. As he turned it over something rattled inside of its parchment skin. The Aleut reached in to feel for the cause of this sound, and when he withdrew his hand, clutching the fur-seal's tooth that he had supposed was lost forever, his oily face was overspread with a broad grin of gratified surprise. He knew, of course, that Japonski had flung it overboard, and now he also knew that by some miracle, which he attributed to the magic power of the tooth itself, it had fallen into the drifting bidarkie. Nikrik had recognized the lads when they were brought on board the night before, but, with the usual reticence of his race, he had not yet mentioned this fact. Now he was glad of it, because it was possible that one of them might claim the treasure he had just stolen, for to an Aleut it is as much of a theft to take a thing from a bidarkie as from its owner. So Nikrik's guilty conscience caused him to avoid Phil and Serge as much as possible during the short time that they remained on the same ship.

The pilot's thoughts dwelt so constantly on his newly acquired treasure that in his absent-mindedness he ran the *Norsk* ashore when close to Fort St. Michaels, in one of the channels with which he was most familiar. This so enraged the mate that he ordered him from the bridge, and declared he should have no pay. That very evening on shore Nikrik engaged in a gambling game with some Yukon Indians, who had come to the fort to trade. In

the luck was so strongly against him that before morning he had sold and lost every thing of value he possessed, including the fur-seal's tooth. This fell to the lot of a young Indian who [illegible] traded it to a recently arrived clerk of the post for a pound of [illegible]. What [illegible] added [illegible] massive (plated) watch-chain. There it attracted curiosity, envy, and whispered remarks from all the natives [illegible]

Phil and Serge did not leave the bunks in which their friendly rescuers had placed them for a day and a night after going on board the *Norsk*, during which time they [illegible]. When they did appear on deck they were so thoroughly refreshed that no trace remained of their recent terrible adventure that now seemed to them only like some dreadful nightmare. Until now they had not known nor cared whither they were being carried; but the moment they stepped on deck, and while they were being warmly greeted by Gerald Hamer, their eyes turned wonderingly to a low coast visible on the right. As soon as they found a chance they inquired eagerly what land it was, and on being told that it was the southern coast of Norton's Sound, while the Alaska Company's trading-post of Fort St. Michaels was directly ahead, they gazed at each other in speechless dismay.

"Is that where you were bound for when you got lost?" asked Mr. Hamer, politely; for he had not yet learned the story of their wanderings.

"No," answered Phil, with a melancholy smile; "we were bound for Sitka."

"Sitka!" exclaimed Gerald Hamer. "Then you have come from the north, I suppose?"

"No; we have come from Victoria, which, I believe, is somewhat south of this."

"Well, I should say it was. About three thousand miles. And as Sitka is all of twenty-one hundred miles from here, I wish you would tell me how you have managed to miss it and drift up into this latitude."

As Nikrik ran the ship aground on a mud flat just then, there was plenty of time while waiting for the tide to float her off for the lads to relate the story of their wanderings and adventures. The fur-trader listened to it with profound interest, and when it was concluded, he said:

"If that doesn't beat all the roundabout travelling and hard luck that ever I heard of! I should think you would be sick of the sea and willing to try dry land for a while by this time."

"So we are," answered Serge, "but as the railroad isn't even laid out yet, I suppose we shall have to go back on this ship at least as far as Oonalaska."

"But she isn't going there," said Mr. Hamer. "She is chartered to carry a cargo of furs from here to China."

"Whew!" whistled Phil. "And is that where you are going?"

"Oh no! I am bound for Sitka," laughed the trader.

"What?" cried both lads, in amazement.

"Yes, I mean it; though, to be sure, I expect to reach there in rather a curious way. You see, I have in this ship a steamboat in sections, a saw-mill, some mining machinery, and a couple of hundred tons of merchandise. I am going to put my steamboat together as soon as we get on shore, load my freight aboard, and take her a thousand miles up the Yukon River, to the mining-camp at Forty-mile Creek. There I shall leave her for the winter and go out on snow-shoes with dog-sledges seven hundred miles across country to Pyramid Harbor, where I can get a steamer most any time for Sitka or Juneau, either of which is only about one hundred miles farther. From one of those places I shall go down to San Francisco for a new stock of goods, and have them up here in time to meet my steamboat again in the early summer. Most of the men I have with me now are ship-carpenters, who will go back on this steamer to San Francisco by way of China. So only about half a dozen will remain with me, and I should be very glad of a couple more hands. Now if you care to take this trip with me, and are willing to work your passage, I will pay all your expenses and guarantee to land you in Sitka sooner or later. What do you say? Will you do it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



OLD BLOCK HOUSES AT ST MICHAELS.

## CLOUDS OF BLACK IVORY.

BY WILLIAM HEMMINGWAY.

WHEN you are in the oil country you are in wonderland. The outflow of oil seems to be nature's last gift to a region already richer than any other part of the temperate zone. Somehow most of us, I think, picture to ourselves a bleak, black territory like the coal or iron mountains when we think of it. If you visit that part of Pennsylvania or New York State where petroleum gushes from the ground, you will find rich fields of grain on every hand, as well as a great many fields where grain ought to grow but does not.

No farmer pays much attention to any other crop when he discovers oil in his fields. Usually the discovery is made by some speculator, who promptly buys or leases the place. Driving from Oil City to Titusville the other day, I passed a tiny tumble-down house, into every room of which you could look from the road-side. Here lived an old farmer whose pastures and wheat-fields were yielding him $30,000 a year. He was so fond of money and so afraid of being cheated by the speculators who were pumping out his oil that he dared not go far away. I don't think his riches were doing him much good.

There are many hills on every side, all green-clad and delightful to look at. No matter where you turn, you will find the horizon dotted with tall, slender derricks that suggest giants hard at work. Although the derricks were put in place to hoist and drive the drills that made the oil wells, they have not been taken away. Often it happens that the pumping engine is set up alongside the first well of a group. From here wooden rods, sometimes spliced to a length of two or three hundred yards, carry the power to distant pumps. These cranks

make a weird, creaking sound, and they are not a bit pleasant to hear if you pass by at night.

From each group of wells the oil is carried through pipes to the nearest depot. There are scores of petroleum refineries in that part of the world, and the banks of Oil Creek are dotted with them.

In spite of every precaution the oil-tanks catch fire occasionally. Sometimes lightning does it, and sometimes the cause is different. The picture printed with this article shows a burning tank that staid in flames longer than any other on record. If you regard the picture closely, you will find a solid bit of black at the very bottom of the smoke. That is the tank, or rather what is left of it. I should be afraid to tell you just how long this particular tank kept burning, but it was for a great many hours longer than you or I would care to go hungry.



PETROLEUM OIL TANK BURNING.

The spectacle of a burning oil-tank is one not easy to forget. Vast billows of smoke, like clouds of black ivory, roll hissing upwards. The masses of thick pungent vapor sprawl and tumble over one another. Through these, like a shuttle through a loom, dart swift arrows of glaring yellow smoke. When one of the big oil-refineries in Long Island City was burning years ago the smoke hid the sun for hours.

The most destructive petroleum fire in the history of this country took place at Titusville and Oil City, Pennsylvania, on Sunday, June 5, 1892. Strangely enough it began with a flood. A dam that had been built at Spartansburg, above Titusville, broke, and millions of gallons of water rushed down upon the city. The flood came at night, and the people were all asleep. The dam had held back a lake one-quarter of a mile wide and a mile and a half long. The people of Titusville fought hard for their lives, and there were many daring rescues. Nevertheless, more than fifty persons were drowned. When the flood was at its worst a new horror was added. Tank after tank of petroleum caught fire, and burst with awful roars. The fire ran along the flood, and swept away whole blocks of wooden houses. How many men and women were killed has never been found out.

From Titusville the flood swept down Oil Creek. The usually tiny stream swelled to a mighty river. At dawn the inhabitants of Oil City fled from their beds, only to be caught in the rushing, swirling waters. Many poor people lived on the lower levels, and the river ran around their portion of the city in the shape of a bent bow. Block after block was submerged. Such boats as could be hastily found were used in taking men and women and children from the upper windows of their houses.

As yet there had been no fire at Oil City. But hundreds of thousands of gallons of crude petroleum, kerosene, distilled naphtha, and benzine were floating down the flood. Many tanks had been burst by drifting logs, trees, houses, etc. Vast quantities of gas hovered above these inflammable stuffs.

Some say that a careless spectator lit his pipe and dropped the flaming match into the stream, and others say that a spark from a locomotive started the fire. At all events nearly the whole surface of the water burst into flame in the twinkling of an eye. More than twenty men who stood on bridges gazing at the flood were killed by inhaling the surrounding flames.

Willis Stuart, James Rogers, James Harkins, U. S. Terwilliger, John Gordon, and Sam Terwilliger were out in boats rescuing people from the flooded houses. In an instant these heroes, who had deliberately chosen to remain at work although they knew their peril, were surrounded by roaring flames. They dove overboard and swam deep under the burning surface, coming up now and then to beat away the fire with their hands, and breathe for a moment. Then they again plunged under and made for the shore, one hundred yards away. How many times they thus rose and sank no one knows. Only John Gordon and Sam Terwilliger reached the land. The others were burned and drowned. They were all as brave heroes as any soldiers that ever lived.

## AN ADVENTURE IN THE FLORIDA HUMMOCKS.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

IN Florida, a year or two ago, my stock of experience was enriched by a somewhat startling adventure. I was boarding at a country house not far from the banks of the Caloosahatchee River, in a district full of game. Most of my time was spent in wandering with gun and dog through the luxuriant woods that clothed the hummocks, and along the edges of the waving savannas or intervale meadows. The dog which always accompanied me was a large mongrel, half setter and half Newfoundland, belonging to my landlord. He was plucky and intelligent, but untrained; and I used to take him rather as a companion than as an assistant.

The soil in Florida is generally very sandy, but in the hummocks, or, as they are more usually called in Florida, "hammocks," the sand is mixed with clay, and carries a heavy growth of timber. The trees are chiefly dogwood, pine, magnolia, and the several species of oak which grow in the South. These "hammocks" vary in extent from one or two to a thousand or more acres, and in many

places the trees are so interlaced with rankly growing vegetation that one can penetrate the forest only by the narrow cattle-paths leading to the water.

One afternoon I was threading a path which led through a particularly dense hummock to the bank of a wide shallow stream known as Dogwood Creek, a branch of the Caloosahatchee. I carried a light double-barrelled fowling-piece, and was seeking no game more formidable than wild turkeys. My cartridges were loaded with No. 2 shot; but I had taken the precaution to drop a couple of ball-cartridges in among the rest.

Presently there was a heavy crashing amid the dense undergrowth on my right, and Jeff, the dog, who had dropped a few paces behind, drew quickly up to my side with an angry growl. The hair lifted along his back and between his ears.

As the crashing rapidly came nearer—startlingly near, in fact—I made haste to remove my light cartridges and replace them with ball. But, alas! to unload was one thing, to find one of those two ball-cartridges in the crowded depths of my capacious pocket was quite another. Every cartridge I brought to light was marked, with exasperating plainness, No. 2.

In my eager haste the perspiration stood out all over my face. I knew well enough what was coming. It was unquestionably a bear. A panther would move more quietly; and a stray steer would cause no such great concern to Jeff. Whatever may have been my emotions, surprise was certainly not among them when, just as I had concluded that those two ball-cartridges must have been a dream, a huge bear, which seemed very angry about something, burst mightily forth into the pathway only three or four yards behind me.

It was not hard to decide what to do. On either hand was the thicket, to me practically impenetrable; and behind was the bear. Straight ahead I ran at the top of my speed. At the same time I managed to slip a couple of cartridges into my gun. They were just whatever ones came to my hand; but devoutly I hoped against hope that they might prove, when tested, to be those which were loaded with ball.

For perhaps two or three hundred yards the running was distinctly in my favor, but then the pace began to tell on me. At once I slackened speed, and my pursuer closed in upon me so swiftly that I concluded it was time to try a snap-shot.

Facing about with a sharp yell, I expected the bear to rise on his hind-legs and give me a fair chance for a shot. But I had miscalculated my own momentum. The bear indeed rose as I expected. But at the same instant I tripped on a root and fell headlong. The gun flew up in the air in a wonderful way, and disappeared in the undergrowth.

To recover it was, I knew, impossible. Almost before I touched the ground I was on my feet again, and running faster than ever. But what refuge there was for me to run to I knew not, and how the affair was going to end I dared not guess.

In the first burst of my renewed vigor, and while the bear was recovering from his natural surprise at my extraordinary manœuvre, I had regained my lost ground. All at once, as my breath was about forsaking me, the path opened before my eyes upon a grassy savanna, beyond which shone the waters of Dogwood Creek. At the water's edge was drawn up an old flat boat, with a pole sticking out over the bow. This craft was evidently used as a ferry to connect with a continuation of the path on the other side of the creek.

I darted forward, thrust the punt off, and flung myself into it. An energetic push with the pole, and the little craft shot out into the stream. Jeff meanwhile ran up along the water's edge, barking furiously, and the bear pursued him.

Calling the dog to come to me, I pushed the punt towards him. With a frightened whine, which I did not at the moment understand, he plunged into the water and swam out bravely. The bear hesitated a second or two, and then dashed in after him, raising a tremendous splash.

When Jeff was within a couple of yards of the boat, I was enlightened as to the cause of his reluctance to take the water. An ugly black snout, not unlike the butt of a water-logged timber, was thrust into view close by; then another, a few feet below the desperately swimming animal; then another, and yet another, till the sullen whitish surface of the creek was dotted thickly with the heads of alligators. They had evidently been attracted by the sound of Jeff's barking; and I called to mind some stories I had heard at the house as to the abundance and ferocity of the alligators in Dogwood Creek.

A sturdy shove on the pole, and I was at Jeff's side. Reaching over, I seized him by the scruff of the neck, and jerked him into the boat just as a tremendous swirl in the water behind him showed where an alligator had made a rush for his legs.

The next instant the snout of the disappointed animal shot up beside the gunwale, to receive a fierce jab from my pole, which made it keep its distance.

By this time the bear was dangerously near at hand. He was approaching with great wallowing plunges, the water not being deep enough to compel him to swim. I began to pole with all my might, thinking that even yet I was far from being out of the difficulty. With a few thrusts I put a safe distance between myself and my pursuer, but the creek was not wide enough to enable me to gain any very great head start in this way. In a most discontented frame of mind I had almost reached the landing, when suddenly it occurred to me that really there was no necessity for me to land at once. I could pole up and down the creek, and dodge the bear until he should get tired and give up the chase. With this purpose I thrust out again boldly into mid-stream.

The bear was now almost half-way across, but those black snouts were closing about him ominously. Indeed, the animal must have been blinded with rage, or he would never have ventured into the deadly stream. In a moment, however, it seemed to dawn upon him that he had got himself into trouble. He stopped with an uneasy sort of whine. Then he turned and made for the shore as fast as he could.

But it was too late for him to escape in that way. His path was blocked by several of the great reptiles, whose appetites were now thoroughly aroused. I thought to myself, "If that bear is game, there's going to be a lively time around here just now."

And he *was* game. True, seeing that the odds were so overwhelmingly against him, he had at first tried to avoid the combat. But now that he was fairly in for it, he acquitted himself in a way that soon won my sympathetic admiration, and made me forget that but a moment before he had been thirsting for my own blood.

With a huge grunt of indignant defiance, the bear hurled himself upon the nearest alligator. On the massive armor of the reptile's back even his powerful claws made slight impression, but with one paw he reached to the soft under-side of the throat, and the water was suddenly crimsoned as the alligator, lashing the surface with his tail, made off and took refuge in a bed of reeds.

At the same instant, however, the jaws of another assailant closed upon the animal's flank. With a roar he rose straight up in the water, shaking himself so mightily that his adversary's hold was broken. Then he threw his whole bulk on another which was advancing against him in front. The alligator was borne under and disappeared, probably forever *hors de combat*, and the bear gained several yards toward safety. Then others crowded in upon him, and his progress was stopped.

Up to this time my sympathies had naturally been with the alligators, to whom I owed my release from an embarrassing situation. Now, however, I felt myself going over to the side of the bear. I hated to see the splendid, though to me very objectionable, brute thus at the mercy of a horde of ravening reptiles.

Again shaking off his assailants, the bear seemed merely bent on selling his life as dearly as possible. Rising on his hind quarters, he faced toward the centre of the stream, where his foes were most numerous. What tremendous buffeting blows he dealt, and how the strong knife-edged hooks of his claws searched out the unarmored spots on his adversaries! In my excitement I pushed perilously near, and if I had had my lost gun I should certainly have taken a hand in the contest myself. I would have given a good deal at that moment to be able to help the bear.

But the odds were too great for any strength or pluck to long contend against. Before many minutes the bear was dragged under, and there was nothing to be seen but a heaving, lashing, foaming mass of alligators. On the outskirts of the *mêlée* swam a few hungry reptiles, who could not get in to the division of the spoils. These presently turned their attention to the boat, purposing to console themselves with Jeff and me.

Awaking to the peril of the situation, I began poling hurriedly toward the landing-place whence I had first started. But almost instantly I was surrounded with alligators. Excited and enraged from their battle with the bear, they were much more formidable than at ordinary times. I had great reason to be thankful for the skill in poling which I had acquired in the birch-bark canoes of Northern rivers. Dodging some of my assailants, I beat off others with the pole, thrusting fiercely at their wicked little eyes, which is the surest way to daunt them.

All at once there was a wild yelp from Jeff, and the punt reeled sharply. The gunwale went under water, and I was all but pitched out head first into the swarm of alligators. My heart was in my mouth as, with a swift and violent motion of the pole, I recovered my balance and steadied the boat. But with all my terror I had room for a pang of grief as I saw that poor Jeff had been dragged overboard.

The capture of the dog, however, was probably my salvation. The alligators which were in front of the boat darted into the scramble which was taking place over the new victim, and I saw a clear space between me and the safety of the shore. Desperately I surged on the pole, and the light craft shot in among the sedges. As the prow lifted on to solid ground several of the long snouts rose over the stern, snapping greedily; but I had bounded forward like lightning, and was beyond their reach in a second. I paused not till I was clear of the savanna and in among the timber.

Throwing myself down on the reeking mould of the path, I lay there till I had recovered my breath and a measure of my equanimity. Then, after finding my gun in the depths of a mimosa thicket, I wended my way homeward, much depressed over the fate of Jeff.

## WONDERS OF THE MICROPHONE.

BY T. J. WALTERS.

ONE of the most curious instruments which the development of electrical science has brought into being is the microphone. It embraces within itself almost the whole principle of the modern telephone, and with it may be performed a series of experiments which, aside from being interesting, are wonderfully significant of what we may expect from its development in the near future. By its aid the footsteps of a fly walking on the stand on which it is placed are clearly heard, and give the sensation of a horse's tread; and even a fly's scream, especially at the moment of death, is easily audible. The rustling of a feather or a piece of dress goods on the board of the instrument, and completely inaudible under ordinary circumstances, are distinctly heard in the microphone. The ticking of a watch is rendered very loud at quite a distance from the receiver. A musical box placed in connection with the instrument transmits so much sound as to render it impossible to distinguish individual notes. A current of air blown sharply on the instrument sounds like a distant trickle of water. And the rumbling of a carriage outside the house is transformed into a very intense crackling noise, not unlike the sound of the burning of pine logs.

The instrument in appearance assumes various shapes, inasmuch as the very simplicity of its principle admits of its being made of various substances and in almost any form. All that is necessary for its simple working is in having what is known, technically, as "loose contact"—that is, an electric circuit whose continuity at some point is capable of being varied. As an instance, then, three nails make one of the best of microphones. Two of the nails are laid on a board parallel to each other, and say one-half inch apart. The other nail is laid across the first two, the latter being meantime connected to a battery cell and a telephone receiver. If a fly, for instance, be confined in a small box, and the latter placed on the board on which the nails are laid, the slightest vibration caused by the movements of its feet will render the unstable contact of the nails still more unsteady, and by thus altering the force or amount of the electricity which passes, will reproduce in the telephone receiver an exact but much magnified fac-simile of what is taking place in the box.

It will be observed, however, that the words "magnified fac-simile" have been used to express or describe the resulting sound. For it is not really the sound of the fly's tread that we hear, any more than in the telephone of every-day use we hear the actual sound of the person who may be communicating with us, but who may be many rods or even miles distant. By means of the electric current the same occurrence takes place in the telephone receiver as is caused to be projected into the other end of the line, or that takes place in the box, as in the case of the fly's footsteps. But it is merely a fac-simile, and not the actual occurrence; that would be against the laws of nature, and electricity never infringes a natural law, however wonderful or unaccountable her various phases may seem to us.

As intimated above the simplest form of microphone is the arrangement of the three nails. They should be arranged on a small board. A cushion of some sort should be interposed between the board and the table on which it is placed, to deaden all outside vibrations. A wire should be connected to one of the under nails, and then connected by its other end to a small battery cell; any kind will do, but the Le-Clahché pattern is best. The other under nail should be connected by a wire with a small telephone receiver. The receiver and the battery cell must now be connected so as to complete the circuit. If now, all being complete, a fly or other insect be confined in a small box, the sound of all its movements will be reproduced in the receiver.

Another form of microphone is as follows: it consists of a platform and an upright, and a piece of gas-carbon sharpened at both ends, and secured between two other pieces of gas-carbon attached to the upright. The pieces of gas-carbon are secured in their places by means of sealing-wax. The working principle is the same. The least movement on the platform will cause a change in the flow of electricity, and will so reproduce in the same manner as did the three nails.

Another instrument consists of a glass tube filled with metallic tin and zinc, commonly known as white powder. It is slightly compressed at the ends by two plugs of gas-carbon. The plugs are cemented in place by sealing-wax, and connected with the telephone and the battery cell in the ordinary manner. The tube is secured by wax to a box open at one end. This microphone may be sung into with good results. Words spoken in the box sound with the power of a trumpet, and the blowing of the breath resembles the roar of the wind in a forest. A watch placed in the box gives all the sounds of its works, from the grinding of the wheels to the minutest click of the gearing.

Delicately adjusted microphones may be bought by those whose mechanical ability is not well developed; but just as good results may be obtained from the home-made instrument. It must be borne in mind that the success of their perfect working depends on their delicate adjustment. This can be more readily understood when it is considered that the mere movement of the fly's foot must be capable of causing a distinct vibration through the whole apparatus.




INSTEAD OF BUYING JAMES A HOOP WITH WHICH TO HAVE SOME FUN, HIS FATHER BOUGHT FOR HIM A HAT TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE SUN.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP

### GOES TO AFRICA AND SEES A LION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I see you printed my letter about Sammy's Pa, and the lightning, and the kanjerroos. I thought you would, 'cause I know you like facts. My teacher says there isn't anything so good for young folks's minds as facts. She says boys and girls ought to treasure up facts, and be forever thankful for the hard-working people that find them. If this is so, we all ought to thank Sammy's Pa, 'cause I never heard of a man that has found so many.

Ma says she has her s'picions 'bout Sammy yet, but this is my fault, 'cause I told her what he told me 'bout his Pa and the lion. I ain't going to tell her any more he tells me. Maybe facts aren't so good for grown folks as young folks. But I can't see how the facts about the lion could hurt anybody.

"When Pop was in Africa," Sammy said one day, "he saw more animals than you could shake a stick at. Pop says it was just like being at the circus all the while, only there wasn't any red lemonade. But there was plenty of peanuts, all nicely roasted by the hot sun. Pop says if he could get a tent over Africa, and charge fifty cents for folks to come in and see the animals, he would be rich enough to buy me a bicycle and a steamboat before next winter."

"What was your Pop doing in Africa?" I says to Sammy.

"Hunting for the Tubjub River. You see, a man made a new geogerfy for boys about our size. When he was making the map of Africa he got thinking 'bout something else, and put in a long crooked river by mistake in one place which nobody ever heard of. But he left it, and marked it the Tubjub River. Of course the other geogerfy-makers laughed at his map. This made the man mad, and he hired Pop to go to Africa and find the river, and Pop done it too; and then all the other geogerfy-men felt pretty sick, and went and put the river on their maps too. Men doing such things as this is what makes the map of Africa so hard, I guess. I think there ought to be a law against it." (So do I think so. Sammy always says "done" when he ought to say "did"; but I don't, unless we've got company and Ma is looking at me to see that I talk proper, and then it pops right out, and I can't help it.)

Well, Sammy went on telling me about when his Pa was in Africa.

"Of course there wasn't no houses to stay in, so Pop used to just build up a fire and camp out. The fire was to keep away the mosquitoes and elephants and things, but some nights when it was cold it was very comfortable too. One of these cold nights Pop was woke up by a great roaring. He thought it was thunder first. Then he say, 'No, that's a freight train'; but he happened to think there weren't any railroads in Africa. Then he rolled over and looked around, and there, on the other side of the fire, set a lion warming his back, and purring like a cat, 'cause he was happy and comfortable, maybe having just et a hipperpotterhoss." (Sammy meant a hipperpotter*mus*.)

"The lion didn't pay any 'tenshun to Pop, but set there just far enough from the fire so the bush on the end of his tail wouldn't burn, and purred and purred. Pop said it sounded like a planing-mill on a rainy day when the lumber is wet and tough. Well, Pop waited a long time for him to stop or go 'way, but he didn't, only kept warming his back, and sweeping round his tail just a little from side to side, and purring and purring like a tornado. 'My sakes!' says Pop to hisself at last, 'I can't sleep with that noise. And s'posing he should begin to meow? 'Scat, you animal!' But though Pop kept 'scatt'ing him, he never minded. Pop says he s'poses he didn't understand 'scat in English, and pop didn't know it in African, so he couldn't do nothing.

"For 'bout a nour Pop lay there and listened to that lion purr. Then he couldn't stand it any longer, and he says, 'I'll fix you.' So he takes his empty tea-kettle and a piece of string, and he creeps round the fire still, and ties it to the lion's tail. Then he creeps back and lays down, and in a minute the lion moves his tail and feels the kettle, and he gives one yowl that 'most split Pop's ears, and he bounded away with that kettle slamming and banging against the trees, and rocks, and other animals, and natives, and such things, making as much noise as a team of horses running away. Then Pop larfed to hisself and went to sleep, and the next day he found the Tubjub River and came home."

These are the facts that made Ma say that she wasn't sure Sammy was the right boy for me to 'sociate with. I don't see how she could have done any better with that lion herself than his Pop did. Anyhow, I ain't going to tell her any more of what he says. I think I'll go over and see Sammy again now. He said this morning that he had more to tell me. Good-by, Mr. Editor.

Yours truly,

HARRY.

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### CLIPPED FOR THE SUMMER

BERTIE "I should think that poor dog would take cold, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Why so, Bertie?"

BERTIE. "Why, because he has on nothing but his collar and cuffs."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

## THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

### CHAPTER I.

IT was Mardi-gras night in New Orleans. Canal Street as far as the eye could see in either direction—out towards the river or back in the direction of the swamp lands—was a surging mass of people.

The deep balconies, the *galeries* of the old French town, overhanging the *banquettes* on either side of the way were crowded beyond their strength, and many would have fallen but for the temporary support of heavy timbers put in for the occasion.

Above the heads of the crowds little street urchins, newsboys, beggars, *gamins*—white, black, yellow, brown, and all the shades between—sat perched like chattering sparrows on every available projection of lamp-post or tree, many even clinging about the tops of street cars, or having mounted the granite pedestal of Henry Clay's statue at the corner, steadied themselves by embracing the statesman's legs; while one or two of the more adventurous had even scaled his lofty figure, and sat astride his broad bronze shoulders.

The occasional turning of the great electric search-light in the Pickwick Club building revealed a rippling sea of happy smiling faces along the line of *galeries* opposite, all wearing, no matter what their race or condition, the holiday expression which showed them in touch with the carnival spirit. On a special balcony diagonally opposite the search-light, somewhat nearer the river, so placed that they were often within range of the revolving beam,



THE LE CHARMANT FAMILY WATCHING THE MARDI-GRAS PROCESSION.

occupying all but two of the first dozen chairs, sat the entire family of the good old creole name of [illegible] let us call it Le Clairmont. The *maman bonne mamzelle*, and a round half-dozen of the last generation of little Le Clairmonts were there—an interesting row, each one a picture, and all as much alike as any row of black-eyed pease—while in the last chair, towards Royal Street, sat a stately old gray-haired black woman, Angèle.

Her starched *tignon* of gay plaid rising above her kindly face and standing alert in knot and frill, like ears pricked to listen, gave the impression that her office was that of watch-dog, and the rapid movement of her quick eye along the line, the alacrity with which she pressed back into her corner any one of the children who leaned too heavily forward, with her quick little bark of alarm "*Assis-toi! Ne tombe!*" confirmed the impression.

The lady said, in creole French, "Sit down, before you fall!" but its tone said other things.

It said, "I love these children, and nothing can happen to them while I am near."

A well-dressed, prosperous, and happy-looking line they were as they sat, jabbering and jabbering, sometimes in French—but oftener in broken English—their best, in polite respect to the Americans among whom they sat.

The great Mystick Krewe had already passed along the street and disappeared, but it would soon come again in another direction.

And so the waiting crowd remained intact, while animated discussions regarding the comparative merits of this with former pageants, filled up the interval of waiting.

"Well, me, I think it is the finest Mardi-Gras we ever had!" exclaimed Marie, a little maid of eight.

"What you say, G'an?" she added, as she leaned over the soft lap of her grandmother.

(When 'Toinette—tall, dimpled, beautiful 'Toinette, the eldest, who sits next her mother to-night—first began to talk, she had called her grandmother "G'an" her best effort to please an American nurse—and "G'an" she had been to all the little ones since.)

"Of co'se 'tis very nice for *now*," granted the grandmother, in reply to Marie's question, "but not like doze we had befo' de war, no!"

"Oh—h—h!" protested 'Toinette, laughing mischievously. "G'an don't find nothing nice that don't come before the war. Anyhow," she added, roguishly, "I think me, I am nice, and I was not here before the war. For what you love Babette so much, G'an? She was not here before the war."

The grandmother smiled. "You all nothing but poor trash! I don't love none of you!" she responded, fondly taking Babette's dimpled face between her own fat palms.

"G'an don't love Babette, no," she added. "Poor lill *bébée!* Mus' grow up an' be her own lill nigger! Before de war, when God send gran'ma one lill *bébée*, He always at de same time send one lill nigger to wait on him. Ask Tante Angèle! She tell you!"

The black woman laughed softly.

"Yas, 'tis true." The *tignon* nodded. "Wait we come home, I tell you."

"No, tell it now," Marie insists; and so the old woman begins

"Well? You want I tell it now?

"W'en yo' oncle Adolphe come, in t'ree munt come my boy Jean, an' den, w'en yo' aunt Natalie is born, I got de nex' day my *Sophie*—*Sophie*, she stay wid yo' aunt Natalie in Paris now—an' den come yo' aunt Tifine an' my *Rosa*—an' after *Rosa* I got Mathilde, and Mathilde she die, an' yo' gran'ma she got—lemme t'ink, how dat come—oh, yes, yo' gran'ma she got *yo' aunt Marie*, an' den yo' oncle Aristide—an' dat same very day yo' oncle Aristide is born come my two black tween, Louis an' Louise—an' den we ain't had no mo', w'ite nor black, for t'ree year an' den yo' *maman* is born, an' de nex' St. Joseph, it got my Cora, po' chile—Now Cora, she is gone to de Angels have to start again play nurse."

The old woman had gone over this same record a hundred times before, but she never wearied of the recital.

"But," she continued, tightening her arm about the little one next her, "so long Tante Angèle can hol' out, all doze chillens got one nigger, anyhow. But she make 'em min', yas! Befo' de war I used to b'longs to you-all w'ite folks, now you all b'longs to me. All doze no-'count lazy w'ite chillens b'longs to me. All but Babette; we have to let gran'ma have dat las' lill lagniappe *bébée*. Better han' me dat cake-bag, yas. Lemme hol' it—or pass it at yo' *maman*, so. Too much dem cream-pauf is bad, yas."

During this long recital, although the two oldest children had perhaps paid small heed, four pairs of eager black eyes were never withdrawn from the speaker's face. To them Tante Angèle was an oracle, capable of producing anything at will, from a wonder-tale laden with shivers and starts to a lullaby so soft and sleepy that not a child of the six had ever heard the very end of it.

Though all the babies had been the grandmother's favorites in turn, Babette, doubly endeared to her as her own namesake and godchild, and, too, by a delicate babyhood from which she was just emerging, was the very apple of her eye.

The blue silk cord and tassels which she wore about her chubby waist, in token of certain religious vows of consecration, were the work of the grandmother's loving fingers—"the last work for my old eyes and hands," she had said, as she laid the silver knitting-needles away with her discarded jewels to keep for "'tite Babette."

But into this last little love task she had interwoven, with a superstition not uncommon, dainty copies of special prayers, invocations to preferred saints in behalf of the tiny wearer, with her full name and date of vows assumed, printed on fine silk paper doubled so as form the bodies of the ornamental tassels, which were finally skilfully covered over and over with a dainty silken web of blue. This was a secret which only the grandmother and the saints themselves were supposed to know, and when she had taken the beautiful finished work to the old French cathedral to have it blessed, according to custom, she felt that it carried assurance of other blessings than even the holy father knew.

As they sit in line on the crowded gallery to-night awaiting the return of the Mystick Krewe, Babette sits next her grandmother jabbering as fast as her lips can move, to the infinite delight and amusement of the entire family.

It is the little girl's first view of the grand parade—the first night in all her young life, in fact, that eight o'clock has found her out of her little lace-canopied crib. It is nine now.

She had begged to come—begged, with a little quiver playing all around the dimples in her cheeks while promising in quavering voice to stay awake. And Tante Angèle—Tante Angèle, who was always on the children's side in everything—had pleaded for her, even volunteering to carry her all the way home in case she should go to sleep.

And then the grandmother had decided the matter.

"Never mind. She is coming wid nénaine. You look after your own sleepy-heads. I'll take care of my baby; and if dey don't look sharp, she'll talk over de snoring heads of Marie and Arthé, and maybe three nine-o'clock babies. Clothilde, she make friends with de sandman every night time de clock is on de nine strike—so look sharp!"

It was a long time before the procession came again, and the grandmother's prophecy seemed likely to come true. Marie and Arthé had grown suspiciously quiet and

still, and Clothilde, ten-year-old Clothilde, was actually nodding. Only three times, though, the bobbing head went down when a fresh hum of voices lifted all sleepy-heads as if with a sudden shock.

Then there was a restless movement on all the galleries, a concerted bending forward of bodies and inquiring questions: "Which way?" "Where?" "Who says so?" "Oh, pshaw!" "Nothing but a crazy lot of smarties trying to raise an excitement."

But no! A sudden hurrying and scurrying, hither and thither, of the now loud-laughing and talking crowd afoot; now two or three mounted police slowly, carefully clearing the way; and now — *a blaze of light!* "Ah-h-h-h!" "Oh-h-h-h!" "Oh-h-h-h!" The exclamation passes like a great wave from one gallery to another, until its echoes are drowned by the stirring music of the band.

The Krewe has come again. The first float passes; another, and yet another, and still they come, until—what is this? Bows, hand-kisses, a shower of candies — real French *bonbons*—from the merry maskers of a special car and into the laps of the little Le Charmants!

They were all wide enough awake now! And here they come again; and once more—*dragées*, marsh-mallows, "kisses," crystallized figs, thrown backward this time, for the float has passed, and still they fall with true aim into the hats and over the faces of the now merrily laughing and waving group. Other candies were flying in other directions to other people, or to anybody; but these came by evident intention to the little creoles.

Float followed float, and presently the procession was only a pillar of fire moving slowly out Canal Street, and soon even that was gone; and Mardi-Gras, the mad festival, excepting to such as followed the maskers into theatre and ballroom, was over—over for another year.

The Le Charmant father, we have noticed, was not visible to-night. Like many fathers, husbands, brothers, and beaux, he was suddenly "called off on business" on Mardi-Gras evening. If they are called to render loyal service to Momus, is not this the "business" of the occasion? Who says they tell stories? Of course no one knows who compose the Mystick Krewe. This is half its mystic charm. One may suspect things as much as he chooses, and even feel personally satisfied that certain facts are true: but that is not *knowing*.

The little Le Charmants looked very wise and mysterious this evening when their *maman* said, as they sat waiting for the crowd to disperse, "Well, me, I am sat-eesfy."

"And I know for what you are satisfied!" exclaimed 'Toinette, chuckling and winking slyly.

"And me, too, I know!" added another; and in a stage-whisper, "You *reg*ognize some*body!*"

Then all the children gathered closer about the mother—there was plenty of standing-room now—begging her to tell which one was "popa."

"I t'ink, me, he was one of doze apple," suggested Tante Angèle, aside to Marie; "biccause it was one apple what t'row doze *bonbons!*"

"Mais, one *grenade*" (pomegranate) "threw more *bonbons* than the apple," said wise 'Toinette; "and, besides, I am sho'—*sho*' 'twas not the *grenade*, because *popa* is mo' littler than that *grenade*."

"You all wrong!" exclaimed the mother, assorting bonbons in the palm of her left hand, and passing to each her favorite candy—"you all wrong! 'Twas not one of doze w'at t'row *bonbon*. You don't catch yo' popa so easy, no. He t'ink he was goin' fool me. *Mais, I know him!* Here, pass doze gum-drop at Tante Angèle, Marie."

"T'ank you, ma'am. You see dem mardi-gras dey know po' ole Tante Angèle ain't got no teet', and dey put in some sof' gum-drop for her."

"You know, always," the mother was continuing to explain, "when yo' popa finds somet'ing very droll he always make *so!*" She rubbed her palms rapidly together and shook her shoulders.

The children all recognized the imitation.

"Well, w'en doze orange and *grenade* and apple was t'row *bonbons*, I see one lill lemon r-rub his hands like dat, and shake himself *comme ça*."

Another representation of the movement. "Ah-h-h! He thought he was goin' fool me. *Mais, I know him!*"

Even the grandmother and Tante Angèle joined delightedly in the children's glee over the discovery.

The procession had represented "The Five Senses," and it was from the fruit-laden float following in Ceres' train that the shower of candies had come.

The sense of taste had been elaborately illustrated by a great profusion of such things as delight the palate.

While from one float animated mushrooms, asparagus, and common vegetables without number bowed and waved to admiring multitudes, another was alive with reeling bottles, staggering demijohns and glasses, while on a third were gleeful figs, waddling water-melons, frisking cantelopes, and a rollicking lot of oranges, lemons, and smaller fruits.

It had been a gorgeous pageant, but it was gone. And now for getting home.

The Le Charmants had ridden up to Canal Street in the street car. The family carriage would not hold all. The car came nearly to the door. It was so much more jolly to go out into the crowd. To get from the balcony to the car now, however, was no small matter.

The gallery back of them was quite deserted when they finally turned, a miniature procession in themselves, to take their chances with the rabble.

The mother takes the lead, and as she hesitates a moment in the street door below, the corner light falling upon her reveals a face of remarkable beauty. She is so pretty—so bright and happy and young—and as fresh and blooming as the two lovely daughters, who take an arm on either side while they start out three abreast.

So they lead the way, all three calling out in a breath to the others to keep together—and, funnily enough, by a common impulse they all say it in French.

"We ought to have waited longer," the grandmother says, as the mother, slipping on a bit of banana peel, embraces her neighbors promiscuously a moment, and then, recovering herself, starts on laughing.

Tante Angèle has special charge of little Arthé, whom she holds tightly aloft while she whispers marvel tales into her ear to keep her awake, or to engage her in laughing at the drowsy gait of the two next older, who she declares to be walking in their sleep, and who, indeed, in their constant denials of all sleepiness, are barely saved from stumbling.

The grandmother insisted on keeping Babette's hand. And so they go on.

Good-humor is the rule of the American crowd, and the air of the Southern carnival is seldom torn by a harsh word. And so to-night, when suddenly a loud voice shouted "Move back!" and the tall form of a policeman loomed up before them, the surging crowd, gasping first as with a single breath, and shrinking backward involuntarily upon itself, became in a twinkling a scene of panic.

Some one — a woman — had fallen across the curbing, and others were stumbling over her. Farther back a dozen or more, jammed against a showcase, were terror-stricken at the combined dangers of broken glass and threatened suffocation.

A little woman, holding in her arms a year-old baby, threw it, in her fright, to a tall man several feet away, and he held it safely aloft, while the youngster, apparently taking the whole thing as a joke, roared with laughter.

The tall man with the baby, seeing over the heads

about him that the accident had not been exactly called for, and by some one to whom the change.

The little mother managed to hold her own in the crush, had been pressed some distance back, and it was perhaps a full minute before she could make herself heard.

The spiral of fun was in the air. The tall man was as excited as the rest, and seeing that the mother had not instantly come forward, he fortunately began a mock auction. "Who wants to buy a baby. How much am I offered for a baby? How much for the baby, clothes and rattle thrown in. What am I offered. Ah, ha!" seeing the mother's two slender hands raised some distance away—"how much, ma'am? A thousand thanks, you say? Ah, well— Sold!" This, as the youngster, who begins to whimper at sight of his mother, is restored to her grateful arms.

But in this din and confusion what has become of our merry creoles? Were they standing with the others around the tall man, laughing at the baby auction? Surely they were not over in the show-window jam! Perhaps they are yonder, scarce twenty feet away, where people are running, and some one is calling for water.

Yes, we have found them.

The grandmother, overcome from the pressure and lack of breathing-space, has fainted. She lies unconscious in old Tante Angèle's arms.

The children are frightened and crying. Their mother, chafing the old lady's hands, begs the people to move back, while a stranger, with well-meant brutality, deluges the sufferer with cold water.

The faint is not very serious. It does not last long. After a few moments, moments of much distress and confusion they are, she is able, with the aid of a kind stranger who has bribed a hack-driver from the door of the theatre near, to enter a carriage and start home.

The mother follows, taking the eldest two of the daughters with her (the grandmother might be taken ill again, and she would need them), and hurriedly giving the driver her address and calling to Tante Angèle to "bring the children home," she closes the carriage door, and they are gone.

Poor old Tante Angèle! It seemed a simple thing to "bring the children home," and yet, suddenly relieved of the terrible strain which no one had realized, she gazed about her as one dazed.

The shawl about her old shoulders was wet and cold, and she shivered. Perceiving it, little Marie took off her own wrap and would have placed it around the old woman, but it was quickly replaced and securely pinned. But the incident seemed to revive her consciousness of the situation, for she exclaimed, in French:

"Come, come! All of you! Come, Louis, Marie, Arthé, Babette! Where is Babette—où est 'tite Babette?"

The little one was indeed nowhere to be seen. It had all been so sudden—the rush, the grandmother's fall, the panic.

"Tell me *dites moi!* where is Babette? *où est ma bébée?*" she continued to cry again and again, staggering visibly as she peered in all directions for the missing child.

No one remembered seeing her since she had been toddling at her grandmother's side.

No matter what might happen afterwards, for the moment she was lost. For the length of a block or more in all directions the way was clear now.

The old woman stood fixed a moment, then, crossing herself, while with moving lips she held her face heavenward, she threw up her arms, and fell with a heavy thud upon the pavement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEWSBOYS OF CITY HALL PARK.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

"YUSE has t' hustle, dat's all. Yuse has t' hustle all de time, nuttin but hustle. See? If yuse can't hustle yuse ain't in it. Dat's right."

This conclusive statement of the imperative necessity for continuous hustling was made by a newsboy who was explaining what makes success in his business. Until I succeeded in gaining his confidence I had no idea how much the element of hustle enters into the newsboy's



NEWSBOYS WAITING FOR DELIVERY TIME

trade. He proceeded to explain some phases of his calling wherein the hustler is benefited.

"Yuse has t' hustle t' get a good place in line for de poipers, and hustle to keep de place when yuse get it, 'cause de big kids t'rows de little kids out if dey don't hustle. See? Den when yuse gets de poipers yuse has t' hustle out wid dem, hustle to keep de odder kids away from yer reg'lar cust'mers, and hustle tru de cars, or de conducter t'rows you off, and yuse jus' has t' hustle all de time. See?"



JUMPING AFTER PENNIES.

I began to see, and thereafter observed the newsboys of New York with the hustle idea prominently in mind, and became satisfied that the unsuccessful ones were so for the sole reason that they lacked that essential ability—to hustle.

In their leisure hours the hustlers are equally energetic in the pursuit of their two characteristic pleasures—gambling and athletic sports. It is then that they overrun City Hall Park, in which neighborhood more newsboys gather for business and pleasure than anywhere else in the city. In connection with their pastimes should be included their fondness for fighting, for although many of their battles result from insults or wordy quarrels, more often they are expressions of their love of combat.

A little before the first edition of the afternoon papers is issued, Frankfort Street near Park Row is crowded with newsboys, and then fighting for entertainment only is of frequent occurrence. The older boys manage these pastimes with an honest and judicial regard for "even matches," the question of age, weight, and height being carefully considered points in the selection of combatants. I watched this match-making and its result one day. A match had been arranged as much by a process of rejection as selection; for a score of youngsters were eager to be chosen, and the two accepted threw off their coats and went to work with joyous calm.

There was no anger nor excitement displayed by principals, seconds, or spectators, until a gentleman walking through the street saw the fight, forced his way into the ring, and with a sorrowful word of reproach separated the warriors. He was assailed by a startling variety of epithets, but he was not wholly shocked out of his good intentions until the smaller of the two boys he had separated angrily demanded what right he had to interfere.

That block on Frankfort Street is, in addition to being a favorite fighting-ground, the dining-room of the newsboys of City Hall Park. A dozen men and women make a living there catering to the weird gastronomical tastes of the boys. Sandwiches made of dabs of crushed sardines and broken crackers, hot sausages, pretzels, cakes covered with pink sugar, a pie made of sweetened beef hash, vaguely suggesting a degenerate cousin of the mince pie, and a confection of glucose, burnt sugar, and clay, are their favorite articles of diet. In the fountains of the City Park they find their weird form of bathing, which consists in diving after pennies and running races in the knee-deep water. No boy ever thinks of removing his clothing for this dip.

Those who are too young, too discreet, or too impecunious to gamble amuse themselves with games of agility which the Italian boys have introduced during the past few years. One of these resembles the American school-boy game of sheepfold, but has been christened in the park "swipe de base"; and another, which



"WHEN YUSE GETS DE POIPERS YUSE HAS T' HUSTLE OUT WID DEM."

seems to be the Italian idea of our "three old cat," is called "chase de rub." I believe "rub" is an abbreviation of rubber ball. But I am not sure, for it is never easy, and it is sometimes impossible, to secure an English translation of newsboy language. I was much interested in knowing why the boys sometimes cry "Rextry," and sometimes "Nextry," when calling an extra edition. After much investigation I learned that when a boy says "Rextry" he thinks he is saying, "Here is your extra," and "Nextry" is a condensed form of asking, "Do you want an extra?" Any reader can, by rapidly repeating "Here is your extra," easily arrive at "Rextry"; but with only the result to work backward from, I found the process of reconstruction difficult. The newsboys of the lower end of town speak an identical dialect, whether they are Irish, Italian, or Jewish. The younger boys know only a few hundred words of this dialect, which answers all their purpose of friendly and trade intercourse; but the children of foreign parents fall into the vernacular when a quarrel or other exciting cause demands greater fluency.

The activity and keenness of the newsboys, as well as other characteristics, are better illustrated in and about City Hall Park than anywhere else. The people in the various streams which consolidate thereabouts and then separate again into various channels—to Brooklyn by the bridge, uptown by the elevated, and to ferries and

[illegible] surface cars, number hundreds of thousands. Yet not one of them escapes the solicitous attention of the newsboys, and they soon become regular customers of individual boys. In the hour when this tide of humanity is at its height even the smallest boy rarely fails to find all his customers as surely as the quicksilver in its riffles catches the lightest flake of gold sweeping along in the torrent of the miner's flume. This seems the more surprising because the average age of the newsboys has greatly decreased in the past few years, through the very youthful recruits from the Italian and Jewish quarters.

In their business dealings the newsboys are strictly honest. Have you ever known a newsboy to jump off a street car without returning your change, even under the temptation to embezzle a small fortune when he has taken your half-dollar to the back platform "t' get change from de conductor"? And they are as trusting as they are trustworthy; if a regular customer is in too much of a hurry to wait for change to be made, he is cheerfully supplied with his favorite paper, and departs in the newsboy's debt, with the flattering assurance that "Dat's all right, boss."

The newsboys at the ferries and north of Chatham Square and Canal Street and south of Wall Street are supplied with papers by horse-carts, and many of the boys in the City Hall Park district buy theirs from middle-men rather than expend their hustling energies in the struggle about the press-rooms. These "middle-men" are older boys who buy hundreds of one-cent papers, paying fifty cents a hundred at the press-room, and sell them to the younger boys at ten for six cents. There is also a great deal of sharp trading in different papers among the boys, who learn early the value of quick sales and small profits, the danger of being overstocked, and the advantage of daring risks when their market is boomed by sensational news. Between their business and that of the man on Wall Street the difference is only of degree, and the newsboys have so much more fun!

## ARRESTING A STATUE.

IN one of the beautiful temple gardens of Yedo there was a large statue of the deity Jizo — so large that the pedestal formed seats on the four sides where wayfarers might rest. One day there passed that way a dry-goods peddler, carrying a large pack of some three hundred pieces of white cloth.* The seat at the foot of the statue was a tempting resting-place, so the peddler put down his pack beside him, and before he knew it, was napping in the warm and drowsy rays of the sun. When he awoke his pack was gone—stolen. He betook himself to Oka, and made his complaint. Oka was silent for some time. It would be a difficult thing to trace such a common article as cloth, where hundreds of persons had passed by during the peddler's nap. At length, feigning great indignation, Oka said:

"My good man, it is outrageous that the deity Jizo should not have kept you from harm while you were resting at the very foot of his statue. The true offender here is the deity, and we must have his statue in court, and punish him."

So he sent a score of officers to the temple garden, and they pulled down the statue, and dragged it through the streets in a cart to the court-house. So extraordinary a proceeding of course attracted the attention of all in the neighborhood, and a great concourse of people followed the cart, crying out, "The statue is being arrested," and pressed after the officers into the court-room.

This was just what Oka wished; yet the entrance of any spectator into the court-room without special permission was quite against the law. Oka had just put two or three questions to the statue (which, of course, remained dumb), when, looking up, he pretended to catch sight for the first time of the crowd in the room, now dense almost to suffocation. Calling to an officer, he said, angrily: "Put all these people out, and fine them every one for entering without permission. Take each one's name and residence, and have him bring his fine tomorrow in the shape of one piece of white cloth." The crestfallen crowd was put out, and next day there came pouring in hundreds of pieces of white cloth of all qualities and textures. The name of the giver was written on each by the officers, and then, piece by piece, they were compared with the peddler's sample of the cloth he had lost. Before long a match was found, and, as Oka had foreseen, the missing bundles were found concealed in the house of the man who had brought this piece as his fine. The next day the other cloth that had been paid in as fines was returned to those who had brought it.

* Japanese cloth usually comes in "pieces" of about one foot in width and twenty-eight feet in length.

## THE PROUD ROOSTER.

THERE was once a proud rooster. He stood most of the day on a little mound about two feet high in the middle of a chicken-yard about fifteen feet square, and crowed defiance to the world.

"Everybody look at me! See what a fine rooster I am! Admire my brilliant feathers! Hear my thrilling voice! I am the lord of the earth! Cock-a-doodle-do!"

The hens and chickens, the geese, ducks, and turkeys, were all dreadfully afraid of him. When he was not crowing on the hill he had an unpleasant habit of biting at every one who came near him. And no one ever dared to take a bite until he had had all he wanted to eat.

The little chickens grumbled at the rooster's disagreeable ways when they were out of his hearing, but the hens, who were older, said nothing. They kept as far from his path as possible.

One day a neighbor's rooster flew into the yard. He strutted about a while before the proud rooster saw him. Ah, here was a fine chance! The strange rooster was not as old or as powerful as he.

"How do you dare to come into my world!" cried the proud rooster, in a rage.

He flew at the unlucky fowl, and gave him such a savage pecking that the cowed rooster was glad to escape over the fence thankful to get off with his life.

"Ha! ha!" cried the rooster, mounting his hill, "I can conquer the earth! Cock a-doodle-do!"

"Good gracious!" said Harry, who was passing with Spitz, as usual, at his heels, "what a noise that silly bird makes! Drive him off, Spitz. Make him stop crowing."

Spitz was willing. He had long hated that rooster. Hs jumped over the fence into the yard.

"Another foe!" crowed the rooster. "See me put him to flight! Cock-a-doodle do-do!"

He flew at Spitz with such fury that the pup was frightened and turned to run out. The rooster crowed, exultingly.

But he was in too much of a hurry. Harry was not going to see Spitz beaten by a rooster. He shamed the dog back; and Spitz, angry that he should show fear, dashed at Mr. Rooster, and, seizing him by the neck in the middle of a crow, nearly stopped his breath altogether. Then he gave him a terrible shaking.

"Good, good!" shouted Harry with delight, as the crestfallen rooster tumbled to the bottom of his hill, and lay helpless. "He won't make quite so much fuss after this."

He never did while Spitz was around. But he took some satisfaction out of the chicken and hens, who were not so able to defend themselves.



# The Good of a few Words.

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "PEPPER AND SALT," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

I.

THERE was one Beppo the Wise and another Beppo the Foolish.

The wise one was the father of the foolish other.

Beppo the Wise was called Beppo the Wise because he had laid up a great treasure after a long life of hard work.

Beppo the Foolish was called Beppo the Foolish because he spent in five years after his father was gone from this world of sorrow all that the old man had laid together in his long life of toil.

But during that time Beppo lived as a Prince, and the like was never seen in that town before or since—feasting and drinking and junketing and merrymaking. He had friends by the dozens and by the scores, and the fame of his doings went throughout all the land.

While his money lasted he was called Beppo the Generous. It was only after it was all gone that they called him Beppo the Foolish.

So by-and-by the money was spent, and there was an end of it. Yes, there was an end of it, and where then were all of Beppo's fair-weather friends? Gone like the wild geese in frosty weather.

"Don't you remember how I gave you a bag full of gold?" says Beppo the Foolish. "Won't you remember me now in my time of need?"

But the fair-weather friend only laughed.

"Don't you remember how I gave you a fine gold chain with a diamond pendant?" says Beppo to another. "And won't you lend me a little money now to help me over to-day?"

But the summer-goose friend only grinned.

"But what shall I do to keep body and soul together?" says Beppo to a third.

The man was a wit. "Go to a shoemaker," says he, and that was all the good Beppo had of him.

Then poor Beppo saw that there was not place for him in that town, and so off he went to seek his fortune elsewhither. For he saw that there was nothing to be gained in that place.

So he journeyed on for a week and a day, and then toward evening he came to the King's town.

There it stood on the hill beside the river—the grandest city in the kingdom. There were orchards and plantations of trees along the river, and gardens and summer-houses and pavilions. There were white houses and red roofs and blue skies. Up above on the hill were olive orchards and fields and then blue sky again.

Beppo went into the town, gazing about him with admiration. Houses, palaces, gardens—he had never seen the like. Stores and shops full of cloths of velvet and silk and satin; as though all the riches of the world had been emptied into the city.

Beppo stared about at the fine sights, and everybody stared at Beppo, for his shoes were dusty, his clothes were travel-stained, and a razor had not touched his face for a week.

II.

The King of that country was walking in the garden under the shade of the trees, and the sunlight slanted down upon him and sparkled upon the jewels around his neck and on his fingers. Two dogs walked alongside of him, and a whole crowd of lords and nobles and courtiers came behind him—first of all the Prime Minister with his long staff.

But, after all, the King was not really the King, but only King by his own making. For when the old King died he left a daughter, and she should have been Queen if she had had her own rights. But this King, who was the old King's brother, stepped in before her, and so the poor Princess was pushed aside, and was nobody at all but a Princess, the King's niece.

She sat up on the terrace with her old nurse while the King walked in the garden below.

It had been seven years now since the old King had died, and in that time she had grown up into a beautiful young woman, as wise as she was beautiful and as good as she was wise. Few people ever saw her, but everybody talked about her in whispers and praised her beauty and goodness, saying that if the right was done she would have her own and be Queen.

Sometimes the King heard of this (for a King hears everything), and he grew to hate the Princess as a man hates bitter drink.



FEASTING AND DRINKING AND JUNKETING AND MERRYMAKING.



"LOOK AT YONDER POOR MAN," SAID SHE TO HER NURSE.

The Princess looked down from the terrace, and there she saw Beppo walking along the street, and his shoes were dusty and his clothes were travel-stained, and a razor had not touched his face for a week.

"Look at yonder poor man," said she to her nurse. "Yet if I were his wife he would be greater really than my uncle the King."

The King walking below in the garden heard what she said. "Say you so!" he called out. "Then we shall try if what you say is true." And he turned away, shaking with anger.

"Alas!" said the Princess. "Now, indeed, have I ruined myself for good and all."

III.

Still Beppo was walking along the street, looking about him hither and thither, and thinking how fine it all was. He had no more thought that the King and the Princess were talking about him than the man in the moon.

Suddenly some one clapped him upon the shoulder.

Beppo turned around.

There stood a great tall man dressed all in black. "You must come with me," said he.

"What do you want with me?" said Beppo.

"That you shall see for yourself," said the man.

"Very well," said Beppo. "I'd as lief go along with you as anywhere else."

So he turned and followed the man whither he led.

They went along first one street and then another, and by-and-by they came to the river, and there was a long wall with a gate in it. The tall man in black knocked upon the gate, and some one opened it from within. The man in black entered, and Beppo followed at his heels, wondering where he was going.

He was in a garden. There were fruit trees and flowering shrubs and long marble walks, and away in the distance a great grand palace of white marble that shone red as fire in the light of the setting sun. But there was not a soul to be seen anywhere.

The tall man in black led the way up the long marble walks past the fountains and fruit trees and beds of roses, until he had come to the palace.

Beppo wondered whether he was dreaming.

The tall man in black led the way into the palace, but still there was not a soul to be seen.

Beppo gazed about him in wonder. There were floors of colored marble and ceilings of blue and gold, and columns of carved marble, and hangings of silk and velvet and silver.

Suddenly the tall man opened a little door that led into a dark passage, and Beppo followed him. They went along the passage, and then the man opened another door.

Then Beppo found himself in a great vaulted room. There at one end of the room were three souls. A man sat on the throne, and he was the King, for he had a crown on his head and a long robe over his shoulders. Beside him stood a priest, and in front of him stood a beautiful young woman as white as wax and as still as death.

Beppo wondered whether he was awake.

"Come hither," said the King, in a harsh voice, and Beppo came forward and kneeled before him. "Take this young woman by the hand," said the King.

Beppo did as he was bidden.

Her hand was as cold as ice.

Then before Beppo knew what was happening he found that he was being married.

It was the Princess.

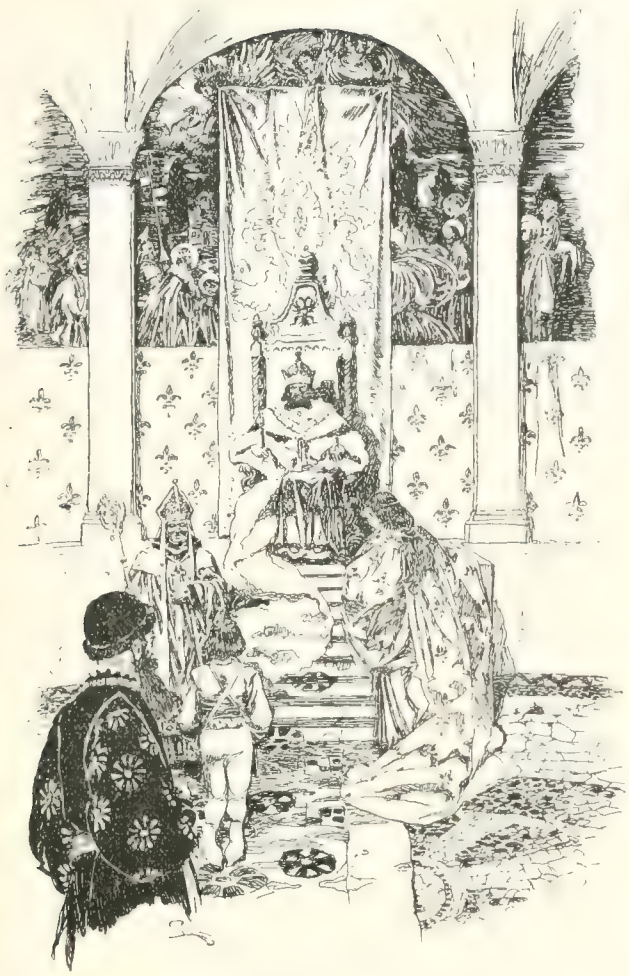
"Now," said the King to her, when the priest had ended, and he frowned until his eyes were as black as thunder—"now you are married. Tell me, is your husband greater than I?"

But the Princess said never a word, only the tears ran one after another down her white face. The King sat staring at her and frowning.

Suddenly some one tapped Beppo upon the shoulder. It was the tall man in black.



THE TALL MAN IN BLACK KNOCKED UPON THE GATE



"NOW," SAID THE KING, "NOW YOU ARE MARRIED."

Beppo knew that he was to follow him again. This time the Princess was to go along. The tall man in black led the way, and Beppo and the Princess followed along the secret passage and up and down the stairs, until at last they came out into the garden again.

And now the evening was beginning to fall. The man led the way down the garden to the river, and still Beppo and the Princess followed him. By-and-by they came to the river-side and to a flight of steps, and there was a little frail boat without sail or oars. The tall man in black beckoned toward the boat, and Beppo knew that he and the Princess were to enter it. As soon as Beppo had helped the Princess into the boat the tall man thrust it out into the river with his foot. The boat drifted away from the shore and out into the river, and then around and around. Then it floated off down the stream.

The boat floated on and on and the sun set and the moon rose.

Beppo looked at the Princess, and he thought he had never seen any one so beautiful in all his life. If it was all a dream he hoped he might never awaken. But the Princess sat there weeping and weeping, and said nothing.

The night fell darker and darker. But still Beppo sat looking at the Princess. Her face was as white as silver in the moonlight. The smell of the flower-gardens came across the river. The boat drifted on and on, until by-and-by it drifted to the shore again, and among the river reeds, and there it stopped. Then Beppo carried the Princess ashore.

"Listen," said the Princess. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Beppo; "I do not."

"I am the Princess," said she; "the King's niece. And by rights I should be Queen of this land."

Beppo could not believe his ears.

"It is true that I am married to you," said she. "But never shall you be my husband until you are King."

"King?" said Beppo. "And how can I be King?"

"You shall be King," said the Princess.

"But the King is everything," said Beppo; "and I am nothing at all."

"Great things come from small beginnings," said the Princess. "A big tree from a little seed."

Some little distance away from the river was the twinkle of a light, and thither Beppo led the Princess. When the two came to it they found it was a little hut. There were fish-nets hanging outside in the moonlight.

Beppo knocked.

An old woman opened the door. She stared and stared, as well she might, to see the fine lady in silks and satins, with a gold ring upon her finger, and nobody with her but one who looked like a poor beggar-man.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" said the old woman.

"Who we are," said the Princess, "does not matter, except that we are honest folk in trouble. What we want is shelter for the night and food to eat, and that we will pay for."

"Shelter I can give you," said the old woman, "but little, alas! but a crust of bread and a cup of water. One time there was enough and plenty in the house, but now, since my husband has gone and I am left alone, it is little I have to eat and drink. But such as I have to give, you are welcome to."

Then Beppo and the Princess went into the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THEN BEPPO CARRIED THE PRINCESS ASHORE.

## WHALING ADVENTURES.

BY CARL HEIL

THE crew of the average whaling ship numbers about thirty persons, including the master, mates, boat steerers, and other petty officers and seamen proper. The whale being quick of sight and hearing, it is always approached quietly from behind, and when the stem of the whale-boat almost touches the huge fish, the harpooner drives the iron in its back. The wounded whale thrashes the water with its fins and tail, and unless the boat has been quickly backed by the rowers at the instant of striking, they will be exposed to great danger. As soon as a whale is struck it generally tries to escape by sinking to a great depth, and while the line is running out the greatest care is exercised by those in the boat. The line-tender allows the rope to pay out freely as the whale sinks, and an assistant stands by him with uplifted axe to chop the line in the event of it becoming fouled—that is, tangled—for then it would draw the boat down with as much ease as if it were an egg-shell.

A wounded whale remains under water from twenty to thirty minutes, when it is obliged to come to the surface to breathe. As soon as it reappears the boat makes for it, and another harpoon is plunged into it. It will now either dive again or start off at great speed, swimming near the top, and dragging the boat after it. As soon as the leviathan is exhausted the harpooner drives a lance into his body, aiming at the vitals. The sea in the vicinity of a dying whale is colored with its blood, and the thrashing the great fish makes with its tremendous tail is so deafening that on a calm day it may be heard several miles distant. After a whale is captured it is made fast alongside the ship; then a hole is cut through the blubber on the back part of the head, and a perfect well discovered which contains several barrels of the choicest oil, the same being bailed out in buckets. The next process is called *flensing*. This consists of stripping the blubber from the bones. It is cut off in lengths called *blanket-pieces*, and from these the oil is tried out by means of the huge pots which rest on top of the brick fireplaces built on the upper deck.

The officers and crew of a whaling-ship receive no salary, but ship on an agreement called a *lay*, which provides that they shall have a certain percentage of the profits of the voyage. If the wording of the agreement reads that a man is to have a *fiftieth lay*, it means that out of every fifty barrels of oil taken he is to have one barrel for his share. If no whales are captured, no one is entitled to any remuneration whatever, although the ship may have been out for a year. The owners of the vessel, however, are obliged to victual her, and pay all the expenses of the voyage. In the event of a successful whaling trip the profits even for one of the forecastle hands amount to considerable. Sometimes after killing a whale it will sink before it can be secured, and the men will realize that their exertions and the peril through which they passed have counted for naught. Disasters occasioned by blows from the whale are quite frequent. Boats are sometimes totally destroyed by a stroke of the tail, and the crew crushed and drowned. Whales have been known to make an attack upon every boat in their vicinity, dashing them in pieces, or grinding them between their massive jaws.

The whale-ship *Hope*, of New Bedford, was cruising off the coast of Peru. Just after daybreak the exciting cry of "There she blows!" was a signal to get the boats ready. The Captain's was the first to get away, and upon reaching the whale, that was seemingly asleep, the boat was urged against the greasy hide and a harpoon buried in it. Although the men backed water strongly the instant the iron was thrown, the tip of the whale's tail just grazed the bow and started the planking about the stem. Through these crevices the water poured with such velocity as to keep several hands bailing. In answer to the Captain's signal of distress, the mate's boat, which was close at hand, came alongside, when the line that was fastened to the whale was passed into her, and the skipper bade the men pull for the ship. Here the injured boat was hoisted and another lowered, which the first crew manned, then put after the whale, that had just come to the surface and was being rowed down upon by the mate, who stood in the bows with uplifted harpoon ready for another stroke. The spear-headed weapon was driven into the exposed back, and the next instant boat and men were lifted fifteen feet into the air by a swish of the powerful tail as its owner for a second time disappeared. Fortunately no bones were broken, and beyond a sousing the crew were as good as ever. The bottom of the boat was found to be stove in, and upon righting her it was seen that both lines were lost, together with the spare harpoons and other articles of a sinkable nature.

Nothing was left to do except tow the broken boat to the ship. Here the Captain got rid of the extra crew, and again proceeded in the direction of all the trouble. Suddenly the whale rose right ahead, and within one hundred yards. Rowing softly up to him, the skipper succeeded in planting another harpoon, but to his surprise it had no visible effect. Then thinking that the monster was exhausted, the Captain advanced the boat until it almost rubbed against the black skin, when he prepared to drive in his lance. Just as he lifted the shining steel the whale swung round, and opened his cavernous mouth, as though to enclose the boat between the terrible jaws. The boat's course was frantically directed at right angles to the yawning chasm, and the lance plunged into his ocean majesty's throat. The whale immediately sounded, and while all hands were looking in every direction for his next appearance, he came up directly beneath the boat, knocking it in halves, and sending the crew flying toward the four points of the heavens. Beyond a few bruises, the men discovered that they were uninjured, and laying hold of the oars and other floating material, managed to keep afloat until the mate arrived on the scene with another boat.

The Captain and his chief officer discussed the situation, and determined to man the remaining uninjured boat, and in company make a new attack. The ship was regained, and a few minutes later the two boats bore down upon the whale, which was to be descried resting quietly about a mile away. The Captain approached it on one side, the mate on the other, and two harpoons were darted into him at the same instant. Again the whale sounded, but only a short distance, for he quickly came to the surface, churning the water into foam with the furious beatings of his fins and tail; then for a second time he gave the men a view of his enormous open jaws as he charged at the mate's boat. No time was given them to avoid the mad rush of the wickedly aroused sea monster, and the men jumped over both rails an instant before the boat was ground into kindling-wood between those huge layers of bone. The Captain picked up the swimming men, and in disgust retired from the contest.

That some of the early navigators were not imbued with the spirit to make successful whale hunters the following extract from the journal of Captain Stephen Burrowe, of the discovery ship *Searchtrift*, will testify:

"On St. James, his daye, bolting to the windewardes, we had the latitude at noon in seventie degrees and twentie minutes north. The same daye at a south-west sunne, there was a monstrous whale aboard of us, so neere to our side that we mighte have thrust a sworde or any other weapon in him, which we durst not doe for feare hee shoulde have overthrowen our shippe; and then I called my companie together, and all of us shouted, and with

the greate cry that we made he departed from us. There was as much above water of his backe as the bredthe of our pinnace, and at his falling downe he made such terrible noise that a man would greatly have marvelled except he had knowne the cause thereof; but God be thanked we were quietly delivered of him."

A most disastrous accident occurred to the whale-ship *Essex*, belonging to Nantucket, and commanded by Captain Ronald Pollard. While cruising in the South Pacific the ship discovered a school of large sperm whales, and all the boats were at once lowered to assail them. The mate and Captain succeeded in fastening at about the same time. The former lanced his victim, and while engaged in tying his fins together preparatory to securing him alongside the ship, which was about a mile away, but bearing down in response to the mate's signal, the Captain was placed in danger by the whale which he had struck making for his boat after rising. Great dexterity on the part of the rowers and steerer swept the boat out of the path of the infuriated fish—which kept on in a direct line, dragging the whale-boat after him with such velocity that the parted waters stood a foot above the gunwale, but were prevented from falling into the boat owing to the great speed maintained. It was quickly seen that the ship was in the path of the fleeing whale, and the Captain halloed to the men on board to alter the course of the vessel, and it was evident that the danger was appreciated by the helmsman of the *Essex*, for the head of the ship was observed to fall off; but ere she could be swept out of the track the whale struck her with such frightful force that the bows were crushed in, and all three masts were carried away. The vessel immediately filled with water, but remained floating, with her upper deck even with the water, owing to the number of empty barrels in her 'tween decks.

Fortunately quite a quantity of provisions were in the galley when the accident took place, and a barrel of salt pork and one of beef were recovered from the hold a day or two later. For over a week the crew lived on the deck of the ship, hoping to sight a sail; but none appearing, and realizing that they were in an unfrequented part of the Pacific, they took to the boats, with the idea of reaching Valparaiso, the nearest port. A few days following they sighted Ducie's Island, an almost barren land situated in the latitude of 24° 40′ south, and the longitude of 124° 48′ west. In a cave close to the beach the men found eight skeletons, and a board in which had been cut with a sailor's knife the words, "Ship *Elizabeth* of London." Three of the crew, however, preferred remaining on this sterile island rather than venture three thousand miles in an open boat; so leaving them a small stock of provisions and some fishing lines, the remainder of the men headed to the eastward.

For several days the boats kept together; then they became separated, never to meet again. Six weeks later a battered whale-boat drifted into the harbor of Valparaiso just as the sun was sinking across the wide reach of crimson-tinted waters. The glory of the sunset bathed the stained and tattered sail until it looked to be woven in threads of gold. Even the gaunt faces of the crew, caressed by the tender touches of the mystic glow, became fair to look upon, and their ragged vestments seemed to wrap them about with the raiment of a king.

Upon learning the story of the shipwreck, an American man-of-war then at anchor in the harbor was despatched to Ducie's Island, where the three men were rescued.

AT SIASCONSETT.

ROBBIE. "Don't those blue-fish go about in schools, mamma?"

MAMMA. "Yes, Robbie; why?"

ROBBIE. "Nothing; only I was just wondering what the school does if some fisherman happens to catch the teacher."

# THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH:*

## A Story of Alaskan Adventure.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "DORYMATES," "CAMPMATES," "CANOEMATES," "RAFTMATES," ETC.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

### SERGE RECOVERS A BIT OF LOST PROPERTY.

ON hearing the surprising and unexpected proposition made by the leader of the fur-traders at the close of the last chapter, Phil and Serge looked inquiringly at each other. Both of them were greatly pleased with Gerald Hamer, who displayed the strength of character combined with an engaging frankness that always appeals to manly lads, especially when exhibited by one a little older than themselves.

"What do you say, Serge?"

"I'd love to do it."

"So would I."

"I don't know what else we can do, anyway. I'm sure we don't want to go to China under the circumstances, and we haven't any money to live on here while waiting for some schooner to come along and take us away."

"No," said Phil; "and as it is now well on into August, we might have to wait all winter, which would be horrid."

"It would be a splendid chance to see the country."

"So it would, and that is just what I came North for; while thus far I haven't seen much except the waters surrounding it and a few islands. If it wasn't for my father, I'd say 'yes' quick enough. But what will he think? In fact, what must he be thinking now? If I could only get word to him somehow that I was all right, and that there wasn't the slightest cause for anxiety."

"And if I could only send some comforting message to my poor dear mother," reflected Serge.

"There is a chance to do that," said Gerald Hamer, "which I suppose I ought to have mentioned in the first place. This steamer is obliged to stop somewhere near the Pribyloff Islands on her return voyage to drop the native pilot, who belongs there, and whom they are under contract to return. You might send letters by him as far as that, and run the chance of their being forwarded. I suppose you might make some arrangement to go that far yourselves as well, though I am afraid Captain Kuhn would charge a tidy sum for your passage. Still, if you want to ask him, and he is well enough to see you, I will—"

"We don't," interrupted Phil, resolutely. "We haven't any money with which to pay for a passage to the Pribyloffs, and I for one wouldn't go near them again even if I owned the steamer. In fact, I am tired and sick of this miserable, cold, foggy Bering Sea, and long to get away from it. It seems to me that a trip on dry land is the thing I should most enjoy just at present. So if—"

"Don't conceive a false impression of what I am proposing," laughed Gerald Hamer. "Most of my coming journey is to be made on the waters of the Yukon, and will be filled with hardships and trials. There will be fine hunting of moose, deer, bear, and other such game, if you care for that, but not much else in the way of recreation. Then the last part of the trip will be made in arctic weather over snowy plains and frozen lakes, up ice-bound rivers, and through mountain passes where the drifts will be hundreds of feet deep."

"That's so!" exclaimed Phil. "You did mention snow-shoes and sledges. That settles it. I have always wanted to be an arctic explorer, and I'd rather take a dog-sledge

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 749.

and snow-shoe journey than anything else in the world. Besides, as it really seems to be the only way for us to get to Sitka, it would be worse than foolish for us to throw away such a good chance. I've done so many foolish things already on this journey that I don't mean to be guilty of another between here and Sitka. So, Mr. Hamer, we not only accept your offer, but thank you heartily for making it, and are ready to go with you this very minute. Aren't we, Serge?"

"It's just as you say," laughed Serge. "So long as I got you into this scrape, I'm bound to see you through it, and stick by you till we get to Sitka, if it takes the rest of my natural life."

"You're a trump, old man!" cried Phil, heartily, clapping his friend on the shoulder as he spoke. "And our motto, like that of the fellow who was bound across the plains to Pike's Peak, shall be 'Sitka or bust!' I'm awfully glad, though, that you feel as you do about having got me into a scrape, for I had a sort of an uneasy notion that it was I who had brought you into one."

While Phil and Serge were writing the letters to be sent back by Nikrik, the *Norsk* floated off the mud bank, and proceeded to an anchorage nearly three miles off St. Michaels, a nearer approach being barred by shoal water.

St. Michaels is the most northerly of the Alaska Fur Company's trading-posts, and is also the most northerly settlement of white men in Alaska. To be sure, there are two or three lonely whites in charge of the government reindeer station at Port Clarence, one hundred miles further north, while away up on the bleak shore of the Arctic Ocean, at the extreme northern point of the American mainland, the star and stripes wave proudly above another brave little band, who maintain the government relief station of Point Barrow.

St. Michaels consists of the company's store and warehouse, an old loop-holed block-house, some twenty residences, a Greek church painted red, a school-house, and the few scattered huts or tents of visiting natives. It is located on the bluff seaward point of a small barren island, situated eighty miles north of the great Yukon delta, and affording the first bit of coast available for white occupation in all that distance of limitless swamps and mud flats. As it is the only point at which seagoing vessels can approach anywhere near the coast, it is the great transfer station for the entire Yukon River trade, which beyond here is carried on by means of small stern-wheel steamboats of less than three feet draught. It was on the island of St. Michaels, therefore, that Gerald Hamer proposed to land his cargo, set up his steamboat, and prepare for his long trip into the distant and almost unexplored interior.

As soon as the *Norsk* came to anchor, therefore, he borrowed our lads' bidarkie, and taking only Nikrik with him, went ashore to select a landing-place and camp site. It was late in the afternoon when he returned, alone, wearied by his hard trip, and angry at the reception which he had met with, but more determined than ever to proceed with his undertaking in spite of all obstacles. The Alaska company had for so long monopolized the fur trade of the vast region drained by the mighty Yukon and its tributaries that they were furious at the prospect of a rival, and determined to prevent it from establishing itself if possible. Their annual supply ship from San Francisco, bringing a large stock of merchandise, several new clerks, and the news of the world, including that of the foundation of a rival company, had arrived and departed shortly before the coming of the *Norsk*. Consequently, when Gerald Hamer went ashore and introduced himself to the agent in charge, he was very coldly received, and was forbidden to land his cargo within the limits of the post.

Upon his return, which he was obliged to make alone, Nikrik having disappeared among the huts of the visiting natives, the young fur-trader called his men together, and addressed them as follows:

"Lads, we've got a fight on our hands. The people on shore say that we sha'n't land. The whole settlement is a trading-post belonging to the old company, who have fenced it in, as well as a long strip of the best beach. The only other place where we can make a landing is on a bit of beach just beyond their line, and I think they mean to fence and claim that to-morrow. Now I don't intend to interfere with any one's established rights, nor am I inclined to yield my own. That strip of unfenced beach is government land, to which our right is as good as theirs. I propose, therefore, to steal a march on them by making a landing to-night with a raft of lumber, staking out a claim, and having our shanties up before morning. What do you say? Are you with me?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the hearty shout of the entire party; and then, in individual voices: "That we are!" "Only you lead the way, and we'll follow close enough!" "We'll euchre them yet!" "I'd like to see them try to drive us off from Uncle Sam's land!" And so on until the smiling leader raised his hand for silence.

"Thank you, men," he said, simply. "I knew I could depend on you; and now let us get to work."

All night long, under the skilful direction of the leader, the labor progressed steadily and cheerfully. Boats plied incessantly between ship and shore, a huge raft of lumber was floated to the beach, and when, some hours after sunrise, the sleepy inmates of Fort St. Michaels issued from their houses, they stared with amazement at what but the evening before had been a stretch of vacant land just beyond their boundary. Now a large portion of it, including the beach, was staked out, a landing of log crib-work filled with rocks projected into the water, two rough board shanties and a dozen tents had been erected, camp-fires were blazing cheerily, and the sturdy colonists of this new settlement were busily eating their well-earned breakfasts.

In all this work Phil and Serge had displayed such willingness and activity as to draw forth the hearty approval of Gerald Hamer. Through the night he seemed to be everywhere and in all places at once, always ready to lend a helping hand or speak a cheering word, and at breakfast-time Phil confided to Serge that under such



TOWING A DOZEN NATIVE BOATS BEHIND HER.

leadership Sitka really seemed nearer at hand than it had since they started from Victoria.

As it had been begun, so the work progressed, with perfect method and the utmost expedition. In ten days after the *Norsk's* arrival her entire cargo was on shore and under cover, the steamboat was ready to be launched and receive her machinery, and it seemed certain that early in September the Yukon party would be off. All this had been accomplished in the face of heavy odds, and every impediment had been thrown in the way of the new company by the old settlers. If Gerald Hamer hired native laborers, threats and bribes were used to induce these to desert him. Those who did work for him were paid in silver coin which was pronounced worthless at the company's store, and refused when offered in exchange for goods.



"THE FUR-SEAL'S TOOTH!" HE CRIED, ALMOST DOUBTING THE EVIDENCE OF HIS EYES.

Native spies in the employ of the old company lurked about the camp at all hours, tools were stolen or rendered worthless at every opportunity, and boats were set adrift or had holes bored in their bottoms during the night.

At length Gerald Hamer asked Phil and Serge if they would get what sleep they could in the daytime and act as camp guards at night. "I feel that I can trust you two implicitly," he said.

They willingly agreed to do this, and on that very night, while they were patrolling opposite sides of the camp, Serge sprang upon a skulking figure, who by a violent effort wrenched himself free and escaped, leaving only a broken watch-chain in the lad's hand. To his unbounded amazement, when he and Phil examined this trophy by lantern-light, he found attached to it as a charm the identical bit of carved ivory that he had given to his comrade in New London, and which the latter had lost so long ago.

"The fur-seal's tooth!" he cried, almost doubting the evidence of his eyes.

"It certainly is," exclaimed Phil, as he examined it curiously.

"There must be magic in it, or how could it possibly have come here?" added Serge.

"Let me have that bit of chain and the rest of those charms, and I'll find out what magic there is about it," said Phil, mysteriously.

Serge gave them to him, and on the following day Phil went for the first time to the company's store at the trading-post.

"Do you know to whom these belong?" he asked of the first man he met, at the same time displaying the trophy captured the night before.

"Why, yes," answered the man, examining them closely. "They belong to that fellow over there."

Turning in the direction indicated, Phil beheld the man who, he believed, had injured him more than any one else in the world—Simon Goldollar.

## CHAPTER XL.

### A PROSPECT OF SNOW-SHOES AND SLEDGES.

"You scoundrel!" shouted Phil, springing to where Goldollar was seated at a desk and standing squarely in front of him. "How dare you show your thief's face among honest men?"

"Oh, it is you, is it?" retorted the other, coolly, staring at Phil from head to foot. "What are you doing here, where you have no business and are not wanted, and what do you mean by calling me a thief?"

"I mean what I say. Didn't you steal this from me?" Here Phil produced the fur-seal's tooth.

"No, I did not. I bought it from a Yukon Indian a few days ago."

"That's false, and you know it. But never mind. Didn't you steal nearly one hundred dollars from me on the Canadian Pacific train?"

"No, I did not. I saw you stick a wad of bills in your pocket, and thought at the time you were the most careless fellow with money I ever knew; but I never touched it, or thought of doing such a thing."

"Perhaps you will also deny having me arrested on a false charge in Victoria?" said Phil, his voice trembling with anger.

"Yes, I do deny having you arrested on a false charge,

[illegible] I was one. The charge was [illegible] assault and battery, and I think I let you off pretty easy by not pressing it. Now if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head and get out of here pretty quick, you'll find yourself in a worse fix mighty sudden. Say, Jacob, where did I get that fur-seal's tooth I have been wearing as a watch charm," he asked of one of the group of clerks who had gathered with angry looks about Phil during this scene.

"Bought it of an Indian, for I saw you do it," was the prompt reply. "So did I." "And I," spoke up two more. "Hustle him out!" "What does he mean by coming here and insulting one of us?" cried others.

For once prudence got the better of Phil's anger, and though he believed at that moment he could thrash all the clerks in the store, he wisely concluded not to try. "I'll settle with you at some other time," he said to Simon Goldollar, "and in the mean time if you don't want to be pitched overboard you'd better not come sneaking about our camp in the night again."

Then, throwing down the fragment of watch-chain with all its charms except the fur-seal's tooth attached, he cast a contemptuous glance at the clerks, and strode by them and out of the store before they could make up their minds whether to hustle him or not.

When Phil related this incident to Serge, the latter chided him for venturing into the "lion's den," as he called it, without taking him along.

"But it was my quarrel, not yours," Phil answered.

"Phil, you know better than to say that. In a friendship that has been cemented as ours has by the sharing of dangers and pleasures, joys and sorrows, starvation and plenty, one cannot have a quarrel nor a trouble that does not belong equally to the other. That is what I take to be the very meaning of the word friendship."

"Right you are, old man! And I won't do so again. As it was, I came out of it unharmed, and now that we have recovered the fur-seal's tooth, luck, according to your belief, must be on our side."

Soon after this, depredations on the camp having almost entirely ceased. Gerald Hamer relieved our lads from guard duty, and set them to collecting drift-wood on the beach, to be cut up and used as fuel under the boiler of the new steamboat, the *Chineo*, as she had been christened at her launching.

As all the drift in the vicinity of St. Michaels had already been gathered up for use in that port, Phil and Serge were compelled to go long distances up the beach, gather what logs they could find into rafts, and pole these to the camp. After three such rafts had been successfully landed, they went one day several miles from camp for the one more that would be necessary to complete their stock of fuel.

They worked hard all day at the collecting of this, and at length, shortly before sunset, had made ready a larger raft than usual. They were in great haste, for they feared darkness might overtake them before they reached camp. Finally Serge, who stood on the forward or outer end of the raft, push-pole in hand, called out to Phil, who had on long wading-boots, to shove off.

Into that shove Phil threw all his strength, so that the mass of logs had gathered good headway by the time the deepening water compelled him to scramble on board. He sat still for a minute, or until the raft was nearly one hundred yards from shore, to recover his breath. Then he suddenly sprang to his feet, crying, "Stop her, Serge! Stop her! I have left my pole on shore."

As Serge hurriedly tried to comply with this request, his pole, catching under the moving mass, was snapped short off. A strong wind was blowing off the land, and instantly both lads realized the danger of their situation.

"How could I have been so careless!" exclaimed poor Serge, his face pale with dismay.

"It wasn't your carelessness, old man; it was mine," replied Phil. "If I hadn't left that wretched pole on shore we could have managed her easy enough. Now I am going to do my best to repair my fault."

As he spoke, the impetuous lad began pulling off his boots.

"No, Phil, you mustn't try that," said Serge, at the same time laying a detaining hand on the other's shoulder. "The water is too cold for you to swim to the shore and back again. Besides, I doubt if you could catch the raft at the rate the wind is now moving her."

"But I can wade more than half-way," objected Phil.

"Not on this sticky mud bottom. I don't believe you could wade ten steps."

"What can we do, then? We can't sit tamely here and drift out to sea. Oh, Serge, the horror of it! the terror! the awfulness! We can't endure it again. Let us both take to the water and make a try for the shore together. Yes, old man, that is what we must do; there is no other way."

With this, Phil, who had already got rid of his boots, began to throw off his coat.

"Hold on, Phil! I see something that looks like a boat! Yes; it is a native boat coming from up the beach and toward us."

Serge was right. In a few minutes more a large bidarrah, filled with native employées of the trading-post, drew near, and its occupants stopped rowing a short distance from the raft to see what the lads were doing.

"Come and take us off," shouted Phil. "Don't you see that we are helpless?"

"How much you give?" asked a leathern-faced old Eskimo, who sat in the stern and seemed to command the craft. "You give ten dollar?"

"Yes," replied Phil; "we will give you anything you want when we get back to camp."

"No; give him now."

"But we haven't any money with us."

"Then me go. Good-by." The bidarrah actually began to move ahead, while the face of the old image in the stern was rendered still more hideous by a malicious grin.

"Hold on!" screamed Phil, in desperation. "I will give you this, and it is worth many times ten dollars."

The bidarrah came a little closer that the old man might see what was offered.

"All right," he said, holding out his hand for the coveted prize.

In another moment the lads had crossed the narrow divide between a deadly danger and certain safety, and the fur-seal's tooth had found a new owner.

Soon after this narrow escape from imminent peril our lads bade farewell to the *Norsk*, which steamed away to the southward, bearing all of Gerald Hamer's party, save those who were to follow his lead into the far interior. She also bore Nikrik, who carried with him a large package of letters wrapped in oil-skin, which he was instructed to deliver unopened aboard the first south-bound vessel that should touch at the Pribyloff islands. Thus, although Mr. Ryder did not receive his son's letter he learned of his whereabouts, and filled with a new hope ordered the schooner *Philomel* to be headed toward distant St. Michaels.

At length one morning in late September, after many vexatious delays, the steamboat, with whose fortunes our lads had cast their own, was laden and ready to start for the Yukon. With fluttering flags and defiant whistle she steamed away from inhospitable St. Michaels, towing a dozen native boats behind her.

"Hurrah!" shouted Phil Ryder, as he and Serge stood on her upper deck, "we are off at last. Hurrah for snow-shoes and sledges! I say, old man, I'm glad we got away before that craft came in. She may be bound to

Oonalaska, or somewhere down among the islands, and if so, I suppose we should have felt it our duty to go with her. No, you can't stop us now, old ship! You're too late!"

The craft to which he thus referred was a small schooner beating up the sound. From her deck Mr. John Ryder was scanning the on-coming steamboat through a powerful telescope. Suddenly it fell from his hands, as he cried out in wild excitement:

"Thank God, Jalap Coombs, our long search is ended! There is my boy! There, on that steamer! We can hail him, and have him alongside in five minutes more."

"Right you are, sir," replied the mate, peering through the glass the other had dropped. "It looks like the young scamp, and I believe it is him; but don't ye be dead sartain ye've got him till ye lays hands on him. As my friend old Kite Roberson uster say, 'Eels is never so slippery as when they's caught.'"

THE END

## THE TELEPHONE'S NEW BROTHER.

TO write a note and send it ten or twelve miles in a second would have seemed an impossible feat a few months ago. Now it is easy. The United States mail service has not been improved so wonderfully either, nor have messenger-boys learned to fly or to be in two places at once. Instead, the force which is doing so much to make a new world out of a slow-going old one has been levied on again. Electricity has been found able and willing to carry the message a hundred times faster than a boy could do it, even with the aid of a bicycle.



A TELAUTOGRAPH SHEET.

The new machine that carries notes ten or twelve miles in a second, and delivers them exactly as they were written, with the ink still wet, is the telautograph. It is, of course, not yet so common as the telegraph and the telephone, but it is somewhat like each of them. The person who wishes to send a message by this curious little instrument rings up the central office, exactly as if he were about to speak through a telephone, and has his own wire connected with that leading to the office of the person to whom he wishes to write. Then he takes a stylographic pen which is apparently tied to the instrument, and writes on an ordinary sheet of paper placed on a little tablet, which is a part of the telautograph. He writes exactly as if he intended to fold the paper, enclose it in an envelope, seal and stamp it, and send it by mail to be delivered a few hours later. But before he has a chance even to fold the paper the message has been delivered. As fast as he wrote, another stylographic pen at the instrument on his correspondent's desk, perhaps miles



SENDING SKETCHES OVER THE TELAUTOGRAPH

away, copied out a note which is so nearly like the original that if the two were compared the average person would say that the second note had been traced through carbon paper placed under the first while it was being written.

One cannot be absolutely sure that a telegram has been sent by the person whose name is signed to it, because when it is received it is written in the hand of the operator who heard it as it came from the wires. A telegram, therefore, would not be considered proof of anything in a court of law, unless the original message were produced, signed in the handwriting of the person who was supposed to send it. A message over a telephone has not been called good evidence in court, either, because, it is held, you can never be absolutely certain with whom you are talking, although you may think you recognize the voice. The message sent over the telautograph is as easily traced to the person who wrote it as the original letter would be, because it is exactly like the original in all respects. Drawings can also be sent in the same way, so you may illustrate your telautograph letters with sketches.

In using a telephone, conversation is apt to be overheard, and secrets are therefore better told into other ears than that of a Bell or an Edison transmitter. The telautograph can confide a message to the person addressed and to no other, provided the persons using it wish to keep their correspondence secret. But it has another advantage. If you call a friend up by telephone, and he is out, you have to wait until he comes in, or intrust your message to another person. If you are writing to him by telautograph, and he is out, the message is simply transferred to his desk as quickly as it is written on yours, and there it remains for him to read on his return. So there seems to be plenty of uses for the telautograph, although the telegraph and the telephone have brought the ends of the earth so near together that they almost touch. Now it only remains to invent an electrical device by means of which we in one part of the world can see what is going on in another, and we shall be able to sit in our houses and see all the countries and the seas pass before us like a panorama, while we listen to what is going on by means of a telephone, and write illustrated descriptions of it to friends less favored over the telautograph.



NURSE. "Look alee, Sammy, or we'll have Ted Alone. Look alee!"
ELDER BROTHER. "I didn't see Santa Just before he shot with his straw, as she went on the chimney."

## THE MARINER AND THE BOY.

"SEE here, Tommy Hicks," said the old mariner one morning, as he noticed an apparent embarrassment in the boy's manner. "What's up? Nothin's went wrong with ye, has they?"

"Oh no!" returned Tommy. "Nothing at all, captain. Only I was wondering whether you'd get mad if I were to ask you a question."

"That all depen's on what that question are, Tommy," said the mariner. "If she were a maddenin' question, most likely I'd flare up some: but I'm old, Tommy—old an' on a lee shore. They ain't much ile left in the old lamp, an' so, therefore, I couldn't flare up high enough to do no damage. What are the question?"

"Were you ever a—a—" Tommy began.

"Go on, boy. Was I ever a what?" said the captain.

"A pirate?" said Tommy, fearsomely.

Much to the boy's relief, Captain Jack, instead of flaring up, roared with laughter. "Was I ever a pie-rate?" he replied. "Well, *was* I? Did you ever hear of Captain Jorkins, the pie-rate chief of the Amphibian Sea, Tommy Hicks?"

"No, I never did," said Tommy. "Are you Captain Jorkins?"

"I *are* not; but I were," returned the mariner. "Me an' him was each other. For ten years I swep' the seas with my skull an' bones nailed to the masthead, and at the end I died a pie-rate's death—that are, Cap'n Jorkins did, which, me an' him bein' each other, amounts to one an' the same thing."

"Tell me all about it, will you, captain?" the boy asked, much relieved now that the important question had been put and no wrathful disturbance had come of it. "I *do* love pirate stories."

"Well, it was queer the way it happened," began the mariner, "all the way from the beginnin'. I were some thirty-five years of age when I were cast away by a muttonous crew on one of the Amphibian Islands, seein' as how they thought there warn't nothin' to eat thereon, an' I'd starve to death. It were a mean trick of which that crew were guilty on, an' little they knew what was to come on it. 'Twere Christmas eve when they put me ashore, an' all because I'd not perwided turkey an' cramberry sauce for their Christmas dinner. That was the reason they gave, though I says now, as I said then: 'Gents, it ain't good an' sufficient. There must be surthin' back o' this.' 'There be,' says they: 'but that's our business, an' none o' yourn,' they adds. An' with that I'm landed, an' off they sails, not leavin' me even a change o' clo'es or an extry stockin' to hang up for Sandy Claus. I sets on a rock for ten days and weeps, an' then I says: 'Jack, me boy, all ain't lost. Orginize yourself into a monnicky. Claim the islands as your own, an' proclaim yourself a potingtate. You've got the domain, an' there don't seem to be no opposition'; which I done, and felt better right off."

"But I should think you'd have starved to death, captain," suggested Tommy.

"Another an' a weaker king might of," returned Jack, "but not me. I never likes to step out in new directions, an' seein' as how I hadn't never starved to death afore, I warn't goin' to attemp' no such foolhardy enterprise then, though the chances of tabble d'oats, or any other kind of oats, on them islands seemed sort o' slim. Like a king o' sense, I took a personal int'rest in my kingdom. I app'inted myself a committee of one to investigate the country; an' what does I discover on the fourth day but a secrit cave on the southeast corner of the island, full o' treasure an' canned previsions. It was the private partikler cave o' Captain Jorkins, the pie-rate chief, as I arterwards found out, an' in it was canned salmon, condensed milk, deviled ham, ten cases o' Pollnaris watter, an' Rooshun cavyer till you couldn't rest. He was what they calls an epicac, that Captain Jorkins was, and his private partikler cave was furnished with everything a man needs to enable him to die young an' happy.

"About two years went by, and the condensed milk an' other previsions was gettin' low, when one mornin' I awakes an' sees myself a-standin' before myself. 'Mussy!' says I. 'Is this the Rooshun cavyer?' thinkin' as how I'd eat too much. 'No,' says he; 'it's Cap'n Jorkins. Am I a-lookin' in a lookin'-glass, or be you my double?'—we looked so much alike. 'I am Captain Jack Hawkins,' says I. 'Hawkins is werry much like Jorkins,' says he. 'It are,' says I. An' then we explains the sitiwation to ourselves. He were the pie-rate chief; I were the king. Out in the sea lay his wessell an' crew, the black-flag flyin' at the fore, an' he, Jorkins, had come ashore for a few days' rest. That was my chance. We looked so much alike the crew couldn't never tell us apart, an' I made up my mind when Jorkins went to sleep I'd take his clo'es an' his boat, an' go back to his ship as him, which I did. That were how I became a pie-rate. An' what a pie-rate I were! For ten years, Tommy Hicks, I swep' the seas, treatin' my wictims kind like, though, so that the noosepapers all called me the pie-rate phlanthripist."

"And how did you die the pirate's death?" asked Tommy.

"Easy enough," said the mariner. "Easy enough. I preys an' preys, until finely the British gov'ment sends a crooser arter me. Escape were impossible. An' jest when all seemed up I thinks o' th' real Jorkins on the island, and I makes for the island. They was no time to spare, neither. I lands; I rushes up to the secrit cave, an' there sets Jorkins, arter ten years, lookin' more like me than ever, only glummer.

"'You're a fine one,' says he.

"'I are,' says I; 'a reglar dandy.'

"'You're a robber,' says he.

"'I'm honest,' says I. 'For I've come to restore what I took.'

"'Do you mean it?' he cries.

"'I does,' says I. 'Take it.' Whereon I gives him back his uniform, an' he goes back to his ship; an' five minutes arter he gets back, up comes the crooser. 'Bomb,' goes the guns, down comes the black-flag, an' Jorkins is took pris'ner. Nex' mornin', when I wakes out'n a sweet refreshin' sleep, owin' to havin' did a worthy act in restorin' Jorkins to his lost honors, I looks out over the sea. The pie-rate boat ain't to be seed, havin' been sunk, an' off in the distance the British crooser is steamin' home. Cap'n Jorkins hangin' to the yard-arm as easy as you please. That were the how of it, Tommy Hicks. For ten years I were Cap'n Jorkins, the terror of the ocean, an' at the end o' that time Cap'n Jorkins paid the penality of his crimes."

### LOST.

THE other night my eyes I shut,
A lovely dream to me was sent;
I'd tell you all about it, but
I can't remember how it went.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## MINNIE PROVED A MASCOT.

BY H. G. PAINE.

Part I.

THE *Minnie* was a good boat, and a pretty boat, but her best friends and admirers would not call her fast, in which points her owner, Robert Shafter, declared she resembled her namesake, Miss Minnie Ripley, who was just about the prettiest fourteen-year-old girl in Newport, and who was as good as she was pretty.

Minnie often laughed at Bobby's ill luck in his trials of speed with other boats in the harbor, and jokingly said that she did not know how much of a compliment she could consider it in having a boat named after her that had never won a race.

"It's a shame," Bobby had said, when his father had returned home from his last cruise; "there isn't a boat of her size that has the lines the *Minnie* has, not in this harbor, and yet any old tub with a sail as big as a handkerchief can beat her. She ought to have a bigger sail."

"Well," laughed his father, "I'll give you a racing sail just as soon as you have shown yourself a good enough sailor to win a race with the one you've got."

The second trial was as hard as any of the three tasks Prince in the fairy stories always had to perform before he could gain the hand of the beautiful Princess, but Bobby did not mean to fail for lack of trying, and there was never a race after that within twenty miles of Newport for boats of his class that Bobby did not enter the *Minnie*, and in which he was not beaten. Often his rivals left the last boat in because of her fellows when they saw they were beaten would drop out; but Bobby was a sportsman in the truest and best sense of the word, and he always finished a race. "There's one thing sure," he declared, when some of the other boys were laughing at him one day, when he came in so late that he found the judge's boat had gone home, "I'll never win a race if I don't finish, and as that seems to be my only chance of winning, why, finish it I will, every time."

Minnie Ripley, who knew without Bobby's telling her what the trouble was with the pretty little craft that had been named after her, was as anxious and interested as Bobby, and she had promised him a new set of colors in silk, embroidered by her own hand, when he should win his first prize. She did not like to have the *Minnie* made fun of by other people any more than if it had been herself instead of the boat.

One day in July Bobby came running into Minnie's house and cried: "Oh, Minnie! Come along quick! There's a race on this morning, and I want you for crew and mascot combined. I'm going to win to-day, and I want you to be along to join in the triumph."

Minnie had often been out sailing with Bobby, but this was the first time he had ever asked her to go on a race with him. Mrs. Ripley was a little doubtful at first about letting her daughter go, but when she saw what a moderate breeze was blowing, and understood that the boat was still carrying her old rig, she made no further objections.

"What is the course?" she asked, as she bustled about, getting together a nice little luncheon for the captain and crew.

"Around Conanicut Island," Bobby replied.

"Dear me, that's rather a long way, isn't it?" she asked. "Do you think you can get home before dark?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" exclaimed Bobby; "we'll be in by five at the latest—even with the *Minnie*," he added. "Come along, Minnie!" he cried to his crew; "no time to prink," and that young woman, who was settling her sailor hat on her jaunty curls, jammed a hat-pin through the crown in dangerous proximity to her brain, Bobby thought, and picking up her lunch-basket, ran out of the door and down the street toward Sayre's Wharf, with Bobby after her pell-mell.

"What makes you think you're going to win to-day?" she asked, as he caught up to her and they settled down into a rapid walk. "going to hire a tug?"

"Not quite so bad as that," Bobby replied, with a laugh, "but pretty near. Jay Parker's here. He came on yesterday to visit his brother, Lieutenant Parker, who is in command of the torpedo-boat *Terror*, and he's going too."

"Oh, that's nice!" exclaimed Minnie. "Why didn't you tell me before? But how is he going to make us win?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bobby. "In the first place, I was so kind of excited about the idea of your going that I forgot to say anything about Jay. But it was he who gave me the pointer. You see, the rules are that you can carry any sail in going before the wind, but you are restricted to your regular rig in windward work. Of course that rule is intended for the bigger boats, and usually the cat-boats only carry their own sail anyway, but in going before the wind there is no reason why the *Minnie* shouldn't hoist all the sail she can crowd on. So Jay has got his brother to let us have the dingy's boat sail, and the mast of it will just fit into the pump-well, and we're going to run a big square wind-sail they use to cool the cabin with up for a topsail, and they will give the *Minnie* a third more sail than any boat of her class, and we can just hum her along. Here's Jay waiting for us now."

Jay was just Bobby's age, and all three were great friends. Jay had spent the three previous summers at Newport. This year he had gone with his father and mother to the White Mountains, but had gladly accepted his brother's invitation to visit him at Newport, where that officer expected to be stationed for several weeks.

"The sea is good enough for me!" Jay declared, after the first greetings were over and they had climbed aboard and cast off from the wharf. "Oh, I tell you, boys and girls, give me salt water every day in the week and Sundays for luck!" he cried. "This is fine! Bobby, we'll show the fleet such a clean pair of heels on the run up the bay that they won't catch us all the way to Beaver tail."

They were soon gliding in among the white-winged yachts, some still lying at anchor, and others, like the *Minnie*, darting about and cruising in the vicinity of the starting point, as if eager to be off. The wind was blowing straight up the bay, and Bobby, easing the sheet, steered a direct course for Goat Island, where the naval torpedo experimental station is located. The *Terror* lay at one of the docks, and as the *Minnie* came across her bow Bobby luffed her, and they glided between the war-vessel and the shore. In less than a minute two grinning sailor-men had lifted two long white canvas rolls into the *Minnie*, and in another minute the little yacht was back among her competitors. As the course was a long one, the time for the start was set at ten o'clock, and promptly at that hour the starting-gun was fired, and the yachts standing up towards the judge's boat began to fill away before the wind, and to cross the line one after another, and sometimes two or three almost together, in rapid succession.

Bobby in the mean time was keeping the *Minnie* pretty well out of the way of the boats, which were making for the start, while Jay was engaged in taking the stops or fastenings off the mysterious canvas rolls, and in attaching various halyards and sheets, which rather bewildered Miss Minnie Ripley, good little sailor that she was.

"Why, Bobby!" she finally exclaimed, "you'll never win the race if you let all those big boats get ahead of you!"

"That's just the point," laughed Bobby; "the boats have ten minutes to cross the line in, and each boat is timed from the exact second of crossing. Those large boats are not in our class anyway, and I'd rather have them get away before we do, so that they won't be bothering us after we cross. All ready, Jay?"

"All ready!" shouted that young mariner, and Bobby put the *Minnie* about, and stood dead before the wind for the start. Just before the judge's boat was reached he said:

"Minnie, take the tiller for a minute, keep her headed just as she is," and handed the helm over to his astonished combination crew and mascot. Jay jumped forward, placed one long canvas roll on the deck, and seized the extra halyard that had been passed through a block reeved to the very topmost point of the mast. Bobby seized the other long canvas roll in his arms, and just as they crossed the line, and the time-keeper shouted the time, he placed a protruding spar into the pump-well aft of the centreboard, gave the canvas a vigorous shake, and it fell out into a fore-and-aft sail of almost half the spread of the *Minnie's* mainsail; a quick turn fastened the sheet so the two sails were spread wing and wing, and a rapid haul on the peak-halyard completed the setting of the sail, as the throat had been hoisted and the

halyard made fast to a cleat on the mast before it was stepped in the pump-well. In the mean time Jay had set a great square topsail, and had made the sheets fast on either side the waist.

The whole manœuvre had been done in less time than it takes to write it, and was greeted with a roar of laughter from the judge's boat.

"Hi! Come back here!" yelled some one. "You can't sail topsail schooners in the cat-boat class!"

"No, you don't!" shouted Bobby. "I crossed as a cat-boat, and I'll finish as a cat-boat, and I can carry any sail I like before the wind. Good-by!"

One or two boats of her own class had already started before the *Minnie*, but she soon overhauled them, in spite of the proverbial length of the stern chase. By the time Rose Island was passed, so also was the foremost of her competitors. Minnie jumped up and down in glee when she realized that her namesake was not only now ahead in her own class, but was rapidly catching up with some of the larger craft.

"Don't get too excited," cautioned Jay. "We'll need all that we can gain now, and more, too, on the beat to Beavertail. Our only hope is that the wind will hold this afternoon, so that we can make the run in before the wind, past Fort Adams."

The *Minnie* was now approaching quite a fleet of the larger boats which had crossed before her, and the merry little crew could see that her namesake's appearance was exciting considerable interest among those on board. By the time Coasters Harbor Island was passed, the *Minnie* was right in among the larger yachts.

"*Minnie* ahoy!" hailed the Captain of the *Esmeralda*. "What kind of a rig do you call that?"

"Name it and you can have it," replied Bobby.

"It would be too dear at the price," returned the first speaker. "The man who could invent a name for that rig would deserve a richer reward."

"Look out for a gybe, Bobby," cautioned the Commodore of the club from his sloop, the *Nautilus*. "If your mainboom swings around suddenly it will knock that jurymast of yours galley-west."

"Ah, there, Bobby!" cried Joe Hazard, from the *Foam*. "Does your father know you're out?"

"Go ahead, fellows; have all your fun now while I'm with you," replied Captain Shafter: "you'll have to go faster than you're going now if you want to keep up with your banter and with the *Minnie*."

Slowly but surely the *Minnie* was forging ahead of the bigger boats. It was just her breeze, and she was carrying more sail in proportion than any other boat in the race. By the time Conanicut Point was reached the *Minnie* for the first time in her career had distanced every yacht in the race. And Bobby and Minnie and Jay were so carried away with the unaccustomed experience that they could scarcely keep their seats.

But, alas! the moment had now come when all these "adventitious aids to success," as Jay called them, must be given up. Jay quickly lowered the topsail, and then jumped to help Bobby, who had dropped the peak of the dingy's sail, and together they raised the mast from the pump-well and dropped it and the sail into the cockpit. Then, while Jay dropped the centreboard and was stowing everything away shipshape, Bobby took the tiller from Minnie, who had again been requisitioned for duty, and hauling in the sheet, he put the helm down, and rounded the point in good style, and steered the *Minnie* close-hauled for the opposite shore.

One by one the following yachts rounded the point and stood on the same course. It could be seen that they were coming at a good rate, heeling well over to leeward, while the *Minnie* in her abbreviated rig stood up to her work as steady as a church.

"What we need now," exclaimed Jay, "is a gale of wind big enough to make those fellows reef mainsails; then we'd be on something like even terms."

Bobby said nothing. But he knew that a breeze like that would not help him any, because his father had made it a condition of his racing the *Minnie* that he should reef her as soon as three other boats had shortened sail.

Instead he looked sadly over his shoulder at the boats, which were now turning the tables on him. The *Foam*, indeed, caught up with him before he went about, and Joe Hazard added insult to injury by asking Bobby if he were racing or just out sailing for his health. Before the *Minnie* had completed the second leg of the windward beat all the larger yachts that had crossed the line before her had passed her, and the erstwhile jubilant trio had the unpleasant experience of seeing one after another of the smaller boats catch up with the *Minnie*, and then forge ahead of her, the crews sitting up to windward and the spray flying from the bows, while their own little craft might have been sailing on a mill-pond for all the excitement they experienced. Then Bobby began to check off the boats that had started after they had crossed the line, which in their turn now went to the fore, and before they had got half-way to the Beavertail the *Minnie* had assumed her usual place in a regatta.

"There is just one satisfaction," said Bobby, as he spread some of Mrs. Ripley's strawberry jam on a liberally buttered piece of bread, about half past twelve o'clock. "I don't allow a little thing like this to take away my appetite, and if the wind only holds, we will catch some of these fellows on the run in. I mean those in our class, of course, and perhaps the whole lot of them. As I calculate, the extra sail we spread going before the wind just about balances the handicap of the *Minnie's* smaller sail when tacking."

The wind now began to die down a little, and as it affected the boats which were ahead first this helped the *Minnie* wonderfully for the time, and she was able to make quite a perceptible gain on the others before she, too, felt the effects of the subsidence.

By this time Beavertail light had been reached, and the foremost boats in the *Minnie's* class were rounding the buoy that marked the turning-point of the course. Suddenly Minnie cried, "Where's the *Jessie?*"

Bobby looked out under the boom. "Where we'll be in about eleven or eight minutes—in the fog! Keep a sharp eye on the buoy, Jay," he cautioned his first mate. "That fog's coming right in from the sea, and it's as thick as mud. There goes the buoy now—ready about!" and he put the *Minnie* over on the starboard tack. "Have you got her bearings? I think I have. The wind's shifted a bit, and I believe we can make it in this tack. Once around the buoy it will be an easy matter to run home. But I would have liked it better if I could have laid my course in through the narrows before the fog came up. Still it's too late now for wishing to do any good, and I guess I can steer the *Minnie* safely if the wind holds steady as it is now."

"Haven't you got a compass?" asked Jay.

"No such luck," sadly replied Bobby. "The *Minnie* doesn't rate one. But I ought to have remembered to have brought one along. It really isn't right to take so long a sail in this foggy country without one. Good-by!" he added, as the *Minnie* now entered the fog-bank, which was moving onward with a fairly strong breeze. So dense was the fog, and so well defined its limits, that the bow of the little yacht was dim in its embrace while the sunlight still glinted on the end of the boom.

"Booh! it's cold," said Minnie, with a shiver. "Oh, Bobby! how ever are you going to find your way in?"

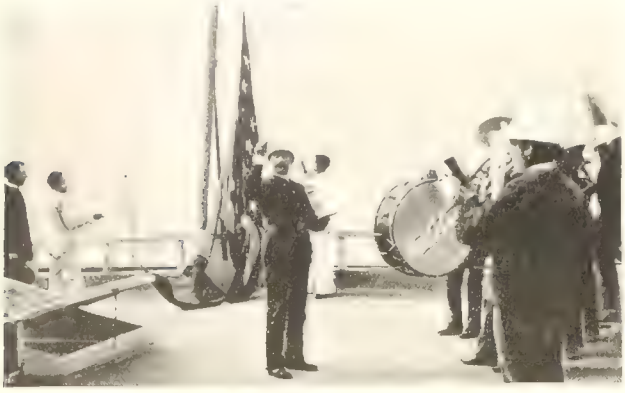
"I'll show you," replied the skipper, confidently. "Look there!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MODERN LIFE ON AN OLD THREE-DECKER

BY ONE OF THE CREW.

IN the good old days, when our Yankee Commodores were making glorious history for our country, and providing future Americans with material for reading that should make them tingle with patriotism to their



UP GOES "OLD GLORY," AND THE SHIP IS IN COMMISSION.

very finger-ends, a sailor was a sailor. Nowadays he is something of a jack-of-all-trades.

In the old days the sailor-men swarmed aloft at hoarse-voiced orders of the boatswain, and lay out upon the yards at the shrilling of his silver pipe. When an enemy was sighted, and the crew were called to quarters behind the wooden bulwarks, they manned the clumsy guns and fought almost full in sight, with the long wooden splinters that the enemy's shot made flying about them, and the great sails humming and the blocks rattling overhead. If the enemy's ship were laid alongside—"Boarders away!" and with a cheer the men climbed the bulwarks, crept through the ports, even swung from spar to spar, and fought with pistol, pike, and cutlass, hand to hand, on their opponent's decks. But sailors won't fight that way any more.

We made ships that were ships in those good old days. We captured in single combat vessels that were the pride of all England, that were manned by her bravest crews.

So well did our great grandfathers build ships that some of them are afloat to-day, and we can see what they looked like by examining the types still left in our older navy-yards. The headquarters of the naval militia of the State of New York is on board one of these old battle-ships, the *New Hampshire*, a three-decker of a class now useless for any fighting purpose, but whose timbers are yet so firm and hard that they will almost turn the edge of a carpenter's auger. It is of the life of the Naval Reserves on one of their annual cruises that this article treats. The first naval battalion, numbering about four hundred men, is divided into four divisions, and during the fall and winter each division drills once a week in the floating armory at the foot of Twenty-eighth Street and East River—the old *New Hampshire*—and we drill, as much as is possible, the modern drill taught the crews of the new steel vessels that have lately been built in order to keep us up to the times in naval warfare.

I have said that a sailor nowadays is a jack-of-all-trades. He must be a good deal of a soldier, and to make a soldier of the old-fashioned tar was an impossibility; he would have resented the very attempt.

But now he must march and drill on shore, and know the "manual of arms" and the bayonet drill like a member of a regiment for "shore duty," he may be called upon to perform at any time. The officers may even be called upon to ride; and you know there is an old adage that used to run, "As awkward as a sailor on horseback."

He must be an artilleryman, and know how to handle the howitzer and the rapid-fire guns and the "rattling Gatlings." Even then he has to be his own horse, and pull the heavy pieces the way they do fire-engines in the country – by hand.

He must be a machinist, and know the ponderous and yet delicate machinery of the breech-loading guns in the same way that an engine-driver knows his engine. He must be able to use his monkey-wrench and oil-can, and keep the great guns bright and clean by constant polishing. He must know something of electricity, and how to manage the big sharklike torpedoes that are discharged under water from tubes in the ship's sides, and the search-light that turns night into day. He must be a coal-heaver, and turn to and help "coal ship." And besides all this, he must learn what every sailor has to know—how to tie knots, splice ropes, use a paint brush, wash his own clothes, drill with cutlass and pistol, row a boat, and know how to signal, like a telegraph operator, with the "wigwag" flags. So you see a sailor is a pretty busy man, and on many ships he never has to furl a sail or go aloft at all. In fact, nearly a third of the crew is employed about the engines. Every man has his ship's number; it is on his clothes, and his locker where he keeps them, on his hammock, and stamped on his magazine rifle and his accoutrements. He has his station in case of fire, and when going into action or manning the pumps. Everything must be like clock-work, no matter what turns up. A sense of duty and obedience to discipline he must always have before him.

Let us suppose that the old *New Hampshire* is about to start on the cruise that takes place once a year. Down to the dock in the early morning come scores of young men carrying white canvas bags; they come up the gangway, touch their hats to the quarter-deck, report "on board," and dive down the companionway to change their shore clothes for the white duck working suits. In a few minutes they jump on deck, and work begins at once. Maybe the ship is in mid-channel in charge of two puffing tugs. The crowd on the dock that have watched her cast off are away in the distance. The ship's company is all on deck, the band plays "Hail, Columbia," the men



BOAT DRILL.



THE SCRAMBLE INTO THE BOATS.

doff their caps and face aft, up goes "Old Glory," the beloved stars and stripes, and the *New Hampshire* is in commission and the cruise begun.

Then comes a busy scene; you would hardly think that these barefooted young men scrubbing the decks were the same that came on board an hour or so before, but this work has to be done every day by the early morning watch. Down below everything is being placed in ship-shape order; the dunnage is being stowed away, the orders for the day are posted, messengers are flying about carrying orders of the officer of the deck, an orderly stands at the door of the Captain's cabin, boatswain's mates are setting men to work at various jobs, and a busy week begins.

When we come to anchor, which is done in the old-fashioned way on board the *New Hampshire*, the drills commence. Breakfast on the mess-deck, where the men are seated about long wooden shelves, that are triced up overhead after use, must be a hearty meal, for there is a hard day's work ahead. Boat drills, landing parties, and breaking in the green hands commence; the guards are posted, the divisions go on watch by turns, and there is instruction in general seamanship and work at the guns. If there is one of the White Squadron along, the men go on board of her in the small boats, and practice with the big eight-inch breech-loaders, going out to sea and firing at floating targets nearly a mile away. And good shooting has been done by these amateur sailors, shooting that opened the eyes of the regular jackies in astonishment, and raised the Naval Reserves many pegs in their estimation.

What an exciting thing firing a great gun is—the roar of the discharge, the billow of white smoke blowing back through ports, and the tearing and rushing of the heavy shell through the air sounding like a train of cars going across a bridge! Then if the shot is good it makes one feel like cheering, and the blood seems to be jumping in delight all through one's body. If you are directly behind the gun you can watch the shell, like a brown streak, flying across the water, and when it hits a wave there is a thud, and a silvery column shoots up in the air like a spout from a huge sperm-whale. Oh, it is great sport firing an eight-inch gun, and though your ears may sing long after you have crawled into your hammock, slung under the great deck beams, you vote that there is nothing like it.

Then there is the day ashore, and the sham-battle across the country, climbing fences, deploying as skirmishers through the woods, stopping for a drink at a farm-house now and then, tired and sunburnt, but healthier for every minute of it. Even the march along some dusty road is no drawback, with the prospect of a cool plunge off the boat-yard, and a good supper waiting on the old ship swinging out there in the bay; the smoke from the galley range is blowing out to leeward, and it makes you hungry. What fun, the scramble into the boats as the landing-party shoves off, and, to the steady thrum of the oars, rows back to the ship, talking over the events of the day!

In the evening, after supper, the smoking-lamp is lit (for Jack can smoke only at stated times), and all hands to skylark. They dance to the music of the band, they sing and wrestle and box, banjoes appear, and the men who said they were most tired generally dance the longest. When the ship's bell rings the watch is called, pipes are out, and when the bugle blows "taps" every one is



BAREFOOTED YOUNG MEN SCRUBBING THE DECKS.

fast asleep in his hammock, except the poor chap who has [illegible] to stand by the [illegible] to keep him from stepping [illegible] liberty parties ashore, boat races and perhaps a [illegible] or a false alarm of fire, add variety to the routine of drills and ship-work.

When the anchor is weighed to the tune of "Carrey-oven" or "Yankee Doodle" played by the fifer and we raise it seven fathoms by hand on board the *New Hampshire*, the cruise is over, all but the docking of the ship again at the same old pier, and three rousing cheers for our gallant officer.

On the 21st of this month the first naval battalion and the Rochester divisions set sail in two of the finest ships of their class in the world, the United States steamships *New York* and *Columbia*. The experience on this the fourth annual cruise will be very different from what we have had heretofore—our modern life on an old three-decker.

## THE GENERAL.

THE nursery regiment one day
Were marching up and down,
With flying flags and beating drums,
The prettiest sight in town.

And little Willie on the steps
Was gazing at the band;
Why not among the warriors
I did not understand.

Until I asked the question straight,
When flashed his eyes of blue;
"*I* am the General," he cried,
"Who must the troops review."

## FLORA.

### MY FIRST DOG

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

I READ about a tired dog a cross woman drove out of her kitchen because he had muddy feet. The dog, thinking it over, ventured in a second time, with a bit of carpet in his mouth. This carpet he spread on the floor and lay down on that. Then the bad-tempered woman took a broom-handle and chased him out a second time. Just like that dog, I have thought it all out, and declare that the dog was by far the better animal of the two. Perhaps the story is not true, and so it is just as wise not to pass judgment on the woman.

I am not going to excuse myself for a fondness for dogs. It is kind of second nature with me, because I do not know when I was ever without a dog—that is, for any length of time. Many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE have laughed over "Jimmy Brown." The author of "Jimmy Brown" is just as gone on dogs as I am. The last dog but one I had Mr. Alden gave me. He went to Italy on short notice, and could not take his dog with him. The way he presented the dog to me was peculiar. He opened his office door on the crack, with his back to me, and under his arm he had tucked away a little dog, with its tail towards me. "Take her quickly," he said. "I don't want to see you do it." And with that he shut the door to with a bang. Without the dog's knowing how, she changed owners. He was quite broken-hearted, as was his little companion at the time. I think Missie got over it more quickly than her former master. The most I can hope is that that little dog's capacity for loving was doubled, for she became devoted to me.

I remember every dog I ever had; and the catalogue of names is not so long, for they were eight in all—that is, the dogs of the past; and now I have a ninth. She is a poodle, and her name is Stray. You might guess at the age of a man by the number of dogs he has lived with.

A delightful writer, Mr. Hamerton, tells of the love he had for a dog who was the companion of his youth. He has the dog's skull in his hand, and he soliloquizes over it as would Hamlet over poor Yorick. I have, too, a little memento of the past. On my hat-rack there hangs a collar [illegible] to it, and that collar has been there for the last six years. Whenever I take my hat or my stick the bell tinkles, and I hear the joyous bark of a lost friend; and I have made up my mind that no other dog shall ever wear that collar.

My first dog really had a history. More than fifty years ago a brig, called the *Flora*, bound from Caracas to Philadelphia, came across a dismantled schooner in the Carribean Sea. There had been a tornado the week before. The only living thing on the abandoned vessel was a small dog. The Captain of the brig brought the dog to Philadelphia, and I became the dog's owner. When Flora was put in my arms she was a bag of bones. She had been starved. She was so weak she could not crawl, much less bark. What little hair she had was stuck all over with tar. Such a hearty cry as I had when I brought her home, because the family said, "What a wretched little cur."

She was so ill for ten days that I was afraid she would die. The only thing that showed animation in her was her tail, that tried so hard to wag. After a while she improved, and grew prettier and prettier as she became stronger. She had long snow-white hair as fine as silk, and she turned out to be a pure-bred Cuban. Little did I care whether she was a dog of high or low degree; all I knew was that Flora adored me, and never was happy when I was out of her sight.

There never was a dog that took schooling so readily. I taught her to jump by making a double wall of books, setting up a volume here and there across the thoroughfare. Then putting her bread and milk at one end, and placing her at the opening of the street of books, I called her, and over she went. In a half-dozen lessons she was perfect. She jumped through a hoop right off. When I pasted paper over it, she hesitated at first, but no sooner had I made a hole in the paper with my finger than through she popped.

Pampered dogs are sometimes snappish, but Flora never showed spite. She was indifferent to some people, only trying to get out of their way. She knew my name, and if it were mentioned in conversation, would yelp and bolt up into my room to look for me. I never went to or returned from school that she was not at the sitting-room window looking for me. I have reason to suppose that Spanish sounded familiar to her. Once a Mexican gentleman on a visit to the house noticed her, and called her some pet name in Spanish. The dog did what was not usual when a stranger was present. Unhesitatingly she jumped up on his knees, put her fore-feet on his breast, as if asking him to talk more Spanish. He talked to her in Castilian, she replied, and there was a regular dialogue.

Flora hated music. It was not necessary for her to be in the room where a violin was played for her to show her dislike. If she were upstairs, she would howl at the first note. She despised the piano. No sooner was it opened than she would bolt. The piano-stool, that creaked, was her special abomination. It was to her part and parcel of the instrument. The whole subject of the impression certain musical sounds make on dogs is not well understood; as far as I have looked into it, canine nature can stand the lower notes, but the upper register makes them unhappy.

Some months ago I questioned a highly intelligent dog-trainer, who was the manager of a troop of performing dogs, about the effects of music on his four-legged company. This was his answer:

"Some dogs were regularly broken up by music. There is Romps, my black and tan. If I didn't keep my eye on him, he would be on the squeal most of the time.

My French poodle—and he is by far the best-educated dog in America—will every now and then show his teeth when the fife plays too shrill. The only time he ever messed the whole business was when all the music we could get in a side-show out West was two clarinets and a cornet. It was dreadful bad music, so Monseer Napoleon at the very first burst jumped the ring, ran out of the show, and was nigh lost. I once had an Italian greyhound, and do what I could I never could stop her howling when the band played. I took advantage of her failing. She sang solos, and was billed as Madame Patti. She was just one twitter of nerves. She didn't last long. It was too great a strain on her."

How I lost Flora has left a lasting impression on my mind. As she grew older and older, though her affection was as strong as ever, she found difficulty in expressing it. Small dogs with short throats are troubled with something like asthma. She would cough and choke when she tried to greet me with a bark.

Once I went away for a long holiday, and had to leave her at home. We had not been separated before for nine years. I was absent three months, and I came home of an autumn evening. No sooner had my mother kissed me than I heard a yelp upstairs. Flora had discovered me. She knew the sound of my voice. Down she came at full speed. She had forgotten her age, her failing sight, her stiffness. I could hear her tumbling down the steps. I would have run up the stairs to meet her. Down she came, headlong, rolling over and over. She must have broken her neck on the last landing. There was the faintest wag of her tail, and Flora lay dead at my feet.

## HOW THE TROUT CAME BACK TO HAYSTACK BROOK.

BY JAMES BARNES.

WHEN Ned Parmley's father bought the farm upon Haystack Brook he secured about two miles of what *had* been the finest trout-fishing in Windham County. But the trout that had once inhabited it, together with the trout that had swarmed in many another little stream emptying into the Deerfield, were all in one place now, and that was in the big tanks of the "Rice boys" upon the Sweetbrier Brook, that emptied into the river within a stone's-throw of the mouth of the Haystack.

With drag-net and scoop, by damming and trapping, they had cleared the fish out of the Haystack completely (during the time that the farm was unoccupied prior to Mr. Parmley's purchase), and now that once famous bit of water bore a reputation for producing only dace and shiners, and "mighty few of them," as "Injun" Clark expressed it. But to see the way the water swept in under the alders and boiled over the rocks into the deep brown holes, you would not have believed it, until after you had walked mile after mile along the banks, and returned with an empty basket, or, at the best, two or three little fellows no bigger than your finger.

"We'll give the brook a rest for two or three years," said Mr. Parmley, in response to Ned's earnest request to have it stocked. "I don't want to buy back the fish that should belong to me from those Rice people. It just encourages that kind of business." To tell the truth, Ned's father was not a fisherman at heart.

The best Ned could do was to persuade his father to have it posted, like all the other streams about that section. This was somewhat like locking the stable-door after the horse was stolen, and was regarded by the village people of Deerfield as quite a joke.

And speaking of the people of Deerfield brings us to Injun Clark. Everybody knew him; he was known for miles as the best trapper, fox-hunter, fisherman, and general poacher this side of Bald Mountain. Injun Clark was not an "Injun"; he was rather a light-colored darky; but as he had straight hair and high cheek-bones, and the people of Deerfield had never seen a real Indian, he was regarded as being some distant connection to the aboriginal possessors of the soil, and had even accepted the rumor concerning himself as absolute fact. It must be confessed, in truth, that Mr. Clark drew a rather long-bow at times.

But he has a good deal to do with this story, and was not such a bad fellow after all. How Ned came to be interested in him is another story in itself, that can be told in a few short words.

In the fall of the year the wild-ducks used to gather and stop along the river on their southern flight, and no one used to bring in such strings of big green-headed mallard and teal and broad-bill and butter-ball as Injun Clark. It happened that one fall Ned's cousin from the city came up for a visit to the Parmley Farm. He brought with him a beautiful hammerless gun, a trunkful of new-fangled loading tools, and a patent duck call, which brings us back again to Injun Clark.

He *could* imitate a duck (or a goose or a fox or a night hawk, for that matter), but the ducks couldn't help coming right around to where Injun wanted them. So when ducks were plenty Mr. Clark lived in clover.

Down on the river one cold morning Ned and his cousin sat in the reeds blowing the strident duck call. But not a single one of the flocks that hustled back and forth came near them; they could hear the occasional boom of guns up and down the stream, but the new hammerless was not called upon. From sheer weariness the cousin stopped his mournful blowing of the patent call.

Suddenly they heard, quite close, "Quack! quack!" and then again and again they heard it. Now was the time, and a volley of blasts arose from where the boys were hiding; the cousin was doing his best.

Then the reeds parted, and a voice, very close indeed, said:

"Beg pard'n, young gemman, ef you keep tootin' that basoon much longer there won't be no ducks between hyer an' th' head-waters. Jess let me come in thar and set alongside of yeh."

Neither of the boys will forget the rest of the day—and Ned had many such afterwards—how the ducks came down the river just looking for Mr. Clark. This is how the acquaintance began, and now to go on with the trout.

The "Rice boys," who were grown-up men, were making money out of their trout-pond; they sold the big ones to the market, and stocked the brook with the smaller trout at so much per hundred fish. What they had taken for nothing they charged money for returning. But Mr. Parmley still refused to purchase any.

"It will get all over the county," he said, "if I put trout in the brook, and we will have Clark and half the village up here; those signs won't keep them off the land, and I can't pay a man to watch all day long."

In fact, things looked quite hopeless for Ned's pet project, when help came from an unlooked-for quarter. He was walking back from school one day along the muddy road, for it had been raining hard for several days, when, as he passed by a little tumble-down house, he heard a whistle. It was from Injun Clark, who was standing in the doorway whittling out figure-four traps for the winter trapping.

"Come hyer out'n the rain, Ned," said Injun; "I got somethin' ter tell yeh."

Ned turned and walked up to the house.

"Look hyer, Ned," said the trapper. "I reckon we can get your trout ter come back ter Haystack Brook—ef you wants 'em."



"SEEM KINDER GLAD TER GIT HOME, DON'T THEY, NED?"

"What?" said Ned, closing his dripping umbrella. "How under the sun— What are you talking about, anyhow?" he said, disconnectedly.

"Waal" (Mr. Clark spoke in a curious mixture of Southern dialect and Yankee lingo), "I reckon they'll come back ter yeh er their o'n accord, an' all you have ter do will be ter give 'em a boost over 'bout twenty feet o' dry land."

"Tell me how," said Ned, in much excitement.

"I was up by the Rice boys' pounds ter-day," observed Injun, quietly.

"Well," said Ned, "go on."

"And if this hyer rain keeps up, them pounds—leastways some of 'em—is agoin' ter bust."

"What of that? Please go on, Mr. Clark." Ned was getting impatient.

"The mouth ter Sweetbrier is on your pop's land, ain't it?" queried the imperturbable Mr. Clark.

"Yes."

"You wouldn't take th' trubble to return any trout thet swum down inter your water, would yeh, Ned."

"No; I don't think I would," said Ned, after thinking a minute. "According to law, they'd belong to us."

"Onless th' had an address on 'em, anyhow," grinned Injun. Then he explained his plan.

It was to close the outlet of the Haystack with some fine wire-netting, and make a fish-trap of the old-fashioned dam and runway kind at the outlet of the Sweetbrier. Owing to the rains, the streams were nearer than ever where they joined the river.

"Ef the pounds bust an' them trout ain't stopped, they'll all get inter the Deerfield and be lost, sure 'nuff," remarked Injun.

The next day Clark and Ned were busy stretching the netting, and making the dam and runway. The second day, despite the efforts of the Rice boys, the three lower trout pounds burst. And the trout came down. Like most trout, in a freshet they went down stream.

Ned and Injun were ready for them. The latter scooped them out of the runway, and Ned hurried across the few feet of intervening land, and deposited them back to the place where most of them had come from, Haystack Brook. Some were quite good sized. There seemed to Ned to be hundreds of them. *The trout kept coming down.*

"Seem kinder glad ter git home, don't they, Ned?" laughed Clark as he swept his net through the water.

After a while they became less and less, and the work was finished and the dam destroyed by a few of Injun Clark's powerful kicks. "There, now, you and your pop 'll have good fishin' next yeah," he remarked, as Ned thanked him. "That nettin' 'll keep them back in th' Haystack."

Now all this happened when the time for trout-fishing was past; the law was "on," and Ned said nothing to his father about it. The next year, on the first day the law allowed fishing, Ned and Mr. Parmley, who had been persuaded to go, after many objections on his part, dropped their lines into the deep pool near the camel-back rock. And what a time they had! Old Haystack was again peopled with its own proper tribe.

Then Ned told his father.

"I suspect we'll have all the village up here before the week's out," said his father. "Too bad; in a year or so this will be the finest fishing in the land."

But the poachers never found out. Down in the village one of the local poachers had observed to Injun Clark, "Any fish up in the Haystack?"

"Waal," returned the latter, slowly, "ef I cain't get none, I spect it ain't no use o' you tryin'."

"Thet's a fact," remarked the first speaker. "I spect you've tried it."

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN presently Tante Angèle groaned and tried to raise herself, her first words showed the grief that came with returning consciousness.

"*Ah, pore piti!*" (poor little one), she moaned. "*Et li si joli! Où li?*" (And she so pretty! Where is she?) "*Ah, mo lasse!*" (I am tired), she added, wearily, as with a difficult effort she rose to her feet.

One glance at the weeping children seemed to restore her to full strength, however, and, turning to the strangers who had gathered about her, she besought them to find her *bébée*.

For a long time the little terror-stricken group lingered at the street corner, hoping against hope that Babette would suddenly reappear quite near them, or that they would discern her little figure, lost only for the moment, among straggling passers-by.

Occasionally a policeman would stop only to assure them "There was no occasion for alarm. It was foolish to cry and grieve; children were lost every day—and found. Much better for the old woman to take the others home than to stand in her wet clothes and take her death of cold."

But to all such suggestions Tante Angèle would turn a deaf ear. To go and leave her "*chère bébée*—maybe in a gutter, or all mash under a cart-wheel"—that she would never do.

It was nearing midnight now. The clocks had struck ten long before the accident, and more than an hour had passed since.

Finally the old woman moved to go, and, followed by a crowd of sobbing children, she led the way, moaning softly as she went, a few steps beyond the next corner.

Hesitating here a moment, as if she had not courage to go on, she threw herself down upon the front steps of old Christ Church, and wept unrestrained, swaying her body to and fro in great sorrow.

Here her wails attracted the passers on foot, who hesitated, asked a few questions, were "sorry," "hadn't seen anything of her," and passed on.

Carriages rolled by, a brilliant line, bringing their rustling burdens—ladies in diamonds, silks, and laces—to the grand Mystic Krewe ball in the old Varieties Theatre next door.

Little Arthé had gone to sleep on Marie's lap. The others by turns wept and entreated the old woman to go home, but for once in her life she seemed oblivious to their present discomfort.

The stone steps where they lay were wet and cold, and these tenderly reared children unused to late hours and exposure. All thought of the present, however, was swallowed up in the sorrow that was wringing her faithful old heart.

Presently little Arthé coughed in her sleep—a metallic, croupy sound. Rallying instantly, Tante Angèle, hastily lifting the sleeping burden in her arms, and saying only "Allons!" (let us go), started towards the Rampart car.

Her old hands trembled so violently that it was with much difficulty that she finally secured the car fare, closely tied in a corner of her kerchief. During the long ride home she sat silent—a pitiful wreck of the placid, trig, dignified figure who had sat on the gallery only a few hours ago. Her *tignon*, saturated with water, lay limp and flabby. The watch-dog's ears had fallen.

When at last they left the car she staggered visibly,



"BABETTE IS LOST!"

[illegible] and carefully [illegible] out and [illegible] them ahead, she followed with her heavy burden. The [illegible] were anxious and excited when the group entered. The [illegible] some minutes before, and, not finding them, had turned back to make inquiry. He had not yet returned. A scene of confusion greeted the newcomers as they entered the hallway. Tante Angèle still staggering, utterly [illegible]

Laying the sleeping child down upon the hall lounge, she sank beside her upon the floor, while a chorus of children's voices made the tragic announcement:

"Babette est perdue!"

"Babette . . . perdue!"

"Babette is lost!"

". . . lost!"

The mother, naturally turning to Angèle for explanation, rushed forward with an agonized scream, but when she reached the lounge, she started stricken with a new terror.

Reclining as if she had fallen upon the floor, her arm still under the head of the sleeping child, her own head fallen back until it rested on the same pillow, poor old Tante Angèle was at rest. For the first time in her long service of half a century she had been told to "bring the children home," and she had not been able to obey. She was too old to reason about it — to hope with an almost certainty that the little one would be found—to realize that she was blameless. The mother, in an agony of fear, raised the dark arm, trying to rouse her, but there was something in the noble old face that said it was too late.

Tante Angèle could not look in her face and say, "Your child is lost." She was at rest, without sickness or pain or knowledge of parting—simply at rest.

So, tenderly and painlessly, does the All-Father sometimes take old and tired people out of weariness and trouble when life becomes too sad and hard to bear.

And we say they are "dead."

A faint gleam of day was shining across the river when Colonel Le Charmant drove, for the third time, to the door of the police court opposite Jackson Square to inquire for tidings of his lost child.

He had gone at first to Canal Street, to the corner where the accident occurred, where the carriage had left Tante Angèle and the children, hoping for news of them; but seeing no one, he was turning away when an apothecary who was answering his night-bell called out to him, asking if he had found his child. Surprised to learn that the father knew nothing of the affair, he handed him a written description of the little girl, together with her name and residence. This he had gotten from the policeman.

The Frenchman's hand trembled as he returned the paper, and, turning away, he hastened to the various police stations of the city, at several of which he found notices similar to that of the corner apothecary. To each he hastily added a promise of reward to her finder, and so the remainder of the night passed.

When, for the third time, he stepped out of the court facing Jackson Square, his heart sank. It was the same story—no news. He felt that he must go home, and yet he dreaded to meet the family. There was a bare possibility that the child might by this time be comfortably sleeping in her own bed; and yet, if her finder had cared to restore her, there had been plenty of time before his return from the ball. The apothecary had told him that the old nurse had gone home sorrowing later than midnight.

The world generally has a tender feeling for little children, and a lost child is almost sure to find protecting arms. Yet how tragic a terror seizes us as we think of the possibility of one of our own little ones—a brother or a sister—being lost in a great city at night. The very thought draws our hearts in sympathy to every member of the Le Charmant household to-night — not forgetting the little exiled herself — who at best must be bewildered by strange scenes and faces.

It is not hard to understand her father's reluctance to going home without her, and with little hope of finding her there. As he stood, undecided what to do next, a policeman just released from his night work crossed at the corner.

Calling him, and thrusting a coin into his hands, Colonel Le Charmant bade him go to the house and see if there were any news. "You will find me here when you come back," he added, pointing to the open square. The conversation was hurried, and in French.

With hands crossed behind him and bowed head, he now entered the square, and began walking slowly up and down its winding paths. Every few moments he would stop, and absently kick a tiny white shell from the walk with the toe of his patent-leather pumps. He had left notices with all the papers—notified the police. What else could he do? Where search next? For the present there seemed nothing but to wait.

He stopped and looked at his watch. The policeman could not return for more than a half-hour. He would have time and to spare to step across into the French market and take a cup of early coffee.

For many years, an hour later than this, Tante Angèle had brought his morning coffee to his bedside. A soft tap at his door, a noiseless step on the carpet, a freshly turbaned head appearing under the mosquito-netting, and a low-voiced greeting:

"B'jou, Miché" (Good morning, sir), had been her daily salutation, never varying during all the years; and while "Miché" supped his tiny cup of black Java coffee, she had waited, tray in hand, while in monosyllables she reported the state of the weather.

"Fait chaud ce matin" (It is warm this morning); or, "Il fait mouiher" (It is damp).

So the noiseless step and the silver tray went from room to room, until, her round complete, she would toast her old toes at the nursery grate, and peacefully sip her own coffee, poured from the same pot.

Then if the weather and her rheumatism agreed, she would steal off to mass in the little chapel near; or, if the wind were from the east, she steadied her elbows on her knees, said her beads, and nodded until it was time to wake the children.

The light of day was gleaming dimly through its broad aisles when Colonel Le Charmant stepped into the market, and as the tiny orange-colored gas-jets down the aisle went out one by one, he started to realize that another day was really begun.

Little Babette had been lost for an entire night.

As, his coffee finished, he turned away, there were many in all directions who nudged one another, and, pointing to the man in ball costume, whispered mysteriously. The news of a lost child travels fast.

When he returned to the square he found the policeman waiting. A single glance at the man's face answered the question that arose to the father's lips.

There was no news of the missing Babette.

The more alarming the real situation, the more need of courage, the greater his resolve to treat it lightly. He must go home and help his family to look at the matter "sensibly," while they waited for the good news the day must surely bring.

The notices in all the papers would find their way into homes in even the most remote precincts. Surely a few hours more of anxiety at most would end the terrible strain, and then there would be a good laugh. If poor people brought her, they should be well rewarded; if her

rescuer were rich, he should be royally treated. No man who served a Le Charmant was ever forgotten.

When he arrived at the house, it was crowded with the extensive family connection. A servant had run with the news to other houses the night before, and by morning a host of uncles, aunts, and cousins—cousins to the third and fourth degree—overflowed broad galleries and steps.

The news of Tante Angèle's tragic death had not reached the distressed man, and as, on entering, he caught sight, through the nursery door ajar, of the familiar symbols of death—the lace-covered bier and burning candles—he rushed into the room, crying, "My child is dead!" But when he saw the placid countenance of the faithful old nurse and learned the pathetic story, he turned away with bowed head silent.

This tragedy seemed to lend a horrible reality to the other sorrow, and he found it hard to speak the words of courage and cheer which he had intended to bring.

The day passed—another and another a week a month—and still no news came. The rewards offered through the daily papers grew with each insertion, until a fair fortune lay at the demand of him who should bring home the lost Babette.

And yet there was no clew. Manifestly she had been stolen. Dreadful words! and still what else could be the truth?

Once a tiny blue slipper was found on the wharf whence a French ship had just sailed. It corresponded nearly in description with those the lost child had worn. Who could say that it was not hers?

It was sent to the Le Charmant home, compared with all the little shoes the child had worn—shoes wet with loving tears, of which even the stray blue slipper had a generous share—and put aside as being a doubtful and uncertain witness.

Still, cable despatches of inquiry greeted the vessel on landing on the other side, but without result. The grandmother grieved in silence, and never left her room. The mother walked her floor with sorrow and tears, and in the smiling faces of the children at home seemed to see only reminders of the lost. Sorrow now wrote, with indelible pencil, deep lines for all the years time had forgotten to record. She grew restless and nervous. When it rained, she sat within her window and wept, fearing her *chèrie* might be somewhere out in the wet.

If the sun shone warm and bright, maybe the dear child was taking a fever. A suddenly slammed door made her start, and soon silver strands began to glisten among the dark wavy locks upon her temples.

A terrible dark cloud had settled over the Le Charmant home. Let us hope it has a silver lining, and that we may soon get a glimpse of its bright side.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE GOOD OF A FEW WORDS.

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "PEPPER AND SALT," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

IV.

THE next morning the Princess called Beppo to her. "Here," said she, "is a ring and a letter. Go you into the town and inquire for Sebastian the Goldsmith. He will know what to do."

Beppo took the ring and the letter and started off to town, and it was not hard for him to find the man he sought, for every one knew of Sebastian the Goldsmith—an old man with a great white beard and a forehead like the dome of a temple. He looked at Beppo from head to foot with eyes as bright as those of a snake. Then he took the ring and the letter. As soon as he saw the ring he raised it to his lips and kissed it. Then he kissed the letter also. Then he opened it and read it. He turned to Beppo and bowed very low.

"My Lord," said he, "I will do as I am commanded. Will you be pleased to follow me?"

He led the way into an inner room. There were soft rugs upon the floor; around the walls were tapestries; there were couches and silken cushions. Beppo wondered what it all meant.

Sebastian the Goldsmith clapped his hands together. A door opened, and there came three black slaves into the room. Sebastian the Goldsmith spoke to them in a strange language.

The chief of the three black slaves bowed in reply. Then he and the others led Beppo into another room, where was a marble bath of tepid water. They bathed him, and rubbed him with soft linen towels. They shaved the beard from his cheeks and chin, and trimmed his hair. Then they clothed him in fine linen and a plain suit of gray, and Beppo looked like a new man.

Then, when all this was done, the chief of the blacks conducted Beppo back to Sebastian the Goldsmith. There was a fine feast spread, with fruit and wine. Beppo sat down to it, and Sebastian the Goldsmith stood and served him, with a napkin over his arm.

Then Beppo was to return to the Princess again.

A milk-white horse was waiting for him at the Goldsmith's door, a servant holding the bridle.

Beppo mounted and rode away.

When he returned to the fisherman's hut the Princess was waiting for him. She had prepared a tray spread with a napkin, a cup of milk, and some sweet cakes.

"Listen," said she; "to-day the King hunts in the forest over yonder. Go you thither with this. The King will be hot and thirsty and weary with the chase. Offer him this refreshment. He will eat and drink, and in gratitude he will offer you something in return. Take nothing of him, but ask him this, that he allow you once every three days to come to the palace, and that he whisper these words in your ear so that no one else may hear them: 'A word, a word, only a few words. Spoken ill, they are ill; spoken well, they are more precious than gold and jewels.'"

"Why should I do that?" said Beppo.

"You will see," said the Princess.

Beppo did not understand it at all, but a Princess is a Princess and must be obeyed, and so he rode away on his horse at her bidding.

It was as the Princess had said; the King was hunting in the forest, and when Beppo came there he could hear the shouts of the men and the winding of horns and the baying of dogs. He waited there for maybe an hour or more, and sometimes the sounds were nearer and sometimes the sounds were further away. Presently they came nearer and nearer, and then all of a sudden the King came riding out of the forest, the hounds hunting hither and thither, and the lords and nobles and courtiers following him.

The King's face was flushed and heated with the chase, and his forehead was bedewed with sweat. Beppo came forward and offered the tray. The King wiped his face with the napkin, and then drank the milk and ate three of the cakes.

"Who was it ordered you to bring this to me?" said he to Beppo.

"No one," said Beppo. "I brought it myself."

The King looked at Beppo and was grateful to him.

"Thou hast given me pleasure and comfort," said he. "Ask what thou wilt in return, and if it is in reason thou shalt have it."

"I will only have this," said Beppo, "that your Majesty will allow me once every three days to come to the palace, and that then you will take me aside and will whisper these words into my ear so that no one else may



AGAIN BEGAN TO SEEK A FEAST

near them. "Words, words, only a few words. If they be spoken ill, they are ill; if they be spoken well, they are more precious than gold and jewels."

The King burst out laughing. "Why," said he, "what is this foolish thing you ask of me? If you had asked for a hundred pieces of gold you should have had them. Think better, friend, and ask something of more worth than this foolish thing."

"Please your Majesty," said Beppo, "I ask nothing else."

The King laughed again.

"Then you shall have what you ask," said he, and he rode away.

V.

The next morning the Princess said to Beppo: "This day you shall go and claim the King's promise of him. Take this ring and this letter again to Sebastian the Goldsmith. He will fit you with clothes in which to appear before the King. Then go to the King's palace, that he may whisper those words he has to say into your ear."

Once more Beppo went to Sebastian the Goldsmith, and the Goldsmith kissed the Princess's ring and letter, and then read what she had written.

Again the black slaves took Beppo to the bath, only this time they clad him in a fine suit of velvet and hung a gold chain about his neck.

Again Sebastian the Goldsmith served a feast to Beppo, and waited upon him while he ate and drank.

In front of the house a noble horse as black as jet was waiting to carry Beppo to the palace.

Two servants dressed in velvet livery were waiting to attend him.

So Beppo rode away, and many people stopped to look at him.

He came to the palace, and the King was giving audience. Beppo went into the great audience-chamber. It was full of people—lords and nobles and rich merchants and lawyers.

Beppo did not know how to come to the King, so he stood there and waited and waited. The people looked at him and whispered to one another: "Who is that young man?" "Whence comes he?" Then one said, "Is not he the young man who served the King with cakes and milk in the forest yesterday?"

Beppo stood there gazing at the King. By-and-by the King suddenly looked up and caught sight of him. He looked at Beppo for a moment or two, and then he knew him. He smiled and beckoned to him.

"Ay, my foolish benefactor," said he aloud, "is it thou, and art thou come so soon to redeem thy promise? Very well; come hither, I have something to say to thee."

Beppo came forward and everybody stared. He came close to the King, and the King laid his hand upon his shoulder. Then he leaned over to Beppo and whispered in his ear: "Words, words, only a few words. If they be spoken ill, they are ill; if they be spoken well, they are more precious than gold and jewels." Then he laughed. "Is that what you would have me say?" said he.

"Yes, Majesty," said Beppo; and he bowed low and withdrew.

But, lo and behold, what a change!

Suddenly he was transformed in the eyes of the whole world. The crowd drew back to allow Beppo to pass, and everybody bowed low as he went along.

"Did you see the King whisper to him?" said one. "What could it be that the King said?" said another. "This must be the new favorite," said a third.

He had come into the palace Beppo the Foolish; he went forth Beppo the Great Man. And all because of a few words the King had whispered in his ear.

Three days passed, and then Beppo went again to the Goldsmith's with the ring and a letter from the Princess.



BEPPO OFFERS THE KING MILK.



"ALAS, MY POOR FRIEND!" SAID HE.

This time Sebastian the Goldsmith fitted Beppo with a suit of splendid plum-colored silk and a dappled horse, and again Beppo and his two attendants rode away to the palace.

This time every one knew him, and as he went up the steps into the palace everybody bowed to him. The King saw him as soon as he appeared.

"Ay," said he; "I was looking for thee to-day, and wondering how soon thou wouldst come. Come hither till I whisper something in thy ear."

Then all the lords and nobles and courtiers and ministers drew back, and Beppo went up to the King.

The King laughed and laughed. He laid his hands over Beppo's shoulder, and again he whispered in his ear: "Words, words, only a few words. If they be spoken ill, they are ill; if they be spoken well, they are more precious than gold and jewels."

Then he released Beppo, and Beppo withdrew.

So it continued for three months. Every three days Beppo went to the palace, and the King whispered the words in his ear. Beppo said nothing to any one, and always went away as soon as the King had whispered the words to him.

Then at last the Princess said to him: "Now the time is ripe for doing. Listen. To-day when you go to the palace fix your eyes, when the King speaks to you, upon the Prime Minister, and shake your head. The Prime Minister will ask you what the King said. Say nothing to him but this, 'Alas, my poor friend!'"

It was all just as the Princess had said.

The King was walking in the garden, and his courtiers and Ministers were with him. Beppo came to him, and the King, as he always did, laid his hand upon Beppo's shoulder, and whispered in his ear: "Words, words, only a few words. If they be spoken ill, they are ill; if they be spoken well, they are more precious than gold and jewels."

While the King was saying these words to Beppo, Beppo was looking fixedly at the Prime Minister. While he did so he shook his head three times. Then he bowed low, and walked away.

He had not gone twenty paces before some one tapped him upon the arm; it was the Prime Minister.

Beppo looked fixedly at the Prime Minister. "Alas, my poor friend!" said he.

The Prime Minister turned pale. "It was, then, as I thought," said he. "The King spoke about me. Will you not tell me what he said?"

Beppo shook his head. "Alas, my poor friend!" said he; and then he walked on.

The Prime Minister still followed him. "My Lord," said he, "I have been aware that his Majesty has not been the same to me for more than a week past. If it was about the Princess, pray tell his Majesty that I meant nothing ill of her when I spoke of her to him."

Beppo shook his head. "Alas, my poor friend!" he said.



THE KING LAID HIS HANDS ON BEPPO'S SHOULDERS.



"DO YOU NOT KNOW ME?" SAID SHE, "I AM THE QUEEN."

The Prime Minister's lips trembled. "My Lord," said he, "I have always had the kindest regard for you, and if there is anything in my power that I can do for you, I hope you will command me. I know how much you are in his Majesty's confidence. Will you not speak a few words to set the matter straight?"

Beppo again shook his head. "Alas, my poor friend!" said he; and then he got upon his horse and rode away.

Three days passed.

"This morning," said the Princess, "when you go to the King, look at the Prime Minister when the King speaks to you, and smile. The Prime Minister will again speak to you, and this time say, 'It is well, and I wish you joy.' Take what he gives you, for it will be of use."

Again all happened just as the Princess said.

Beppo came to the palace, and again the King whispered in his ear. As he did so, Beppo looked at the Prime Minister and smiled, and then he withdrew.

The Prime Minister followed him. He trembled.

"It is well," said Beppo, "and I wish you joy."

The Prime Minister grasped his hand and wrung it. "My Lord," said he, "how can I express my gratitude? The palace of my son's that stands by the river, I wish that you would use it for your own, if I may be so bold as to offer it to you."

"I will use it," said Beppo, "as my own."

The Prime Minister wrung his hand again, and then Beppo rode away.

The next time that Beppo spoke to the King, at the Princess's bidding, he looked at the Lord Treasurer, and said, as he had said to the Prime Minister, "Alas, my poor friend!"

When he rode away he left the Lord Treasurer as white as ashes to the very lips.

Three days passed, and then, while the King talked to Beppo, Beppo looked at the Lord Treasurer and smiled.

The Lord Treasurer followed him to the door of the palace.

"It is well, and I wish you joy," said Beppo.

The Treasurer offered him a fortune.

The next time it was the same with the Captain of the Guards. First Beppo pitied him, and then he wished him joy.

"My Lord," said the Captain of the Guards, "my services are yours at any time."

Then the same thing happened to the Governor of the City, then to this lord, and then to that lord.

Beppo grew rich and powerful beyond measure.

Then one day the Princess said, "Now we will go into the town and to the Prime Minister's palace, for the time is ripe for the end."

VI.

All the court knew that Beppo was living like a Prince in the Prime Minister's palace.

The King began to wonder what it all meant, and how all such good fortune had come to Beppo. He grew very tired of always speaking to Beppo the same words.

Beppo was now great among the great. All the world paid court to him, and bowed down to him almost as they did before the King.

"Now," said the Princess, "the time has come to strike. Bid all the councillors and all the lords and all the nobles meet here three days hence, for it is now or never that you shall win all and become King."

Beppo did as she bade. He asked all of the great people of the kingdom to come to him, and they came.

They were all gathered together at Beppo's house. There were two thrones set as though for a King and a Queen. But there was no sign of Beppo, and everybody wondered what it all meant.

Suddenly the door opened, and Beppo came into the room leading by the hand a lady covered with a veil from head to foot.

Everybody stopped speaking and stood staring.

Beppo led the veiled lady up to one of the thrones. He seated himself upon the other.

The lady stood up and dropped her veil, and every one knew her.

It was the Princess.

"Do you not know me?" said she. "I am the Queen, and this is my husband. He is your King."

All stood silent for a moment, and then a great shout went up. "Long live the Queen! Long live the King!"

The Princess turned to the Captain of the Guards. "You have offered your services," said she. "Now is the time to march to the palace and cast out him who hath no right there."

"It shall be done," said the Captain of the Guards.

All the troops were up in arms, and the town was full of tumult and confusion. About midnight they brought

the false King before King Beppo and the Queen. The false King stood there trembling like a leaf.

The Queen stood looking at him steadily. "Behold, this is my husband that thou gavest me," said she. "It is as I said. He is greater than thou, for, lo, he is King! What art thou?"

The false King was banished from the country.

The poor fisherman's wife came to live at the palace.

## TWO AMERICAN HEROES.

THERE are two men in the United States Navy whose heroism has never been told. The report of their valor and courage was not made until many years after the war. It will be published in the official history of the civil war, which the Navy Department will issue in many volumes.

It was in November, 1861, on board the United States steamship *Santee*, that a young lieutenant named Jouett volunteered to take a small party in open boats into Galveston Harbor, and attack and try to capture or destroy two of the enemy's ships. Two launches were given him, and early in the evening he started out. They reached, after a long pull, one of the vessels, the *General Rusk*, but the party was discovered to the enemy by a collision between the two boats, and the daring men were obliged to turn back and make for the other ship, nearer the mouth of the harbor, the *Royal Yacht*. The boats were seen by people on the enemy's schooner, and were fired upon. By an accident one of the boats became separated from the boat in which Lieutenant Jouett was, and mistaking the latter for the foe, the occupants fired into their own friends, killing one man. The boat then evidently turned back to the *Santee*, for Jouett neither heard nor saw his companions during the fierce fight which followed.

There was a gunner named Carter on board the Jouett launch, and he was the first to board the *Royal Yacht*, and immediately opened fire on the crew with his revolver. The boat with his comrades had floated away from the schooner, leaving him for some minutes alone with a ship's crew who were trying to shoot him down. When Jouett finally reached the deck with his men he found Gunner Carter wounded slightly, and he himself was immediately attacked by a man armed with a pike, which was fiercely thrust into his side, causing him great pain. He finally overpowered the man with the pike, and knowing the *Royal Yacht* would soon sink from the effects of a twelve-pound shot below her water-line, which had been discharged by Carter before he leaped on board the schooner, Jouett set to work to capture the crew and set fire to the vessel.

The captain and his men had rushed below by this time, and Jouett stooped down beneath the cannon on board to light a match and start the fire. He found that he was going to sleep, and he then realized that he was bleeding to death. He struck his head against the gun to arouse himself, and padded the wound in his side with his woollen shirt to stanch the flow of blood.

He then directed his own men to go below and drive the enemy on deck, but his comrades held back, and Jouett himself jumped down into the hold, where he found a dozen men crouched in corners watching him in the dim light of a small lamp. He ordered them on deck through the hatchway, where Carter stood with a pistol in each hand. Two of the rebel crew started toward the ladder, when Jouett heard the word given for retreat, and was horrified to hear his own men rush for the boat.

"I rushed on deck," he says, "and found that all my party, save the brave Carter, had fled to the boat, and were pulling off from the schooner. Shouting to Carter to hold the hatchway and keep the enemy below, I flew wildly to the stern of the schooner just as my boat had shoved off. With a desperate leap I cleared the rail, and landed in my boat across the gun.

"Again I took the painter and made the boat fast to the schooner, and again led my crew on board. Meanwhile the forts were firing into us, and the enemy's steamers were coming nearer. Our situation was getting desperate, and I found myself growing weaker. I again went down into the hold, and had hardly given orders for the prisoners to go on deck when I again heard the dread cry, 'Santee,' which was the watchword for retreat, and heard my men make another wild stampede for the boat. With a sickening sense of failure and physical weakness I again forced my sailors at the muzzle of my revolver to sit down, and facing them, I slowly backed to the hatchway and crawled on deck. The gallant Carter alone remained at his post. All the rest had fled to the boat. I was too sick to go further, and so I called upon the faithful Carter to go and drive the crew back while I held the hatchway. Carter ran to the stern of the schooner, and finding the boat some fifty yards away, called out to the men: 'Go back, cowards! go back, and tell your shipmates that you deserted your officers. Mr. Jouett and myself will bring this vessel out alone.' These scathing words recalled them to their senses. They came back.

"Mr. Carter then went below and sent the rebel crew on deck. The captain and two others in the cabin refused to come up. I ordered them on deck. They again refused. Thereupon I threatened them with a loaded shell, but lighting instead a large fire-ball, I threw it down among them and leaped down the hatch myself, at the same time shouting to them to come up. They, thinking it was a shell, sprang quickly up on deck and became our prisoners. I took the schooner's colors, got my crew and the prisoners in the boat, and shoved off. There was no time to lose.

"I put the burning schooner between our boat and the pursuing steamers, now very close, and with only eight well men to pull, with thirteen prisoners, with compass lost, with our pilot shot, and with wind and sea against us, I shaped my course back to the *Santee*, many miles away. The gallant Carter, though wounded, took his place at the gun. All my hopes of defence against attack lay in that gun. I gave the coxswain a star to steer by, ordered the men to give way strong, and then supplied the wounded men with water, when Carter came aft and whispered to me that the gun was jammed, and that I must manœuvre the boat so as to work it.

"I then took my seat on the gunwale of the boat, between the captain and mate of the schooner. The greatest compliment I ever received was paid me then by the rebel captain. He remarked: 'I don't know who you are, but you're a brave fellow; deserted twice by your crew, and yet got the vessel! You are a man.'

"I found great difficulty in giving an order. The pike seemed to have injured my right lung. Wrapping the folds of my shirt around my fingers I stopped up the hole in my side. This made my breathing easier. Thus I sat for three long weary hours.

"Thus in a boat crowded with prisoners and wounded men we sat, at intervals firing pistols as a signal of distress, waiting and watching for daylight to discover to us the *Santee*. The rest is soon told. We got alongside the ship at six in the morning. On reaching the deck I fainted, and was carried below. Not a man knew that I was wounded until I was taken to my room."

Both of these officers are living now. The then Lieutenant Jouett is now a Rear-Admiral on the retired list of the navy. He lives in Washington. Mr. Carter is still a gunner in the navy, and is stationed at Crany Island, Virginia.



IT WAS IMPOLITE, OF COURSE, BUT WHEN TABBY STARTED OFF WITH "OH, PROMISE ME," THE PIANO COULDN'T HELP LAUGHING.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

### MEETS A TIGER AND TAKES HIM INTO CAMP.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I'm awful glad that you don't object to facts, like Ma, for if you did, you wouldn't print my letters about what Sammy's Pa has done, and then all the boys and girls that read the YOUNG PEOPLE wouldn't have their minds strengthened and improved by knowing about the things that he has done, like Sammy and me.

Yesterday I asked Sammy if his Pa had ever been in Asia.

"Of course," said Sammy. "Asia and Texas and everywhere. Pop knows all about Asia—says he could travel all over it in the dark, and never bump his head. It was in Asia that he had the little sperience with the Royal Bengil tiger."

"Tell me about it, Sammy," I says.

"I guess I'd better tell you 'bout the time when he slept in the big cannon, and forgot, and lit his pipe," says Sammy.

"Well," I says, "that sounds 'sif it might be good, but I'd rather hear about the tiger this time."

"It's a kind of a poky story," says Sammy. "I reckon it's more of a girl's story than it is a boy's. Well, Pop went to Asia once to look around and see what he could see. He travelled a spell, and saw lots of animals, 'specially elephants, and hipperpotterhosses, and rinoserhosses, and jerraffers, and such big ones. He says he got so tired of these big animals that he just got homesick to see a small, handy sort of a animal, like a bufferlo or a grissly-bear. He says his neck got tired looking up at 'em.

"Well, one day he was walking along in the grass whistling a tune, when all at once right in front of him he saw a tiger. It was 'bout a rod from him, with its head right towards him, and all humped down, just like a cat watching a canary-bird. It had its mouth open, and was all ready to jump. Pop says he never in his life saw anything like the way that tiger was switching his tail. It just slashed 'round, first to one side and then to the other, hitting the tiger's sides every time with a thump which made the tiger howl, 'cause it hurt so. Pop says he never saw any tiger flourish his tail so before nor since.

"Pop didn't have any gun nor other weepin, and he knew he couldn't run away from it, and that it wouldn't do any good to say scat. So he just waited. In 'bout a minute the tiger all at once stopped wagging his tail, settled down a little lower, and jumped for Pop like a cannon ball. Pop just shot hisself forward, feet first, like 'sif he was playing baseball and sliding for second base; and as that tiger went over him he grabbed its tail with both hands 'bout in the middle, and hung on 'sif he'd been froze right there and couldn't get away.

"Well, Pop says that was the most astonished tiger he ever saw. He looked back and saw Pop hanging on, and then he gave one more jump—but Pop hung. Then he jumped straight up, came down and turned round twenty times, rolled over sideways and endways, and jumped up and turned double summersets in the air—but Pop hung. It was tough on Pop, and he got bumped a good deal, but he hung. Then the tiger started, and he run for a hour, straight ahead, long jumps, with Pop waving behind and yelling loud as he could, so's to make him run harder and get tired out. At last he did get tired out, and stopped. He couldn't go another step, but just laid down and stuck out his tongue and panted. Then Pop got up on his feet, waited a few minutes for the tiger to rest, and then kicked him a little, gently, and started him along. The tiger could walk, but he couldn't run any more, so Pop just kept hold of his tail, and followed along behind and guided him. If he wanted the tiger to go more to the right, he would pull around a little to the left, and if he needed to go more to the left, Pop would haul off on the right. About four o'clock Pop got into camp with him and tied him to a tree, and begun to rub hisself with arnica."

"What became of the tiger?" I said to Sammy.

"Broke the rope in the night, and went off," said Sammy. "Pop met him again about a week after, and when he saw Pop he turned and run so fast that Pop says it looked like a streak of tiger a quarter of a mile long."

Good-by, Mr. Editor. HARRY.

### TOMMY'S THEORY.

TOMMY. "I think sister Lucy is going to play Indian."

MAMMA. "Why do you think so, Tommy?"

TOMMY. "Why, because I just saw her painting her face."

### WHAT TROUBLED HIM.

THE habit potentates have of travelling incog. frequently causes suffering where it is least expected. It is told of the Emperor Joseph Second, that once, while travelling in this fashion, he put up at an inn kept by an Englishman. After eating a few slices of ham and biscuit, he went to bed. In the morning he paid his bill and departed. A few hours after, several of his suite arrived, and hearing the rank of his guest, the landlord appeared much troubled.

"Pshaw, man!" said one; "Joseph is accustomed to such adventures, and will think no more of it."

"But I shall," said mine host, "and never forgive myself for having had an Emperor in my house and letting him off for three and sixpence!"

### A COMPARISON.

I THINK the barber's gaudy pole would be
For the confectioner a sign most handy,
Because it always seems to little me
A great big stick of candy.

FREDDIE. "I am going to ask papa to buy me a pair of patent-leather shoes when these wear out."

JOHNNIE. "Why, what is the matter with the russets?"

FREDDIE. "Well, these wear out so quickly, and I heard a man tell papa that his patent on a new lock would last seventeen years."

### A CITY BOY'S CONCLUSION.

WILBUR. "Do they always keep that big bell on the cow?"

PAPA. "Yes, Wilbur."

WILBUR. "I suppose it is to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place."

"MAMMA," said little Mabel, with a puzzled air, "when you blow out a candle, what becomes of the flame?"

BOBBY. "Do you know what baby's mouth reminds me of?"

SISTER. "No. What?"

BOBBY. "It reminds me of the Brooklyn Bridge, because it's always open."

GEORGE (*aged four*). "Mamma, give me a drink of water, please?"

MAMMA. "Why, George, you just had a glass of milk for breakfast; and are you thirsty still?"

GEORGE. "Well, my thirsty is all dry again."

CHARLIE. "What would you do if the world came to an end?"

TOMMY (*four years old*). "I'd get on my brother's safety and put a life-preserver around me."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE FIRE ON CRAG MOUNTAIN.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

"MERT! Mert! Hi, Mert! Wake up!"

The summons came loudly from a pair of youthful lungs, but Mert Barlow was as sound a sleeper as any healthy country lad of sixteen should be, and consequently he gave no sign or response to the impatient caller.

A crash, followed by a clattering, jingling noise, did what the vocal efforts were powerless to do. Mert sat up in bed and stupidly rubbed his eyes. The tall clock down-stairs was just striking twelve, and he heard his name shouted by some one outside.

When he saw the broken window-pane, and the glass shining on the floor, he understood the situation better. He jumped out of bed and raised the sash. Down in the front yard stood a dusky figure, and Mert recognized the familiar outlines of his chum Andy Hunlock, who lived on the next farm.

"I thought you were deader than a rock," was the latter's greeting.

"Well, you needn't have smashed a pane," said Mert, sulkily. "What's up, anyway?" as curiosity mastered resentment.

"I only threw a little pebble," replied Andy. "I didn't think your windows were that weak. But I say, old fellow, pull on your duds in a jiffy, and come down. There's a big fire on Crag Mountain near Josh Gilman's place, and all the folks have gone to help fight it."

"Great Christopher! is that so? Wait on me, Andy; I'll be down in a minute."

The window dropped with a bang, and Mert squirmed hastily into his clothes. Then he opened the door of the next room, and found that his father had already gone. His mother was awake, and gave a reluctant consent to his request.

"Do be careful," she cautioned, "and don't do anything rash."

"I won't, mother," Mert readily promised. "You needn't worry. There's no danger in fighting a mountain fire."

A moment later the lad joined his companion, and they started across the yard, followed by Mert's little coon-dog Tip.

When they rounded the corner of the house they saw the fire plainly. It was a grand and beautiful sight. Crag Mountain was only a quarter of a mile distant, and from its ridge almost half-way down the slope stretched



[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

self. "I'll wait here for Mert. He'll be sure to come back directly."

Meanwhile Mert was pushing ahead as rapidly as the tangled ground would permit, and with no other thought but to overtake and capture Tip. The dog's barking had ceased, and this made him vaguely uneasy. Then he stopped, and was surprised to find that his companion was no longer behind him.

"Andy! Andy!" he called, huskily. "Here, Tip! Tip!"

There was silence for a moment, save for that low ominous roar. Then Mert fancied he heard a whine. He ran eagerly forward a few steps, tripped on a root, and went down with a crash. He felt a sharp dizzy pain in his head, and saw a multitude of stars flash before his eyes.

After that he remembered nothing until he found himself leaning against a tree. He pressed his aching head, and when he rubbed his fingers together they were clammy and wet. It was dark all around him, and there was a scorched, spicy smell in the air. He saw a shiny spot a few feet away, and when he crawled to it he found the torch. He picked it up and shook it, and it flickered and went out in his hand.

"I wonder how long I've been lying here," he muttered aloud, as he recalled the fall. "I must have hit my head on a rock. It feels as dizzy as a top. It's queer Andy and Tip don't come."

He called both several times, but received no response. Then he staggered weakly to his feet, and as soon as he was fairly up a stifling cloud of smoke drifted into his face, filling his eyes and mouth, and making breathing absolutely painful. A sullen roar, now too plain to be mistaken, broke on his hearing, and when he looked behind and to one side he saw a distant semicircle of dull glowing red, with here and there a forked flashing tongue of flame.

Mert suddenly realized the full horror of his situation, and pain and dizziness fled before a mad desire to escape from so terrible a death. He knew that the wind had certainly changed, and was driving the fire along the ridge and the south slope of the mountain.

Unfortunately he did not realize how far he had come. He had a vague idea of getting well ahead of the flames, and cutting down across them to the valley, as he ran blindly forward amid the murky gloom. He was too wise to court danger by trying that step while the fire was so close behind him. He was keenly alert also to the precipice—which he believed to be a quarter of a mile off—and to the hazardous crags and gullies of the north slope. His present plan, he reflected hopefully, was a good one. It must surely succeed.

So the lad blundered on as rapidly as he could, bumping into trees and stones, measuring his length over roots and slippery leaves, rising up with torn clothes and lacerated hands, yet never losing heart or courage.

At intervals he shouted for Andy and Tip, but the angry roar of the wind and flames drowned his feeble voice. Thicker and thicker came the dense volumes of smoke, until every breath was a torment, and his eyes stung as though pierced by needles.

At length he turned a hunted look over his shoulder to see what progress he was making, and then quickly his feet slipped from under him, and he came down heavily. He had just time to realize that he was sliding over a sloping surface of rock, and to turn on his stomach, when he felt his body from the breast downward dangling in space.

As he slid still farther, he tried vainly to clutch the bare rock. Then what seemed to be a tough projecting root scraped the front of his jacket, and with desperate strength he gripped it in both hands.

A second later he was swinging in empty air, his body stretched to its full length. Even now he did not realize where he was. His first thought was to relieve the intense strain on his arms, and in this he was successful.

As he shifted his hold, one hand at a time, to the thicker part of the root, he bumped against a rough perpendicular surface of rock, and instantly found a crevice deep enough to sustain the tips of both feet.

Hardly had he accomplished so much when the long clear blast of a horn rose faintly to his ears. The sound came from below, and it sent a chill of terror to Mert's heart. For the first time the truth flashed upon him. He had fallen over the precipice at the end of the mountain!

He did not sicken or lose his hold, though his brain was a-swirl with dizzy emotions. He propped himself more firmly, and turned his head slowly to one side.

Yes, right beneath him was a slope of shadowy trees and rocks, with the canal shining at the far bottom. A boat was gliding by, and again the horn was blown to warn the gate-tender at the next lock.

Mert turned his eyes upward with a shudder. He was naturally strong-nerved and clear-headed, and this fact stood him in good stead now; otherwise he would have lost his hold through fright, and tumbled down to death.

But when he came to face the situation calmly he saw little hope. It was impossible to climb up the wall of rock, nor could he remain long in so cramped and painful a position. Worst of all, the root was creaking ominously, and threatened to give way at any moment.

A mad terror took possession of the lad, and perspiration came out on his face. He looked up at the edge of the rock, over which the smoke was curling thickly, and shouted again and again as loudly as he could. The distant roar of flames and wind mocked his pitiful appeal.

He felt his strength giving way, and in imagination he pictured himself falling from rock to rock, from tree to tree. He must lose his hold in another moment.

A shrill despairing cry burst from his lips, and, to his frantic joy, it brought an immediate response.

"Ho, Mert, where are you?" shouted a familiar voice.

"Here, over the cliff," the lad managed to answer, faintly. "Help me quick, Andy."

There was a brief period of waiting that seemed like an hour. A match was scraped upon the rock, and Andy's face peered down in a yellow glow. Then the light went out, and the next thing Mert knew a pair of hands had hold of his wrists.

"Boost yourself with your knees," cried Andy, "and give a spring. I'm all right. I've got my leg twisted about a sapling."

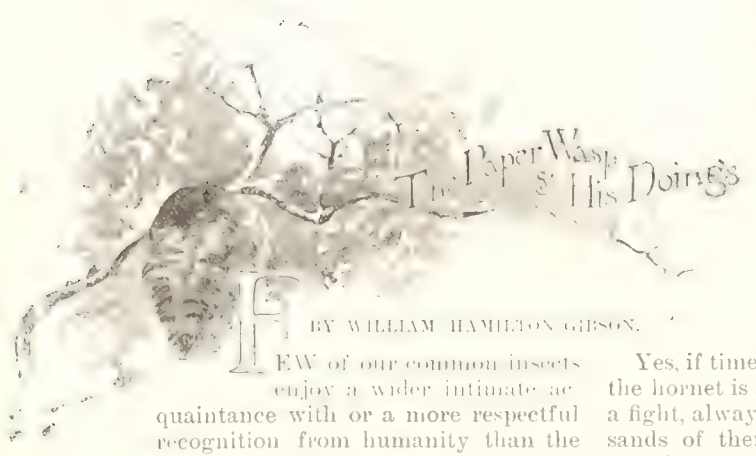
Mert did as he was told, and almost before he realized it he was lying, panting and exhausted, on the top of the cliff. He felt stronger in a moment, and both lads crept a little forward from the perilous brink.

"I waited on you a long while," Andy hurriedly explained, "and then I crept along the ridge over on the north side, where the smoke wasn't so bad. I knew something had happened when I heard you yell. And now we've got to get out of this double-quick. There's just one way, and that's down the south slope in front of the fire. We can keep ahead of it if we hurry."

Andy's plan proved to be a success, though it was a nip-and-tuck race for a while. The red glow of the flames guided the boys, and after a reckless scramble over stones and bogs and undergrowth, and through smoke that nearly suffocated them, they got below and around the fire.

They reached Josh Gilman's place just as the men missed them, and it may be imagined with what thrilling attention their story was listened to.

At daylight a drizzling rain set in, and by noon not a curl of smoke was visible. The next time a fire starts on Crag Mountain it is doubtful if Mert or Andy will help to fight it.



# The Paper Wasp & His Doings

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

FEW of our common insects enjoy a wider intimate acquaintance with or a more respectful recognition from humanity than the wasps and hornets. Their acquaintance, with that of their yellow-jacket bee and bumble-bee relatives, is forced upon most of us at a tender and impressionable age, and leaves a lasting reminiscence. Having once been interviewed by a hornet, do we not remember him for life for his pains?

The bee has perhaps given us equally pointed excuse for respectful, or rather disrespectful, consideration, and yet how different is our attitude to the bee in contrast with that toward the hornet! Why? The discrimination is largely a matter of sentiment, but especially a matter of ignorance; sentiment as associated with fragrant flowers and droning wings and "white-clover honey"—for do we not all know the "busy bee," and how he "gathers honey all the day" for the hive, and thus for humanity and the hot biscuit? There is then a palliative for the busy bee's "hot foot," as Paddy described his first warm contact with the insect. But who ever heard of any one with a good word for the hornet? He is under the ban, an outlaw, the black sheep of the insect fraternity, a source of uneasy suspicion, shunned by valiant man, good for nothing to the boy except to shy stones at from a safe retreat, while to the fair sex always the signal for precipitate flight, if not hysterical terror.

The popular verdict on the hornet is so well voiced in that famous entomological essay from the pen of Josh Billings that I am tempted to quote it entire and use it for my present text. I am sure the average reader will say "Amen" to every word of it:

"The hornet is a red-hot child ov Nature ov sudden impreshuns and a sharp konklusion. The hornets alwus fites at short range and never argy a case. They settle all ov their disputes bi letting their javelin fly, an' are az certain an' az anxious tew hit az a mule iz. Hornets bild their nest wherever they take a noshun to, an' seldum are asked to move; for what good is it tew murder 99 hornets an' have the one hundred one hit you with his javelin! I kan't tell you just tew a day how long a hornet kan live, but I kno from experience that every bug, be he hornet or somebody else who is mad all the time, an' stings every chance he kan git, generally outlives all ov his nabors."

An artistically constructed paragraph, with a "snapper" at the end of it, or rather a "sharp konklusion" quite consistent with its subject.

"Mad all the time," he says, and "stings every chance he can get," and such would seem to be the unanimous belief. Indeed, the phrase "As mad as a hornet" has passed into a proverb, which presumably dates back to the Aryans, or at least from the scriptural allusion of the providential visitation of hornets, which routed the impious inhabitants of Canaan before the conquering Israelites. The ancient Greeks and Latins are on record in their appreciation of the "warlike hornet," and considered that it came rightly by its valor as an inheritance from the dead war-horse from whose carcass the insects were supposed to be spontaneously generated.

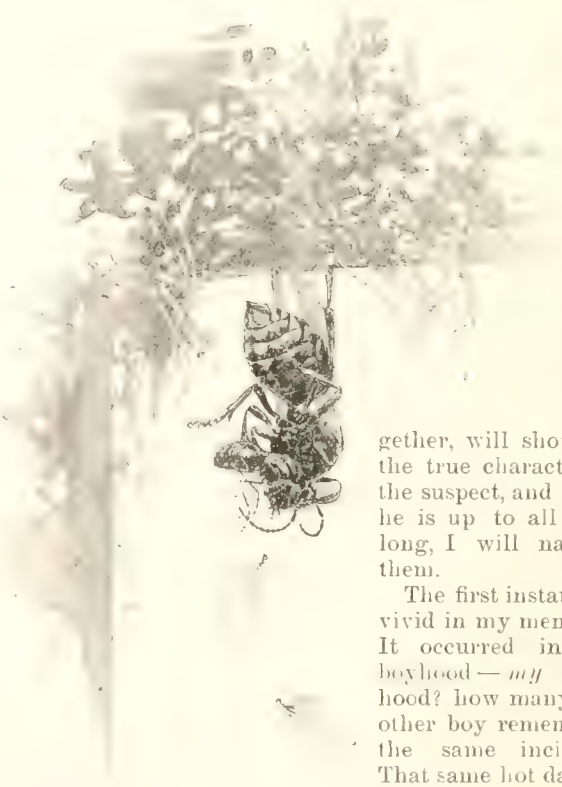
"The warrior bees, if buried underground
Shortly a brood of hornets will be found,"

writes Ovid. Another author, Cardanus, thought that a dead mule was the more likely source, which recalls the above erudite allusion of hereditary instinct of Billings.

Yes, if time-honored popular prejudice is to be accepted, the hornet is always on the rampage, always spoiling for a fight, always "mad"; and considering how many thousands of them there are abroad, and what opportunity they have of mischief, it is a wonder that poor humanity is able to put its nose out of doors with impunity.

Let us see how far this bad reputation is sustained by the facts. What is this black paper hornet (more properly wasp) doing from morning till night? Buzzing among the flowers, creeping over the bruised apple windfalls in the orchard, whirling and dodging about the window or fence or side of the house, or perhaps darting in our faces as we sit at the open window.

Two episodes which I recall, in which this white-tailed black wasp from the big paper nest was conspicuous, occur to me as I write, and as the two stories, taken together, will show us the true character of the suspect, and what he is up to all day long, I will narrate them.



THOMAS HANGS HEAD DOWNWARD.

The first instance is vivid in my memory. It occurred in my boyhood — *my* boyhood? how many another boy remembers the same incident. That same hot day in August, that same cool shadowy swimming-hole in the brook, that same gray paper nest on the overhanging branch a few rods up stream? What a tempting tar-



A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

get! How the stones flew, as safe up to our necks in water, if need be, we pelted the paper domicile! And now a lucky throw has gone straight to the mark. With a crushing thud the stone has penetrated the side and knocked off a piece of the gray wall, which falls to the stream below, exposing the tiers of paper comb, as a whirling buzzy maze, like a swarm of bees, enshrouds the mangled house. Ah, what fun! How we laughed at the sport!—for at least ten seconds. Then the tide turned, and how gladly had we possessed the art of the bull-frog, and buried ourselves in the mud until the storm blew over, for the "mad" warlike hornets were upon us. The red-hot child of Nature "was now at short range," and "stinging every chance they could get." "When you see a head hit it," seemed to be the plan of campaign, and of course the heads had to come up once in a while, and erelong were considerably enlarged, principally through inoculation, but let us hope with wisdom as well.

"A mad hornet, and only at a little boyish fun! Look on this picture, and now on this."

I have shown our hornet under exceptional circumstances when anger may be a positive virtue and a means of grace. Following are some of the every-day capers, which have not helped his reputation, as I observed them on the crowded porch of a summer hotel in the White Mountains several years ago. It was in September, and about twenty guests, mostly ladies and "summer girls," were assembled in a quiet social convention.

Suddenly there was a scream, as one of the fair ones, with a frantic, vigorous stroke of uplifted fan, distorted face, and a cross-eyed glare, clutched her roll of fancy-work and fled to the house. "Did he sting you?" asked her friend, who readily followed her in the door. "The horrid hornet!" she exclaimed. "No, he didn't sting me, but he would have done if I hadn't hit him just that minute. He flew right at me in the *ugliest* way!" The words were hardly out of her mouth when another scream was heard, followed by a general clearing of the piazza. There were now two or three "mad" hornets making themselves generally promiscuous among the guests. At the last general alarm one gentleman, an old bachelor, who sat tilted back in his chair near by, remarked, with an expression of superior disdain at such a silly exhibition of feminine weakness: "Why, ladies, the hornet won't sting you if you'll only let him alone; he has been buzzing around here for an hour, and hasn't stung anybody yet."

At this moment, as fate would have it, the roving hornet chanced to buzz around the speaker, and with a distinct object and deliberate aim plumped itself against his nose, amid a roar of laughter from the gentlemen present, and the complete discomfiture of the victim, who lost his balance and toppled over sideways upon the floor. He was now glad to follow the ladies indoors, and enjoy the fun at his expense. "Well, it might have been expected," he remarked, "after the way you have all been screaming and banging at him. You have got him mad at last, and the innocent spectator has had to suffer in consequence."

I chanced to be sitting within a few feet of the surprised bachelor, and had observed the incident. Indeed, the hornet had once or twice struck me forcibly upon my coat sleeve and shoulder. Concluding that the incident suggested an opportunity for a little pedagogic enlighten-



OFF FOR THE PAPER NEST.

"but he tried to, and I concluded not to give him a

And can you imagine a hornet failing in his intention when he gets such a good square shot as that?" I asked, further.

"Well, no," he replied; "but perhaps his venom had been expended on the ladies, by their screams I judge most of them must have been stung a half-dozen times apiece."

"If you will step out on the porch a few moments," I proposed, "I am assured you will soon be disposed to offer your apology to the industrious and innocent insect whom you have so libelled."

A cautious group soon assembled at the doorway of the piazza, and at my suggestion closely watched the antics of the hornet, which was still apparently as mad as ever, in the absence of human targets, seemingly "working off his mad" by butting his head against the clapboards along the side of the building. After a moment or two of this exercise, with a quick curvet, the insect betook himself to the roof of the piazza, where he disappeared among the bordering vines. A little cautious search soon revealed his hiding-place, however. He was hanging, head downward, by one of his hind legs, twirling some dark object in his front feet; and it needed only a little closer examination to disclose this object to be a fly, which was gradually being reduced to a pulp by the sharp jaws of its captor, a morsel, doubtless, soon to find its way to the cell of a baby hornet in some paper nest close by.

"You will now doubtless understand that precipitate onslaught on your nose," I remarked to my bachelor friend. "Rest assured that the attraction of that aquiline member alone would never have caused the panic that ensued; but you did not give our hornet the credit for the removal of that pesky fly which had been annoying you for so long, and which is even now being masticated into an unctuous pellet in some secluded corner of the piazza, or is perhaps being borne on buzzing maternal wings to the little white grub in the hornet nest yonder in the pines."

And this is all there is to the "mad" of the hornet. He is generally not half as mad as are his detractors. He is simply minding his own business, and is as busy as a bee in his own way; and if his critics will only mind theirs, there need be no fear that he will try "konklusions" with them, or even give a hint of his "javelin."

This curious episode may be witnessed by any one who will take the trouble to closely observe the wasp. The sunny side of the barn or stable is generally the favorite hunting-ground, and any one who will spend a half-hour in following the efforts of a single wasp will have to admit that he earns his living, for it is not every fly that is caught napping, and that white face with its eager open jaws must needs butt itself against the shingle many times before its quest is satisfied.

But the warlike hornet does not always content himself with such small game as a house-fly. Big bluebottle-flies are a frequent prey, and juicy caterpillars are a welcome variety in his daily diet. Even the butterfly, with a body nearly as large as his own, falls a frequent victim, the scimitarlike jaws severing the painted wings in a twinkling, either during flight, or falling one by one from its dangling retreat.

The life of the hornet, hornet, or wasp, may be briefly summed up. The females survive the winter, and in spring build a tiny comb of papery material composed of saliva and timber scraped from old gray boards and fence rail. In each cell of the comb an egg is laid, which soon hatches into a minute white grub, the sides of the cells being continued to accommodate its growth, the comb being gradually enclosed in the paper covering and enlarged as the nest cells are increased. The grub at maturity encases itself within its cell by closing the orifice with a silken veil, and soon turns to a chrysalis, and in a few days emerges as a perfect wasp. Several broods are reared in a season, the combs being extended in several layers, each suspended by a slender stalk from the centre of the one immediately above. A single nest sometimes presents as many as six or seven tiers. But the nests are much more safely examined in winter than in summer.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER III.

A YEAR passed. And now, out of one dark cloud another began to emerge.

The blooming handsome mother of twelve months ago had grown pale-faced, sad, and silent. The doctor advised a change of scene.

"Go across the lake for a while," he said; "breathe the fresh salt sea-air, and get back the roses into your cheeks."

But at the bare mention of the lake she shuddered. Everything there in her summer home would remind her of the lost child, every breeze from the sea awaken recollections of the last season spent there with the delicate baby—the lost Babette.

The old doctor, during all her life a personal friend as well as family physician, took Colonel Le Charmant aside and advised him.

"We have remedies for nearly all human ills," he said, sadly, "but your wife's complaint is not named in our books. She has a broken heart. If she remains at home, growing paler as the weeks go by, I cannot answer for the result. Take her away. Cross the ocean. Don't say you can't go. She must go. She will not go without you. You must make a business trip. She will follow you. It is the business of your life—and mine—to get her well. If you want to keep your wife with you, go. I order you to go."

And so all in a three-minute talk, without previous thought or arrangement—it was decided that the Le Charmant family would go to France. The very thought of preparing for so great a change drew the sad woman somewhat out of her grief; and as she began to go about, arranging household matters, deciding and directing all the detail of packing, the children were delighted and said, "*Mamma* is getting well."

The handsome residence at Pass Christian was sold. The city home should be closed and left in care of a trusty negro servant.

The kind-faced little French priest, old Father Philippe, came often in those troublous days, offering Christian consolation and advice, and promising to keep eyes and ears constantly and watchfully open for news.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

"The good God knows best," he would say. "Perhaps He is trying your faith, and when you can say, 'His will be done,' who knows but you may have your little one again."

But the time had not yet come when the broken-hearted mother could bow in submission to this great sorrow. After a month of preparation—a month into which so many things were crowded that it seemed scarcely a week—the day of sailing came. The children had all paid a last visit to Tante Angèle's grave in the old St. Louis cemetery, leaving tributes of love in fresh flowers and a beaded wreath of elaborate design. "The flowers will soon fade," they said, "but the wreath will keep till we come back."

They would remain abroad about a year, so the father said. But a year is long and brings many changes, and France is far away. It was in June, that heavenly month of perfect days, that they sailed. Even the sea seemed in sympathy with the gentle spirit of the low-lying peaceful shore on the fair day when they rode through the shallow mouth of the great river upon the bosom of the deep waters.

As the mother sat, sad and silent, upon deck, gazing with tear-filled eyes at the receding shore until it seemed only a low cloud, then a line of gray mist, ere it melted quite away into blank space, her heart was filled with sad misgivings. Was she moving farther from her lost child with each breath of the panting ship, or might she hope to meet her in the distant land to which she was going?

While the vessel sails away under fair June skies, the mocking-bird, unconscious of the sorrow that has closed its doors, sings his merriest song in the orange-tree at the Le Charmant home, and bright butterflies flit over the flowers on Tante Angèle's grave and light upon the beaded wreath that sways easily in the sunny breeze.

But little Babette! Where is she?

Did any one notice a tall dark figure, wrapped in a heavy gray shawl, following close behind the Le Charmants on Mardi-gras night? Surely not. Who in this merry festival would think of watching a quiet old woman in a gray shawl?

Over on the beach beyond Lake Borgne, hence "across the lake" from New Orleans, less than a hundred miles distant as the crow flies, on the north shore of Mississippi Sound, shown by tiny dots on the maps and some not represented at all, are the little summer towns that for many years have been the season's resorts for thousands of New Orleans people.

But a few years ago the only approach to these sea-shore villages was by boat, going two or three times a week until the midsummer travel demanded a daily trip. Now a railroad, taking them all in on its way to Mobile and beyond, has lifted all these summer towns, as well as the dense woodlands between them, from obscurity into the world.

Conspicuous among the winter residents scattered along this coast are the Italian fishermen, who try to save enough money from their summer trade to support their families in poverty and idleness during the cold season. The more enterprising enter the winter fish and oyster trade with New Orleans, but many prefer to lounge about their huts, drawing the seine often enough to keep the wolf from the door, and spending more of the summer's earnings for tobacco or poor whiskey than for bread, and more for garlic and red pepper than for butter.

Hidden, whether by intention or accident, in one of the most wretched of these sea-shore dwellings, removed by a closely wooded beach of several miles from any other human habitation, lived in squalid poverty the miserable family of the Italian Nicholas Nicholas. In a dense clump of oaks somewhat back from the shore-line, his low-shedded shanty sat flat upon the ground like a sitting hen with extended wings.

This miserable hovel, for his family's sake, we shall call a house. It would seem a desecration of that holier word to call it a home. And yet it was all of home that its occupants had known for years—all that the numerous brood of children who had first beheld the light of day through its two doors had ever known.

Nick's wife had once asked to have a window, so that when the weather was cold she could see to mend the fish-nets or to string pepper-pods; but Nick had only sworn and muttered something about "forgetting her raising," which cruel speech silenced her.

The meaning of his unkind reply we shall soon see. The window was never made.

But when our story takes us to this poor little dwelling, the question of doors and windows was a small matter; for in June who would stay within-doors on the shore of a Southern sea?

The net stretched out to dry in front of the cabin shakes in the gentle breeze, and the green of the pines along the beach is fresh and tender. A black-eyed baby, crawling off the heavy gray shawl spread for him upon the beach, rolls over and over in the warm sand, crowing with glee, while a group of older children raise their short skirts and wade knee-deep in the salt surf.

Another child, similarly clad, brown and handsome like the others, and yet with a difference—they are all beautiful—sits apart from the others, and gazes with thoughtful eyes out towards the sea. A bit of an old shingle lying at her side beside a deep hole in the sand shows that she has been playing in child fashion, digging wells one minute to fill them the next.

If the wind soughing in the pines sings a sad story to-day, and its plaint is all in a minor strain, it has not found its key-note in earth or sea or sky, for it is one of June's matchless days. It is the day on which the Le Charmants are setting sail for Europe.

We can almost fancy that the sea-wind gathers its notes from the heart of the sorrowing mother who sits gazing wistfully over the vessel's side, and wafts the sad chords into the forest; while the towering pines above her head catch and translate into sound the wistful look in the deep dark eyes of the beautiful child who sits apart from the others silently watching the sea. This is but a fancy, and yet, following it, we may imagine it is the meeting within the forest of these two answering strains which produces the sad but harmonious wail that charms the ear of the little child who only knows that she loves to sit and listen.

Need we say that this little one is Babette? If her people, straining their eyes from the departing vessel, could see her to-day, they would not know her. Dressed in a shrunken gown of checkered flannel, a red cotton kerchief tied loosely about her neck, with her chubby feet brown and bare, she looks a veritable little "dago," like the rest of the juvenile members of the household of Nicholas Nicholas.

The sea-wind has browned and summer's sun tanned her, and while brightening and deepening her color they have brought her golden gifts. Vigorous health, such as the loving, watchful care of mother and home had not been able to bestow, has come to her in full measure—the threefold gift of the sun, the air, and the salt sea-waters.

Besides the family whom we have mentioned—father, mother, and children—there were two other occupants of this cottage by the sea. One we recognize at a glance as the old woman who followed the Le Charmants on Mardi-gras night sixteen months ago. The other was—shall we say an old or a young man? It was hard to tell; almost as difficult as it was to say whether he was what is commonly called black or white. As a matter of color, though a pure Caucasian, he was not white, nor



DID ANY ONE NOTICE A TALL FIGURE WRAPPED IN A HEAVY GRAY SHAWL?

was he black, nor yet brown, but rather of a leathern hue, with dark blotches over neck, hands, and face.

Two-other facts regarding him are apparent, however. He is a mute; this he betrays by mysterious motions of his hands as he ties the boat up to the wharf under Nick's direction. Another fact which we soon discover is that he is mentally weak. "A foolish," Nicholas would say, indicating by a tap upon his own forehead the seat of Noute's trouble.

Who this man was, how he had gotten there, what was his real name, and how he had acquired it, were questions that no one ever answered. If Noute himself knew, he could not tell. A few things he did know, and the thing he knew best was *to obey*.

Excepting for an occasional obstinate fit, which the sinister old grandmother said came upon him at the change of the moon, Noute was uniformly docile. And he was strong of arm, and could row or sail a boat, or draw a heavy seine.

He did not mind being cursed or abused for curses and blessings were all the same to his unconscious ears; and as for being kicked when Nick was out of temper—or out of whiskey, which amounted to the same thing—well, he was slowly learning to keep out of harm's way. Even if he did get an occasional blow from Nick's boot, what was the difference?

We all have our missions. Perhaps Noute, "the foolish," thought his mission in life was to be kicked. At any rate, he accepted his fate. It will readily be seen that Noute was a most useful member of the family of Nicholas Nicholas.

He could chop more wood within a given time than any other member of the household, and he was a cheap boarder, taking his chances with the rest for daily bread, himself keeping up the supply of fish as well as fuel: and, besides, he was safe—*he could tell no secrets!*

Noute's one extravagance was tobacco, for which, if he were pressed, he would barter the clothes off his back. His appearance, however, was an obstacle to extensive trade, as nearly all the people along the beach were afraid of him. Adding to the startling effect of his blotched visage, which was made more grotesque by a pair of large ears set high up on his head, there was about him that most painful of characteristics, an absence of intellect.

His pale blue eyes, twinkling in a perpetual smile beneath a low-roofed forehead, were more apt to repel than to attract. Strange children, who looked at him shyly askance at first, would run screaming away when he began to gesticulate. The fishermen's wives alongshore regarded him with a sort of superstitious horror, and would turn their faces away and cross themselves if he passed before them.

Some said that he talked to the devil, and with the uncanny movements of his hands was working strange spells; while others, pointing to his spots, whispered of leprosy.

Indeed, the report that poor simple Noute was a leper gained such currency that even those who doubted it feared that it might be true, and kept a safe distance; so that we may easily see that the family of Nicholas Nicholas was practically quarantined.

It is hard to understand how little Babette Le Charmant, the petted child of refined and wealthy people, could have come into this miserable and most unfortunate family.

The true story, which will explain how and why the poor old grandmother followed our creole friends on that memorable Mardi-gras night, and will relate all the incidents that led to the terrible deed that brought so much sorrow in its train, will have to form a chapter all to itself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# MINNIE PROVED A MASCOT.

BY H. G. PAINE.

Part II.

BOBBY pointed to the water on their port bow; and there, looming up in the mist, rising and falling on the level ocean swells, was the big Beaver-tail buoy, so near that Bobby had almost to shake the *Minnie* to clear it.

"Ease her off and give me the sheet," he ordered Jay, as he put the helm up, and the *Minnie* fell away before the wind. "Now, *there*," he continued to Minnie, and pointing toward the right, "is Brenton's Reef, and in *there*," pointing over the port bow, "is Mackerel Cove. All I have to do is to steer between those two points to slide right in through the narrows."

"Going to put up your extra sails?" asked Minnie.

"No," replied Bobby. "They were all very well when we could see where we were going, but I'm not trying any experiments or running any risks in a fog like this."

It was more than a little hard for the youthful skipper to come to this wise decision, for the wind had so shifted since morning that he could have run in dead before the wind, instead of running free, as he would have done had the wind held exactly as it was at the start. The penetrating dampness of the fog seemed to cast a chill over their spirits, and, enveloped in their extra wraps, they sat silent in the stern sheets listening to the monotonous yet ever-varying tones of the fog-horns that the other yachts were now and again blowing in the distance, and straining their ears for the sound of breakers which should warn them of their too close approach to the shore.

Bobby held the tiller, and peered out into the impenetrable mist which blew past them in ragged gray clouds, ever and anon looking up at the little pennant on the masthead and measuring its angle with the boom. This was his only guide as to his course, and he watched it with an anxious eye.

"It seems to me," he said at last, "that those other boats are getting too far over to the right. Some of them will find themselves cast on Brenton's Reef pretty soon if they don't look out, with big holes stove in their bottoms. I tell you I shouldn't relish being wrecked a day like this. There's a very high sea on, and it must be breaking over those rocks with terrific force. It would be a brave man who would venture to rescue a boat's crew in among those breakers in such a fog."

"Isn't it possible that we are getting too far to the left?" asked Jay. "Some of those bigger boats must have compasses and charts, and all of them seem to be over in that direction, and we seem to be getting farther and farther away from them. There doesn't seem to be a single boat near us; why, we haven't had to blow our horn once."

Bobby silently reached down and opened a little locker in the stern, pulled out a long tin horn, handed it to Jay, shut the locker, and continued to study the pennant and the course of the little yacht. Sometimes he would look over the side and note the direction that the great rollers were taking that now lifted them high in air and then dropped them into the deep trough, so deep that it nearly took the wind out of their sail.

"It all depends on the wind," he said, after a long while, in which Minnie and Jay had watched his face anxiously. "If the wind is holding, I know I am on the right course. If it is shifting, and, of course, I can't be sure that it isn't, I may be steering the *Minnie* right into Mackerel Cove. But from the way the sea is running, I believe that we are making a bee-line in through the narrows; the tide is with us, as well as the wind, and



"FOAM AHOY!" SHOUTED BOBBY, AS THE SLOOP SWEPT BY LIKE A GHOST.

Boom! boom! boom! came the sound of breakers to

here, and I think I'll keep a little off this shore for

opposite shore.

Yes indeed," replied Bob, casting the lead and stand-

right. We are right in the narrows and almost home."

Boom!

Oh, Bobby, where are we?" cried Minnie.

Ready about," ejaculated Bobby, his face pale in the

to settle down over them like a dense pall of cloud. "We're in Mackerel Cove, children, but we're going to try to get out of it."

Bobby had jammed the helm hard down as he spoke, and the *Minnie* slowly responded to the lessening breeze, pointing her nose up into the wind, faltered, wavered; and then, her sail shaking to and fro with great jerks and slaps as the little craft rose and fell on the long rollers, the *Minnie* missed stays and went drifting backward, backward on toward the rocky shore of Mackerel Cove.

"Get out the oar, Jay, and pull her head around," ordered Bob. "There's a little wind left, and if we can only get the sail to draw, I think we can beat out."

Bob drew the boom well inboard, and with his hand on the tiller looked anxiously at the sail and at the shore, toward which they were drifting every moment more and more perilously near. Every stroke of the long oar in Jay's nervous grasp seemed to drive the sailboat only nearer to the destruction which, to Minnie, seemed now almost inevitable. Further and further around went the boat's head, until she was almost broadside to the great seas that were breaking now close under her quarter. Already the gallant little craft was mounting the last line of rollers, and another wave would carry and dash her and all her crew in the fierce cruel surf that crashed and roared and swirled among the merciless rocks that form the inhospitable shore of one of the most dangerous bays on the North Atlantic coast. Many a gallant vessel has left its bones to rot and bleach on that rocky beach, and many a poor fellow who has sailed in fog or storm into that long deceptive cove has never come out of it alive or dead.

The crew of the *Minnie* knew well the evil reputation of the place in which they were, and watched with breathless intensity the white sail of their boat. Would it never fill? Yes, it bellied out at last, and Bob eased off the sheet a bit, but still the boat seemed to gain no impetus. Suddenly—

"The centreboard! the centreboard!" cried Minnie; and jumping up, with both her slender hands she pushed the board down with a rush that sent the water gurgling up the well, and at the instant the black nose of the *Minnie* began to show a ripple on each side of it as, with a new hold on the water, she began to move slowly but surely ahead.

A sigh of relief went up from the trio. Minnie's thoughtful action had come not an instant too soon. Bob shuddered as he gazed at the danger they were drawing away from. Already they were in the trough of the sea that was breaking and dashing on the rocks so close [illegible] spray fell pattering on the boat. Slowly the little craft mounted the long roller, plunged into the trough, and rose slowly again to the top of one [illegible]. Not till then did Bob trust him

"Minnie," he said, "you have saved my life and Jay's, and, better than that, you have saved your own life, and [illegible] have taught me the best lesson I have ever had in all my experience as a sailor. Minnie, I—I thank you."

A great sob interrupted him. Minnie had sunk to the [illegible] the cockpit, and, her head buried in her arms, which rested on the seat, was crying as if her heart would break.

"There, don't cry, Minnie," said Jay, in a soothing tone, for Bob had suddenly to give all his attention to the boat, which now had to be put on the other tack to escape going on the rocks on one side of the long cove. This time the *Minnie* did not miss stays, but went about bravely, if still a trifle slowly, and bore away on another leg of the zigzag line that was carrying her out of the dangerous cul de-sac into which a shifting wind and Bobby's determination to give Brenton's Reef a wide berth had driven them. But Minnie's crying spell did not last long. She had soon recovered from the natural revulsion that had followed the impulsive act that had been the means of saving them all from great danger. Bobby did not say much, for he felt greatly humiliated to think that he should have neglected so important a duty at so critical a moment, and that it should have been a girl who had detected his fatal omission and had had the nerve to remedy it. Then he did not feel any too proud of his seamanship in steering the *Minnie* into Mackerel Cove in the first instance. He had set out in the morning in a very cocksure manner, boasting of his ability to vanquish the entire mosquito fleet of Newport, and here in the afternoon he was off his course, miles away from the other boats, discredited in the eyes of his companions, and exceedingly disgusted at himself.

However, as well as circumstances and the state of his mind would permit, he humbled himself before his associates.

"Scared! Don't talk about your being scared, please!" exclaimed Minnie. "If I hadn't first been scared to death, I'd never have dared to do anything to the boat when somebody else was sailing it. It was because I wasn't doing anything myself but just waiting to be drowned, I couldn't see anything but that centreboard sticking up in the air, and the instant I realized it ought to be down, I could no more have helped putting it down than I could help crying like a big baby right after."

"Well," said Bob, "all I can say is that the next time I get into such a scrape I hope there'll be some one along who can't help getting me out of it in just some such way."

Jay gave himself a shake, as if to rid himself of a dreadful nightmare. "Bobby," said he, "don't blame yourself a mite. We don't. It isn't born in any of us to be perfect, and you have behaved like a trump all the way through, and so has Minnie, and I have done the best I knew how myself. So let us just be thankful that we have escaped this danger, and keep our eyes peeled that we don't get into any more." And with these words he lifted the tin horn to his lips and blew a blast both loud and strong, which was answered almost immediately, and so near that all three jumped nervously to their feet and peered fearfully out into the fog.

The *Minnie* was now, Bob judged, about at the entrance to Mackerel Cove. Jay gave another blast on the horn. The reply came just off the port bow. Bob luffed the *Minnie*, and just in time, for instantly a great white shape loomed up in the mist but a few feet from them, yet scarcely discernible. It was the *Foam*, and at that mo-

ment, but for Bobby's prompt action, it would doubtless have been cutting its way through the side of his boat.

"*Foam* ahoy!" shouted Bob, as the sloop swept by him before the wind like some great ghost of a boat. "Where are you bound?"

"Bound home. Where are *you* going?" answered Joe Hazard.

"No, you're not; you're going straight into Mackerel Cove!" shouted Bob. "We nearly went ashore. *Come back!*" he fairly yelled, for already the white sloop was out of sight.

"You bet! We're coming." Joe Hazard's voice floated back to them from the distance as Bobby put the *Minnie* again upon her course.

"That was another narrow escape," remarked Jay, as he blew again on the horn. "I guess I'd better keep this up." And he blew again and again.

Now and then an answering blast would be heard, but nothing came within sight, and at last Bobby said, "Well, I'm going to risk it again. I feel sure that we must have cleared the mouth of the cove, and I'm going to try for the narrows again." So saying, he loosened the sheet, and sailing free he aimed for what he considered to be the direction of Fort Adams.

Suddenly, almost dead astern, came the answering blast of a horn, and looking over his shoulder Bobby saw another shadowy form of a boat—a trig little jib-and-mainsail rig, well loaded, and at the helm a brown-bearded man in a sou'wester and oilers.

"That you, Bobby? 'llo!" came a deep cheery voice.

"Yes, Captain Chester," answered Bobby. "Where are you going?"

"Goin' home; better come 'long," suggested Captain Chester, and Bobby, nothing loath, altered his course, and stood alongside the *Bonita*, which was the name of one of the ablest fishing-boats in Narragansett Bay.

"So am I going home," said Bobby.

"Yes, y' are now,"-remarked the *Bonita's* skipper; "but ye was a-goin' right inter Mack'ril Cove."

"No, I wasn't," protested Bobby. "I've just come out of there."

"That's like enough," returned Captain Chester, "but you was just a-goin' back agin. It's an easy enough thing to do if ye don't know yer way round with yer eyes shet. That's what makes th' ol' cove such a bad place—the way the wind draws round the p'int. Fool ye every time 'f ye don't know. What ye doin' out here, anyhow?" he inquired.

"It's a race," answered Bobby.

"Oh, sure 'nough!" said the Captain, with a roar of laughter, as he dropped his peak. "Waal, Bobby, I don't say as I c'n make ye win it, but I c'n show ye the way in, an' I guess that'll do very well fer ye to-day."

The three young mariners passed a vote of thanks on the spot for the Captain's magnanimous offer, and accepted it unanimously.

Fogs were as nothing to that experienced navigator, who seemed to know just how and where to steer, and keeping always near the *Minnie*, he soon led them past the Dumplings and Fort Adams, round the point, past Lime Rock light, and right into the harbor.

"Waal, I guess ye're safe now," said the Captain. "Good-by. Going right inter the dock?"

"No, sir!" replied Bobby. "Not till I finish the race!"

"Hope ye may win it," was the Captain's comment, as he stood away for his anchorage; and the *Minnie*, now she was in home waters, kept on for where it had left the judges' boat in the morning.

"*Phantom* ahoy!" shouted Bobby, as the *Minnie* passed under her stern.

"What boat's that—the *Minnie?*" said one of the judges, looking at his watch, as the little craft came about under her lee. "Well, Bobby, you've saved your bacon this time by just eight seconds. Eight seconds more, and your time limitation of seven hours would have expired; and, by-the-way, Bobby, you're the only boat in any class to finish within the limit. Congratulations, my boy. The *Minnie's* won the race!"

Bobby got the prize cup, and the *Minnie* got a new racing sail and a new set of silk colors. The *Minnie* won many a race afterward in her new rig, but she lost many a one which might have been won by taking daring and dangerous chances. For Bobby never forgot the lesson he learned that foggy August day, and to-day, if Mrs. Robert Shafter, formerly Miss Minnie Ripley, wishes to warn her husband against what she may consider any rash or unconsidered venture on his part, she has simply to remind him of that eventful day, and how Minnie proved a mascot.

## VACATION-TIME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE grammars and the spellers,
The pencils and the slates,
The books that hold the fractions
And the books that tell the dates,
The crayons and the blackboards
And the maps upon the wall,
Must all be glad together,
For they won't be used till fall.

They've had to work like beavers
To help the children learn,
And if they want a little rest,
It surely is their turn.
They shut their leaves with pleasure,
The dear old lesson books,
And the crayons and the blackboards
Put on delighted looks.

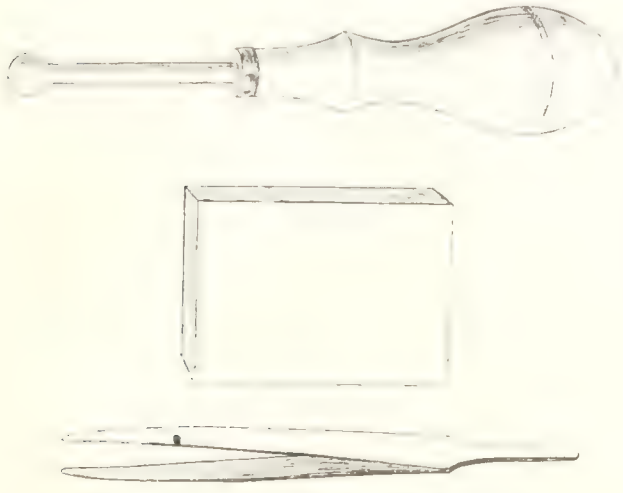
So, children, just remember,
When you are gone away,
Your poor old slates and pencils
Are keeping holiday.
The grammars and the spellers
Are as proud as proud can be
When the boys forsake the school-room,
And the teacher turns the key.

## MAKING ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

IN France, the country where idleness is unknown, there are many graceful accomplishments and merry games that are rarely heard of among us. Some of them seem to depend on French skies for their brightness, but others invite transplanting, and are attractive wherever tried.

Among the most fascinating of these little home arts is that of making flowers. Our girls already make the big fragile things of tissue-paper, but young girls in France know how easy and inexpensive it is to make the more substantial cloth flowers such as we buy at the milliner's. A touch of individual taste gives them far more grace than those of the tradespeople, and they may be used in a hundred pretty ways as decorations.

The tiny shops where one can buy rose petals by the dozen are to be found in the French quarter south of Washington Square, New York. You can find them in other cities also. A dollar properly spent there



THE GAUFFER-IRON, RUBBER BLOCK AND PINCERS

heart of whatever flower you choose, it is possible for amateurs to make almost all flowers; but marguerites and wild roses are perhaps the easiest to begin with.

A strong paste is needed first. To make it, dissolve in a cupful of water ten cents' worth of gum-arabic (you may have to break into another dollar for it). Into this stir carefully a tablespoonful of flour, making a smooth thick paste which requires no boiling, improves with age, and is good for many things besides flowers.

The other requisites are a gauffer-iron, which is to be heated like curling tongs, a plump pin cushion, a pair of pliers, a rubber block, and a spool of threadlike wire.

Marguerites are bought in three parts, the petals, the heart, and the green "sprays," or "étoiles," as the calyx is technically called. For a single marguerite take one ring of petals, and fold each petal lengthwise, pinching it between the fingers or the pliers to give it the creased effect of nature. Then put a little paste on the stem at the base of the heart, and thread the wheel of petals on by the hole in its centre. Press it against the paste, add paste to its base, and slip on the étoile, which needs no



THE READY-MADE PARTS OF THE MARGUERITE AND WILD ROSE

creasing. This finishes the marguerite, but if it looks stiff, the petals may be bent or twisted a little with the pliers.

If you wish a double daisy, use two or three rows of petals. Several rows that have been laid on the pin-cushion and hollowed out by a circling motion of the rounded rubber tool make quite a presentable chrysanthemum. The effect may be increased by snipping the petals into irregular lengths, and curling the outer ones away from the heart with the pliers. But as chrysanthemums grow just as abundantly as daisies in the shops, there is no object in using one for the other, unless to exercise one's ingenuity.

Petals and hearts for buds come in smaller sizes. The closed buds are made by simply gathering up the petals between the fingers and pressing them about the heart. The étoile is pasted up closely about them.

The shops that keep flower materials do not sell foliage, but the leaf-makers are in other little shops near by, and whimsical variations on nature are often played in the combination of leaf and flower. Even if you wish to be a faithful copyist, your more imaginative dealer may insist on your buying dandelion leaves to grace your daisy stems. Your foliage-dealer knows more about grafting than any horticulturist. The leaves are ready for binding to the flowers with your fine wire.

Rose petals may be bought in rings or apart. The rings are simplest for making a wild rose if you do not object to having six petals where nature "loves the number five." Whether ring or single petals are used, each petal is gauffered on the pin-cushion. Then, if you are making a double rose, the inner petals, which need to be



THE FINISHED FLOWERS

crumpled, are placed on the rubber block and creased and wrinkled lengthwise toward the heart with the points of the pliers. The edges of all the petals should be more or less curved by taking them between the pliers, and curling them as you would with the blade of a knife.

If you are using the ring of petals for a single rose, go on as with the marguerite, but if you are using separate petals, paste them one at a time about the heart, making the rose as double or single, open or closed, as you please. The calyx, or "ariegne," corresponding to the étoile of the marguerite, is gauffered and pasted to the base of the petals; then the little green cup or calice is slipped on to finish all.

The green rubber tubes which cover the stems of the best artificial roses are pulled on at the last up to the base of the calice; they increase the expense, but add infinitely to the grace of the flower.

If you have found this outline clear enough to help you make a handful of blossoms, you may crown the flower-maker's tendency to queer combinations by pushing the slender swaying stems into a potato. If they are planted a little apart, so that they swing free and do not crush one another, this holds them better than anything else while they dry. The potato may be put bulb-like into any decorative vase, and some one is sure to say, "I thought they were real!"

## ABOUT BRIDGES.

EVERY boy who reads Cæsar's history of the Gallic war remembers longer than any other part of it, except the first sentence, the description of the bridge which this great General built across the Rhine during his campaign against the Germans. This description is so hard reading for the average boy, who spells it out with the help of a Latin dictionary, that the bridge is one of the best known that was ever built, though it was finished out of tree trunks in a few days, and lasted not much longer than it was building. Cæsar's work of logs would seem a very simple affair in these days of steel suspension and cantilever bridges, though most of the bridges of the world have been built on much the same pattern as his. That is to say, supports usually have been sunk in the bed of the stream, and timbers or stone arches have rested on them. Suspension and cantilever bridges are very different. In the first the bridge is hung between tall towers by means of cables anchored at the shore and passing over the tops of the towers, which stand on the banks. You can make a very good suspension-bridge in your back yard out of two stout posts, a hammock, and ropes to stretch over the tops of the posts and fasten to the fences.

A cantilever is another ingenious way of bridging a stream in which it is not desirable to build piers, either because the banks are too high and the stream too rapid, as at Niagara, or because too many piers in the stream would be in the way of boats, as at Poughkeepsie, where a fine cantilever-bridge crosses the Hudson many feet above it. You can make a small cantilever-bridge out of two stout planks, each reaching part way across a brook. If you load the shore ends heavily with stones, the other ends, which meet over the middle of the brook, will hold up your weight. There is a fine cantilever-bridge at Niagara, and there are others in this country; but most of the great ones are in Europe, while the longest suspension-bridges are in the United States.

One of the finest of the new bridges is the Tower Bridge over the Thames in London, which was formally opened by the Prince of Wales on June 30th, and which is shown in the pictures on this page. This bridge has been eight years in building, is 940 feet long, and has cost five and a half million dollars. The surface of the Thames is not far below the street level, and the river is filled with boats which must pass up and down. To build the bridge so high that boats could sail under it would mean beginning its approaches far back from the river, and running them up with a steep grade. The usual draw-bridge, in which the central part turns half



THE NEW TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON.



THE TOWER BRIDGE, WITH DRAW HALF RAISED.

way round to allow vessels to pass, would mean no bridge at all during a great part of the time, as the Thames at this point is a very busy river. It was therefore decided to build a new kind of bridge, with a carriage road which folds up out of the way when boats are passing, and a foot-bridge 135 feet in the air, which can be crossed at all times by the use of elevators in the tall towers at either end of the structure. It is this walk in mid-air, reached by elevators, which makes the Tower Bridge different from all other great bridges in the world.

The carriageway, which is 29 feet above the river, is built on the plan of a seesaw, or of a cantilever, which, instead of remaining solid all the time, allows the short and heavily weighted shore end to drop down into a chamber, and so tilt up the long end over the water. In the new London bridge the short end of the cantilever is hidden in the tower, where it moves up and down without being seen, while the two halves of the bridge proper tip up their hundred feet of length until they rest upright against the towers. These two ends are called bascules, and they are patterned after little bridges which are common across the canals of Holland. The Dutch bridges are made from wooden beams resting like seesaw planks across the tops of posts, and the shore ends are pulled down with chains to lift the middle of the bridge for boats to pass under. The Tower Bridge is built of steel, and cost as much, probably, as all the wooden bridges in Holland put together, but it is very much like them, nevertheless.

The Tower Bridge is the handsomest of all the recent bridges in Great Britain, though it is not by any means the longest. The fine new cantilever railway bridge across the Firth of Forth in Scotland is one and a half miles long. It was begun in 1883, and was finished four years ago. It cost $16,000,000, or three times as much as its London rival, and more than 50,000 tons of steel were used in its construction. The height of the cantilever piers on which the bridge is balanced, like a ruler on an ink-well, is 209 feet. This bridge is rightly called one of the greatest pieces of steel construction in the world.

In America the most important bridge is the beautiful one suspended 135 feet in the air between New York and Brooklyn. It is 5989 feet long, and 85 feet wide, while the distance between the towers, which rise 276 feet high on either bank of the East River, is 1595 feet, or considerably more than a quarter of a mile. This great bridge was begun in May, 1870, and opened in May, 1883. It cost $15,000,000 to construct. The weight of its great cables and the bridge slung from them is 6470 tons, and the bridge is built to carry a load weighing 1740 tons. It probably will be a long time before the East River bridge will be surpassed either in size or beauty,

[illegible] be more than two miles long, wide enough for six railway trains to cross abreast, and [illegible]

## PIERRE, THE DRUMMER BOY

BY PAUL HOLT

DU DUR, a gloomy defile leading to a height of 6750 feet, swept by Alpine storms and avalanches. Along precipices that hugged this mountain-side like a mere thread, and where sure-footed mules sometimes plunged into the black gulfs below, the soldiers filed along, not only burdened with musket and knapsack, but carrying in addition five days' rations and a weight of ammunition. It was part of the army which Napoleon had ordered to march across the Alps into Austrian territory. After the deep defile of Via Mala had been passed, the road passed through the valley of the Thams, then wound up the cold cliffs of La Raffla, passing over the very peak of the mountain, nearly 7000 feet above the level of the sea.

A succession of snow-storms had so blocked up the path that a single man would not have made the attempt to penetrate where General Macdonald proposed to carry his army. The guides were sent on in advance to thrust long poles in the snow so as to indicate the road, while behind them strong relays of infantrymen wielding shovels cleared the path. Following these workmen came the cavalry on their powerful horses to beat down the track and make better walking for the foot-soldiers.

Suddenly a low moaning was heard, then it grew louder, and the next moment the wind swept a cloud of snow through the defile, wrapping infantry, cavalry, and artillery in its folds. The soldiers crouched, listening to the tempest that roared about them, threatening to loosen the rocks which overhung their heads.

After a time the wind died away moaning through the gorge below, the snow-cloud settled, and a beam of sunlight shot across the cheerless cañon.

"Beat the advance, Petit Tambour," said a tall soldier riding a powerful horse just in the rear of the cavalry.

"Oui, mon Général," responded little Pierre Giroux, raising his drumstick to his cap; then, stepping on a hillock of drifted snow, he awoke the echoes of the wild pass with the lively rattle of his drum. A moment later the soldiers were again in motion, the guides plodding through the increased depths to place their sentinel poles.

The big soldier who had first spoken was General Étienne Jacques Joseph Alexandre Macdonald, one of the bravest of Napoleon's officers.

As the little twelve-year-old drummer walked proudly along by the side of his beloved commander, beating away as merrily as though he were passing in review at the head of his regiment through the gayly decorated streets of Paris on a fête-day, he would occasionally, at a word from his General, change the tattoo of the march for the quicker rolling of the charge when an unusually steep or dangerous pass was encountered.

Suddenly a white shape was seen bounding down the side of the mountain.

"An avalanche!" cried the guides; but before the cry of alarm and warning could be passed along, it leaped across the path and swept on into the gulf below, carrying thirty of the troopers and their horses with it. For a moment the dark forms of animals and men were outlined in the air, then they disappeared.

When the rush was passed, a cry was raised. "Pierre! Pierre! Where is the little drummer Pierre?"

Inquiry was made from rank to rank, the cavalrymen searched among their horses, and the shovellers frantically probed several snow-slides that had accompanied the avalanche and blocked up the path near where the [illegible] had been last seen. Then, as the hardy veterans realized his fate, tears started to their eyes.

All at once, far below in the shadows of the cliff, sounded the faint roll of a drum.

"He's alive! Our Pierre's alive!" cried the excited soldiers, as they crept to the edge of the cliffs and tried to see into the gloom.

"Silence!" said the General, moving forward to the precipice and throwing himself down so that his head overhung the ledge. He listened for a moment to the tapping of the drum that came up out of the darkness. Then he directed a soldier to send a company of grenadiers to him with long ropes. After ordering the men near him to fall back so as to be out of the way of those employed, Macdonald threw off his military cloak. Guessing his purpose, the soldiers swarmed about their General, begging him not to risk his life, but to permit any one of them to undertake the almost hopeless task of rescue.

"Peace," cried the brave Macdonald. "My soldiers are my children, and where is the father who would not risk his own life to save his son?" And his men were obliged to obey in silence.

Adjusting himself in a loop made in one end of the rope, the General gave directions to the grenadiers about to lower him, then swung himself off the dizzy height.

Now that he is not there to hold them in subjection with the mere flash of his eye, the anxious soldiers made their way to the edge of the rocky shelf and watched him swinging in mid-air below them.

Down and down the soldier sank, and soon he was completely out of sight. Still the rope ran out through the strong hands of the grenadiers, and still the sound of the charge floated up from below. Twice the line was stopped for a few moments in order to have new lengths added to it, and then, when the General had been completely swallowed by the darkness, and when the end of their last length of rope was almost reached, the grenadiers began to cast anxious glances at one another. Suddenly the strain upon the line ceased, and they knew that Macdonald had reached the end of his journey.

The sound of the drum had ceased. "Has he found him?" "Is he much hurt?" "How came it that he escaped being dashed to pieces after that frightful fall?" were some of the questions that the soldiers whispered while they waited, lying at full length on the ledge, watching the spot where the rope melted into the gloom.

Then there came three jerks upon the line, the signal agreed upon. The next instant strong arms were rapidly hauling in the rope to the buzzing accompaniment of the excited soldiers. Twisting and wriggling, the line crept over the edge and coiled itself in an undulating mass behind the workers.

All at once a confused shape came out of the shadow, mounting higher and higher.

"Has he the boy? Can you see anything of the child?" they called from group to group. But the early twilight of the winter afternoon added to the natural darkness, and it was not until the heroic soldier had been lifted close up to the edge that the little drummer was seen clinging to the neck of his General, who had bound him to his back with the leather sling that once supported his drum.

When the two were dragged to safety away from the edge, such a shout of joy rolled through the pass and over the snow-clad summit that it seemed as though the Austrians might be able to hear it.

The General had found poor little Pierre in a great drift of yielding snow where he had fallen, and to which he owed his life. Around him in various directions, more or less buried under the white canopy, were the dead

bodies of the troopers. When Macdonald reached the lad his drum-sticks had fallen from his hands, and he was sinking into a deadly sleep under the influence of the cold.

As the General and his officers chafed the unconscious form of the drummer-boy, the artillerymen broke up an ammunition box and started a fire near their chief, and Pierre soon opened his eyes, and fixed them with a look of gratitude and devotion upon the one who bent so tenderly above him; then a smile crossed his face as he murmured,

"We've been under fire and snow together, my general?"

"Yes, my child," replied Macdonald; "and nothing but death shall ever part us now."

Years after that, on the bloody field of Wagram, where Napoleon desperately struggled, and upon the issue of which battle rested the fate of his empire and his crown, Pierre Giroux, grown to be a gallant aide-de-camp to his beloved General, took at Macdonald's side the frightful baptism of shot and shell that ploughed through the ranks of the French as they swept forward to pierce the Austrian centre, carrying with it the destiny of the Emperor. And when, with seven hundred men, all that was left of the mighty column of sixteen thousand veterans with which he had commenced the charge, Macdonald hurled himself upon the masses of the Archduke Charles and drove them into a retreat, Pierre wept for very joy, because he realized that *his* General had saved France and Napoleon, and that all the world would know it.

## MR. PRESIDENT.

BY REV. JAMES M. LUDLOW, D.D.

"SAY, Uncle John," cried Tom Turner, rushing half out of breath into the library, "we've got the society started, and the fellows have elected me president!"

"Good for you, my boy!" said Uncle John, taking off his glasses, pinching his eyes as if to get the bookish thought out of them so that he might take a good look into the fine face of the lad. "I congratulate you, Tom; for if the boys think well of you it is probable that men will too by-and-by."

"I hope so," replied Tom, "for I do want to amount to something when I am a man; and I don't believe that half of the fellows around here will know enough to earn their sole-leather."

Tom was a nice boy, but a little conceited, and decidedly pushy. His uncle knew the lad's failing. He drew him to his side—always a soft side for Tom.

"So you are Mr. President. Did you ever think of being your own president, my boy?"

"I don't understand you," said Tom, trying to read the quizzical look in his uncle's face.

"What does president mean? What does he do, Tom?"

"Why, he keeps order according to the rules; and if the fellows don't speak to the point he stops them right off; at least that's what I am going to do. See, here is our constitution and by-laws."

"They look like good ones," said Uncle John, glancing over the well-written pages. "Now you see what I mean by being president to yourself. Get up a constitution of the best sort of principles, make out a by-law list of the best things you ought to do day by day, and then make yourself stick to them. Never let yourself get out of order. I want you to learn how to moderate yourself. You know some societies call their presidents moderators—a good name. By-the-way, I was just reading something in the paper about Admiral Benham which illustrates what I want to say. You remember that he threatened to fire on Da Gama's ships a few months ago down in the harbor at Rio de Janeiro. Some naval officers were discussing the wisdom of doing that, when one of them spoke up: 'Let old Benham alone. You can trust him to do the right thing every time; for you know he is such a *moderate sort of man*.' I suppose the officer meant that Benham was a man who could use moderation; didn't get rattled nor unduly mad; commands himself as well as he commands his ship; was his own moderator, his own Mr. President."

"I see," said Tom. "Benham is a brick. We decided that in the old debating society out of which we made the new one; for we discussed the war in Brazil."

"By-the-way, Tom, I overheard you debating with Bob King the other day."

"Yes, and didn't I floor him nicely? He can't debate worth shucks. I never heard such awfully lame arguing."

"I agree with you, Tom, that Bob had the worst of the argument. He had hold of the poorer end of the stick; the facts were with you rather than with him. But, Tom"—and Uncle John put his arm about the boy and gave him a gentle tickle in the ribs, a way he had when he was about to say something that the boy would not like; as Tom said, it was putting on a poultice before he made the cut, but he didn't wince—"yes, Tom, you had the best of the argument, but you didn't get the best of *Bob*."

"How could that be if I got the best of the argument?"

"Why, because you didn't make *Bob* see that you had the better side; you didn't convince your opponent."

"That's because he is such a dunderhead," said Tom, contemptuously. "He couldn't see the points though they struck him like forked lightning."

"No, Tom; it was rather because you blunted your points as fast as you made them by driving them at Bob so viciously. You stirred up all his stubbornness. He thought you were immoderate and trying to bulldoze him by your vehemence. If you hadn't got mad with him, and had quietly stated your side, he would have said you were right, and have learned to take stock in you as a superior fellow."

Tom looked a little miffed; but his uncle's hearty laugh and another loving dig in the ribs restored his good nature.

"I see," said Tom, "what you are driving at. I will try to keep myself in order."

"I know you will, my boy; and then you will make a good president of the club."

"Thank you, uncle," said the lad as he slipped away. There was just a little impatience in the way he said this, like that of a young colt who tosses his mane before he gets down to his regular paces.

## A STRATEGIC MOVEMENT.

THE boys who are brought up under a military system certainly learn the art of strategy. This was well illustrated in Prussia some years ago in the following manner:

The receptions of a certain Prussian general's wife were for some reason uncongenial to the youths under his command, and unfrequented by them. The general, a strict martinet, was imprudent enough to reproach them with their shortcomings in this matter, and to demand a change in their manners.

At his very next ball, when all the guests were assembled, the tramp, tramp of marching feet was heard upon the staircase, the door was thrown open, and there marched into the room a whole corps of cadets, who, with their young officer at their head, halted, and stood at attention.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the general.

"The first corps of cadets, to dancing commanded!" replied the youth, saluting as though on parade.

"Take them away!" screamed the general, beside himself with rage.

"Right about face, march!" was the calm and unmoved answer, and the cadets marched out in the same order as they had entered.

# THE EVERSOMUCHES



I KNEW [illegible] I [illegible]
[illegible] I have been Dutch:
She was good, but she was such a tiresome old soul
[illegible]

[illegible] more or less, the Eversomuches:
Here was one who was lame, and who went upon crutches;
Two were little and big, and the sizes between;
There were two of them twins—that is, *two pair*, I mean.



Well, our family had moved out of town for the summer,
And I had to go back there to speak to the plumber
And pay a few bills; and I happened to meet
That old Mrs. Eversomuch on the street.

She was *so* glad to see me, and so very hot,
That I said something pleasant, I hardly know what;
'Tis so easy to say things, I possibly may
Have said, "All of you come out and see us some day!"



She smiled and she nodded, but who would have dreamed
That she thought people were as polite as they seemed?
Dear me! the last thing that could enter my head
Was that she should imagine I meant what I said!



But she did. And one day I was just going out,
And getting my things on and hurrying about,
When my husband called up to me: "Look down the lane!
Who are all this crowd coming up from the train?"

It was really the fam'ly of Eversomuches,
In their Sunday best clothes, with a few extra touches!
"How tiresome! How could they?" I said: "What a bore!
Jane must say I am out. I'll go out the side door."

"How fortunate it is that I have on my things!
I'll be down the back street by the time the bell rings!"
But that little plan was completely upset,
For at the side door the whole party I met!



What made them go round there I'm sure I can't tell,
For the front door they must have seen perfectly well!
I tried not to look as provoked as I felt;
And, indeed, when I saw them, I *did* rather melt.



They looked pretty tired, coming up in the sun,
And I knew they expected to have so much fun.
If I'd really gone out I'd have been a great sinner;
So I asked them all in, and to stay and have dinner.

I reflected there was not much dinner to eat;
'Twas too late in the morning to get up a treat;
But I opened some cans of tomatoes and corn,
So they might have enough, though 'twas rather forlorn.

But we really successfully got through the day:
The children had fun in the meadow with hay.
I was glad for the sake of the one upon crutches
I liked him the best of the Eversomuches.



The older ones sat in the hammocks and swings,
And looked over photograph albums and things;
Their mother was rocking and fanning all day,
And I just let her say all she wanted to say.

And they *did* enjoy dinner! Of course I was glad;
I only had hoped it would not be *too* bad;
But I could not help thinking of what it must be
To keep such a family regu-lar-ly.



No wonder, I thought, with a sign of compassion,
They can't always dress in the height of the fashion!
When you think of the things they must want, I declare,
It's enough to drive Crœsus himself to despair!

Well, I got them all off by the five-o'clock train,
And asked them, sincerely, to do it again.
And they said that they would, and that then they could bring
The baby, who didn't come this time, poor thing!

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# BONIFACIO'S HORSE-THIEF.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

"UNO, *dos, tres, cuatro, cinco!*" Five big white silver dollars!

Bonifacio held his breath as he clinked them together, and then reached down and pinched his leg to see if they were wide-awake dollars or only a dream. Ouch! Evidently they were no dream. And what a remarkably handsome lady, despite the rather severe expression of her face, was this who gazed off sideways from them as if looking for the next one! But five *pesos!* It was more money than he had ever seen before in his life. He even doubted if Don Pablo had so much, with all his big house and herds and hundred *peons*.

Bonifacio walked slowly up the dusty road, tipping the wonderful disks from one hand to the other, and with a very serious expression upon his chubby face. Evidently he was not one of those who lose their heads at sudden wealth. Not he; why, he would have been just as demure about it if there had even been *six* dollars!

No, he would not buy a horse. He could ride whenever he liked, anyhow; and it was better to get something new. Besides, Paca must have half of it, though girls didn't know very well what to do with money, and were apt to spend it foolishly. And with the remainder maybe he would get — well, say a six-shooter! That *would* be pretty fine, eh? Or it would be better to buy a calf, then presently he would have a herd, and be as great a man as Don Pablo.

Trudging along with these serious questions seesawing in his brain—first the six-shooter up, and then the calf—he was around the corner close to the huddled adobes of Tajique almost before he knew it. "She will be at the *hera*," he said, with a start, and turned off to a little hill on the right, where the threshing sent up its cloud of dust to the parched sky. Here was a circular floor of hard-pounded adobe, fenced with lashed poles, and in its centre a great stack of wheat. Inside the fence a flock of forty goats was being driven round and round unceasingly, like a living wheel, trampling a bed of straw. Every now and then a man with a rude fork flung more wheat from the stack to the floor; and sometimes they sent the goats flying about in the opposite direction. As Bonifacio approached, a woman let down one of the cross poles, and the goats came scampering out of the enclosure and fell to eating the chaff at one side.

"Here, thou!" called old Pancho. "Come and help winnow. What is this, that boys go idle when there is so much to do?"

To work just now, in the face of his great wealth, was the last thing Bonifacio desired. But Mexican boys are not used to saying no to the command or request of any one older; and so, though Pancho was not even a *primo* of his grandfather, the boy picked up a forked



day nicknames termed "sawed off." Soon

"Mi abuelo!" cried Paca. "No! *any* place, señor. Only down the road a so-little, chasing butterflies. But

"Thousands! What riches! And we need money so much! But how was this? In the road surest? Then some one will have dropped it. Who could it be?"

"I don't know. Only it was in the road." "Oh yes," added with supernatural gravity, "yes, it was the *Americano* who came from the way of the *cabanas* this morning."

"I ashamed," cried Paca. "Of whom else could it be? Who else carries so much money but the *Americanos?* Go, rascal, and seek him, to see if it is his."

Bonifacio hesitated a moment, with a pleading look, and two big drops rolled down his cheeks. It certainly was hard to tumble from affluence to poverty so suddenly. But then he set his lips bravely, and marched off along the uncertain foot-path without a word.

The *Americano* was standing in front of the little trading-store. He was a tall bearded fellow in sadly worn horse-hide coat and leggins, and with a big six-shooter at his belt. A Winchester hung at the horn of his saddle; and the aspect of the handsome horse that stood in the street, untied, indicated that he and his master understood one another very well.

"Hey? Yo' found it in the road, and 'llowed 'twas mine?" the stranger ejaculated on hearing Bonifacio's stammering message. "I hope I never may see the back o' my neck! Say, Gow!" calling to the storekeeper, "yere's a little Mexican rat as hez fetched me five dollars I lost on the road. Yo' w'uldn't do no sech a trick, wud yo'? Well, yo' kid! Yo're the first white man I've seen in a week! Ef yo' reck'n yo' kin handle them shiners, jest yo' freeze to 'em. I done lost 'em, and we'll jest 'llow I spent 'em. Stick 'em down in yo'r clo'es!"

Bonifacio looked open-eyed at the stranger. This was a very good man, certainly; but he must be a little wrong in the forehead. Giving away five dollars! Why, Don Pablo never did such a thing in his life; and as for Gow, he would foreclose a mortgage for less!

"*Gracias*, señor," he stuttered. "But are you sure? Probably you will need it."

"Go and take et to yo'r mammy, kid!" and the big Texan turned to cinch up his saddle, while Bonifacio fairly flew down the street, with a face quite transfigured. He felt twice as rich as before, for now there was no question about it.

"Good-day, Don Abran!" he sang out gayly, as he pattered past a tumble-down adobe at the corner. But Don Abran, squatted in his doorway, only scowled. It was all very well for these irresponsible brats to go smiling all over; *they* didn't know the burdens of life. But *he* saw nothing to smile at. Surely there never was such an unlucky man in the world before. Everybody admitted that.

It was a very quiet lonely country, over there on the east slope of the Manzanos, looking out to the boundless plains, and trouble rarely came near. But when it did, it was sure to pick out Abran. No one else ever lost animals, save now and then one by the bog [illegible] or a bear; but a dozen times within current memory Abran's [illegible] burro-skin ponies and his blind mule had been stolen. It was true that in the long-run he had not been the loser. On the contrary, the three sorry hacks had swelled to a score of animals, and among them were several very fine horses, which shows how much can be saved from disaster by using one's brains and eyesight. Just now the dark-browed gentleman in the doorway was groaning inwardly. Over this? Oh no! He was wishing some one would happen along to steal his horses.

The next morning's sun was barely cracking from behind the peak of the Pedernal, ninety miles down the plain, when Bonifacio was already some leagues up the mountain, carelessly riding the old blaze-faced sorrel. Volante suddenly pricked up his ears and whinnied vociferously. He had made no mistake, for in an instant there came an answer from away off to the right.

"You old silly!" cried his rider. "But at least I will see what horses they are, and maybe the burros are with them." Volante needed no guidance, and in a matter of three minutes was rubbing noses across a brush fence with an attenuated buckskin.

As for Bonifacio, he acted as if glued to his seat. His big eyes were bigger than ever, and the mischievous face was twisted to a solemnity that would have fitted a judge upon the bench. What on earth could it all mean?

It was a peculiar spot. The ravine, down which a brief torrent ran in time of rains, headed here in a miniature "box cañon"—a natural "blind alley" shut on three sides by overhanging ledges. In front two big pines had been felled so that they closed the ravine, all but a narrow passage, which was now piled full of brush. But this was not what gave the boy so perplexed a look.

"Don Abran's broncos!" he mused, wagging his head. "What are they shut up here for, where is neither water nor grass, and so far from home? Why, no one would ever find them, unless knowing the way! And the corral is much used too, for the ground is worn out with their hoofs. *Adios!* It cannot be!" he cried, suddenly changing color a little. And he pounded his heels with might and main upon Volante's lean ribs, while his eyes fairly snapped with excitement.

It was nearly six in the evening when a big bearded fellow, riding slowly down Dead Man's Cañon behind two patient-footed pack-mules, drew rein and turned about at a clatter of hoofs and a shrill hail from the rear. A disreputable-looking sorrel, plastered with foam and dust, and a hardly immaculate boy drew alongside.

"My leg!" laughed Hank, after a puzzled stare. "What yo' doin' yere, kid? Find some more?"

"No, señor," the boy stammered. "But I think you—you—will be killed."

"Who? *Me?* Wot with, yo' little grasshopper?" And the big fellow laughed again. He 'llowed it would be some time before Happy Hank was in any such box as *that!* Twenty years in the mining camps and cow camps of the frontier are *apt* to give one the notion that one is danger-proof.

"Oh, but you know not Abran! He is not so strong as you, señor, but very sly. And he is very bad, too. No one says anything, for he is ugly. But all have seen that whenever a stranger passes this way, where so few come, and if his horse is good, or his rifle, or if he shows money, then in the act Abran's horses are lost. He is very angry, and makes much noise of seeking them. But when they are not found he swears: '*Claro!* That Gringo who passed here yesterday, *he* is the thief!' Then he gets a horse and takes his rifle and starts off on the trail. And in a day or two he comes back riding the

stranger's horse, and with the stranger's rifle, sometimes even wearing his hat and boots. Behind him come following his own horses. So no one can answer anything when he says: 'Si, he *was* the thief! I overtook him yonder driving off my beasts, and when I demanded them he shot at me. Then, of course, I could do nothing but kill him. It is a thing unpleasant, but we must protect our own.' Thus says Abran; and no one dares dispute him, since he brings back the horses for proof. But many wink the eye, and say apart, 'Ay! but with having his beasts robbed, Abran grows rich!' As for me, I never dared think it. But this very morning I found a secret corral in the mountain, where he hides his animals that they may seem stolen; and when I saw them there I understood it was for you, señor, so I came to tell you."

Bonifacio stopped, quite out of breath with the longest speech he had ever made in his life. The stranger reached from horse to horse, and gave him such a slap on the back as made him wince.

"'F I never see the back o' my neck!" he growled. "Yo' do beat my time. How old are yo'?"

"I don't know, señor. Perhaps Don Pedro knows, since he was my godfather."

"'Bout 'leven, I reckon. Waal, yo've got head enough fur a man, and I hope never to strike a pay-streak again ef yo' *ain't* one and a *white* one! Ez fur Mister Abran, we'll more or less discumfigurate *his* game. He might 'a' potted me, though, easy as lyin' abed, from behind. Now yo' salt down this yere dust, then we'll play back, and let Mister Slick run his nose into trouble."

He drew from an inner pocket a small buckskin bag, and thrust it into Bonifacio's hand. It was astonishingly heavy for its size.

"What is it?" asked the boy, stupidly.

"Hey? Don't yo' know the feel o' gold-dust? Thet's fur yo' to take home, with the best ree-gards o' Happy Hank fur a plucky kid he hez reason to thank."

"Oh, señor!" and Bonifacio's tone was choky. "Please not! I did not come to be paid, but because you are so good. And already we have a *deal* of money—five dollars! So that Paca is to have a new *manta*, and I think I shall buy a six-shooter."

"Waal, I'll be—never mind, kid, I didn't go fur to hurt yo'r feelin's. Why, *this* ain't nothin'! See them mules? Waal, their four *chipas* carries about seventeen thousan' dollars, nigh ez I kin reckon it, in gold-dust. I struck it rich in the Oscuros, and now I'm gettin' to Albukerk with the clean-up. Ef it hedn't 'a' been fur yo', thet Abran might 'a' got the whole outfit — and me too. Don't be a fool, now. I ain't *payin'* yo'—I *couldn't*. This is jest friendly. An' yere's a better six-shooter 'n yo'd likely get fur three dollars, and it's an extry load in my saddle-bag, seein' I got one in my belt. *Take* 'em, now—or I'll jump down yo'r throat!"

Bonifacio had to laugh at the thought of such an extraordinary acrobatic feat; and he took the proffered gifts, the gold a little reluctantly still. But what frontier boy could refuse a six-shooter—and *such* a one, big, and silver-mounted, and with an ivory grip?

"Now," said the miner, "it's sundown, and it gits dark early yere in the cañon. By wot yo' say o' yo'r *amigo*, I don't 'llow he'll tackle a consumptive-lookin' feller like me till he hez everything comin' his way. Right yonder's a dead-proper place to camp, and we'll sort o' bait it up fur him."

At seven o'clock it was quite dark down there in the high-walled, deep-wooded gorge. There was no sound save the far wail of a wild-cat, nor token of anything astir in the cañon.

At eight a dark face peered from the bushes under the north cliff, and two restless eyes swept the woods. Just in front was a flickering camp fire, whose unsteady light revealed a horse picketed with two mules, a saddle and two packs piled under a tree, and pillowed on them, with heavy boots to the fire, a recumbent figure.



TIPPING THE WONDERFUL DISKS FROM ONE HAND TO THE OTHER

"Sleep well!" muttered Abran, between his teeth. There was a click in the bushes; and a slender object slowly straightened out before him as one keen eye ran along the dark barrel.

*Crack!* At the report of the rifle the horse and mules plunged and snorted, but the prostrate figure did not move. Only there was a faint low groan. Abran watched catlike for a moment, and then leaped out into the firelight, a long knife gleaming in his hand. But even as he pounced upon his victim there was a rustle in the branches overhead, and some one dropped on the assassin's back.

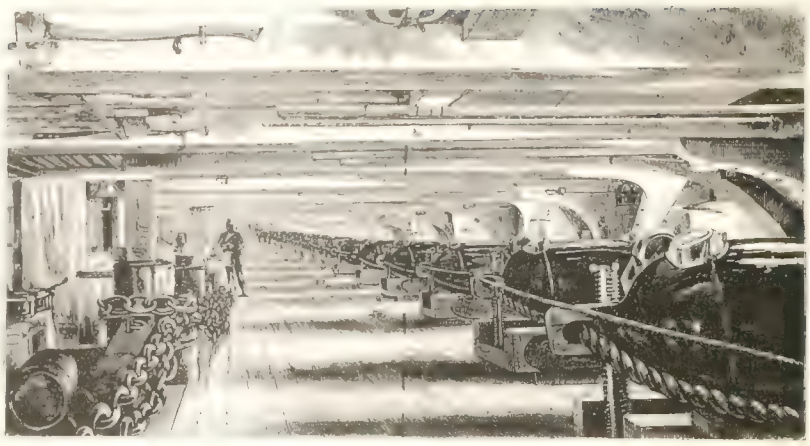
"Yo' need a guar*deen*, *I* 'llow!" chuckled Hank, when he had bound his prisoner securely. "To git ketched thet-a-way with a trick older 'n the seventeen hills! I ought to blowed yo'r head off, an' I shore would, ef 'twa'n't fur the kid. Yo're a plum nuisance, but I'll jest lug yo' in to Albukerk for the sake o' seein' ef they *will* give yo' a spell in the pen. An' ef they don't, I'll make yo' wisht they *hed*."

That was several years ago, and some changes have come in that time even to the sleepy out corners of New Mexico. But since the day Bonifacio took a certain long ride there have been no more complaints of "stolen horses" about Tajique, and no more mysterious disappearances of strangers who passed that way. If there were any such lawlessnesses, I am sure they would be promptly corrected, for the new alcalde of the village is no such sleepy-head as they had there when I was younger, nor any such stuffed pomposity either. No! Though to have become alcalde is the height of human ambition in such a village, the new man is not a bit puffed up, but smiles, and calls out: "*Como le va*, Don Carlos?" as affably as you can imagine, when I lope by with:

"*Á dios*, Don Bonifacio!"

# THE LAST DAYS OF THE OLD NAVY.

By [illegible]



AN OLD-FASHIONED GUN-DECK WITH ITS ROWS OF STARTLING CANNON.

Up anchor for home, comes the order. The bo'sn and his mates get together and their shrill whistles send the electric news throughout the ship, and the homesick tars respond with eagerness. If it is an old ship of the navy, the men get out the capstan bars, and with a jolly swing they race around and around, as the anchor comes up. If it is a new ship, with modern appliances, the anchor comes up by steam. But in either case the sailors are homeward bound, and as the ship begins to ripple the water, out from the mast breaks the pennant that proclaims duty on a foreign station is ended, and that it won't be long before they are in what most of the sailors and a great many other persons call "God's country."

This is what takes place when one of the ships of the navy has finished a cruise of three years in foreign waters. Glad as is the home coming on all these occasions, there has been an element of pathos in recent years, because the return has marked the last service of many of our most historic vessels. In other words, the wooden ships of our navy, splendid mistresses of the sea in their time, are one by one dropping away, and with their passing also passes much of the memory of their service, the storm and stress of their existence, the romance of their years. Sailor Jack dearly loves his ship, and if she has a history, loves her all the more. Therefore it is that the home-coming of a vessel for the last time has a sort of bitter-sweet effect on Jack.

The most recent of these sad home-comings was the return of the *Lancaster* to the New York Navy-yard in June of this year. After an honorable service of thirty-six years she was brought back, and now lies, stripped of all her glory, in the navy-yard, and practically dead.



THE HULK OF THE "LANCASTER."

Had she been wrecked she could scarcely present a more forlorn appearance than she does now. Although the *Lancaster* spent most of her time in the civil war on the Pacific station, and her sister ships did most of the hard fighting, one may call to mind that over their decks and through their rigging have the roar and screech of shot and shell sounded; beside their guns have the brave sailors shed their blood, and under their flags have men been proud to die for their country.

In more peaceful days the *Lancaster* has been the scene of many gayeties, and on more than one occasion has royalty trod her decks and acknowledged the gracious salutes she has given them on behalf of the government of the United States. Her career is ended not so much because she is old as because science is merciless and has no time for romance or sentiment; and also because the business of war has no longer need of wooden ships, and history counts for nothing with a power that looks to the future and has put the past behind it.

It was in Yokohama that the crew of the *Lancaster* received the order "Up anchor for home." The jack-tars had prepared for it. It is one of the privileges of the crew on our men-of-war to purchase the "homeward pennant." That on the *Lancaster* was 575 feet long, and cost the men about $400. The men contribute to the cost equally, and the officers are not allowed to give a penny toward the emblem. This pennant of the *Lancaster* is said to have been one of the longest ever flown. The men simply got the biggest one they could for their money. Sometimes these pennants are 365 feet long—a foot for every day in the year. Sometimes other lengths are given to them for some special reason. On this occasion the men determined to do the best they could for the old ship that was about to die, and they meant to make the sunset of her career as glorious as they could in their humble way.

As the *Lancaster* sailed out of Yokohama harbor this pennant snapped a final good-by, and when the ship reached the open sea it was taken down, not to be raised until the next harbor was reached. The old ship made six stops coming home, and on each occasion the pennant was hoisted to the main, and the men at the mizzen saw that it flew clear of the rigging. An inflated bladder at the end emphasized the swaying, and the tars stole many a glance of pride as the ship came sailing in. That pennant was theirs, and the officers had no share in its glory. At last Gibraltar was cleared, and the ship started for New York. When opposite Tompkinsville on Staten Island the pennant was broken out for the last time on entering port, and the sea-service of the *Lancaster* was ended. The vessel came up the bay proudly, as if unwilling to acknowledge her years. For a few days the

crew remained on board, and then in twos and threes they were paid off and they left the ship. On the day that her flag was hauled down there were probably 150 men on board of her, but they left without ceremony, and the *Lancaster's* days were finished.

There used to be some ceremony when a ship with or without a history went out of commission. The crew used to be summoned, after having been paid off, and then the flag would be hauled down, orders for the proceeding having been read, after which the men, each with his bag on his back, would be marched to the gates of the navy-yard, where ranks would be broken, and the men would be free to go where they pleased. Of course most of them pleased to go back into the navy after a time of recreation; but, nevertheless, their muster-out was marked by some ceremony, and that always pleased Jack immensely. The omission of this ceremony in the case of the *Lancaster* simply marks the march of the new life in the navy, that cares little for sentimental things when the search for the practical is on.

It is this practical spirit of recent times that is troubling Jack a good deal. It makes his quarters on the new ships far more comfortable for him, but he is conservative to a degree that comports with his dignity, and he will tell you solemnly that he prefers the old wooden ships with their sails, and their steam as a mere auxiliary, to the new ships that are built to kill and destroy, and have no regard for Jack's superstitions and conservatism. Jack still likes to see the sails set, and the ship bending under them. He cares nothing for speed. What he wants is the good old salt breeze, and the wind howling through the rigging. He prefers sails to ventilators, and he is fonder of the wind than he is of steam-engines down in the hold. All the fighting that he remembers, and all the fighting that he has ever heard of have been done in wooden ships, and he looks on these new-fangled war-ships with distrust. When a ball struck an old wooden ship it made a hole that could be mended, perhaps, but he does not like to think much about a hole in a steel ship that is a mere shell, after all. These new ships are thin, frail things, and the wooden ships were of thick oak that would swell up when a missile broke through the sides. Jack likes to look down an old-fashioned gun-deck with its rows of startling cannon. This looks like real war. On the new ships the guns are scattered about, and although they can do five times the work of the old guns, they haven't the martial appearance of the old-time wooden ship.



PULLING THE "CONSTITUTION" AWAY FROM THE BRITISH FLEET.

Therefore if you go over to the navy-yard and find some of the *Lancaster's* crew on a new ship of the navy, you must be prepared to hear a tale of protest against the new navy ideas. You can also understand why some of these men will take from the lining to their caps a little piece of red, white, and blue silk, and show it to you with pride as a bit of the pennant that the *Lancaster* flew on her last journey home. They will tell you how much it cost, the name of the man in Yokohama who made it, and how careful they were that it should not be torn or injured in any way. Then they will tell you that after all their care they raised it one day in the navy-yard, after they came home, just to show it, and it became caught in the rigging and was torn. The torn part was divided among the men, and the rest was presented to the Naval Club of New York.



THE LAST HOURS OF THE "KEARSARGE."

[illegible] the *Lancaster* retired, the wooden ship whose loss was felt the keenest by the whole nation was the *Kearsarge*. That vessel was wrecked on Roncador Reef early in the year. Every school-boy has heard something of the story of the *Kearsarge* and the way she sank the *Alabama*, in the civil war, off the coast of France. The *Alabama* was the Confederate privateer that was fitted out in England, and for two years made havoc with Northern shipping on the high seas. The *Kearsarge*, practically a sister ship to the *Lancaster*, found her in Cherbourg harbor, and waited five days for her to come out and fight in the open sea. They were apparently equally matched, but the *Kearsarge's* captain had hung anchor chains along the sides for armor, and had covered them with boards to hide them. The fight lasted only one hour, and took place on Sunday morning, June 15, 1864. The *Kearsarge* kept steaming around the *Alabama*, and deliberately and with great care fired her broadsides. The *Alabama's* shots went wild to a great extent. The *Alabama* began to sink, and her commander offered to surrender. Before the offer could be accepted she went down, and many of her crew were saved by an English yacht. This was the most notable naval engagement of the civil war, with the exception of the fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. It was a crowning achievement, and the *Kearsarge* was very dear to the American people. It is probable that she would have been kept in commission as long as the rats would have staid aboard, and even then she would never have been sold, as is the case with some of our men-of-war when it will not pay to bring them home for repairs. It is easy to see, in view of her service, why the naval men want to have a battle-ship named the *Kearsarge*, and why they think that such a ship would always do valorous duty.

It is a satisfaction to the sailormen that Farragut's old flag-ship, the *Hartford*, is to be preserved, and that an exception is made in her favor to the law which requires that when the repairs to a vessel will cost more than a certain percentage of the value of the ship, she must be condemned and put out of the service.

It was on April 24, 1862, that the *Hartford* performed her most distinguished services. She led the fleet that ran by the famous Mississippi batteries, and encountered the deadly fire from Forts Philip and Jackson at New Orleans. Naval experts said this feat could not be done, but Farragut said, "Go ahead," and a magnificent display of courage the commander of the fleet and all his subordinates gave, and the good old ship *Hartford* responded with eagerness to every call made on her. The Mississippi was opened, and a great blow had been dealt to the Confederacy. It was to the *Hartford's* rigging that Farragut was lashed, and the government will probably preserve her with as much care as the old *Constitution* of the war of 1812 is preserved.

The *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides," as she is more familiarly known, is the most famous of all the wooden ships that we have preserved. Time and time again did she vanquish the English ships in the war of 1812, and proud were the people of her captures. Probably the most thrilling incident of her career was her escape from seven English men-of-war, after an exciting chase of nearly three days and nights. The chase began on July 17, 1812. The *Constitution* was out for a long cruise, and was weighted down with stores. The sea was calm, and no wind was stirring. Captain Hull put out his men in boats to tow the ship. They pulled valiantly, and as night came on a "kedge" anchor was run out half a mile ahead. The crew on the ship kept pulling on this, and the Britishers didn't discover for a long time the secret. Finally the English saw it, and adopted the same tactics, and by doubling up their crews began to pull their famous ship *Shannon* near to the *Constitution*.

A light breeze sprang up, and saved the American ship for the time. There was a calm the next day, and the agonizing struggle went on. The next night another light breeze came up, and the tired sailors obtained a little sleep. The next day there came a sharp breeze after many hours of struggle. The *Constitution* trimmed her sails to catch it; the boats dropped back and the men were caught up as the ship gathered headway. The *Guerrière* of the English fleet came abeam as the wind freshened, and fired a broadside; but the shots fell short, and the *Constitution's* men ignored them, and calmly went about straightening up their vessel, as if they had just left port and such a thing as an enemy was unheard of.

As long as the *Constitution* can be kept together she will probably be seen at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where she is now doing duty as a receiving-ship.

Our old ships have always been proud, and it has amused some of the thoughtless officials of other nations; but there was bravery in their pride and absolute courage that has always been the embodiment of that famous saying, "Don't give up the ship!"

We frequently hear laments that the old soldiers are dropping away fast. I always share that feeling, but I also include in it those wooden ships of the navy—scarred veterans most of them are, worthy of the abiding remembrance of a grateful people.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER I.

THE pedigree of Nick's family was somewhat unusual. About twenty-five years before this story begins a certain camp of wandering gypsies had spent a summer on this coast.

Noted for her beauty then as for her ugliness now (for it is the present grandmother of the Nicholas household whom we are describing) was a bonny gypsy maiden of this encampment, and many visitors came from Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, Mississippi City, and even from New Orleans, ostensibly to have their fortunes told, but really to see the beautiful gypsy girl.

Of course she had many lovers among the humble shore-folk, and it was not strange that she should have chosen for her husband a handsome son of a Sicilian fisherman.

The groom attached himself for a time to the wandering gypsies, but finally he and his Arabian wife drifted back to his father's roof, bringing with them a little dark-eyed daughter—the present Mrs. Nicholas.

We now begin to see why the little woman was silenced by her husband's reference to her "raising," as a childhood spent in a gypsy camp supplied no memories of such luxuries as glass windows.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

She had risen in the social scale to the point of familiarity with hinged doors and plastered walls only through the light of "dago" civilization.

To go back once more: The old gypsy's husband had died while his daughter was yet an infant; and while his people wanted his child, they declared that her mother, a "gypsy tramp," was none of theirs. She must provide for herself. And so, continuing, for her child's sake, to live with her husband's people, she contrived, by various little industries, to contribute to the family support. Sometimes, in those old days, carrying a basket dago fashion, she had peddled fish or crabs, or such game as she could secure from the wood, going from house to house; while at other times, after the manner of gypsies, she had turned a penny at fortune-telling. Indeed, often the two industries were combined.

So summers went by and winters passed until the gypsy-dago daughter was grown and married.

After a few years of poor effort her husband gave up all ambition and care for his family, and at the end of ten years we find them hiding their misery from the world in the deserted remains of an old hunter's cabin, where we first saw them.

But what has all this to do with our little creole heroine Babette?

We shall soon see.

When the trade of the summers began to slip away from Nick into the hands of soberer competitors, when the winters began to bring suffering in addition to the usual privations, it became evident that some one else must help to keep the family pot boiling—a literal necessity in this case. The mother, with always a babe at her knee and another in her arms, could do nothing to add to the storehouse; and so the old grandmother must start out again as bread-winner. The old woman began to lay plans.

It was too far to walk from their isolated hut to the towns alongshore carrying baskets after the old fashion. If she should take Noute with her, his presence would not invite trade. Besides, there was little chance to pick up an odd penny alongshore during the winter season, unless indeed she could visit several small winter hotels and boarding-houses of which she knew. If she and Noute could only patch up the old sail-boat—why not? they could tie up at the pier-head at Mississippi City or the Pass, and peddle fish and crabs. She might even try her hand again at her old craft of fortune-telling.

This was done, and the basket that carried soft crabs, a string of flounders or sheep's-head, brought back corn meal and coffee and flour.

So passed a winter and a summer; but it was slow living and hard work, and the return of frost brought more pinching poverty.

The old grandmother fell to pondering again. Something else must be done. Why could they not draw the seine on regular days, and try making weekly trips to the city—to New Orleans? It seemed a rash undertaking, and yet boats were going every day—and there was pressing need.

While Noute was not party to the plan, he could obey the old woman's motions. They drew the seine the next day and the next, and on Friday following the little craft made her first voyage to the great city.

All went well for a time, but troubles came again. There was jealousy among the regular fishermen, and the old gypsy's ears caught whispers of "selling without a license," and even that startling word "arrest." She returned from this trip with a sad heart—almost discouraged. She could not pay for the required license out of her meagre earnings. She feared to appear again in the streets of New Orleans without it.

The next week the little boat made no voyage, but sat upon the water tied up against the wharf, her brave little sails folded, and her oars crossed like hands at rest in her lap, awaiting orders from her silent crew. But no word came this week or the next.

During this time the old woman was preoccupied and silent, while Noute kept his blinking eyes fixed anxiously upon her, looking for instructions.

Now the last half of their last strip of bacon hung on its smoky twine against the wall in Nick's shanty, and if he neither knew nor cared that the macaroni box was empty and the flour getting low in the sack, the grandmother did know and must care; and the plan for relief, which crept into her old head timorously at first—as a thing too shameful to be entertained even by this poor gypsy—gradually took root and strengthened.

Even in her early days, before the light of dago morals had illumined her poor life, the worst she had done was to gather in dimes at front doors for telling to mistresses the family secrets she had gleaned in their kitchens.

The plan which came to her now was so hideous that she started from her pallet in the lonely shed-room as it dared to come and tempt her. But when the morning brought new suffering, and the knife approached nearer the bacon string, it came again.

Among her richest customers of the French quarter she had recognized one of the wealthy summer families of Pass Christian. They were "such a so rich peoples!" So the servants had said, rolling their eyes until the color was quite out of sight to express the limitless wealth which words could not convey.

They so rich—*and she so poor*. If she could only no wonder she shuddered at the terrible thought—if she could only *steal one of the rich man's children!* He would pay a big reward for her restoration. Money would come in at the door and poverty fly out—up the chimney—in smoke. They would have warm clothing and flour—white, sweet wheat flour—and butter, such as she had tasted on scraps from the rich man's table.

Did she tell her plan? Not even to the moon that looked in upon her wrinkled face through the broken roof that had spoiled the gypsy's daughter, and made her "forget her raising"?

Noute danced with glee when the welcome motions told him to prepare for a trip to the city. He loved his sailor's life. It had brought him more wealth than he had ever known—more food, more tobacco. And as for clothes, he almost needed a trunk.

Noute was not mercenary, but he was human enough to feel the pleasure that comes to him who achieves any worthy success. Besides, his new life had added to his personal dignity, making of him several things which he had not been before; for was he not captain and all the crew combined of an independent tramp sailing-vessel? Was he not a well-fed and well-dressed gentleman?

If he was not, he thought he was, and comparing his old self, who had caught cold through the rents in Nick's cast-off trousers, with the new dignitary who rode the sea like a "captain of the line," he was indeed a man of consequence.

If the solitary passenger was nervous and depressed, the captain was jubilant enough when, hoisting sail, they set out on their momentous voyage.

As the little boat tripped gleefully over the water, and Noute sat grinning proudly in happy possession of honors restored, the wrinkled old woman, turning her back to him, covertly unfolded a little bundle which she carried wrapped in a gray shawl, and, running her eye hastily over its contents, quickly rewrapped it, only to repeat the same mysterious proceeding again and again during the day, as if making quite sure that everything was there as it should be.

The bundle contained a pair of long woollen stockings, small and old, a shrunken flannel cloak, and faded hood—all half-worn little garments of Nick's children.



THERE WAS NOT ONE OF THE LOT WHO DID NOT COUNT THE OLD WOMAN A FAMOUS FORTUNE-TELLER.

The trip was a quick one, and the tiny craft sailed through the mouth of Bayou Saint-John, and up within its banks to a point within easy walking distance of Canal Street, in the early evening of the day they sailed.

Before dawn next morning the old woman set out directly to the Le Charmants' back gate, having first bidden the mute, by a series of gestures, to await her return in the boat. Selling the contents of her heavy basket was the pretended object of her visit, and the jingle of the coins they brought her delighted her old heart indeed; but this hour in the Le Charmant kitchen must be made to tell. There were some things which she must know, and they were things she could not ask.

The large palms of a half-dozen variously colored hands were soon presented for her to read. There was not one of the lot who did not count the old woman a famous fortune-teller.

Listen to the delighted exclamation of one of their number at the gypsy's wonderful revelations:

"*Mars* Liam sho' *sho* she is one w'ich, yas! How she can know all our w'ite people goin' ride in somet'ing and whoo, to right! to go at dat Mardi gras procession? Of co'se doze Dauphine car is got wheel, yas! An' *écoutez*, Celeste! She say dey goin' on one high place. Don't you find Cruswold's *galerie*, close by Henry Clay, is one high place? *Mon Dieu!* she make me all scare!"

So the cunning gypsy led them on until they had told all she wished to know; after which she indulgently wove wonderful fortunes for each — fortunes so full of event and excitement, so colored with sentiment, that everything else became of no importance and was quickly forgotten.

One would grow rich, one travel, one draw a lottery prize; but all would marry, some once, some twice—all happily. What a fortune-teller she was! And how these poor, foolish, ignorant people piled her big basket with good things from the family larder!

Whether the panic at the corner of Canal and Dauphine streets was of the gypsy's planning, or only the accident that helped her terrible crime, is hard to say.

When Babette's little hand felt the grandmother's relax, another closed over it so quickly that she did not notice the change.

Pushing the child gently but firmly before her down Dauphine Street, she hurried as fast as she dared.

In the excitement of the hour would any one notice that while an old woman led a handsomely dressed child into the shadow of a dark block, some dago woman carried out into the light at the next corner a fretting baby wrapped in a dark faded flannel cloak?

Had one been curious, he could have satisfied himself, by a glance at the shabbily stockinged feet and faded hood, that it was only a tired mother or grandmother carrying her sleepy child home.

While poor Tante Angèle, two hours later, wept and wailed on the front steps of Christ Church, and the Lemon saluted the Cantaloupe in the old Varieties Theatre next door, Noute the foolish, steering the little boat out Bayou Saint-John, peered and blinked curiously in the darkness at the sleeping bundle in the old woman's arms.

The theft had been a success.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# "TOAD."

BY O. K. CHOBEE

Part I.

IF there was one thing that "Toad" hated more than another, it was a field of pineapples—"pine patch," he called it; while the thing that he loved most of anything in the world was a boat. It didn't make any difference what kind of a boat Toad saw, he loved it at once, and immediately longed to sail or row or scull, or otherwise navigate it according to its nature. This boat-loving boy was supposed to be between fourteen and fifteen years of age, though no one knew exactly, because he was a waif of the sea, picked up when little more than a baby by Uncle Dad Paint, an old negro who was one of the best-known and most fearless wreckers of the great Florida Reef.

The child was found lashed to a rude raft of spars in the edge of the breakers, and was apparently dead when Uncle Dad, who had gone over to the beach after the great storm to see what a kind Providence had furnished in the way of wreckage, stumbled across him. Uncle Dad had had but slight experience with children, but he knew that this one was far more beautiful than any other he had ever seen, and he lifted it in his strong arms with a feeling of reverent awe. The next instant he almost dropped it, for the child opened its eyes and uttered a cry.

The beach was thickly strewn with bales of cotton and other wreckage that represented a fortune to Uncle Dad, and which would be swept away by the first high tide that came with a change of wind; but the old negro had no thought for such things now. In comparison with this helpless little life given him to save the wealth of the world was as naught; and with eager haste he bore the child to his boat, which he sailed almost recklessly across the broad inner bay to his distant hut nestled beneath a clump of cocoanut-trees on the mainland.

Although Uncle Dad was wofully ignorant of the needs of children, instinct in this case seemed to take the place of experience, and teach him what to do. He removed the waif's wet clothing, rubbed the tender little body with infinite gentleness until it was in a glow, and then wrapped it warmly in a soft India shawl that had come to him in the spoil of some long-ago wreck. He fed it with coontie, which is a starch, very like arrow-root, that grows wild in southern Florida, and which, to his great delight, the child ate eagerly. Then it fell asleep in his arms, and for long hours the old man did not even change his position for fear of disturbing the slumberer. He only rocked gently to and fro, and brushed away inquisitive insects that now and then came buzzing in to inspect this new tenant of the palm-thatched cabin.

When at length the child awoke and fixed his great blue eyes on the wrinkled black face bending so anxiously over him, he testified to both his recovery and his fearlessness by a smile that presently broke into a gurgling little laugh. Then he insisted on scrambling to the floor. The shawl slipped from him, and as he stood, a little pink-and-white monument of naked innocence, gazing soberly but curiously at his surroundings, the old negro knew that he had never looked upon so fair a picture. When he undertook in his clumsy fashion to dress the child, the latter said, in a piteous tone that contained a suspicion of coming tears,

"I want mamma!"

"Soh, honey! Co'se you does," answered Uncle Dad, soothingly. "But your mammy can't come jes yet, and here's somefin to make you feel better."

The "somefin" was a ripe yellow banana, which the child eagerly accepted.

"Now, honeybug, what's your name? and how'd ye come to git wracked?" continued the old negro, delighted to find that his charge could talk, and anxious to learn something of his history.

"Toderossy," promptly answered the child.

"How you call hit?" asked the old man, in a perplexed tone.

"Toderossy," was the steadfast reply, and, in spite of repeated attempts to extract further information from his little guest, this was all that the old wrecker could gain.

"Beats any name ebber I heerd," he soliloquized that night, when his charge was soundly sleeping in an old



"I WANT MAMMA."

Mr. Robert Leet, a white man, who also followed [illegible] Uncle Dad's cabin door about noon the next day, and he at once expressed a most lively interest in the waif from the sea that the latter presented to him.

"Rossy is the name of his folks, an' Toad's his given name, fur's I am able to make out," declared the white man, after a deliberate consideration of the problem furnished by the child. "I'll allow that 'Toad,' fur a name, doesn't 'pear to suit him noways you kin put it, but that sholy is what he says. 'Tain't fur the likes of us to question the wisdom of them as give it to him, and so 'Toad' hit's got to be. What yer going to do with him, Dad?"

"Keep him and raise him 'cording as the good Lawd 'll show me how, and do the best I kin by him till his folks turns up to claim him," replied the old negro, earnestly.

"But, Mister Leet, s'posin' you write out that air name for me on a piece of paper, so's there won't be no mistake about it."

So Bob Leet, slowly and with great effort, printed on a bit of brown paper, that Uncle Dad afterwards carefully folded away among his hidden treasures, the name TOAD ROSSY, and the date on which the child had been wrecked.

Twelve years later, thanks to the fostering care of Uncle Dad, Toad, as every one called him, had grown to be a sturdy lad, possessed of a dense ignorance concerning the world at large and of a most intimate knowledge of his immediate surroundings. He was as tanned by tropic suns as though stained with walnut juice, while his merry little face was so thickly covered with freckles that not another one could have been squeezed in edgewise. He could neither read nor write, but he could sing in a clear sweet voice the quaint negro melodies taught him by his foster-father, while in handling a boat he had not his equal in all that region of skilled and fearless boatmen. He seemed also to have a personal acquaintance with every fish that swam in those far Southern waters, from huge sharks and devil-fish down to the gayly striped little schoolmasters that live among the mangrove roots, and the quaintly mottled toad-fish, which he declared not only bore his name, but were freckled like himself. He could hurl a barbed fish-spear or "grains" with unerring accuracy, and throw a cast-net with such delicate precision that no mullet was quick enough to escape it.

To within a year of the time with which this story opens the lad's life had been one of perfect happiness, in which the words care and anxiety were unknown. Then came a sad change. All at once, as it seemed to him, Uncle Dad became so helpless from rheumatism that he was barely able to totter feebly to the door of the little cabin and sit motionless in the hot sunshine. At the same time the old boat that afforded almost their sole means of livelihood became unseaworthy beyond Toad's limited powers of repair. Thus, at the moment the burden of support fell on his young shoulders the chief means of providing that support was withdrawn.

In the mean time great changes had taken place in that section of country. It had been discovered both by settlers and pleasure-seekers, who had flocked to it in crowds. Large tracts of the mainland forest were turned into pineapple-fields, several settlements had been made along the bay front, hotels had arisen as though by magic, and, above all in Toad's estimation, a yacht club had been formed. Most of its members were wealthy strangers, who came there only for the winter months, and many a dainty yacht, at which our little lad cast longing eyes, was now to be seen skimming the surface of the once lonely bay. During the past year Toad had received several tempting offers to ship in one capacity or another on some of these yachts, but had steadfastly refused them all, because he could not leave the helpless old negro, who depended on him for everything. So, instead of sailing away on a white-winged yacht, the boy went doggedly to work in a pineapple-field, where, by incessant toil at weeding, setting slips, or making himself generally useful during cutting time, he could sometimes earn as much as fifty cents a day, excepting during the rainy season, or when the mosquitoes became so absolutely unbearable as to drive all workers from the fields. The field in which Toad found the employment he so detested, but from which he could return to Uncle Dad every night, was owned by his old acquaintance, Mr. Robert Leet, who had acquired money by the sale of land, and was now adding to it by the raising of pineapples—a business that can only be started with capital. If Uncle Dad could have sold land, he too would have been comfortably well off; but, unfortunately, the tract that he claimed as a homestead had recently been found to be included in an old grant, title to which could now only be given by act of Congress. So, while all other parts of the bay front were rapidly settling up, the tract of six miles square, in one corner of which stood Uncle Dad's cabin, remained a wilderness, though it was one of the loveliest sites on the coast, and frequently attracted the envious eyes of wealth.

Most of the yachtsmen who now visited the bay were fond of fishing, and these created a steady demand for mullet to be used as bait, that provided a source of revenue to certain of the settlers who owned boats. Poor Toad was well aware of this, and longed for a boat now as never before. If he only had one he believed he could catch as much bait as the yachting fishermen could use; for who knew where to find the schools of largest and fattest mullet so well as he? Then, too, he could take parties out to the very best fishing-grounds, of which he alone knew the secret, and need never again even go into a pineapple-field. Oh, if he only had a boat!

One glorious morning in early February, when the rising sun was sifting the very first of his gold through the rustling palm leaves above Uncle Dad's cabin, and as Toad was making ready to start for his hated task of the day, there came a tremendous rush and plunging in the softly rippling waters close to the beach. The boy knew what it meant, and a moment later, cast-net in hand, he had hurried to the scene of commotion. The shallows were alive with a great school of mullet, driven inshore by a ravenous barracuda, that still waited for them in the deep water just beyond. Within five minutes the excited lad had captured nearly a hundred of the dainty fish, and, for want of a better place, had emptied his net, after each successful cast, into the old boat that lay half stranded on the beach.

Two hours later the plucky little fellow arrived in front of the club-house, tugging at the waterlogged craft that he had thus converted into a fish-car. He had waded and towed it more than two miles, and in it swam the finest lot of bait offered to the yachtsmen that season.

A pleasant-looking gentleman with a gray mustache, and a boy of about Toad's own age, both clad in white flannels and wearing yachting-caps, stood on the end of the wharf. They were looking at what Toad thought was the most beautiful boat he had ever seen. She was a 16-foot cat-boat, built of Spanish cedar, varnished and polished until she shone like a piano top. She had brass fittings and a silk sail, and looked as though she could go like the wind. On her stern-board, in golden letters, appeared the name *Swift*, which Toad knew was also the name of the largest and finest yacht in the bay.

As he drew near he overheard the gentleman say, "Although I think she is a perfectly safe boat, I don't want

you to go out in her alone until you are certain that you know how to manage her under all circumstances," and the boy reply, confidently "Oh, that's all right! I know pretty well now, and it won't take me long to learn the rest, I can tell you." Then their attention was attracted to the barelegged young fisherman and his clumsy tow.

"Hello!" exclaimed the gentleman, "what have you there, boy? Mullet? Just what we have been wanting! How much are they worth?"

"I don't know what they are worth, sir," replied Toad, "and I don't want money for them, anyway. What I will take for them is canvas and paint to patch up my old skiff, so that she will float once more."



ABOVE ALL, IN TOAD'S ESTIMATION, A YACHT CLUB HAD BEEN FORMED.

"What would you do with her then?" inquired the gentleman, glancing curiously at the ancient craft.

"Why," replied Toad, encouraged by the interest thus manifested, and full of the beautiful plan that had just popped into his mind, "then I would catch plenty of bait, and furnish it regularly. Perhaps by the end of the season I would have enough money to buy a boat like that one, and then I could join the club."

The lad said this in perfect good faith. He had little idea of the value of money or the price of boats, and none at all of the conditions and cost of joining a yacht club. He only knew that to be associated with those whose sole business or pleasure in life appeared to be the sailing of boats was the height of his ambition, and in his simplicity he did not know of any reason why he should not be allowed to join the yacht club if he owned a decent boat.

The boy on the wharf stared with contemptuous amazement at the ragged urchin who thus calmly proposed to join a club of which even he could not become a member; but the gentleman only laughed, and said:

"So that is your ambition, is it? Well, we'll see, and in the mean time supposing you leave your old boat, with the mullet in it, right here for a couple of days. Then come back, and I'll give you what I consider the bait worth. What did you say your name was?"

"I don't think I said," replied the young fisherman, blushing, for he was beginning to be very sensitive on the subject of his queer name; "but it's Toad—Toad Rossy."

At this the boy on the wharf laughed aloud, and said, in a perfectly audible tone, "His freckles make him look just like one, don't they?"

"Hush!" replied the gentleman; "he'll hear you."

But poor Toad had heard, and his face blazed hotly as he flashed a defiant glance at the lad.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ARGUMENT.

MAMMA. "Now, Andrew, you mustn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner."

ANDREW. "I don't think so, mamma."

MAMMA. "Why don't you think so, dear?"

ANDREW. "Because, mamma, I haven't got a bit of appetite just now."

## TENT-MAKING FOR AMATEURS.

BY A. J. KENEALY

CAMPING out has many diversified charms and attractions, and the art of tent-making has many amateur devotees. True it is that tents can be bought for a song, as the saying is, but there are lots of young fellows who like to exercise their ingenuity, and who get more fun out of anything of their own manufacture, from a boat to a tent, than they would by purchasing it ready made or having it built to order.

The editor forbids me to expatiate on the pleasure and the healthfulness of camping out. He says the subject is threadbare, and that it has been done to death. What he wants is a plan for tent-making in plain language, with no frills or flounces.

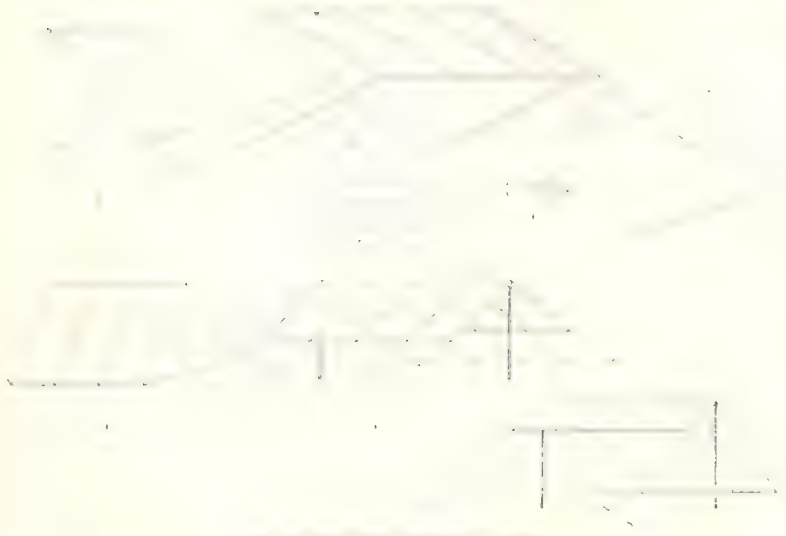
The materials required are few and cheap. A big sister or a mother with a sewing-machine will come in handy. A few strips of pine, a few yards of the lightest duck, such as the balloon-sails of yachts are made of, a spool or two of the coarsest linen thread that can be used on the sewing-machine. Your sister or your mother will tell you the number. I always use No. 25. With these materials, to which should be added a little ingenuity and a careful study of the accompanying plans, a smart boy may become his own tent-maker.

A handy lawn-tennis tent is almost indispensable to a country or suburban home where girls and grass flourish. I will tell you how to make one.

The size can be determined. Those in general use have a top or canopy 10 feet long by 6 feet broad. The framework forming this top is made of pine wood or spruce; pine is preferable, as it can be had free of knots.

The two fore and aft pieces of the frame will be 10 feet long, 2¾ inches by 1 inch, and the two end pieces the same size, and 6 feet long. The two splices to keep the cover from drooping between the front and back of the frame will be 6 feet long, 2 inches by ¾ inch. When the corners of the frame are nailed together, as shown by the drawing, bind them together with a strip of zinc. The strip should be 7 inches long and an inch wide, with two ¾-inch screws in each end.

The legs shown in the drawing, crossing each other



PLAN FOR A HANDSOME TENT.

Fig. 1, two at each end, are each to be 8 feet long, 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Round off all the ends of the legs, and with a shoulder eye-bolt 2½ inches long by ¼ inch in diameter, fitted with a nut, fix to the inside at each corner of the frame the two upper ends of the legs. The holes in the legs should be singed with a mildly hot poker, so that the legs turn freely on the bolts.

The cover or awning can be made of plain or fancy colored cloth, thin duck or drill, the cloths lapping each other not less than 1 inch, and sewed at each selvage by a lock stitch machine. When done, and with not less than 1¼ inches lap all round, the cloth should be 10 feet 4 inches by 5 feet 4 inches. Eyelet-holes 6 inches apart should be made in the lap or selvage, so that the cover can be laced to the fore and aft pieces forming the frame, and turn over and lace to the end pieces. The eyelet-holes and lacing thus securing the cover avoid the use of nails, which, if used, injure the cover. If nails are used, they must be tinned tacks, to prevent rusting, and the cover must then be 10 feet 2 inches long by 6 feet 2 inches broad.

The drawings Figs. 2 and 3 show that the awning or canopy can be set at any angle to form a shade from the sun, or to form a roof if it rains, by fixing the legs supporting the frame where they cross each other with a shoulder eye-bolt, passed through any of the several holes shown in the legs by the drawing, and tightened up with a thumb-nut. The bolt is shown in detail in Fig. 4. When making the holes in the legs bore them through each pair of legs when they are on top of each other, and have them 6 inches apart.

The guy ropes leading from the tent pegs in the ground to the eyes of the bolts securing the legs of the frame can be tightened by passing the rope through one of the holes in the piece of wood 6 inches long, 1 inch by ¾ inch, as shown by Fig. 5.

As a decoration, a curtain can be put round the frame as shown by Fig. 2, and, if desired, a curtain may be hooked up as lace curtains are in a house to form a back to the tent.

The eyes for the curtains can be screwed into the under side of the frame. The aperture from the frame to the top of the curtain helps to cool the air close under the awning or canopy.

The "A" tent (Fig. 6) is the best for camping out. All the wood required will be two uprights and one ridge pole. These can be of pine, the two uprights each 7 feet 6 inches long by 2 inches diameter, and the ridge pole 6 feet 6 inches long by 2¼ inches diameter. Sharpen the uprights at the lower end, so that you can force them into the ground, and insert into the upper end a ⅜-by-5-inch bolt, projecting beyond the wood 2 inches. Bore holes 3 inches from each end of the ridge pole, and singe them out so that they fit tightly over the bolts in the top of the uprights.

Over this ridge-pole throw your canvas or awning-cloth, which can be put together as previously described, and should be when turned in or selvaged at the narrow ends 15 feet long by 6 feet 6 inches broad.

Sew across at a distance of 9 inches from each of the narrow ends of the awning a strip of canvas 4 inches broad, doubled all through, and turned in where it is attached to the awning-cloth. On each outer edge of these strips insert five eyelet-holes. Into these eyelets splice lines properly at their ends about 8 feet long. The lines are for leading to the tent-pegs driven into the ground. The back end of the tent can be in one, firmly laced to the edges of the awning, into which eyelet-holes must be made to correspond with those in the end cloth. The front end can be laced at the sides in the same manner, while the parts meeting at the upright or post of the tent on one side can be laced to the post, and the other left free, to be closed with a lacing when turning in for the night.

The shape of the ends is 6 feet 6 inches high off to 2 inches wide at the upper end, and 7 feet 6 inches wide at the lower end.

On the edge of the end to be used as an entrance leave a lapped edge extra to the size given of 3½ inches wide.

Tent-pegs can be made from broom handles cut into one-foot lengths, with one end sharpened.

The open "A" tent (Fig. 7) is simply an oblong piece of duck 6 feet by 10 strung on a ridge-pole, and two uprights, with a guy-rope on each seam. This is easy to make, and will be found very useful. The drawing explains itself. Fig. 8, same tent, but different arrangement of canvas.

I may add that these tents may be enlarged or reduced in size according to the pleasure of the maker.

## A GREAT COMPOSER.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

AMONG the best-known residents of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz when Hans Pumpernickel first appeared in that beautiful city were three musicians—Herr Von Kärlingtongs, who was the only, and consequently the best, violinist in town, Dr. Otto Teutonstring, and Heinrich Flatz, who had played the 'cello once before the King of Prussia with such effect that the King said he'd never heard anything like it before. The town was naturally very proud of the trio, and particularly of Dr. Teutonstring, who, though far from being a muscular man, had once played the bass-viol for sixteen consecutive hours in the musical contest at the Schnitzelhammerstein carnival, beating by one hour and twenty-two minutes the strongest and most enduring bass-viol-player in Germany. They were the most amiable old gentlemen in the world. It very seldom happened that they failed to agree, which was rather wonderful, because it often happens, unhappily, that musicians grow jealous of each other, and say and do things to each other that make it impossible for them to live together peaceably. You may not all of you remember that famous and very

sad instance of the lengths to which this jealousy is sometimes allowed to run wherein Luigi Sparragini, the well-known Italian violinist, in his rage at the applause received at a concert by his rival, Siegfried Von Heimstetter, broke a Stradivarius violin valued at a thousand pounds over Von Heimstetter's head, to be rebuked in return by Von Heimstetter, who induced Sparragini to look at the mechanism of a grand piano he had, letting the cover fall on the other's head as soon as he had poked it in, thereby utterly ruining the piano and severely injuring Sparragini's nose.

Nothing of this kind, as I have intimated, ever marred the serenity of the three amiable musicians of Schnitzelhammerstein on the Zugvitz.

"We have no cause each other to be jealous of," Herr Von Kärlingtongs had said. "I the fiddle play; they the fiddle do not play."

"True," observed Heinrich Flatz. "The potato just as well the watermelon might be jealous of. If I the fiddle played, then might I Von Kärlingtongs be jealous of. Therefore also already can the same be said regarding Teutonstring. In no manner are we each other the rival of."

In all of which, as Hans Pumpernickel said to me, there was much common-sense. "Discord is not music," said he, "and if these men were discordant they would not be musicians. If they were not musicians they would have to make a living in some other kind of business. They are not fit for any other kind of business, wherefore they are wise as well as amiable."

The consequence of all this harmony between the three dear old gentlemen was that they were always together. They practised together, and upon public occasions they played together, and their fellow-townsmen were delighted with them. At weddings they played the wedding-marches, each as earnestly as though he were playing a solo. At the Mayor's banquets they were always present, adding much to the pleasure of these sumptuous repasts by the soft and beautiful strains which they discoursed. "I am not a King," said Mayor Ehrenbreitstein upon one of these occasions; "but if I were, I could not hear better music. We have an orchestra without a court. What more can we desire?"

"Nothing," said Hans Pumpernickel, "unless it be another tune."

"A good idea," cried one of the Aldermen. "Let us have another tune."

And so the cry would go about the board, and the three happy old gentlemen would good-naturedly go to work again and play another tune. It came about very naturally, then, that whenever a rival band of musicians, desirous of wresting the laurels from the respective brows of Herrs Von Kärlingtongs, Teutonstring, and Flatz, found them so strongly entrenched in the affections of the people, that while they lived and played in harmony together no others could hope to make a living from music in Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz. They rapidly grew rich; for it came to pass that with the exception of house rent, and new strings for their instruments, and other mere incidentals of a musician's work, they had no expenses to pay. Their food cost them nothing, they attended so many banquets; and when, occasionally, a day would come upon which no breakfast, luncheon, or dinner required their services, it was always found that they had carried away enough fruit and cake and other dainties from the affairs that had been given, to last them through such rare intervals as found them without an engagement.

In other respects, too, did these worthies show themselves entitled to be called wise. Some five years after they began to grow famous in Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz some of their admirers suggested that they ought not to confine themselves to the small town in which they had waxed so great, but should go out into the world and dazzle all mankind by the brilliance of their playing.

"The great orchestras of Austria," said one of these, "do not content themselves with laurels won at home. They travel into far countries, and win fame and fortune all the world over. Why do not you go?"

"We will talk it over," Herr Teutonstring replied. "I for one am opposed to making such a trip, because I am an old man, and my bass-viol is heavy."

"Can you not send it about by freight?" said the man who proposed the scheme.

"Would you send your child by freight?" asked Herr Teutonstring.

"I would not," returned the other.

"No more can I send my bass-viol by freight," said Herr Teutonstring, fondly twanging the strings of his huge instrument. "This is my whole family. I love it as I would a child for whom I must care; as a father who has helped me to become what I am. Nevertheless, we will talk it over."

And they did talk it over, and as a result decided that the world, if it desired to hear them play, must come to Schnitzelhammerstein on the Zugvitz.

"If we go," said Herr Von Kärlingtongs, "who will provide music for Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz?"

"Who indeed?" said Heinrich Flatz, gazing at the floor after the manner of the truly wise man.

"Since you have both asked that question," said Herr Teutonstring, "out of mere politeness I must answer it. My answer is, briefly, I haven't the slightest idea."



THE THREE MEN FIDDLED AWAY WITH ALL THEIR STRENGTH.

[illegible] pounded Von Kärlingtongs.

[illegible]

[illegible] said Von Kärlingtongs. "Filled by our absence the people of [illegible] could [illegible] [illegible] would [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

in B Minor, while Von Kärlingtongs and Teutonstring, equally determined, started in on the opening measures of the Sonata and Oratorio respectively.

"It's something new they've got up for the occasion," whispered the people, as the three men fiddled away with all their strength.

"A most original composition!" said the King to the Chancellor.

"I never heard such discord in my life," said a small boy on the outskirts of the crowd.

Still they kept on. The Symphony and the Oratorio were longer than the Sonata, so that Von Kärlingtongs soon found himself outdone by his fellow-players, but, nothing daunted, he played it over again. And so it went, until with a final grand burst of—notes—I was almost about to say harmony—they stopped.

"Magnificent!" said the King.

"A really classic composition," murmured the Chancellor.

And the people shrieked with delight.

The musicians, perspiring with excitement, stood overcome with surprise. They had succeeded beyond their wildest hopes, but the King brought them to their senses in a minute by asking,

"What is the composer's name?"

"What 'll we tell him?" moaned Teutonstring. "It will never do to confess what we have done now."

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Flatz, with a shiver.

"The composer's name, sir," replied Von Kärlingtongs, more ready of wit than the others—"the composer's name is -ah -is "

"Well?" said the King, impatiently.

"It is Kärlingteutonflatz," said Von Kärlingtongs.

"Give him a thousand marks," said the King, "and distribute a thousand more to these gentlemen," he added.

And then the royal party proceeded on its way.

As for the composer, Kärlingteutonflatz, he was never heard of again; but several other eminent musicians modelled their music after his, and obtained a renown that was not only world-wide but has lasted until this day.

The three musicians of Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, when they had recovered from their surprise and excitement, began to smile, and never stopped until they died—and I am not certain that they stopped then—nor did they ever confide their secret to any one but Hans Pumpernickel, who in turn confided it to me, so that this is really the first time the public has been let into the secret origin of what was then the music of the future and what is to-day the music of the present.

## A SUMMER AFTERNOON'S WORK.

HERE is a suggestion to help you in making some useful bags. The party bag comes first (Fig. 1). From pieces of unworn parts of two that contrast in color, as pink and blue, or pale green and white silk, cut pieces twenty-two inches long. Use the color that looks freshest for the outside, the other for the lining. Lay them together, fold once, and overhand the edges to within about three inches of the top. For these three inches and the space across the top the outside and lining are not joined as below. With fine gold-tinsel cord outline these upper flaps, catching on the cord straight along the edges. A monogram can be outlined on one side. Then two rows of stitching are run across the top of the bag, and drawstrings are run in.



Fig. 1



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3



Fig. 4

If there is some of the sash ribbon left, use it to make a hat bag for your doll (Fig. 2). Any other silk or pretty goods will do quite as well, however. There are no band boxes made for dolls' hats, but the hat bag will answer every purpose. First cut a circle of card-board or buckram a trifle larger than dolly's best hat, and of the same a strip long enough to sew around the circle, and wide enough to stand up as high as the hat. Sew the ends of this strip together, and sew the cylinder thus made on the circle. The whole will be like a box without a lid. Now from the silk cut a circle a little larger than the pasteboard one, allowing for seams. Sew around this, as a foundation, a strip of silk an inch or two broader than the pasteboard that will be underneath when the box is put in the bag. Set the box in the bag so the pasteboard circle will rest on the silk circle.

A gay school bag can be made out of ticking, if it is new and stiff (Fig. 3). Cut a piece large enough when folded to hold your largest book and slate, the stripes running up and down or crossways, as you may prefer. Work all the white stripes with cat-stitch or feather-stitch in red marking-cotton. Line the whole piece with plain ticking, and across the middle line, where the piece is folded to make the bag, put two rows of stitching about an inch apart. Into this a lath or window-curtain stick is run to make the whole firm and prevent its sagging when the books are carried in it. Sew up the sides firmly, and put a row of stitching around the top, into which two sticks can be slipped, one on each side of the bag.

A bag of plush or silk (Fig. 4) sewed in stripes is very pretty for holding crochet-work or any bit of sewing one is busy at. To begin it, sew the plush or silk together in strips, not using both materials in one bag, however. The strips may be about seven inches long, and when enough have been used to make a strip six inches wide, lay it aside, and make another exactly the same size. Lay both together, wrong side out. Sew both together in a seam around the bottom and the sides. Turn so that the bag will be right side out, and fit in a lining of silk or sateen, seaming it up separately. The top is finished by broad hems and draw-strings. The hems are made by sewing a piece of wide ribbon along each side of the bag at the top, turning it over, and felling it down on the wrong side.



NOT THE KIND OF A BIRD HE THOUGHT IT WAS.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

TRAINS A DONKEY AND ASTONISHES THE COW-MAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Yesterday I asked Ma if I might go and play with Sammy a little while, and she says yes, but she hoped he wouldn't tell me any more of those 'straordinary stories about his Pa. We went over beyond the railroad, where there aren't many houses, and lay down under some trees in a vacant lot. Sammy calls it "going out in the snuburbs."

"Seems to me," I says to him, "your Pa has had a very exciting life. 'Pears to have been on the jump most of the time."

"Well," says Sammy, "Pop has been awake 'bout 8 or 9 hours of each day, so he says when folks talk that way to him. But he has been quiet and peaceable-like sometimes. Did I ever tell you 'bout him and the man what had the performing cow?"

I says, "No."

"Well, once there was a man. He liked animals, and used to learn 'em tricks. [Sammy means teach 'em.] He liked 'specially to learn 'em to stand on their heads. He had a hoss that could stand on his head, and a pig that could stand on his head a little longer than the hoss, and a tame bear that could stand on his a little longer than the pig, and a dog that could stand on his a little longer than the bear. One day he says to hisself, 'A cow is the critter for head-standing, 'cause her horns would stick into the ground and hold her steady, and all she'd have to do would be to fold her legs and stand there looking like a lilac-bush in the night.' So he took his cow and learnt her to stand on her head, and, sure enough, she could stand longer than the dog or any of 'em, 'cause, as the man said, there wasn't nothing for her to do but just stand there and think.

"Well, the man was awful tickled with his cow. He called her the Reversible Wonder, and put a piece in the newspaper saying that he didn't believe any other man had no animal of any kind that could stand on its head as long as his cow.

"Pop heard of it, and he says to hisself, 'A donkey ought to stand on his head pretty solid, 'specially if his ears was starched a little.' So he takes a donkey he had and starches his ears a little and learns him to stand on his head. The ends of the donkey's ears and his nose touched the ground, and he stood there just like a pianner-stool. Then Pop sends word to the man, 'Bring on your Reversible Cow and try her against my Upright Donkey.'

"Now you see the ground in Pop's yard was hard as stone, but the man didn't know it. So he brought his cow, and Pop led out his donkey, and another man said, 'Ready!' and the animals flopped down their heads, but the cow's horns wouldn't go into the ground and in 'bout a minute she flopped back, but the donkey just stood there and went to sleep and snored. Then the man felt pretty sick and led his cow home."

"My!" says I to Sammy. "How long did your Pa leave the donkey standing there?"

"Oh, when the donkey woke up the next morning he saw the cow was gone, and got down hisself. He saw he had beat. Afterwards Pop learnt him to hold his nose off the ground and walk on his ears. He got so he liked it, and used to walk that way in the pasture to rest his legs. It made his mouth very handy to the grass, and saved the work of holding down his head. Pop says a circus man wanted to buy him and have him walk a tight rope on his ears, but Pop wouldn't sell him, 'cause he thought a pile of him."

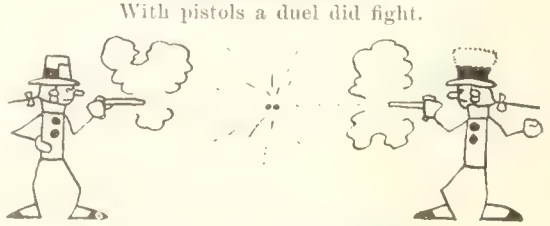
Then we came home. First I thought I'd tell Ma about the donkey, making it easy for her by saying he walked on his front legs and ears; but I guess I'd better keep still, 'cause she don't seem to want to store her mind with valuable facts, as my teacher talks about, and she might not let me see Sammy any more, and I want to see him, 'cause he's promised to tell me about the time his Pa had the fight with the Indians.

Yours truly, HARRY.

## AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.



In the good days of old,
Two gentlemen bold,
With pistols a duel did fight.



But their bullets collided,
In fact, coincided!
So they bowed—which was *very* polite.



# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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## THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

### CHAPTER V.

IF any of the fishermen alongshore had noticed, as the little boat came into sight in the early daylight next morning, that there was a child aboard, they would have taken for granted that it was one of Nick's children. Even had they suspected that a stolen child was hidden somewhere on the coast, they would have guessed that Nick, last of all, with already too many mouths to feed, had taken another.

But though excitement ran high over the sad affair in the outer world, it caused not a ripple upon the even surface of the lives of these foreigners of the beach.

But the gypsy kept herself fully informed. She knew just what rewards were offered, and she knew the intensity of public feeling in the matter.

Besides the universal sympathy and interest shown throughout the city, the creole population was especially and justly aroused. There were mass-meetings: speeches were made, resolutions passed. The affliction which had covered one home with gloom became their common sorrow.

"Our children are not safe at our own doors," they said. "We will resolve ourselves into independent police corporations; let every man count himself a detective, and let no one sleep until his neighbor's child is found."

Thus they continued to meet and to make speeches, consistently following them up with earnest, honest endeavor; but no matter how willing, even eager, their hearts, human flesh is weak and grows weary. They slept—and their neighbor's child was not found.

But the chief was frightened. She had formed several plans for returning the child and securing the coveted reward, which had grown dazzling y tempting, and [illegible] seemed feasible enough, until the time came to execute them, when each seemed to leave a dangerous loop-hole by which she might be detected. It is true, a clause in the advertised rewards promised "No questions asked"; still, she feared for her life if she should be discovered.

She still made occasional trips to the city, clandestinely peddling her fish, and from the gossip of the Le Charmant kitchen, to which she always went for a half-hour's gossip, which was more important now than even the coins she gathered there, she got a fair report of the sentiments of the family connection in the matter.

"M'sieu Alphonse say he want to see somebody claim that reward."

"M'sieu Jean he say his word is passed. W'en dey give him back once more his *bébée*, he is willing to pay. He is pledge."

"*Mais*," insists the first speaker, "M'sieu Louis an' M'sieu Felix an' M'sieu Aristide jump up quick an' say, *we are not pledge*. Your reward is money. Ours is *so*!" and she clasped her own neck with both hands. The motion meant that the culprit should hang by the neck.

The wretched old woman did not gain courage by her visits to the Le Charmant kitchen. Many nights she resolved to return the child on the morrow; but the new day always brought new fears, and found her nervous and afraid.

In all her schemes Noute was the direct instrument with which she planned to work. He would be safe. He could tell nothing. He would bring the money.

But supposing he should be killed! He could be easily identified. He would never come back to the boat. She could not go home without him. They would all be ruined. Even if Noute should escape unhurt—if he should bring her the money—his extraordinary appearance would be a clew which would surely lead to her discovery.

A year passed this way, and another was begun.

We have seen the changes in the Le Charmant home, and their departure for Europe.

The old woman had never been able to nerve herself to the act that involved so much risk to herself and family, and so the only result of her crime thus far was an added care—another mouth to feed, one more child to clothe—and the loss of her best customers.

Summer and winter passed, and came and went again—seasons of increasing trial and privation for the wretched family of the beach.

Happily, little children often seem to thrive, like wild flowers, upon those things which come by gift of Heaven—the life-giving, pine-laden air, the blood-warming sun, waters full of healing, and Mother Earth, with only good gifts to such as will inhale her breath, lying prone upon her motherly lap; upon these, with but a few of the meagrest simples in the way of daily bread, this healthy brood of children grew, as the wild flowers by the wayside, in richness of tint, strength, and riotous beauty.

If the little aristocrat, Babette, was fairer to look upon than the others, it was because of a certain softness of line and tints, a milder coloring. There was a glint of brown in the deep masses of her flowing hair, whose waving ends the sun had burnished in shimmering rings of bronze. Her eyes were of changing hues, like a midnight sky—not always of one mood.

Her little companions, whose pedigree of beauty was as long as her own, with their sharply cut cameo faces of clear lines and positive blacks and browns, their straight ebony hair, and lips of coral—ah, they were pretty too; pretty, pretty!

And yet, in looking at the group, one would, perhaps, accepting each little Italian as a perfect type, pass satisfied to the next. But having seen the radiant Babette, he would look again and again, only to wonder what might be the hidden meanings of so much depth and suggestiveness, what would be the effect of the next turn of her pretty head. Did those marvellous brown lashes curve or droop? Was she a real human child, or only a sprite? Could one ever get quite near her and touch her cheek, her hair?

To those who may say this is overdrawn, we would ask, "But have you ever seen Babette? No? Ah, well, of course, to you it is exaggerated." "But," says another, "I have seen her, and ——"

"What, you have seen her? It is 'not half told,' you say?" But one has only words. What are they to describe a beautiful creole maid of any age from six to twenty? And, then, English words, too clumsy, ponderous English! If one might only do it in French!

Babette had spent nearly three years in this sea-side home—half her young life—and who shall say they were unhappy years?

Could any group of healthy children be unhappy under such conditions so rich in opportunity?

No matter how slender the family purse, they were never actually cold or never hungry more than once or twice, for just a little while—such a time as sometimes various well-to do small people we know are deprived of the thing they wish, for sake of discipline.

The child who goes supperless to bed one night because the flour is out is no more unhappy than he who is sent to sleep hungry for having slapped his little brother or rolled on the floor in a temper. Indeed, his unhappiness is less, because his hunger is unseasoned with remorse.

It would be hard to actually starve on this southern sea-coast. One would, perhaps, not prefer to eat fish at every meal—as sometimes it was necessary to do—or to season it with macaroni in lieu of bread, or even, as was more than once the case, with persimmons in place of either.

The fastidious ones had the privilege of taking the fish first in due form, and, omitting the other courses, of finishing the meal, in regular approved style, with fruits. And there were nuts in season—pecans, walnuts, hickory-nuts, chinquapins—and grapes, if you please, not only the wild muscadine, but a dense half-fallen arbor laden with scuppernongs, rusty and brown and juicy and sweet. Somebody in the old days when the cabin was young—not so very, very many years before—had planted these vines, and made a rude support of pine saplings for them within a stone's-throw of the hut.

And so there were seasons when this little flock of foragers disdained more than half the meals offered them, even when there was macaroni in plenty—rich, savory, tomato-flavored, steaming macaroni—growing fat, like the squirrels and partridges, on the literal "fat of the land." A very different fare this from the feasting so figuratively called.

And let no one suppose these depraved children were without amusements and toys. "Toys?" says some one—"toys? and sometimes not enough to eat!"

"But where did the money come from to buy them? Were they second-hand toys?" inquires another.

Who would have a shop-made spring-board, for instance, when he could bend down the pliant, perfumed head of a young pine sapling, sit astride a crotch in its shoulders, and spring ten times as high as on any poor manufactured affair—and swing in various directions, too?

What family of children would have one or two spring-boards for an entire family when they could take possession of a tree apiece, and, if such was their pleasure, send them all towards a common centre, so that the riders might greet one another and run races in springing?

What regularly balanced seesaw is half so good as a rough, irregular beam or plank laid across a fallen tree-trunk?—a nice slippery trunk, with all the bark peeled off, that the seesaw shall not be too evenly poised. And there may be accidents—real delightful old-fashioned head-over-heels accidents. Everybody who has ever made the real sort—and unmade them because they were *too* much given to accidents, or *too* poky and safe—will understand where the fun comes in.

And as to swings? Does anybody suppose our little sea-side children had no swings, because, forsooth, they had not ropes or staples or scaffoldings? Better than rope, or chain, or hammock of twine were their long grape-vine swings, hung in the very best places on the strong arms of the forest trees—some broad enough for two, and others just right for one to stand in and sway and sing and keep rising higher and higher, until she could thrust a foot mischievously into the great wheels of cobwebs glistening in the sun, and watch the bright red and green weavers run with all their long legs for their lives, or let themselves down to the ground with ropes safer than any patent fire-escape, spun as they were needed. And there were dolls too. A store doll with a limited set of machine-acting accomplishments is not to be mentioned in the same day with a pine baby. There is one to be found at the bright green summit of every tiny pine-tree, or at the end of every limb of one not too old and woody. She must be carefully cut just the right length or height, and the needles plucked from face and shoulders. Then she will stand alone on her fresh skirt of green, while you find some sisters or brothers for her in the same tree, or some cousins from the tree across the footpath. They are just as amusing as corn dolls, and only a little older and more independent in their behavior.

Of course every country child has played with corn dolls, and knows just when to gather the baby ear from the corn-stalk—how to take off its cloak of shucks without tumbling or tearing its long robes of shining silk. The corn dolls are very young and helpless, and have to be named and christened, and to be jolted on their *maman's* knees for colic. They very rarely have trouble cutting teeth, or tumble over in learning to walk, as the pine babies do.

These are only a very few of the toys with which our little beach children amused themselves. There were numbers of others.

And then there was always the beach—the beach with its delightful warm sand, full of pretty pebbles and shells, its funny creeping things—conchs, snails, and fiddler-crabs—its coming and going tides. What better fun than gathering a lot of conchs, building a high wall of sticks around them, and then watching them walk about in all directions trying to get out, while the little crabs fiddle away, as if keeping time to their steps? One can always catch any number of fiddlers and conchs on this sea-shore; and the game need not be cruel.

Perhaps the best fun is when a few pickets are drawn from the fence, and the conchs, blundering about with their houses on their backs, do not find their way out for a long time. This is apt to be the case if the opening is made on the shore side of the enclosure. They seem naturally to run towards the water.

A year before the time to which we have come—that is, when Babette was about five years old—something happened which made for her a friend and an enemy. The friend was the humblest member of the household, and the enemy the master of the house; but we shall see which was the stronger. It had been a long time since Nick had given Noute a beating. There had been nothing to provoke it. Nick's one want was supplied in the way we have seen, and the duty of providing for his family had been virtually assumed by "the foolish."

This had been a season of development for even the weak-minded man, and he had dared to bring back empty the demijohn Nick had placed in the boat to be filled, whereupon milord began to use his boot as he had done in the old days. Noute, however, held him strongly at arm's-length, and would have thrown him from him, when what was this?

The little child Babette, usually so gentle and mild, had rushed in between them, and with a stick was beating Nick over the head and in the face; and when Nick seized the stick and broke it in her presence, she stood unabashed and defiant, and, cheeks aflame, commanded him to stop. Seeing her stand thus, with head erect and unabashed, the miserable drunkard doggedly dropped the rod and sullenly slunk away.

But what had come over Noute, "the foolish"? Great tears were trickling down his scarred cheeks, and, throwing himself down at her feet, he took them in his hands and kissed them, laughing and weeping all the while like a foolish child.

If Noute was a "low-down dog"—Nick's favorite name for him—he had a best dog's best trait faithfulness; and no dog ever loved a master as this poor friendless creature henceforth loved the little child who had forgotten even her fear of the drunkard in resentment of his wrongs.

Noute scarcely left the house after this without bringing something to his little queen. The prettiest of his flowered cotton kerchiefs he brought and tied about her neck. Down upon his knees in the sand he fell as he placed it there. Pretty shells from the islands and water-lilies from the bayous he would gather for her, always presenting them—a queer notion it was of the poor "foolish" on his knees.

One day, in the summer-time it was, he brought her, in great glee, a mocking-bird in a little wooden cage he had made himself. He took particular delight in this gift, and after formally presenting it, he sat flat upon the ground, blinking faster than ever, to see what she would do.

For a few moments she seemed as delighted as Noute could have wished; but presently her little face grew serious and troubled. The pretty bird, unaccustomed to the confinement of a cage, was beating its head against the bars, panting and panic-stricken.

Babette, looking sadly at Noute, shook her little head, and pointed to the trees. Then she opened the door of the little cage; and when the bird flew away to the top of the highest branch she laughed and clapped her little hands.

If Noute's first sensation was disappointment, he was deeply impressed with the act. It seemed a sacred thing. The child who had fought for him would not imprison a bird. He sat very still upon the ground for a moment, blinking slowly, as if trying to seize a difficult thought; then taking between his hands the cage that had cost him so much labor, he crushed it to pieces and threw it far out into the water.

Babette had given him his first idea of freedom, and with it he became her devoted slave for life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A NARROW ESCAPE IN HAVANA HARBOR.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"IT begins to feel like home already. Here is the hilly coast of Cuba to the south of us. By to-morrow we should see the broad white Florida beach; then, in three days more, New York."

The American steamship *City of Matanzas*, which had left Progresso, in Mexico, forty-eight hours before, was bound direct for New York. Walter Layman, as he

leaned against the rail watching the receding Cuban coast, and reckoning the distance from home, was in good spirits and certainly he had every reason to feel so. A bright, healthy, light-hearted American boy, eighteen years old, perhaps, with good friends at home, good clothes, good money in his pocket, on a good ship, sailing over the smooth Gulf of Mexico, homeward bound. More than this, he had the satisfaction of feeling that the delicate and difficult mission upon which he had been sent to the tropics had been well managed, and would soon be successfully accomplished. But this was Walter's first long voyage, and he had not yet heard the true saying that "no voyage is ended till the ship be safe in port."

While the young American still stood watching the hazy Cuban shore another steamship, that for some time had been growing up out of the horizon, bound to the westward, came within speaking distance, and Walter, like the other passengers on deck, turned his attention to her. The stranger blew two blasts from her whistle, and hoisted an odd-looking flag.

"What ship is that?" Walter asked of the second officer, who stood near.

"That is the *City of Tabasco*, of this same line," the Mate replied.

"And what is that strange flag she has hoisted?" he asked.

"That means, 'We have orders for you,'" the Mate answered.

While they watched the first flag was lowered, and three others took its place, one over another. As soon as they could be read, the *City of Matanzas* blew two blasts, and hoisted a small flag which meant, "Your signals are understood."



"BUT WHAT CAN I DO?" WAS THE CONSUL'S REPLY.

"And what are the orders?" Walter asked, when it was all over and the ships were drawing apart—"that is, unless it's a secret."

"No secret at all," the Mate answered. "The orders are that we are to touch at Havana on the way home, so we shall have to alter our course."

"What?" Walter exclaimed. "Havana? You're going to take this ship to Havana?"

"That's about the size of it," the Mate replied, surprised at the boy's excited manner. "We have to obey orders, you know, and we'll be in Havana harbor before dark."

No wonder the Mate was surprised at the sudden change in the young American. The boy's face had changed color, and he trembled with excitement. He ran down into the cabin, and exchanged some hurried words with a wounded man who lay in a state-room berth with one arm bandaged, then hastily sought the Captain in his room.

"Captain Coffin," he asked, trying with some success to calm himself, "is it true that you are going to take this ship into Havana?"

"Quite true," the Captain answered, pleasantly. "The order was cabled to Havana, and the *City of Tabasco* has just signalled it to us."

"Then I shall have to ask your advice and assistance, Captain," Walter said, and his voice now was as calm as ever. "I am taking a wounded gentleman home with me, as you know. We waited some days for this ship in Progresso, because she was advertised to go direct to New York, instead of stopping at Havana, as most of the ships do. The gentleman with me is my uncle, General G. Menendez Palacio, the leader in last month's unsuccessful revolution in Cuba. The Cuban authorities have offered $5000 reward for his capture, and it will be almost certain death for him to be taken to Havana. He is—"

"But his name is not on our passenger list," the Captain interrupted.

"He is on the passenger list as G. Menendez, using simply his middle name. Besides, Captain, he is an American citizen. Here are his naturalization papers."

"Ah!" the Captain exclaimed; "that puts a new face upon the matter. You should have come to me at the beginning; but since he is an American citizen, I assure you he shall have all the protection that I can give him. An American ship is American soil, and none of my passengers shall be interfered with as long as I can prevent it. But this is a strange yarn you are spinning me, lad. You are evidently an American, and General Palacio is as evidently a Cuban. How does he come to be your uncle? And how do you happen to be taking him to New York?"

"I can easily explain that, Captain," Walter replied. "General Palacio is, of course, a Cuban; but he came to America some years ago, became a naturalized citizen, went into business in New Haven —where I live—and married my aunt. When news came, a few weeks ago, of a new uprising in Cuba, he was off for his native island before his friends could stop him. The next news we received was of the total defeat of the revolutionists, the wounding of General Palacio, and of a reward for his capture. It was impossible for my father to leave home at the moment, as he is a very busy lawyer, and



"WHAT IS SHE, CAPTAIN?" HE EAGERLY ASKED.

he sent me to Cuba to find my uncle, give him what assistance I could, and, if possible, bring him home."

"You are young for such a mission," the Captain again interrupted.

"But I have almost succeeded," Walter went on. "I first went to Havana, with good letters of introduction, and learned there that my uncle had escaped in a small schooner to Progresso. I followed and found him there; and we waited for this ship to come from Vera Cruz, as she was announced to go direct to New York without touching at Havana."

At three o'clock that afternoon the *City of Matanzas* swept into the harbor of Havana, saluting the grand old Morro Castle at the entrance with a dip of her flag and a shot from her gun as she passed; but the Morro gave no sign; it is only to war-ships that she condescends to return a salute.

"There is something in the manner of these fellows that I do not exactly like," Captain Coffin said to Walter, after the health and customs officers had been on board. "They seem to be looking for something, and I half suspect that some little bird has told them of your uncle being on board. However, keep him close in his stateroom, and we'll see what turns up."

They had not long to wait for something to turn up. Before the sunset gun was fired in the castle a beautiful white boat pulled out to where the *City of Matanzas* lay anchored—a boat rowed by eight men in uniform, and with a uniformed officer in the stern. The officer boarded the ship and had a long conversation with Captain Coffin in his room. As soon as the officer was gone the Captain sent for Walter.

"Well, young man," he said, when Walter answered the summons, "we're in for it. They know that General Palacio is on board, and the commander of the troops has just made a formal demand for his surrender. I have refused, of course, and that means that we are going to have trouble. We cannot leave this harbor before morning, and they will certainly make an effort to take your uncle to-night. Most likely we shall hear from them within an hour. Is he able to handle a rifle?"

"I think so," Walter replied. "He is still weak, but the wound in his shoulder does not entirely disable him."

"Then he must help defend himself," the Captain went on. "You can come with me, if you like, and see what measures I intend to take for the safety of my passenger."

There was an air of determination about the Captain that gave Walter some confidence. The Captain led the way to the bridge, and the first orders he gave showed that he expected trouble and was not afraid to meet it.

"Hoist the American colors!" he ordered. "Hoist the gangway and unship it. Allow no one to board us without my knowledge, Mr. Davis."

Mr. Davis, the first officer, stepped forward, and the Captain gave him some puzzling directions about shifting bales in the forward hold and attaching hose to the boiler vents.

"We are loaded with baled hemp, as I suppose you know," he said to Walter. "I have just ordered the Mate to restow part of the forward hold in such a way as to leave a small chamber well forward, to be reached only by a tunnel through which only one man at a time can crawl on his hands and knees. I shall put your uncle in the chamber, with my own repeating-rifle. I have also ordered that pipes be attached to the boilers, so that we can throw hot water in case of attack. If they will give us an hour or two, we shall be ready for them."

"Could not the American Consul give us some protection?" Walter asked. "I was specially cautioned to apply to the nearest Consul in case of trouble."

"I sent word to him several hours ago," the Captain answered, "but he has given me no reply. At any rate, there is not much that he could do with no American

[illegible] in the harbor. We shall have to depend [illegible] young man."

[illegible] of the General reply forward and in little more than an hour General Palacio, weak and pale, but [illegible] his life was ensconced in the dark chamber that had been prepared for him, and the ship was ready to repel boarders.

"Boat ahoy!" one of the watch shouted, after several hours had passed and darkness had settled down upon the beautiful harbor. "Keep off, you can't board this ship."

A fine large barge, rowed by twelve men, and carrying twenty or thirty soldiers with guns glistening under the ship's lights, had drawn up alongside.

"It is the Captain of the Port," came the reply, in Spanish, from the barge.

"I don't care who it is. Keep off." And the sailor blew a whistle that brought a number of men to his assistance and summoned the Captain from his room.

"Keep off with that boat!" the Captain shouted. "You cannot come on board here."

"But it is the Captain of the Port," came the voice from the boat.

"No matter who it is," the Captain answered. "No one can come aboard here before sunrise. Keep off, or you will certainly be scalded. We have pipes attached to the boilers, and can throw hot water."

There was a hurried consultation in the barge. His Excellency the Captain of the Port was not accustomed to such treatment. But the prospect of a scalding bath was not encouraging, and in a few minutes the barge drew away.

"That is only the first attempt," Captain Coffin said to Walter; "we shall soon hear from them again."

Within a few more minutes lights flashed along the shore, and several moving lights on the water showed that as many moving boats had been despatched in different directions. It was not long before a boatswain's whistle blew shrilly on the deck of one of the Spanish ironclads lying farther up the bay, and soon *El Rey*, one of the newest war-ships of the Spanish navy, ploughed slowly past the *City of Matanzas*, then swung about till she lay directly across the American vessel's bows, hardly a hundred feet away, and dropped anchor there.

Up to this moment Walter had considered his uncle's fate completely in the hands of Captain Coffin; but the moving of this ship to such a position indicated that the Spaniards would stop at nothing to capture the fugitive General. The Captain might hold out till morning—but then? With an idea of his own he again went to the Captain's room.

"It is utterly useless," Captain Coffin replied to his entreaty. "But there is no denying that your uncle is in a desperate situation; and if you think you can induce the American Consul to help us in any way, I will do my best to set you ashore."

Half an hour later Walter was in the residence of the American Consul in Havana, entreating him to do something for his uncle's safety.

"But what can I do?" was the Consul's constant reply. "If they choose to use force, I have no force to oppose them with. I can only protest, and that I will willingly do to-morrow; but you may be sure that my protest will be of no avail."

"You have our government's cipher," Walter urged, as a last resort. "Can you not, at any rate, telegraph the facts to Washington, and ask for instructions?"

The Consul looked surprised at such a suggestion from a boy; and Walter hastened to explain that his father had told him how to proceed if he found himself in great trouble.

"It is nearly nine o'clock," the Consul replied, "and long before any answer can be received your uncle will be taken from the ship. But I will send the telegram, and explain the situation fully."

The sun was gilding the ancient towers of the Morro Castle, and innumerable sweet-toned bells were ringing in the city when Captain Coffin and Walter entered the saloon to drink an early cup of coffee. The distant boom of a gun echoed across the water, and Walter looked up in alarm.

"Only a ship coming in," the Captain said, in answer to his look.

Boom—m—m—m! thundered one of the heavy guns of the castle.

"A man-of-war!" the Captain exclaimed. "The castle salutes nothing but war-ships."

In an instant he was on deck, his glasses pointed at a beautiful stranger steaming into the harbor. Walter, close by his side, needed no glass to see the gallant stars and stripes floating at the new-comer's stern.

"What is she, Captain?" he eagerly asked.

"The United States war-ship *Miantonomoh*," the Captain answered, with a huskiness in his voice that all the Spanish ironclads could not have produced. "Your cipher dispatch has done its work, young man."

Walter flew down to the hold to tell his uncle that an American war-ship had just entered the harbor. When he returned to the deck the *Miantonomoh* was dropping her anchor close by the *City of Matanzas*. One of her officers was immediately taken ashore in a launch, and before he returned, the big *El Rey*, in obedience to a signal from the castle, hoisted her anchor and drew away.

When the officer shortly steamed out to the *City of Matanzas* and informed Captain Coffin that he was free to leave the harbor—indeed, that the sooner he left it the better—he explained that the *Miantonomoh*, lying at Key West, had received orders from Washington before midnight to proceed at full speed to Havana; and a translation of the Consul's cipher dispatch had also been forwarded.

"It was you, after all," Captain Coffin said to Walter, when they were safe out of Spanish waters and homeward bound again, "who saved your uncle's life."

## "TOAD."

BY O. K. CHOBEE.

Part II.

"I SUPPOSE you go to school, Theodore?" continued the gentleman.

Thinking that this remark must be addressed to the other boy, Toad remained silent, until the gentleman, looking straight at him, repeated the question.

Then he blushed again as he answered, "No, sir."

"Why not?"

"We're too poor."

"What do you do with your time, then? Spend it in fishing"

"Oh no, sir! I wish I could, but I don't hardly ever go fishing now. I work in Mr. Bob Leet's pine patch."

"How much do you earn at that?"

"Sometimes four bits a day, sometimes not so much."

"Seems to me you could do better in some other way," said the gentleman, regarding the young stranger keenly—"sizing him up," as it were. "How would you like to ship on my yacht for the rest of the season, at fifteen dollars a month and found in everything, as bait-catcher and boat-steerer, with a chance of going North on her for the summer if you did well?"

"Oh, wouldn't I like it!" gasped Toad, as the full splendor of this offer flashed across his mind. "I can't do it, though. 'Cause I can't leave Uncle Dad."

"Who's Uncle Dad, and where do you live?"

"Why, he's my father, or just the same as my father,

and he's taken care of me and been good to me all my life! Now he's old and crippled so's he can't do anything, and he hasn't anybody in all the world but me to take care of him. We live down on the grant."

"So that is the state of affairs, is it?" mused the gentleman, gazing with increased interest at the little chap upon whose youthful shoulders so great a responsibility had been thrown. "Well, you come back here day after to-morrow, and we'll settle then for this lot of bait."

When the little chap went wearily home that night to assume the household tasks of cutting wood, drawing water, cooking supper, feeding Uncle Dad and getting him to bed, all of which must be done before his long day's work would be ended, he found the old negro in a high state of excitement, of which he could get no explanation, because "hit am a important bizness secret what can't be known by no one yet erwhile, an' you, honey, the mos' perticerler."

"All right," thought Toad; "I guess I kin have a secret too." And so when Uncle Dad finally remembered to ask him what he had got for his mullet, the boy only said, "I'll show you the day after to-morrow."

When Toad was finally free to leave the endless rows of bayonetlike leaves and cone-shaped fruit that he hated so cordially, he sped to the yacht club house as though his bare feet were winged. To his intense disappointment not a soul was to be seen about the building. Not only that, but of the several small boats generally tied to the wharf only one remained.

The boy noted this carelessly at first, but a second glance caused him to start, stare, and then hasten to where the boat lay. It was his very own, or, rather, Uncle Dad's, old skiff. Yes, it must be, for there was not another on the bay of that peculiar model; but how changed from when Toad had last seen it! Then it was water-logged, battered, disreputable, and its old sail hung in tatters. Now it was so skilfully patched as to be perfectly tight; it was freshly painted white, and a yellow beading outside, with an interior coat of blue, while a new sail of old but sound canvas was bent on to its spars.

Toad gazed in ecstasy. "Isn't she lovely!" he exclaimed, under his breath. Then he was seized by an overwhelming impulse to try her under the new sail. To be sure, the sun had just disappeared behind a bank of the blackest of clouds, and it was evident that an angry squall was about to swoop over the bay. But what did Toad care for squalls? He had driven the old boat safely through many a one. If worst came to worst, he knew he could ride it out in safety under bare poles, and he didn't mean to go very far out, anyway. There was a sail coming down the bay. He would just run out to meet it, and then race it back.

In another minute the new sail was hoisted. How beautifully it set! Then, with the young skipper at her helm, the old boat sprang away from the wharf, and began tearing over the angry little seas at a speed such as she had never shown before.

He soon recognized the craft he had gone out to meet as the beautiful *Swift* that he had admired so greatly two days before; but what could be the matter with her? She was running dead before the wind, rolling and yawing frightfully. It made our young sailor indignant to see so fine a boat handled so clumsily.

"Looks like they didn't know nothing 'tall 'bout sailing," he muttered.

His own boat, close hauled, was burying her lee gunwale at every jump; but she had been well ballasted with two heavy sand-bags, and the lad perched high on the weather-rail was perfect master of both her and the situation. He knew exactly how far it was safe to let her go over, and just when to luff. As he drew closer to the *Swift* he saw that she had but a single occupant, the boy in white flannels who had regarded him so contemptuously upon the occasion of their first meeting. Now he was evidently beside himself with terror, for he was beckoning wildly to Toad, and uttering unintelligible shouts. The squall that the latter had foreseen rolled up quicker than even he had expected, and was now close at hand.

He would stand by and help the other boy if he could, but to save his own boat from disaster it was high time to be getting in sail. Then if the other fellow would only bring his boat into the wind he would row up to him. He let his own sail go by the run, shouting at the top of his voice to the other boy to do the same as he did; but the stranger was either too ignorant to comprehend or too frightened to obey. Instead of dropping his peak, throwing his boat into the wind, and letting go his sail, he altered his course so as to head straight for the now helpless skiff.

"Keep her off! Bear away! Up with your helm!" screamed Toad. But it was too late even if he had been understood.

An instant later the sharp brass-shod bow of the *Swift* crashed full into the side of the old skiff with such force as to cut her open to the centreboard trunk. Toad leaped for his life into the other boat, and at that moment the squall bore down on them with a fiendish howl of delight. The great silken sail gybed over, the youth who was responsible for all this mischief was tripped by the sheet and flung headlong into the bottom of the boat, and had it not been for the old skiff which for a minute held the *Swift* fast, the latter would certainly have been capsized. As it was, Toad, who had not for a moment lost his presence of mind, sprang to the halyards, cast off both peak and throat, and in a trice had rendered the sail incapable of making further trouble.

As he turned to look at his own boat he was just in time to see it work loose from the knifelike bow on which it was impaled, receive an inrushing torrent of water through the great jagged opening thus left, and sink slowly from sight. As the old craft that he loved, and which had so recently received a new lease of life, thus disappeared beneath the black waters, it seemed to poor Toad that he had lost one of his very dearest friends, and a choking lump rose in his throat. He turned angrily toward the author of all this unhappiness, and was about to say some very bitter things, but he experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling on seeing that the lad in white lay motionless where he had fallen.

Toad knelt beside him, lifted his head, and spoke to him, but received no answer. The squall was at its height, and the boat was driving before it like a feather. Bold and skilful must be the sailor who would dare oppose canvas to its terrible power, but our lad was both. A few minutes later he hoisted a three-reefed sail, sprang to the tiller, trimmed sheet, and with foaming water hissing along the upper edge of the cockpit coaming, was flying at racing speed toward the club-house wharf.

The whole episode had not occupied ten minutes, and had been witnessed by several persons through powerful glasses. Thus when the *Swift*, that had seemed about to hurl herself bodily at the bulkhead, was sharply rounded to, and laid alongside as gently as an autumn leaf, a small crowd of yachtsmen was gathered to meet her. Their attention was, of course, directed to the still senseless lad, and while they were restoring him to consciousness in the club-house, Toad slipped away unnoticed, and hastened homewards on foot. He knew that Uncle Dad was anxiously awaiting him, and besides, his heart was so heavy over the wreck at one blow of his skiff and his high hopes that he longed to be alone.

Although he poured all his sorrows into the sympathizing ears of his black foster-father, and received such rude comfort as the old negro could bestow, the poor lad's grief was so keen and his disappointment so bitter, that on going to bed he lay awake for hours, and at



TOAD LEAPED FOR HIS LIFE INTO THE OTHER BOAT.

length fairly sobbed himself to sleep, a thing he had never done before.

He was so exhausted that it was long after sunrise the next morning when he awoke to find Uncle Dad patiently awaiting his ministrations. While he was attending to the simple needs of the old man a pleasant-faced young fellow in yachting uniform appeared at the doorway of the little cabin.

"Does a lad named Theodore de Rosset live here?" he inquired.

Toad was about to answer in the negative, when Uncle Dad eagerly interrupted him.

"Yes, sah; dis young gen'lemen is him!" he exclaimed, indicating the boy by a nod of the head.

"Of course I might have known, for I have already seen him twice," replied the stranger, smiling, and nodding pleasantly to Toad.

"I have a note for you, Theodore," he continued, "from Senator Stanton, who owns the yacht *Swift*, you know, and whose son Rawl you rescued so splendidly last evening. Shall I read it to you?"

"If you please, sir," stammered the bewildered boy; whereupon the young man opened the note and read as follows:

"*Master Theodore de Rosset*

"MY DEAR BOY,—For the sake of my son, whom you so gallantly rescued a few hours since, I am obliged to seek skilled medical attendance as quickly as possible, and so shall set sail immediately. I regret being obliged to leave without thanking you in person, but hope to see you again very soon. In the mean time I send you by Mr. Weller, Secretary of the yacht club, something which I trust will compensate for the unfortunate loss of your boat, and which I have had ample proof you will know how to use.

"Rawl asks forgiveness for his carelessness, and joins me in loving gratitude. Tell Uncle Dad he will hear from me shortly. In the mean time I remain

"Faithfully your friend,

"THOMAS STANTON."

"What does it all mean?" cried the boy, at the conclusion of this astonishing epistle.

Mr. Weller stepped aside, and pointing through the open doorway, said, "That boat, which I am commissioned to deliver to you to be your own from this time on, will perhaps explain part of its meaning."

"Why," gasped the boy, "that's the very one —"

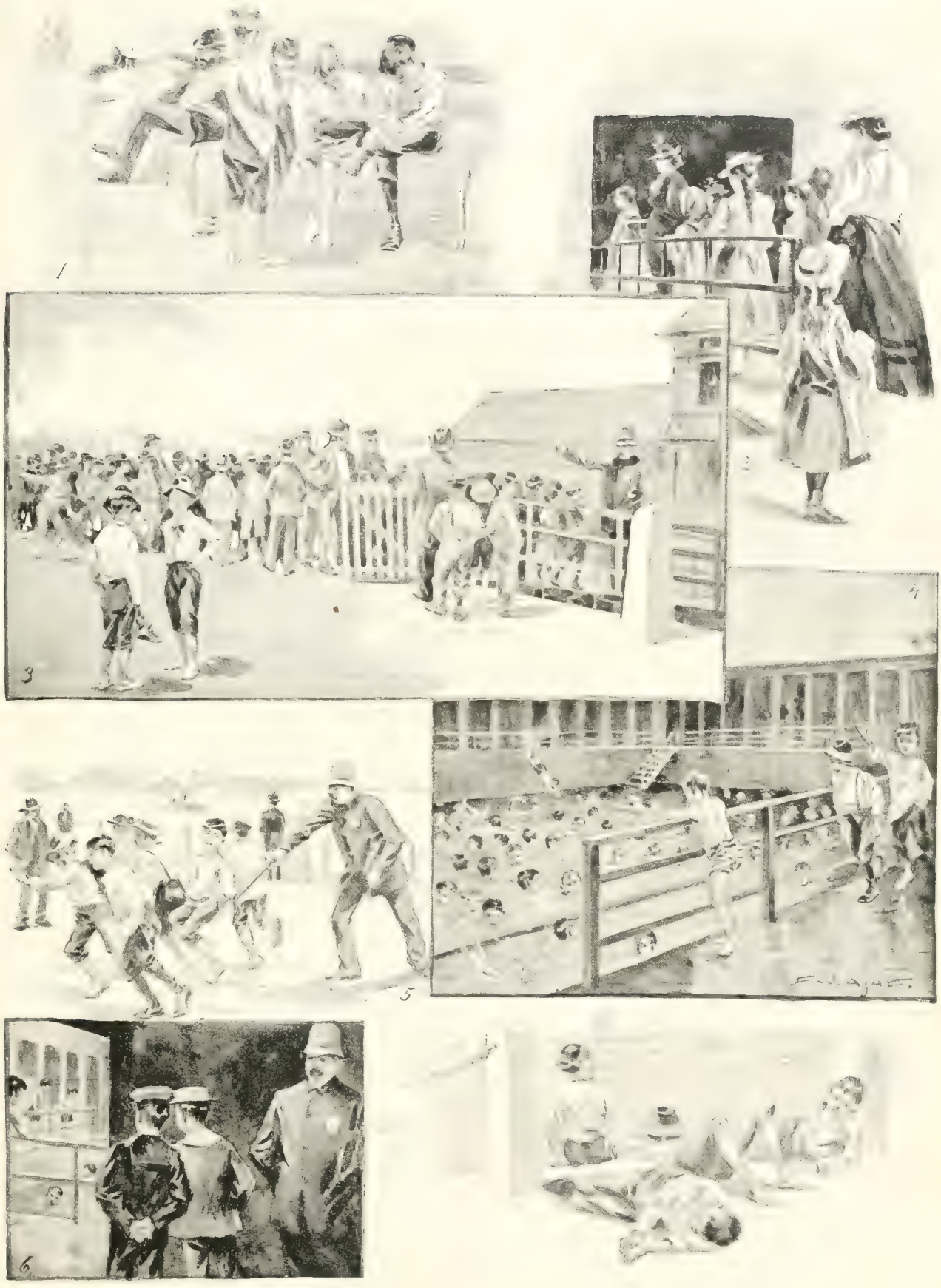
"To be sure it is," laughed Mr. Weller; "the very one that ran yours down last evening, and is now offered to you in her place. Moreover, I am commissioned to notify you that at a special meeting of the yacht club, held last evening, you were unanimously elected to honorary membership. One of the principal duties of an honorary member, you know, is to keep the other members supplied with bait at his own prices, and to show them the best fishing-grounds, for doing which he will of course be well paid."

"Oh!" cried the boy, with a glowing face, "it seems too good to be true! And I don't believe it is, either," he added, in a dismayed tone, "for that note was written to some one named Theodore Somebody, and that isn't my name at all. I only wish it was."

"Yes, it am, honey! Yes, it am!" cried Uncle Dad. "The'door de Rossy am your own sure-'nough name. Me an' de Senator settle on dat de odder day when he come to see me; and him gwine to prove it. Him be a monstrous fine gen'lemen, de Senator am, and him gwine ter git de grant fixed up so's we kin sell out. But de best of all is dat you ain't 'Toad' no longer, for I never could abide dat name. Hit didn't suit you, honey, not from de fust; but 'The'door!' dat now am de name of a sure-'nough gen'lemen like you sholy is."

As Uncle Dad said, so it all turned out. Through the exertions of Senator Stanton our young sailor, who hated pineapples, was proved to be Theodore de Rosset, only son and heir of the late Judge de Rosset, of New Orleans, who, with his wife and baby, as was supposed at the time, was lost at sea twelve years before. Through the same powerful influence Congress was induced to pass a bill declaring the grant public property, with the exception that any person who had resided on it for twenty years or more should be entitled to one hundred and sixty acres of the land immediately surrounding his home. This decision rendered poor old Uncle Dad one of the wealthiest property-owners on the bay, and enabled him to remove to a dry inland climate, in which his rheumatism has almost disappeared.

As for Theodore de Rosset, honorary member of the Bay Yacht Club, he is studying with all his might, preparatory to continuing his chosen career by entering Annapolis, which he hopes to do next year.



IN PAPA KNICKERBOCKER'S POOL —[See Page 706.]

1. Taking off Coats and Shoes to save Time. 2. Woman's Day. 3. "Keep in line, there!" 4. A busy day inside. 5. Keeping out "all-day" Bathers. 6. Visitors. 7. The wise Lads sprawl out in the Sun and dry their Hair.

## IN PAPA KNICKERBOCKER'S POOL.

BY WILLIAM HEMMING MAY.

HUY, Calhoun, calls Tommy McManus, and he dives.

There was a splash and silence. Ripples began to flow in various directions in that slow unhurried way that ripples always affect. Far down in the golden green water I could see something that looked like an overgrown and very sedate frog, with a black head and long lean arms and legs. It struck out vigorously for half a dozen strokes, and then it came to the surface with a rush. Up went the head, and behold the face of Tommy McManus, grinning from ear to ear. He was hungry for compliments, but he had to be content with limited praise.

"It wuz pretty good, but get onter dis fer a real good fetch." So saying, Chimmie Carroll darted forward and downward. His lean brown body slid into the water as smoothly as a musk-rat's. He straightened out quickly not far below the surface, and, with five long and powerful strokes, succeeded in passing Tommy. Then he came to the surface. Tommy dashed a shower at him. Chimmie fought back. The boys were having a beautiful battle, in which half a dozen of their friends joined, when they were all stopped by a sharp rapping on the side of the bath.

"You fellows stop drowning one another, or you'll have to get out of here," cried bath-keeper Michael Hickey. So they all quit splashing, and went back to the less-exciting delights of plain swimming. Two hundred boys and forty or fifty men were paddling around in a pool not much larger than the fountain in Union Square. It was the free swimming bath at the Battery. The noise they made would have drowned out the howls of a whole Stock Exchange. It was wonderful. How they had breath enough left for swimming while keeping up such yells is a secret no fellow can quite find out.

Just as regularly as the hands of the clock point to five the bath is opened every morning from early in June until October 1st. And with equal regularity you will find a crowd waiting to rush in and have the first swim of the day. Naturally the Battery bath has the greatest assortment of patrons. Italian laborers, for example, swim there every morning in scores. They are the earliest callers. Most of them are 'longshoremen—thick-chested fellows with backs broad and knotty enough to lift half a ton. Yet they cannot swim as fast as slender little boys. Knotty muscles are not swift. Many of the Italians bring their little sons with them, and there is a tremendous amount of squawking as the tiny chaps take their first plunge. They soon grow to like it. They learn quickly, too, and one of the funniest sights at the Battery is the spectacle of four or five of these brown young tadpoles swimming a race. Sometimes they cover the wonderful distance of twenty-five or even thirty feet.

When the small boys of the neighborhood begin to drop in the real fun of the day commences. Sometimes they run over before breakfast and have a plunge. Usually, though, they wait until nine o'clock or later. Then you will find them ranged in a long line on the Battery sea-wall, with the strongest boy, or rather the one handiest with his fists, at the head of the line. He stands before a wooden gate at the top of a long gangway. In the entrance of the bath—which is a big floating wooden hollow square—sits an active young policeman. He is none of your logy old fellows who wear a forty-five inch belt. Far from it; he is lithe and quick-limbed. He carries a rattan-switch, and they do say that when it is necessary he can make it fly as fast as spokes in a speeding bicycle. He's a good runner, too, and the boys know it. If he were not present the youngsters would simply swarm in and take possession of the bath, and refuse to leave it even for meals. When the keeper says the bath is ready the policeman marches up the gang-plank and opens the gate.

"Easy, now," he warns the boys, whereupon they solemnly and decorously march down for about three paces. Then with a whoop and a yell that would make Sitting Bull feel at home they tumble pell-mell over one another into the water for that greatest of summer luxuries, a good swim. There are sixty-eight dressing-rooms at the Battery free bath. Four boys, or three men, are accommodated in each room. The men are not at all slow in undressing for the plunge, but it is a well-known fact that the boys can give them three minutes' start, and then be the first to dive. One reason for the boys' quickness is that they take off their coats and shoes and stockings while waiting in line on the sea-wall. Men are too dignified to do that sort of thing. The last boy of the lot is always sure to be swimming before the first man is ready to go.

Perhaps some of you have never seen one of the free baths that the tax-payers of New York provide for the use of every one who cares to go in. Imagine a very large scow, with a deck-house extending along all four of its sides. In this house are the dressing-rooms, mere tiny closets. In the middle of the scow the river water is let in. It flows freely at all tides, and is constantly being changed and freshened. At one end the depth is 4 feet 6 inches, and it is a trifle shallower at the other. A railing encloses a lane, perhaps five feet wide, where the depth is only 2 feet 6 inches. Here the small boys learn to swim. They hang on with one hand to a rope that is stretched near the surface, and strike out vigorously with the other hand and both feet.

The racketing and plunging and shouting in the pool would drive a nervous man into the woods. Rule 6 of the Regulations declares that "Diving or jumping from the rails is positively forbidden." Of course it is, but who cares for a little thing like that?

There isn't anything half so amusing to a smart boy as to dive from a height of six or eight feet into shallow water. Keeper Hickey has only one assistant. The policeman is kept busy outside. So the boys who are fond of high diving wait until the keepers are out of the way, then they climb up on the rail and dart off. Once in a while some particularly brilliant lad manages to slip off the wet and treacherous rail and hurt his arms or bark his shins. I asked my friend Chimmie Carroll why he, being an expert, didn't dive off the rail.

"Say," he replied, "dese smart people know more dan de intelligent people, but I take notice dey git knocked out in de end. No funny bizniss fer me. S'pose I got laid out, who'd sell me papiz, hey? Say, git onter dis fetch."

Chimmie dived gracefully, and swam about thirty feet before coming to the surface.

"Good!" said I.

"Yer shoutin'," replied Chimmie, well pleased at the compliment.

To "fetch" well is the ambition of every boy who frequents the bath. It is done by swimming with the body entirely submerged. It isn't a real "fetch" if the swimmer's head or foot shows above the surface, not even if he keeps his face under water.

"Time to get out," cried Keeper Hickey.

All the men, of course, swam to the steps, and walked up to the dressing-rooms. So did most of the boys. They knew that if they made too much delay they would be arrested. One little fellow persisted in staying in longer than the others, and at last he was driven out at the point of the rattan. But he wanted one more swim. Did he get it? I should say so. He walked out of his dressing-room, and stood on the edge of the pool wringing out his tights. Then he fell overboard, of course by accident. He didn't howl one howl for help, but he placidly pad-

dled around until the keeper made his rattan swish threateningly near his back.

Twenty minutes is the time limit allowed each batch of swimmers. Five minutes of that is devoted to dressing and undressing. Once in a while some fellow rushes off with another's hat or shoes, but that sort of mischance is part of the excitement of the game.

When three-fourths of the batch had marched out of one door to the gang-plank, the policeman let in the next. They entered by a door on the opposite side of the entrance. It kept both bath-keepers busy to prevent stragglers from dodging in among the entering crowd. In spite of their hawklike watching three or four adroit boys on their way out did manage to slip into the ranks, and rush in for another swim.

What a charm the salt water has for these youngsters! The policeman has hard work to keep them in line at the gate, for the fighters constantly bully their way to the front—or they would, if they were not watched and occasionally rattaned. If the policeman cries "Keep in line there!" once, he does it five hundred times a day. What worries him most is keeping track of repeaters. Boys rush up the gang-plank and hustle into place at the rear of the line. At the end of the next twenty minutes they present themselves for admission. In spite of their wet hair they insist that they haven't been in the water. Lucky is the boy whose hair is close-cropped. I have seen some enterprising chaps streak their faces with dust, and then confidently declare that they "'Ain't been in in a week, boss." The very wisest lads sprawl out in the sun and dry their hair. Then they take their places in the line, and get in without any trouble.

There are fifteen free public baths along the East and Hudson river-fronts of this city. They are open from five o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night, except on Sundays, when they close at noon. Women may use the baths on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Those of the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE who spend their summers at the seaside enjoy sea-bathing of course, but they haven't any conception of what this bathing in Papa Knickerbocker's pool means to the New York street boy.

## A YOUTHFUL HERO.

BY PAUL HULL.

"LA TRIBUNE" was one of the finest frigates in the English navy. She sailed from Torbay for Halifax, Nova Scotia, under command of Post-Captain Samuel Barker, and after a fast and pleasant run sighted, early one morning, the coast in the vicinity of the harbor to which she was bound. It was proposed to lay the ship to until a pilot could be secured, but the sailing-master assured the Captain that he had navigated vessels many times in and out of the port, and was perfectly familiar with the channel. On this assurance the command was given to him. About noon-time the ship struck on Thrum Cap Shoals, and shortly after this the wind, which had been blowing from the southeast, increased to a gale. The vessel was at once lightened by throwing overboard all the guns, and at nine o'clock that night, at the height of the tide, she was floated off the shoals, but with rudder gone and seven feet of water in the hold. By heroic exertions the ship was kept afloat for an hour, when she lurched and rolled once or twice like a drunken person, and went down near a line of perpendicular cliffs against which the waves broke. More than two hundred and fifty human beings were left struggling in the sea, some of whom were immediately drowned; others were dashed against the rocks to leeward, while about one hundred succeeded in prolonging their existence by laying hold of the shrouds and mounting the topmasts, which remained above water after the vessel sunk. During the long, cold, stormy night that followed many became exhausted and dropped into the sea. About midnight the mainmast, where fifty persons had found safety, gave way and fell over the side, only about a dozen of the crew succeeding in regaining the ship.

Before morning dawned all but twelve of the crew of two hundred and fifty men that had manned the vessel a few hours before had been swept away. In the early light it was discovered that the vessel had been wrecked near the entrance to a fishing-place known as Herring Cove, the inhabitants of which soon congregated on the cliffs to gaze pityingly and helplessly at the scene of the awful tragedy, and to see the few despairing men who yet clung to the broken and swaying spars. The wind continued to blow heavily. Masses of water were torn from the tops of the rushing seas and hurled through the rigging of the wreck with a force that threatened each moment to knock the seamen into the waves that seemed to leap at them only a short distance below. As the morning passed the wind and sea went down a little, and it was proposed by the women that their husbands should try to rescue the survivors, but the fishermen declared that they could do nothing in such a frightful sea—that a boat could not live in it. Shortly after this a small dory with a single rower was seen to shoot out from the cove and pull in the direction of the wreck. Time and again a huge sea would rush down upon the frail craft as though to dash it back into the cleft in the wall of rock from which it had emerged, then the next moment the boat would be swung high on the mighty roaring crest, with the fearless rower driving it ever on.

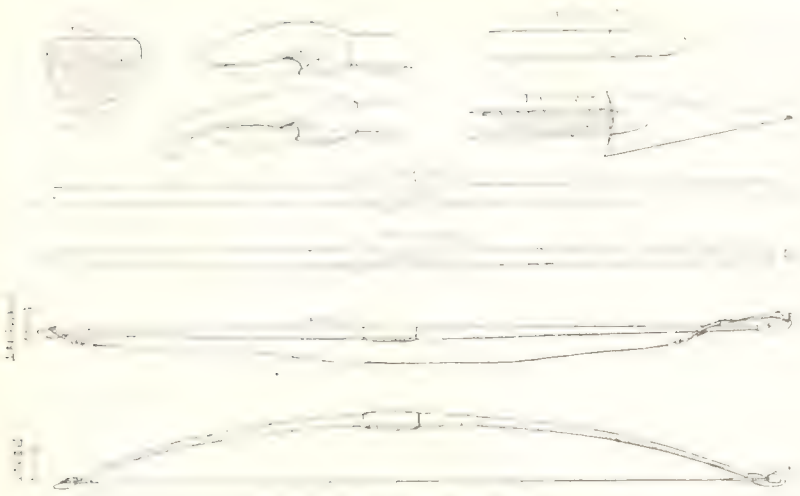
At last he approached so close to one of the reeling masts that two of the seamen dropped into the skiff, then, fearing to burden her further, he made his way back to the cover, and ran his dory up on the beach. It then appeared that the brave rescuer was a boy of thirteen years, named Pierre Leroux, the son of an absent fisherman. As soon as his boat was empty he again shoved off on his errand of rescue; but this time he was not permitted to make the perilous voyage alone, for the fishermen, stimulated by his conduct, had hurried to the shore, manned one of their fishing-boats, and put off. On coming up with the young hero they took him on board, keeping his boat in tow for the use of such of the seamen as could not be carried in their own dory. In this way all were brought safely ashore; yet just before they landed the gale increased with such fury that in less than fifteen minutes after the rescue the two remaining masts fell into the sea, and were quickly dashed into splinters against the crags. Had it not been for the gallant example set by Pierre Leroux not a man would have been saved from the frigate *La Tribune*.

## BOWS AND BOW-SHOOTING.

BY VESPER L. GEORGE.

THE true sportsman is not the one who with the least possible effort brings in the most game, but he who by his own cunning approaches the game, and whose strength of body and skill of hand brings it down. There is little honor in hitting a bird with a gun that throws a handful of shot quite evenly over four square feet.

It would require more skill to shoot a bird with a rifle, and still more to do so with an arrow. True sport consists in giving the game the best possible chance of escape and life, and yet securing. Shooting with an arrow requires strength of muscle as well as keenness of sight, and



DIAGRAMS FOR MAKING THE BOW.

it is the vigorous manliness of the shooter that gives power to his weapon, for if he could not draw his bow it would never propel a shaft.

Compare the soldiers of modern times with the hardy, powerful Crusaders, and you will see the difference between the result of the use of firearms and of weapons that require physical strength. To learn to shoot with a bow is to develop every faculty of the mind and body.

One has to be alert but patient, quick yet careful, besides having sound muscles and a clear eye. The practice gives health to body and mind, and the reward of success is infinitely better than a gun could ever give. Like anything else worth acquiring, it takes time and patience.

Let us learn first how to construct the weapons, and afterward the method of using them.

First of all comes the bow, which can be made of many kinds of wood—snakewood, lancewood, and yew are the best; but as these are difficult for some to obtain, of the American woods well-seasoned mulberry, sassafras, locust, or apple-tree will answer very well. Cut out a stave an inch and a half square, and the length equal to your own height—say between five and six feet. Have one side of it flat, and cut with the grain of the wood.

This will be the back of the bow, or the side farthest from you in shooting. (The inside is rounded and called the belly.) Lay the stave with the back down, and mark off the centre at A, Fig. 2, and five inches on each side of that mark off two other points (B B). From these outside points B B cut an incline toward each end (C C) as indicated by the dotted lines, leaving the ends half an inch thick.

Now turn it over so that the back is uppermost, and on the back mark off a space half an inch wide in the middle of each end at D D, Fig. 3. Cut from B B to D D on the dotted lines.

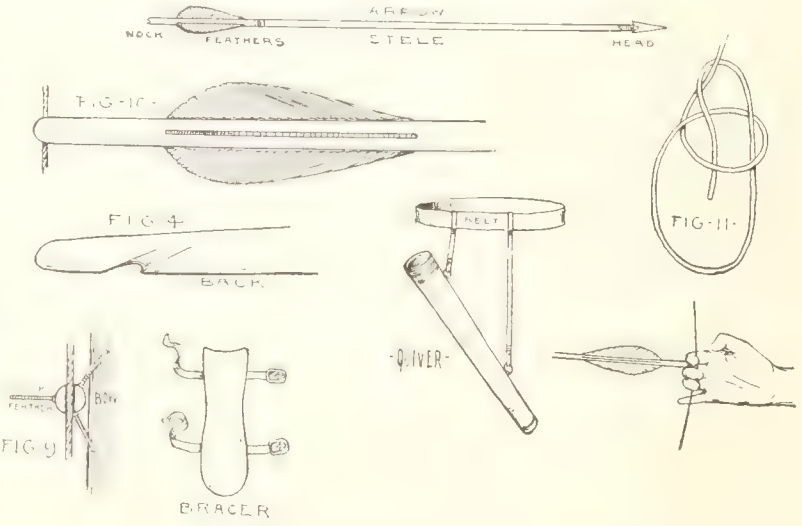
This gives you a stick square for ten inches in the middle, then tapering on three sides to half an inch on the ends. Always be sure to keep the back with the grain of the wood. Now round the edges of the back a very little, and round the belly, tapering it evenly on both arms (Fig. 1). Then work it gradually down with a spoke-shave until it is the required strength, always working on the belly, never on the back. Finish it off with rasp and sand-paper. One inch from each end cut a notch into the back, and extend ing up on to the back and sides, slanting from the back toward the centre of the bow (Fig. 4). This is for the string. A better way is to make tips of the ends of cattle horns. This can be done by boiling the horns, after which they can be easily worked to the required shape; in which case make one longer than the other, and have the longer end always at upper end of bow (Figs. 5 and 6). These are glued on to the ends of the bow, which are tapered to fit an opening made in the bows. A piece of velvet is now glued just below the middle of the bow for the hand, and the arrow passes just over the knuckle of the forefinger of the left hand directly at the middle of the bow.

The arrow comes next, and must be made with the utmost care. Any bent stick of springy wood will send a good arrow to the mark; but let the bow be of the finest make, yet it is useless in combination with imperfect shafts. The arrow consists of four parts — the stele, the head, the nock, and the feathers. The stele is the wooden part, and is best made of hard pine or deal. Experience will soon teach you what is best for your purpose. The stele should be planed down absolutely straight and perfectly round, to five-sixteenths or three-eighths of an inch in diameter.

Twenty-six or twenty-eight inches is a good length. Sometimes they are made slightly tapering toward the head. For target practice the head is made blunt, and fastened on by fitting the stele into a hole bored to fit (Fig. 7).

These heads can be purchased of a dealer in archery goods for a small sum. A cartridge shell, weighted at the end with a tiny piece of lead, serves very well, but be careful not to make it too heavy. The heads for hunting-arrows are made of heavy sheet iron or steel, with a long shank, which is put into a slit made in the arrow to fit it, and bound on with wire thread (Fig. 8). These are filed sharp on the edge, and are very dangerous. The nock is made with a flat file in the end of the arrow, and just large enough to admit the string easily but not too freely. The cut should be about a quarter of an inch deep. Horn tips are sometimes glued on to the arrows, and the nocks cut in them, making what are called "horn-nocked" arrows.

The feathering is what requires the greatest care. Gray-goose-quill feathers are best. The feathers are to be




DIAGRAMS FOR MAKING THE ARROW.

pared from the quill, so that the foot or quill part of the feather is at right angles to feather part—that is, so they could be stood upright on the quill edge. They are to be cut in lengths of three inches, and glued to the stele about an inch and a half from the nock, parallel, of course, to the line of the stele. Three feathers are to be placed on each arrow; one of these, different in color from the other two, is to be glued at right angles to direction of nock, and is called the cock feather (Fig. 9). Place the other two at equal distances around the stele. This is so you will always nock the arrows the same way, and prevent any feather from coming squarely over the bow, which would be likely to tear off the feather and also to turn the arrow out of its course. This position of the cock feather is very essential. The arrows should be painted at this part in order to prevent moisture from loosening the glue. The two most important things are to have the stele straight and the feathers well placed. There are many designs for trimming the feathers. The shape given in Fig. 10 seems as good as any in use. To designate the owner, the arrow can be striped with two or three rings of color or gold just in front of the feathers. Each archer usually has a mark of his own. The bow-string must be made of fine flax or hemp, very strong, as it must be able to stand the snap of the bow, and yet not be larger than an eighth of an inch in the middle, though it is made much thicker at the ends. If possible, it would be well to buy the bow-strings, as they are very difficult to make. Make a loop in one end by tying a bow-line knot (Fig. 11). This loop is tied to a ribbon, the other end of which is fastened in a small hole made in the long or upper tip of bow.

Arrange it so that the loop of string will hang about three inches below nock in the tip, and then tie the other end of the bow-string tightly in nock at lower end of bow. When strung, the cord will be five or six inches from the bow at the centre. The bow should always be left unstrung when not in use.

To bend or string the bow grasp it in the middle with the right hand, holding the back toward you, with the small or lower tip just at the instep of the right foot; place the left hand on upper arm of bow, with the thumb on the loose loop; now, at the same time, pull with the right hand and press with the left, slipping the loop into the upper nock as soon as it reaches it. This is the best method, and one quickly acquired.



READY TO SHOOT.

The other things necessary to have are a quiver for holding the arrows, worn either over the right shoulder or at the belt; a glove to protect the fingers of the right hand; and a bracer, which is a piece of hard leather or wood, highly polished, and should be worn on the left wrist for the string to strike against (this is quite necessary not only for a protection to the wrist, but it also allows the string to snap sharply, whereas on the coat sleeve the blow would be deadened). A tassel, hung at the belt, to wipe the arrows with, and a tiny cup of a mixture of tallow and wax, with which to rub the bow and string, complete the outfit.

To shoot, stand firmly, with the left foot in advance and the head turned over the left shoulder; grasp the bow firmly with the left hand, holding it horizontally in front of you. Take an arrow between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand at the nock; lay it over the bow just above the left hand, which should be the middle of the bow; fit the nock to the string, being sure the cock feather is uppermost or at right angles to string. It is advisable to mark a place on the string at which to fit the arrow, so you will always nock it at the same point.



STRINGING THE BOW.

Now place the forefinger of the left hand over the arrow long enough to hold it in place while you change the position of the right-hand fingers; then the left forefinger is to be removed and not again replaced.

The arrow is kept in place simply by resting it on knuckle of left hand. The change of right fingers consists in hooking them under the bow-string—one above, two below, the arrow, which is held in place at that end by pinching the two fingers tightly together.

Now raise the bow hand to the level of the shoulder, at the same time changing the bow to a perpendicular position. Do not draw too quickly nor yet too slowly, until the knuckle of the thumb touches the ear, or until you feel the head of the arrow touch the left-hand knuckle; then loose quickly and smoothly. Always use arrows of the same length and weight. Shoot only with perfectly straight arrows. Each time loose as nearly as possible in the same manner—that is, not too slowly now and too quickly the next time. Always keep your eyes on the object you shoot at; never look at the arrow. By observing the foregoing rules you have a standard to work by, and you will speedily learn to correct your faults, and will soon be able to hit a mark. A good target can be made from a large box filled with sods, tightly packed, and covered with burlap. Stand this upright, and fasten the paper target to the burlap. This is easily made, and will prevent your arrows from being injured. It is advisable to first learn to hit a mark at a short distance—fifteen or twenty feet—then gradually to increase the distance. When you have learned to hit stationary objects fairly well, you may try moving ones, and you will be surprised to find how soon you will acquire ability to hit them.

Do not use a bow that you cannot draw easily; wait until your muscles have grown strong before you attempt to shoot with a strong bow.

The weight of a bow is the drawing strength required—that is, whatever it marks on a pair of scales when drawn the length of an arrow.

Our space will not allow us to go into further details as to the many things you might observe to perfect yourselves in shooting, but if you observe diligently the rules laid down, you cannot fail to acquire by degrees all that goes to make a perfect archer. For further information I refer you to *The Witchery of Archery*, by Maurice Thompson, whose charming pages first opened to me the possibilities of this delightful and healthful exercise, and also to *A Treatise on Archery*, by Roger Ascham, to both of which I am greatly indebted for much of the information contained in this article.

## WEATHER HINTS TO YOUNG SAILORS.

THE young sailor ought to devote a great deal of attention to the signs of the weather, because in many instances not only the comfort but even the safety of his ship and crew will depend upon his foresight in this matter. He can learn the habit of noting and remembering the various appearances of the sky and subsequent changes of wind and weather. In this way you will learn a number of important facts not down in any of the books. But if you have access to any good books containing hints about the weather, such as Captain Howard Patterson's *Yachtsman's Guide* and *Illustrated Nautical Dictionary* and Lieutenant E. N. Qualtrough's *Sailor's Handy Book*, be sure and read them. Let me give you a few of the points which have been noted by these authorities.

First of all, if you are going cruising in a yacht, no matter how small, carry a barometer. If you have not room for a mercurial barometer, carry an aneroid. A large vessel should have both. In addition to these you ought to have a thermometer and a hygrometer. A barometer measures the pressure of the air, a thermometer in the shade its temperature, and a hygrometer its moisture. As the conditions of the atmosphere affect these instruments before those conditions become sufficiently powerful to change the weather, we get indications of what is to come. But we must know how to use the instruments, and the first thing to do is to pay no attention to the words "fair," "change," etc., engraved on the faces of barometers. They ought to be abolished, as they have no significance whatever. Following are Professor Dové's rules, as given by Captain Patterson, for the use of the barometer:

"If the barometer is about at its average height, viz., thirty inches at the sea-level, and is steady or rising while the weather gets cooler and the air becomes drier, northwesterly, northerly, northeasterly winds, or less wind, less rain or snow may generally be expected.

"On the contrary, if the barometer falls while the weather gets warmer and the air becomes damper, wind and rain may be looked for from the southeast, south, or southwest.

"If these rules are broken in any way, there is reason to fear.

"If the weather grows warmer while the barometer is high and the wind northeasterly, look for a sudden shift of wind to south. If the weather becomes colder while the wind is southwesterly and the barometer low, look for a sudden squall or severe storm from the northwest, with snow in winter.

"Slight exceptions to these rules sometimes happen; the commonest are with northeast winds, which sometimes bring rain, sleet, or snow, especially during heavy gales, although the barometer may be rising. On the other hand, when the wind is northeasterly and light, and the barometer begins to fall, rain may set in before the wind begins to blow from east or east-southeast."

In addition to these rules it is well to bear in mind the following rhymes, which will aid the memory:

"When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow,
When it rises high,
Let all your kites fly.
When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect and clear blow.
Long foretold, long past,
Short notice soon past.
Rise after low,
Foretells stronger blow."

In general, a steady barometer means good weather; unsteady, uncertain weather. All sudden movements of the barometer, up or down, mean wind. Look out, however, for trouble when the barometer continues low for some time with calm weather. A serious storm is almost sure to follow such a day, which is called a "weather-breeder."

Now let me give you a few of the well-known facts about the wind and sky. If the wind shifts "with the sun" (that is from left to right in front of you) it "veers." If it shifts the opposite way, it "backs," and this is a sign of unsettled weather.

Watch the sky for what are called "mares' tails." These, appearing after clear weather, show the track of the wind in the sky. A rosy sunset predicts fair weather. A red sky in the morning foretells bad weather. A gray sky in the morning means fine weather. If the first streaks of light at dawn are seen above a bank of clouds, look out for wind; if they are close to or on the horizon, the weather will be fair. In general, soft, delicate colors in the sky, with indefinite forms of clouds, mean fair weather; gaudy, unusual colors, and hard-edged clouds mean rain, and probably wind.

A dark, gloomy, blue sky is windy; but a bright, light blue sky indicates fine weather. Generally, the softer clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more "greasy," rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove.

A bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; orange or copper-colored, wind and rain.

These are some of the most important points about weather which have been set down in the books by old and experienced sailormen. If the young yachtsman will bear them in mind, and at the same time keep an eye on his instruments, he will not often be taken unawares by bad weather. In addition to these points let me give you a few gathered by my own observation in the course of twenty years of boating and yachting on the Atlantic coast yachting waters. I cannot vouch for the working of my little rules to the southward of Cape May, because I have never cruised there; but from that point to Marblehead they are pretty safe. Here they are:

If the day breaks with an easterly or northeasterly wind, a leaden sky, and a swell, look out for a gale from the northeasterly quarter.

Beware of a southeasterly gale; it is the worst storm we have on the Atlantic coast.

A damp, brisk, southeasterly wind anywhere between Cape May and Cape Ann, especially in the neighborhood of Block Island, is likely—almost certain—to bring in a fog. Crack on sail, and make harbor as soon as possible.

If it begins to breeze up from the southwest, with a hazy look in that quarter, prepare for a "smoky sou'-wester," which sometimes blows very hard. This is a frequent wind in the Long Island and Vineyard sounds.

On a hot summer day, with a fresh southerly wind, if it begins to grow thick and watery in the west or northwest, look out for a thunder-shower, usually preceded or accompanied by a short, hard squall. Remember that this kind of a storm comes up against the prevailing wind. Your southerly wind will suddenly drop dead and leave you becalmed; and then look out. Shorten sail, or, if in a very small vessel, take in everything and come to anchor. Remember that the best storm staysail in the world is a good anchor down with plenty of cable.

If a westerly wind on a summer's day blows cool, it will gain in force and be quite fresh. If it blows hot and there is increasing dampness, look out for a squall.

After a squall, if the wind comes in from the northwest, it will be cooler, and the wind will generally hold for a considerable time.

Generally speaking, in the summer-time, if a cool breeze springs up, it will increase in strength.

If the morning is hot and dry, with light variable winds, a southerly breeze will come in later in the day. An old saying with sailors is, "The wind is never lost but it's found in the south."

A north wind in the morning never lasts. It will die out, and a new breeze will come in from the south or

southwest—to the eastward of Watch Hill, always the latter.

If the morning is hot and damp, with light variable winds, look out for a squall early in the day.

In our yachting waters along the Atlantic coast squalls come from points ranging from northwest to southwest. But if a thunder-shower passes around you by the north or the south (especially the former) to the east, it is almost certain to come back with a squall. These squalls, however, are *usually* lighter than those directly from the northwest or west. Watch them closely, though. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety at sea.

If a northeasterly storm is raging, and toward sundown the sky grows whitish and luminous *all* around the horizon, it will clear up before morning.

Don't look for clear weather in the west when it is blowing from the east. Look for clearing up in the quarter from which the wind is blowing. A gale, however, seldom breaks unless the wind shifts.

If the gale boxes the compass—that is, shifts gradually around through consecutive points of the compass—it is a cyclone. Such storms are usually predicted by the weather bureau. You should keep an eye on the papers, and not get caught in one far from a safe anchorage.

A land breeze in the morning usually changes to a sea breeze in the afternoon.

After calms in bays and sounds the breeze often comes in with the flood tide.

An overclouded sky with a dead calm and an increasing swell indicates the approach of a gale.

## ANOTHER PARADOX.

IT is well known that on the tops of high mountains water boils at very much lower temperature than two hundred and twelve degrees, which is the ordinary boiling-point.

The reason is that the pressure of the air on the mountain-tops is not so great as it is down below. Heat tries to make water turn into steam, and any pressure on the surface of the water, as the pressure of the air, tends to keep steam from being formed. It is when the heat is strong enough to overcome the pressure of the air that we say water gives off steam, or boils; therefore when the pressure of the air is small, it does not require so much heat to make water boil. By reason of this you can seemingly make water boil by cooling it, and that is where the paradox comes in.

This is the way to do it: half fill with water a round bottle about three inches high and one inch in diameter. Carefully place the bottom of the bottle in a candle, or, better, a gas flame. Be very careful not to let the flame touch any part of the bottle except the bottom, which is covered with water, or your bottle may crack. If you use a gas flame, turn it down low so that it cannot flicker upon the sides of the bottle.

A good way to hold the bottle in the flame without burning your fingers is to take a piece of paper that will reach a little further than around the neck of the bottle, and is some two inches wide; fold it lengthwise into a ribbon of some six or seven thicknesses of paper, put it round the neck of the bottle, and take the two ends between your thumb and forefinger. In this way the bottle is held in a sort of loop from which it cannot fall, and your fingers are safe.

Let the water come to a violent boil, and then remove the bottle from the flame, instantly inserting a tight cork. Do not put the cork in till the bottle is out of the flame, or your bottle may burst, but put it in the instant the bottle is out of the flame. In a second or two the water will cease to boil. Now invert the bottle, still holding it by the paper strip, and immerse in very cold water. Upon pulling the bottle out again you will find the water in the bottle boiling violently. Presently it will stop, when you can make it boil again by again dipping in cold water. This may be repeated two or three times.

The reason of this you have probably guessed. When you put the cork in, the bottle contained hardly anything but water and steam, the air having been almost all driven out by the steam; when you put the bottle in cold water the steam was condensed and a partial vacuum was formed in the bottle, so that the pressure on the surface of the water was reduced, and the water boiled.

That a vacuum was formed is shown by the force that had to be used to pull the cork out after the experiment.

## PAID IN KIND.

SOME of the traditions about Oka resemble closely some of our own current stories and traditions; but they grew up quite independently, and only show how the human mind everywhere has kindred thoughts. One of these relates how a greedy man was paid in kind. He was the keeper of what we should call an oyster-house, except that in Japan eels are the luxury that corresponds to oysters with us. Next to this eel-house lived a poor widow who was not able to buy fish or vegetables to eat with her rice, and it was her custom after supper to stand in front of the eel-house and sniff the copious and luscious odors that hung about the premises. It seemed to do her, she thought, almost as much good as the real eels would have done. By-and-by the greedy master of the eel-house noticed her habit of enjoying the odors of his kitchen, and determined to get pay for the benefit he conferred. So he summoned her before Oka, and demanded that she should be made to pay.

"What do you value the eels at," said Oka—"the eels that furnished her these odors?"

"I make it 5 *ryo*," said the plaintiff, somewhat surprised at gaining his cause so easily.

"Well," said Oka to the widow, "I shall have to make you give me this 5 *ryo*, for there is no doubt that you owe him some compensation for what you have received."

And the poor widow reluctantly took from her purse the 5 *ryo*, almost the last of her savings, and humbly placed it before the magistrate. The greedy plaintiff stretched out his hand to take it, but Oka sternly bade him to wait.

"Let *me* take the money," he said, "and do you listen carefully." Then Oka lifted the five silver coins, jingled them in his hand, and dropped them on the ground again in front of the widow. "Now, sir," he said to the astonished plaintiff, "be off! You in your greed wanted payment for the odors that floated out of your kitchen, though this poor woman never ate a single eel. Now you are paid. The odor of your eels is exchanged for the sound of her money."

## THE LITTLE "FRESH-AIRS."

WHAT shall we show them, the little Fresh-Airs,
When out to the country they come from town?
Why, the swallow's nest and the oriole's breast,
And the fan-tailed pigeons gray and brown;

The fluffy chicks and their clucking mother,
The little colt with his slender legs,
The lambkins, one just like another,
And the nooks in the barn where we hunt for eggs.

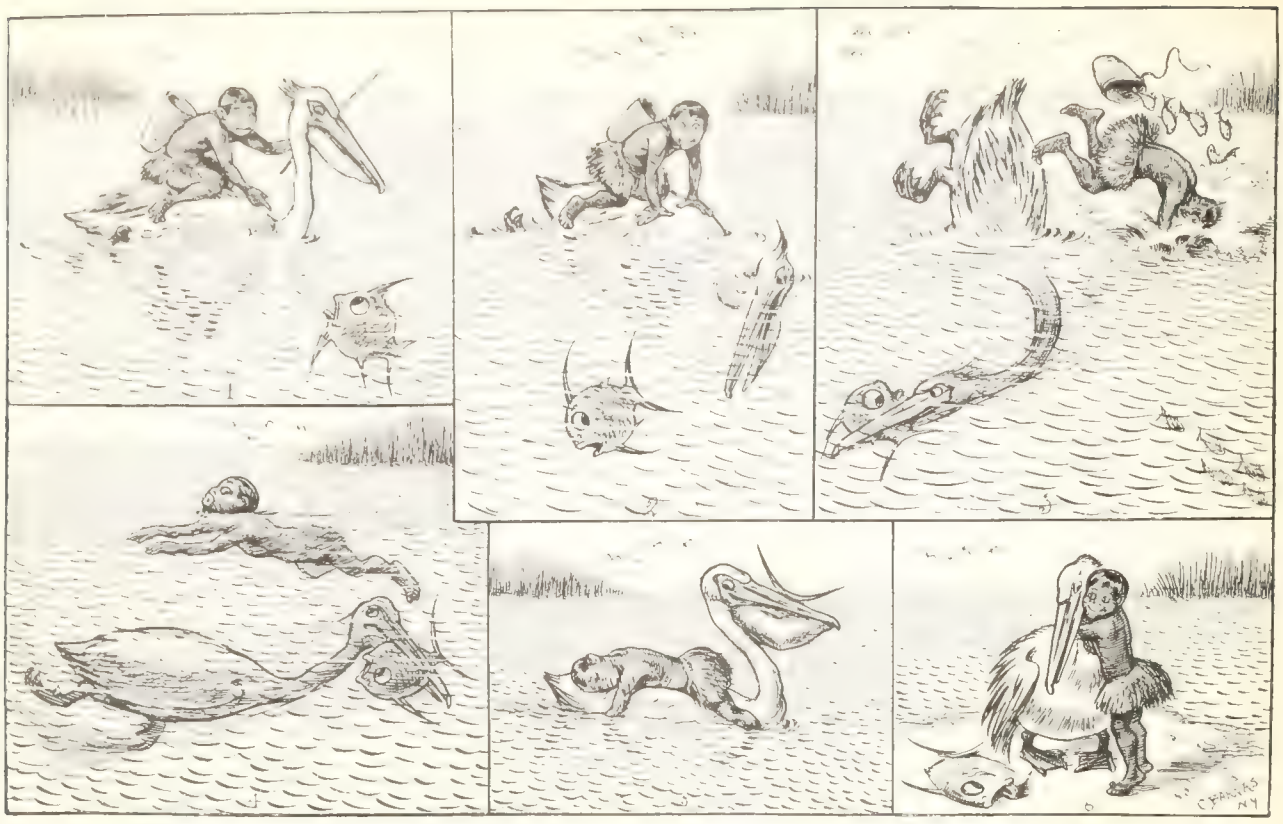
Where will they sleep, the little Fresh-Airs,
In a hurry to get to their beds at night,
After a day of the merriest play—
A day that they say is "out of sight"?

They will sleep in little white beds as soft
As the down that ruffles the goose's throat;
The pillows that wait for their drowsy heads
Will float them off in the dreamland's boat.

What will we teach them, the little Fresh-Airs,
As they sit at our table and eat our food?
We will try to behave by the rule He gave
Who taught the world to be kind and good.

And it wouldn't be strange should our mothers think,
When the small Fresh-Airs had said good-by,
We could be as ready, as prompt and steady,
As our guests themselves if we'd only try.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



THE TRAINED PELICAN AND HIS GRATEFUL MASTER. A SOUTH-SEA EXTRAVAGANZA.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

GOES UP AND COMES DOWN.

DEAR Mr. Editor,—Yesterday I was talking with Sammy again, and he told me something. I saved him a spoonful of my jam, and first he et it, 'cause he says jam helps him to remember the things his Pa has done. It's hard to remember all the things his Pa has done, 'cause he's done so many; and only the other day Sammy says he was trying to think it when his Pa got took up in the eye one he went feet first or head first, and he couldn't. But jam helps his memory, and I save him a spoonful ever' day.

"That makes me think," says Sammy, "of the time Pop set down on the steam-engine to argufy."

"To do what?" I says. He was licking the spoon between every word, and I couldn't hardly understand.

"To argufy with the engineer. There wasn't no chair, so Pop set down on the b'iler. 'This is a great country,' says the engineer. 'Any man can become President. There never was such a country to rise in.' 'No such stuff,' says Pop. 'This ain't no country to rise in a tall. Look at Australia if—' Just then the b'iler bust, and away went Pop, straight up into the air 'bout a hundred feet. He lit on his stummick right on top of the 'Piscopal church steeple. 'I told you this is the country to rise in,' hollers the engineer. 'What did you say 'bout Australia?' 'I just said look at it,' hollers back Pop, 'and I'll be switched if I can't 'most see it. This *is* the country for getting up in the world, sure enough.'

"Well, Pop rested easy and comfortable, the p'int of the steeple not being so sharp as it looked. His feet stuck out straight one way, and his head the other. In 'bout a minute the wind changed from north to west, and Pop swung round like a weather vane, with his head p'inting straight west. Every time the wind changed Pop swung, and all the folks in town, if they wanted to know which way the wind was, just looked at Pop."

"My goodness, Sammy!" says I; "you Pop didn't stay up there very long, did he?"

"Only two or three days," says Sammy. "He was afraid of getting tanned."

"But what did he eat?" I says.

"Biscuits," says Sammy. "Folks shot 'em up to him with a air-gun. But he didn't have any jam on 'em. The second day there was a storm, and the wind went switching about every which way, just 'sif it was crazy, and Pop whipped round and p'inted first this way and then that, till he was all tired out. Pop hollered down to the deacon of the church, and asked him how much a day he was paying weather-vanes; and the deacon says, 'Not a cent'; and then Pop says, 'Take me down, then, or I'll hang on with my hands and p'int southeast when the wind is straight north, and fool everybody, and make 'em think it's going to rain when it ain't.' So they made a big kite out of all the fish-poles in town, and covered it with the cloth out of a circus tent. Then they flew it, and Pop got on the string like 'sif he was riding a-hossback, and thought he'd slide down; but whiz! up he goes like a piece of paper to the kite itself. But bimeby the wind goes down, and the kite settles, and Pop comes down to terrier firmer." (Sammy meant terror firmy.)

Sammy handed back the spoon, and said he thought if he had more jam he could think of the facts 'bout when his Pa chased the flock of Indians into the river, but he couldn't without. I asked Ma for more, but she wouldn't give it to me, and made me till the wood box for night, and sent Sammy home. I don't think Ma understands my feelings sometimes.

Yours truly, HARRY.

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

I AM not feeling well to-day,
But why I cannot see.
I had some ice-cream 'cross the way,
And pancakes home for tea:

I also had some caramels,
And sugared almonds too;
And when I met with Tommy Wells
A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with each one—
Too much of none I ate.
It cannot be that penny bun,
And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had
Six cookies oft before;
They've never left me feeling bad,
Nor pickles—three or more.

The soda-water couldn't make
Me ill—'twas Billie's treat.
I sort of think this fearful ache
Comes wholly from the heat.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# AN ADVENTURE IN LOW LATITUDES.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"THERE'S no question about it, Captain," said Peter Smith, the mate, "Black Point is the place for our job. It's just below Loango Bay; and we can cast the *Lone Mary* away there so naturally that nobody can tell but what it was an accident."

"Let's go below and look at the chart," said the Captain.

Henry Sands, who was coiling down some rigging behind the mast, and was unseen by the two men, heard their conversation. He was only a boy, and left alone in the world, was making his first long voyage at sea. He was too inexperienced to know that ships were sometimes wrecked on purpose in order to get the heavy insurance placed on them; but the few words which he had heard made him understand that a crime was contemplated. Acting on the resolution of the moment he darted down into the cabin, unseen by the Captain and the mate, and hid himself in the latter's state-room. A minute later the two men entered the cabin, and began to examine the chart of the west coast of Africa. Henry must have made some noise of which he was unconscious, for the men suddenly stopped talking. The mate sprang forward and opened the door of his room, almost knocking Henry off his feet. The next instant the boy was roughly dragged into the cabin, where the two men stood looking at him with pale faces.

"I guess," said the mate, "since he's so fond of staying in my room, we'd better lock him up there."

Several hours passed away before the mate returned and released the boy. He then led the way out of the cabin to the deck. It had fallen a flat calm, the sails were hanging idly against the masts, and the bark was without steerage-way.

"While we are not moving," said the mate, "I want you to drop into this boat, go around under the stern, and see what has jammed the rudder."

There was nothing for the boy to do but to obey, so he climbed over the rail and dropped into the boat, which was towing alongside. The mate took the painter and mounted the poop-deck with it. It was growing dark, and for some time Henry was unable to discover whether there was anything the matter with the rudder or not. Presently, however, he hailed the deck, and said,

"I can't find anything the matter with the rudder, sir."



"I'll come down there and take a look at it myself," answered the mate.

The next instant Henry saw the form of the mate descending the Jacob's ladder over the stern. He dropped into the boat beside the boy, and, hastily lighting his lantern, held it close to his face in the growing darkness, and exclaimed,

"Let me see you to see better next time, young man!"

The mate lifted his arm with a sudden movement, and struck Henry a heavy blow on the head with something that looked like a belaying pin. The boy fell unconscious to the bottom of the boat. The mate climbed back aboard the ship, drew up the Jacob's-ladder, and cast off the line by which the boat was towing, thus letting it go adrift. At the same moment the Captain approached the mate, and said,

"Well, is our young friend safe?"

"Yes," said the mate, "he's quite safe. He's gone on a fishing excursion."

The two men looked at one another, and laughed quietly, while poor Henry, in an open boat, without provisions or water, was drifting away astern, with the land five hundred miles distant. A few moments later a light breeze sprang up, the bark gathered headway, and in the course of an hour was about three miles away from the drifting boat. When Henry recovered consciousness he was for some time too dazed to realize his situation. He sat up in the boat, put his hand to his head, where he found a large lump, and looked about him with a vacant stare. Finally he remembered all that had happened to him, and springing to his feet he uttered a piercing cry:

"Ship ahoy!"

The shout died away in a long quivering wail, but no answer came back from the gloomy ocean. No one who has not been in a small boat at sea in the night can realize the awful silence and darkness. Cast adrift far from land, and overwhelmed with a realization of his terrible situation, Henry felt the darkness and silence with ten times as much intensity as one would have felt them who knew himself to be safe. Three times he shouted, in the vain hope that he could make himself heard. Far away against the sky he could make out dimly the outlines of the bark. He was sailor enough to know that she was far beyond the reach of his voice, yet he could not resist the temptation to cry for the help which he felt would never come. At last he gave way to despair, and seating himself in the stern-sheets he bowed his head upon his hands, and cried like a little child. He had too much spirit, however, to continue long in this hopeless mood. He sat up again presently, looked about him, and muttered:

"There's no use in giving up hope yet, for if the weather doesn't get any worse I'm safe enough from drowning. I suppose I can live a couple of days without eating, though I'm not so sure about drinking. Anyhow, if I can hold out for twenty-four hours perhaps another ship will come along and pick me up." He stretched his feet out in front of him, and one of them struck a roll of canvas in the bottom of the boat. "I wonder what that is?" he said, reaching down to feel it. "Why, it must be the boat's sail, and here's an oar. Anyhow, I can get under way, and make some kind of an attempt to reach the land."

He immediately set to work and stepped the slight mast and unfurled the sail. Then he got the oar out over the stern, trimmed his sheet, and began to sail slowly to the eastward. He was entirely uncertain as to his course, for he had nothing to steer by except the stars, and his acquaintance with them was very small. About two hours later he was alarmed by a sudden change in the weather. The sky became quickly overcast, and a new breeze from the south began to blow in threatening gusts. It was one of those sudden but short storms which are frequent in tropical climates. In half an hour the sea had become quite rough. It would have been considered smooth enough for a ship, but for a small boat such as that in which Henry was it was violent and even dangerous. The boy was obliged to take in his sail, and to devote his entire attention to keeping the boat's head to the seas. As the storm increased his efforts became more and more labored, and he was in momentary danger of broaching to. Presently an unusually large wave struck his little vessel heavily on the bow. She swung broadside to the sea, and before Henry had time to realize what had happened, she had turned bottom up, and he found himself clinging for life to her keel. He now gave himself up for lost, yet with that desperate hope which flourishes in every man's bosom he clung to the overturned craft and struggled manfully to keep his head above the surface. The waves dashed over him, filling his nose and mouth with salt water, and making it impossible for him to draw a full breath. Gradually his senses became dulled, and he felt as if he were drifting off into a gentle sleep. Once he thought he heard a sound like escaping steam, accompanied by the thrashing of a propeller in the water, but he could see nothing. He looked up toward the sky, and saw all the stars whirling round and round madly. Then they all seemed to rush together in the centre of the firmament in one great burst of light. After that all was darkness.

The next thing which Henry heard was the clear note of a bugle, sounding a call which came back to him coupled with dim memories of the green fields of his country home, dotted with the white tents of a militia encampment. For a moment he wondered if in some strange way he had been rescued and taken home, for he still had a vague idea that he had been in great danger at sea. Gradually, as his senses became more active, he realized that he was lying on his back in a hammock, with a comfortable mattress under him. Without opening his eyes, for he was without desire to move, he lay for some time listening to the mixture of strange and familiar sounds about him. One moment he heard sailor cries which he recognized, and the next instant he heard orders which were new to him.

"Rouse out there! Rouse out, all you sea fencibles!" cried a hoarse, powerful voice, accompanied by the shrill piping of a boatswain's whistle. Henry knew well enough what that meant, though he had never before heard sailors called "sea fencibles." The next moment he heard calls which he realized came from the deck above him. "Up, hammock-stowers. Pass up there lively, and lay below for coffee." Then came a sharp, short call from some place near by. "Orderly, tell the steward to bear a hand with that coffee."

Henry had never before heard of an "orderly" at sea, so he opened his eyes with just a little curiosity to find out where he was. He discovered that he was in a moderately large apartment, all white, and lit by a single electric light. He lifted his head in order to look about him, and attracted the notice of a man in blue trousers and a loose white shirt.

"Hello!" said the man. "You're looking better than you did when you came aboard. I didn't expect to see you in such good shape before this afternoon. You were about half drowned when you fell into my hands, and I don't believe you ever had so much brandy in your life as I put down your throat before you opened your eyes, and said: 'There's nothing the matter with the rudder. Don't send me adrift.'"

"Did I say that?" asked Henry.

"You certainly did," said the man.

"I don't remember anything," said Henry, lying back in the hammock.

"I shouldn't think you would," said the man. Then adding, "the doctor will be in in a few minutes, I suppose," he picked up a dark blue coat and put it on. It

buttoned up to the chin, and had something on one of the sleeves which looked to Henry like the picture of two snakes twined together. The boy confessed to himself that he had never seen anything like that aboard a ship before.

"May I ask you who you are?" said Henry.

"I'm the ship's apothecary," said the man. "King is my name."

At that moment the door opened, and a tall gray-bearded man, clad in a dark blue uniform something like that worn by the apothecary, entered the room. The apothecary straightened himself up, and drew his right hand to the visor of his cap, which he had just put on.

"Good-morning, King," said the new-comer. "And how is our patient this morning?"

"He's all awake, doctor, and wondering where he is."

The doctor stepped to the side of Henry's hammock, and felt the boy's pulse.

"Why, you're all right, my lad," he said, "except that you're a little weak yet. After a while we'll get you to tell us how you came to be clinging to the bottom of an overturned boat, where we found you."

"I'm very thankful, sir," said Henry, "that you did find me, and for the kindness I've had aboard this ship. I don't know what ship it is, but I reckon it's a government vessel of some sort; English, I suppose, because you speak English."

"Are you an Englishman?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir; I'm an American," said Henry.

"Well, I don't know that you're any better off than you would be aboard an English ship, but at eight bells the stars and stripes will be floating above you, for you are aboard the United States cruiser *Chicago*."

"A man-of-war!" exclaimed Henry. "I ought to have had sense enough to know that; but I haven't been at sea very long, sir."

Half an hour later Lieutenant-Commander Spury, the executive officer of the ship, entered the sick-bay where Henry was lying, and heard his story.

"There, sir," said Henry. "That's the way it came about, and now I'm wondering if this here ship, being, as you might say, the United States government afloat, can't prevent Captain Morgan and the mate of the *Lone Mary* from carrying out their plan."

"Well," said Mr. Spury, "we are down here to carry home an astronomical party sent out by the government to observe an eclipse of the sun. We are homeward bound, but I shouldn't be surprised if Captain Durben were to decide to turn back after I tell him your story."

"I hope he will, sir," said Henry, as the executive officer briskly left the room. Then turning to the doctor, the boy added, "I hope I may be allowed to get up and go on deck after a while."

"I'll see how you are," said the doctor, "after you get some breakfast."

Henry lay in the hammock quietly listening to the various sounds which came to him from the decks of the ship. He heard the bells struck in the usual order, and heard the familiar noises made by the men cleaning the decks. At eight bells he heard the sounds of the band playing "The Star-spangled Banner."

"Why is the band playing?" he asked the apothecary.

"That's colors," said the apothecary. "They're hoisting the flag for the day."

Half an hour before that he had heard a call sounded on the bugle, which the apothecary explained to him was the breakfast call. And now a steward entered bringing a hot breakfast for Henry. He ate it with a relish, and felt very much better. The result was that when the doctor came in the boy was allowed to get up and go on deck, where he was informed that the executive officer wished to see him.

"Your story has given us a good deal of trouble," said Mr. Spury; "but we have decided that we will go after the *Lone Mary*, and prevent the execution of the plan which you have revealed to me. Probably when you get back to New York the owners of the bark will put a penny or two in your pocket as a reward for your services."

"I don't care anything about that," said Henry, "but I hope you will prevent them from doing as they want to."

"We are heading for Black Point now," said the executive officer.

The cruiser sighted Black Point the following night. Nothing had been seen of the *Lone Mary*, and it was supposed that she had been compelled to take a rather indirect course on account of the wind. The cruiser lay off the Point all night and most of the following day. A fair wind was blowing briskly, and late in the afternoon the lookout at the mast-head reported a sail. In an hour the top-gallants of a bark were plainly made out, and Henry was sure that it was the *Lone Mary* heading for the Point.

"They're going to get here too soon," he said to the executive officer. "I'm sure the Captain didn't want to get here before dark."

"We may as well end this business right away," said Mr. Spury, sending the orderly with a message to the Captain.

The man returned in a few minutes, and after saluting, said: "The Captain sends his compliments, sir, and says, 'Very well, go ahead.'"

A moment later the cruiser was steaming slowly out to meet the incoming bark. About ten miles off the Point the two vessels were within hail. After the usual formalities had been exchanged, Mr. Spury sang out:

"Back your fore-topsail yard. We want to send a man aboard you."

"What for?" answered the Captain of the *Lone Mary*.

The bark was rapidly passing the cruiser, and Mr. Spury called out in a stern voice: "We'll tell you what for when we come aboard. You heave to at once."

"I don't know why I should take any orders from you," came the answer.

The executive officer smiled, and nodded at a lieutenant who was standing away forward near a small gun. It was a 6-pounder rapid-fire gun, and the next moment its sharp report rang out, and a shot went whizzing across the *Lone Mary's* bow. Captain Morgan, of the bark, knew the meaning of that kind of talk, and his vessel was brought to the wind at once. In another minute a boat shot out from the *Chicago's* side, manned by twenty stalwart sailors, and carrying an officer. Henry noticed that the sailors were armed with rifles, which lay beside them on the thwarts, and that they had their cartridge-belts around their waists. The boat was alongside the bark in a few minutes, and the officer, accompanied by a dozen of the sailors, went aboard her. A few minutes later they returned to their boat, accompanied by Captain Morgan and the mate. The boat was then quickly rowed back to the *Chicago*, and the two prisoners, for such they were, came on board. As the boat came alongside, the orderly approached Henry and told him he was wanted in the Captain's cabin. The two prisoners were taken in there, and not seeing Henry, Captain Morgan said to Captain Durben,

"I would like to know the meaning of this outrage."

"I think," said Captain Durben, pointing at Henry, "you can find my meaning there."

When Captain Morgan and the mate saw the boy their faces turned pale, and they could not speak. The *Chicago* made a quick run to New York, where Henry had the satisfaction of learning that the would-be criminals were to be tried, and that he was to be the principal witness. The bark, under command of her second mate, was returned safely to her owners. As for Henry, he is now in the United States navy.

# THE FROG FAIRY.

## A Play in Three Acts.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE JAILER.

### ACT I

TIME—*Early morning.* SCENE—*A dungeon. Through the grated door at the back is seen a portion of the corridor. At the left is a pallet of straw. At the right is a stool.* *A Soldier dressed in the coat of a cavalry officer and the trousers of the prison suit is discovered sitting on the pallet with his head in his hands.* *At the rising of the curtain* JAILER *enters with a tray of food and a lighted lantern. The Soldier looks up with a start of surprise.*

SOLDIER. So! One last hour and my troubles will all be over. There is not in this world who will weep at my death, so I care not when it comes. *Rattling of keys is heard outside.* Here comes my jailer.

[*He rises and sits on the side of the pallet.*

*Enter* JAILER, *with tray in one hand and lantern in the other.*

*Jailer.* Well, prisoner, how goes the day?

*Soldier.* Oh, drop with me into the night.

*Jailer.* You take death coolly, my friend.

*Soldier.* Not so coolly as he will take me. How am I to die?

*Jailer.* As I perceive now I see. I am the King's executioner as well as jailer. My sword is keen. (*He sweeps his hand across his throat.*) I have cut off the heads of as many King's sons as there are days in the year for failing to solve the royal riddle. How should a common soldier do better than they? You were rash to try. No man, not even the King, can discover how the three Princesses dance their shoes to pieces every night. I hate to kill so brave a man, Soldier.

*Soldier.* I am a soldier of fortune, and I took my chances. A King's daughter to wife if I solved the riddle, death if I failed.

*Jailer.* If you are a trained soldier, why did you sleep at your post?

*Soldier* (*hanging his head*). Ah! that I cannot tell. Last night I was lying outside the door of the three Princesses watching those six little shoes, as wide awake as at this moment, and then—I suddenly knew no more till I awoke in this dungeon.

*Jailer.* This morning the shoes were found close by you, danced in pieces as usual. The eldest Princess came to the door and laughed as I carried them away. "He has snored like a pig all night," she said. Then they all laughed together.

*Soldier.* The youngest Princess—did she laugh also?

*Jailer.* Now I think of it, as I carried you off she cried. She has a kind heart. So have I. I shall be sorry to chop your head off, Soldier.

*Soldier.* I care but little. Yonder frog values its life more than I.

[*He points to the floor, where sits an ugly green frog on a loose stone.*



"NO, AN INCH WILL I GO WITHOUT THE PRINCESS."

*Jailer.* A frog in my dungeon! Ugly thing! I'll stamp its life out.

[*He starts to do so, but the frog the Soldier holds him back.*

*Soldier.* No, let it live. Why not? It hurts no one.

*Jailer.* As you will. It's bad luck to refuse what a dying man asks. Good-by for a time, Soldier. At the hour I'll come for you.

[*He backs out, bowing, and closing door after him. Soldier stretches his cramped arms above his head and yawningly.*

When I am waiting I think I'll brush my rags. (*He lies down on pallet.*) Perhaps I may dream of the youngest Princess. He sighs.

*Enter* Frog Fairy *dressed in gauzy white, her drapery caught here and there with tiny green frogs. She carries a shining wand with which she touches* Soldier *as she approaches his pallet.*

*Fairy.* Wake, Soldier! wake, and fly! I am the Frog Fairy. In that ugly shape enchanted (*she points to the frog*) I had to dwell until some mortal granted me a kindness. You saved my life, and I will now save yours. Wake, Soldier! wake, and fly!

[*The* Soldier *rising on his elbow, looks in bewilderment at the Fairy, who turns to the door to strike the lock with her wand. The door springs open. She points the way.*

*Fairy.* Fly—quickly fly!

*Soldier.* Without the youngest Princess? If I may not have her I would rather die.

[*He lies down again. The door swings to. The* Fairy *again approaches the pallet.*

*Soldier* (*rising to his feet*). If you are a fairy, and if you owe me any gift, let that be the Princess or nothing.

*Fairy.* The moments are flying. Your Princess is enchanted by a fairy stronger than I. Save your life and fly.

[*She again strikes the door, which again opens. Soldier, turning his back on the door.* Not an inch will I go without the Princess.

*Fairy.* Obstinate mortal. Though I warn you perils threaten, what I can do to grant your wish, I will. Take yonder ugly frog. (*She points to frog.*) 'Tis turned to bronze since I have left its form, still it has power. Wear it as a clasp for your cloak. When peril threatens, bend your lips to it and say:

"Little frog, a danger's near,
Speak your counsel in my ear."

Then listen and obey. Your jailer comes. *This* to protect you now.

[*The* Fairy *waves her wand three times about* Soldier's *face, then strikes the door, which opens for her exit, closing after her. The rattling of the* Jailer's *keys and the chains of the door is heard outside. The* Soldier *snatches up the frog, and lifts it to his lips, saying*

"Little frog, a danger's near,
Speak your counsel in my ear."

*He stands with the mouth of the frog held to his ear, listening. As the door opens,* Jailer *enters with a large drawn sword in his hand.*

[*Curtain.*]

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### ACT II.

TIME—*One hour later. Curtain rises on an anteroom to the bedchamber of the* Princesses. *A curtained entrance at C., a door at* R. *A dais and throne at* L.

*Enter the* King *by* R. *entrance, leaning on the arm of his* Gentleman in Waiting.

*King.* What now! Where is the prisoner? 'Tis past the hour of execution. Do they hold me waiting? (*He frowns fiercely.*) Where are my daughters?

[*He mounts the throne escorted by* Gentleman in-Waiting.

*Enter by C. entrance the three* Princesses. *They wear new white shoes and the two elder hold each a pair of tattered soiled shoes in her hands. The hands of the youngest* Princess *are clasped before her. They all bow low before the throne.*

*King.* Have you brought with you the proofs against the prisoner?

[*The two eldest* Princesses *advance, holding up the tattered shoes.*

*Eldest Princess.* Here are the proofs, your Majesty.

*Second Princess.* These we danced to pieces last night; while he who should have watched us slept.

*King* (*looking sternly at the youngest* Princess). Where are your proofs?

*Youngest Princess* (*throwing herself on her knees before her father*). O, father! I have not brought my shoes to testify. I have seen Prince after Prince lose his royal life because he slept at his post on our threshold; but this is no King's son, only a common soldier. Spare his worthless life.

*King.* Royal or common, he must lose his head. Heavens! have not I, a King's son, and a King myself, almost worn my own head off in trying to solve the riddle of your enchantment. Bring me your shoes.

[*The youngest daughter retires, reluctantly returning with her tattered shoes, which she presents kneeling.*

*King.* If you really wish to save this Soldier's life you have but to speak and tell me how it is that you and your sisters dance your shoes to pieces every night.

[*The youngest* Princess *rises and tries to speak. Her lips move as if talking, but no sound comes. She falls back fainting in her sister's arms.*

*King* (*gloomily*). See how the enchantment binds her tongue.

*Eldest Princess.* Pardon her, your Majesty. I think that Soldier had an evil-eye. Our royal sister has not been her royal self since his first coming.

[*They support the youngest sister.*

*King.* Where is this Soldier? (*To* Gentleman-in-Waiting.) Go! Hasten the executioner. How dare he loiter thus?

[*Exit* Gentleman.

[*The elder* Princesses *lead the younger to the back of the stage. The* R. *door opens to admit* Gentleman-in-Waiting *and* Jailer. *They are supporting between them the* Soldier, *disguised as an old man with gray hair and beard. He wears a long loose cloak caught at the throat with the green frog as clasp. His steps are feeble. His hands and feet are still chained.*



"IN THE GRAY BEARD THE PLEDGE HE WON,
ACCEPT THIS SOLDIER AS YOUR SON."

*King.* How now! What is this?

*Jailer* (*advancing trembling*). The prisoner, your Majesty. This is the only man to be found in the dungeon.

*King.* Off with your own head, sirrah! You have let the prisoner escape. Do you think you can play this graybeard on me for a young soldier? Hey! I will give you until to-morrow night to find the prisoner. If you do not then produce him, you shall be his substitute.

*Jailer.* But—your Majesty!

*King.* Not a word, sirrah! Unbind the poor old man. Now, grandfather, what have you to say?

*Soldier* (*freed of his shackles*). Nothing, your Majesty, except that when your Jailer seized me, and dragged me hither, it was to the place where I was already bound. I have come from a far country to try my luck in solving the royal riddle, and it may be that I shall yet win a King's daughter to wife.

*The three Princesses* (*in chorus*). Oh! oh! ha! ha! ah! ah!

*King.* Silence! old or young, beggar or Prince, he who can solve our riddle shall choose a wife from among my daughters.

[*The* Princesses *whisper indignantly together, pointing toward the* Soldier.

*King.* Grandfather, you understand that if you fail to solve the riddle your gray hairs will not save you?

*Soldier.* But if I win, I have my choice of the Princesses. 'Tis worth the risk.

[*He looks at the youngest* Princess, *who angrily turns her back on him.*

*King* (*rising*). To your room, Princesses, and you, graybeard, shall mount guard over the shoes—they will be shortly set upon that threshold. (*He points to the* C. *door.*) Watch them well. (*To the* Princesses, *who linger.*) Must I speak twice? The hour grows late. To your room!

[*The* Princesses *bow low before the* King, *and go off by* C. *door, glancing disdainfully at* Soldier *as they pass.*

*King* (*to* Gentleman-in-Waiting). Come, your arm. (*He descends from the throne.*) (*To* Jailer.) And you, sirrah, to your search. (*To* Soldier.)

"Sleep, and you are undone,
Wake, and you are my son."

[*Exit the* King, *laughing. His attendants follow.*

*Soldier alone, straightens his bent shoulders and flings the cloak back, disclosing his uniform. He lifts the frog to his lips.* Ugly as you are, I kiss you gratefully. You have by this disguise saved my life. As my Jailer crossed the threshold, hey! presto! my beard grew, my hair silvered, I was bent and hoary. Ha! ha! how amazed he was, poor Jailer! I must to-night save him as well as myself. But first to win the Princess. Who comes?

[*He winds his cloak about him, and again stoops as an old man. From the* C. *entrance the* Princesses *come out, each with her near white shoes in her hand. They look scornfully at the* Soldier, *silently place their shoes in a row on the threshold, and again retire.* Soldier *approaches the shoes, examines them, then lifts the frog to his ear.*

*Soldier.* "Little frog, a danger's near,
Speak your counsel in my ear."

(*He listens.*) What is this? I am neither to eat nor to drink, and I am to feign slumber? Well, so be it.

[*He stretches himself on the floor across the threshold and beside the shoes.*

*Enter the eldest* Princess, *with a cup held in both hands. She smiles down kindly on the* Soldier.

*Eldest Princess.* Pardon us, grandfather, for our seeming rudeness. It is not our fault. We are, as you know, under a wicked enchantment. You must indeed be weary with your day's journey. Drink this, it will refresh you.

[*As the* Soldier *raises his hand and takes the cup, the other* Princesses *peep at him laughingly through the curtains. He pretends to drink the draught, but instead pours it into his bosom. His head drops on his arm. The cup falls from his hand. He feigns deep slumber.*

*Eldest Princess.* Ha! ha! ha! See him, sisters. Even if I had not given the old graybeard a sleeping-draught he could not have kept his eyes open. (Soldier *snores loudly.*) Hear him snore—ha, ha!

[*She mounts to the throne and sits there laughing. The other* Princesses *enter, stepping over* Soldier's *prostrate body.*

*Second Princess.* How much safer could we be?

*Youngest Princess.* I know not why; but my heart sickens as if some misfortune were about to befall us.

[*Whenever the* Princesses *turn from him, the* Soldier *opens his eyes and lifts his head, listening.*

*Second Princess.* What a goose you are! What ails you, little sister? To-day you tried hard to tell the King our secret.

*Eldest Princess.* Yes, and last night when I gave that Soldier the sleeping-draught I saw you trying hard to speak and warn him. Fie on you! Have you forgotten how many King's sons have already lost their lives? What matters a soldier more or less?

[*She descends from throne.*

*Youngest Princess* (*weeping*). He was a brave man

*Second Princess.* He has escaped. So dry your eyes, and let

[illegible] old man sleeps!

[illegible] Soldier [illegible] Ha! ha! Queen's supper [illegible] Soldier sees [illegible] Oh, and look behind! [illegible] Wine, pages, princes and ladies! But the youngest wears [illegible] Where's mine? The eldest Princess is staying her hand three times. It stops [illegible] door. Beneath is a winding staircase. They are descending! How can I follow unseen? [*Lifts frog to his ear*

"Frog, frog, a Princess's ...
Speak, what is the boon you can ..."

*Enter at* R Frog Fairy. *She waves her wand three times over* Soldier

*Fairy.* "[illegible] Doer of you.
Your every good deed they do"

[*She passes the wand into the room of the* Princesses. *The* Soldier *throws back his cloak and dashes through the door.*

[*Curtain.*]

## ACT III.

TIME. *The following morning.* SAME SCENE.

*Enter through C. at back* Soldier. *His cloak is thrown back, and he is looking over his shoulder.* The eldest Princess must be just behind me. She ran so quickly up the enchanted stair I had barely time to escape before her. What sights—what sights I have seen this night! Ah, here she comes!

[*He wraps his cloak about him, flings himself across the threshold, and snores loudly as the eldest* Princess *enters. She steps over* Soldier's *body, and slips off her tattered shoes, which she places on the floor near him.*

*Enter the other* Princesses. *Removing their tattered shoes also, they place them on a pile.*

*Eldest Princess.* What a night we have had! I could have danced as many hours again. (*She dances in her stockinged feet about* Soldier, *and points to him laughing.*) How much safer could we be?

*Second Princess dancing also, and pointing mockingly at* Soldier.) He snores as loud as the soldier last night.

*Youngest Princess (sadly).* I am wearied to death! My heart still sickens as if misfortune threatened. Sisters, as we descended the stair to-night, some one trod on my cloak.

*Eldest Princess.* Don't be so silly. You caught it on a nail, that was all.

*Youngest Princess.* But as we passed down the aisles of gold and silver trees some one broke off a branch behind me. Did you not hear it crack?

*Second Princess.* That was a shout of welcome because we had come so safely.

*Youngest Princess.* But as I rowed over the river to the enchanted castle my boat seemed so heavy. I felt as if some one else were in it.

*Eldest Princess (yawning herself).* 'Tis warm to-night. I myself was more heated than usual.

*Youngest Princess.* But worse than all, at the ball, whenever I raised a cup of wine to my lips some one drank it out before I could taste it. To prove this, I flung a ring my father gave me into the cup; that too was taken. It is not all well.

*Eldest Princess.* Come, come to our room. All this is folly.

*Second Princess.* Hear how the old man snores. We could not be safer.

[*They pass out C., stepping over the body of* Soldier, *the youngest* Princess *held by her elder sisters.*

*Enter at* R *the* King, *accompanied by* Gentleman in Waiting *and* Jailer.

*King.* I will trust no eyes again except my royal orbs. What's this? The graybeard snoring, the shoes danced again in tatters! Another execution. Two, including you, Jailer; for unless before nightfall the escaped Soldier appears you die.

*Soldier (lifting his head).* Good morrow, your Majesty.

[*He rises.*

*King.* I cannot give you good-morrow, for I find the shoes danced to pieces, and you sleeping, grandfather. You know what you wake to.

[*He mounts the throne, attended by* Gentleman in Waiting *and* Jailer.

*Enter at* C. *the three* Princesses. *Each lifts her own shoes as she passes the threshold. They bow low before the* King, *presenting the tattered shoes.*

*The Princesses.* These are the tattered shoes, your Majesty. Here are our proofs.

*King.* Enough! Lead the grandfather to his dungeon.

*Soldier (breaking from* Jailer, *who approaches him with a chain*) Stand back! I choose the youngest Princess for my wife.

*The three Princesses (gathering around in fright).* Ah! ah! oh! oh! ah! ah!

[illegible] To the dungeon with him!

[illegible] I say. (*He snatches the tattered slippers from* [illegible] *and throws them before the* King, *holding them towards* [illegible] Majesty, here are *my* proofs. Last night as the three Princesses [illegible] I, by a secret spell, drew across a river, and danced these shoes to pieces in an enchanted castle, I cut from the [illegible] of the youngest Princess this. (*The youngest* Princess [illegible] *as he bows, a bit of gold cloth.*) I plucked from the [illegible] silver trees they walked beneath this twig. (*As he [illegible] a bough, [illegible] gold and silver twig the three* Princesses [illegible] *and cling together.*) And here on my finger I wear the ring that I stole at the enchanted ball from the youngest Princess, whom I claim as my wife.

[illegible] *Princess (flinging herself beside* Soldier *at the* King's [illegible] Mercy! mercy! your Majesty! The enchantment is now broken. I can confess all to you, only spare me! spare me from marrying this old graybeard; rather than that, I would wed a common soldier.

*Enter at* C. Frog Fairy. *She waves her wand three times over kneeling* Soldier.

*Fairy (to* Princess). Granted is the wish you speak. (*To* Soldier.) Turn that gray from head and cheek.

[*The* Soldier *rises to fling off the cloak, and tear off his beard and gray hair. He lifts the youngest* Princess *to her feet. The* King *rises in amazement as* Frog Fairy *joins the hands of* Princess *and* Soldier, *waving them again to their knees before the throne.*

*Fairy (to* King)

"In the gray beard your pledge he won,
Accept this soldier as your son."

*TABLEAU.*

C

GENTLEMAN-IN-WAITING. JAILER.
SECOND PRINCESS. SOLDIER.
FAIRY. KING.
R. ELDEST PRINCESS. YOUNGEST PRINCESS. L.

CURTAIN.

## TILLY HOLDEN.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

CLARKSVILLE was a small village in the interior of Pennsylvania. It consisted of one store, a small church or meeting-house, and hundreds of tiny houses, scarcely more than huts. There was one large house on the outskirts of the hamlet surrounded by fine grounds. This was the "Stone House," the home of Mr. Clark, who owned most of the land thereabouts.

For months now a silence had prevailed. Instead of the busy hum of engines raising the elevators of coal from the depths of the earth all was quiet. There had been a strike on the railroad, and then among the miners.

It was now early in April, and as they sat at breakfast one morning Mr. Clark and his son were discussing the situation.

"It can't go on, father. The men are getting desperate and will do something bad, I am sure."

Mr. Clark was the most benevolent of men, but he also had a stern sense of justice, and when he felt convinced that he was in the right nothing would induce him to yield. He and his family did all that they could to help the more deserving of the needy miners, those who they were confident were in no way to blame for the strike.

"I have offered them all the concession that I consider it right to make, Walter," he said. "We have always treated our men with kindness, and this is the way they choose to return it. Take Ben Holden. His father was one of my most trusted men, and he was worthy of it. If he had been alive he never would have consented to a strike. Ben has been led away by these labor unions, and struck with the rest. He's just as bad as any of them."

"Here comes Tilly Holden now," said Alice.

A slight girl of fifteen came up the walk and went towards the back of the house, carrying a basket.

"Mamma, let me ask her to stay a little while," said Alice. "Perhaps she would like to see some pictures or look at my new books."

But Tilly could not stay. "Mother will be wanting me," she said; "she hasn't finished all the wash yet."

And then she walked home again, carrying some books that Alice had insisted upon lending her.

That night some of the men came to the Holdens' to see Ben. They sat in the kitchen talking over the strike. Mrs. Holden was at a neighbor's, and Tilly had gone to bed, though Ben thought she was with her mother. Her room was next the kitchen, and as the partition was thin, she could plainly hear the conversation, though the men spoke low.

"I'm not a-goin' to stand it another day," said one, whose voice she recognized as Dave Walker's.

"What are yer goin' to do about it?" asked Ben, with a sneer.

"Somethin' that 'll make folks open their eyes, and see that we live in a free country, and have a right to as much money as the rest of 'em."

"There is but one way," said a third voice, with a strong foreign accent. "It iss to use de knife or de pistol."

"You won't gain anything that way," said Ben.

"Ah, but we will! We will kill de son, and den dey will be frightened—so frightened dat dey will do what we likes. Dey will gife us more money."

"Hush, man!" said Walker, "you're talkin' too much."

"There's nobody about," said Ben; "the folks are out."

Tilly, listening in the next room, scarcely dared breathe.

The foreigner, whose name was Zulinski, continued:

"We haf a scheme," said he—"a vine plan. The son goes to-morrow to the city; he leafs by an early train from Stapleton. He rides on his vine horse—de horse which he haf no right to haf—to Stapleton. He leafs his house—dat house which is so grand, so handsome, whiles we lif in dese huts—he leafs it, I say, at seex o'clock. He rides alone. Some trusty men are hid in de bushes. De road iss lonely beyond Sannes woods. Crack, boom! He iss dead. And no one knows who did it. 'Tiss a warning! His fader he relents. All is over. We gets our money."

"You're a fool, man, to give it away like this," said Walker, in low angry tones.

"You're a fool to think of doing such a thing," said Ben; and how glad Tilly was to hear him say it! "Don't yer know that yer don't gain anything by a murder? First of all, you're sure to be found out. An' I'll never give my consent to doin' anything harmful to the Clarks like that."

"I told yer yer'd better shut up, Zulinski," growled Walker. "Holden ain't no good, an' he'll probably blab."

"No, I won't blab," said Ben. "Yer know very well I won't do that, but I won't help yer to any such work."

Presently the men went off, and Tilly knew that they had decided to carry on their plans with or without her brother's aid. Ben went with them, still protesting, and endeavoring to dissuade them from their purpose. Tilly lay there wondering what she had better do. They were going to murder Mr. Walter Clark, the only son of her dear Mrs. Clark, who had always been so kind to them all.

Tilly started up. She would go at once. Then she remembered that her mother would come in and find her gone. She would inquire for her, and suspicion would be aroused. Tilly must wait until the middle of the night. She lay there, thinking, thinking.

Mrs. Holden came home, and soon Ben returned, earlier than usual. Mrs. Holden came into Tilly's room, which they always shared.

Tilly pretended to be asleep. For hours she waited, until her mother's continued snoring assured her that it would be safe to move.

At last she raised herself on her elbow, and drawing aside the curtain, which she could reach, she looked out of the window. It must be almost dawn. Mr. Walter was to start at six. No more time should be lost.

She dressed rapidly, and carried her shoes in her hand until she was outside the door. As she crossed the kitchen the floor creaked loudly. She paused, fearfully, but there was no further sound. She could hear her mother's snores and Ben's regular breathing. Thus far she was safe.

She opened the door, and in a moment was outside.

"I had best not go by the regular road," she said to herself, "the men might see me. I'll go by the railroad and get there sooner; anyhow, it is so much shorter."

She turned abruptly from the road, and was soon on the track and walking rapidly over the sleepers. It was a mile and a half to Mr. Clark's even by this shorter route. Tilly kept steadily on for some distance. Suddenly she stopped short.



"WE HAF A SCHEME," SAID HE—"A VINE PLAN."

"Oh!" she said to herself, "I never thought of the bridge!"

A little way in front the trees which bordered the railroad ceased. From the place where she stood a rushing, roaring sound could be heard. It was the river, a little mountain stream, rolling and tumbling over the rocks thirty feet below; and the bridge was for trains only, a single-track railroad, open between the ties.

"I can't go over it," said Tilly, speaking aloud. Her voice startled her. All had been so still, save for the rushing of the river—"I can't go over it. It's the only thing I'm afraid of. I'd rather meet the men."

She turned back, but as she did so, she saw a faint streak of light in the east. It was growing late. She had not much time to get to Mr. Clark's even by this shorter way. If she went around by the road she would be too late.

"Coward!" she said; "you'll let a man be murdered rather than make up your mind to go over a little bridge, that isn't so very high after all. Tilly Holden, you've *got* to go over that bridge! Think of Mrs. Clark and Miss Alice. Wouldn't you do anything, even risk your own life, to save them such a terrible thing."

She came to the bridge. A steep embankment sloped to the level of the river. She gave one last desperate look about as she stood there on the high bank. It was growing light rapidly.

Tilly made one little prayer, and then stepped bravely on the bridge. She held her head high, and tried not to look down. She stepped carefully, and with measured tread, just as she had been walking over the track on the solid ground, but this was very different.

When she reached the middle of the bridge her nerve suddenly failed her. She glanced towards the water. The rushing stream foamed far below. The narrow track seemed to dance up and down. Tilly swayed, and almost fell. She saved herself by sitting down.



"PROMISE YOU WON'T GO," SHE GASPED.

"What shall I do?" she groaned. "I can't get up again. I can't go back nor forward. I'll have to stay here till some one comes, and when will that be, for the trains are not running? Oh, mother, if I were only with you! Oh, why did I come? And Mr. Walter will be killed after all."

It grew light. Perhaps it was almost six o'clock now. Tilly covered her face with her hands.

"Father, father, if you were only alive! But I will save him, I will! I will creep the rest of the way if I can't stand up."

And suiting the action to the word Tilly began slowly and carefully to creep from tie to tie. In some respects it was more awful than to be upright. She could not help looking down at the water, but she knew that she was safe so far as falling was concerned. There was no danger of that.

Slowly, slowly she crept along, her dress impeding her, her shawl catching occasionally and pulling her up short; but at length she reached the other side, and was on solid ground once more.

She rose to her feet only to find that she was so weak that her limbs would scarcely support her, and she was trembling violently. What should she do? She looked towards the east. The sun was surely almost up. She must go on. It was not far now.

With a desperate effort she shook off her weakness, and in a pace half running, half walking, she managed to cover the few yards that remained of the distance. As she opened Mr. Clark's gate she saw a saddled horse being led to the door.

Walter Clark had eaten an early breakfast, bade his mother good-by, who had risen to see him off, and now came out on the porch.

"By-by, mother. I shall not be back till late this evening," he called out, as he ran down the steps. "Why, who is this coming up the drive? Tilly Holden, at this hour! Good-morning, Tilly," touching his hat with his whip as he passed her.

To his surprise Tilly came close to him, and took hold of the bridle.

"What's the matter, Tilly? You look frightened. I can't stop myself, but mother's down-stairs, and she'll see you."

"Mr. Walter!" gasped Tilly. Her voice failed her, but she held the bridle.

"Please let me go! I must hurry for my train," said Walter. "I am late now. Mother's there."

"But, Mr. Walter, it's you. Don't go!"

"What do you mean, child?" exclaimed the young man, impatiently. "Let me go. I don't want to knock you down, but I must be off. And Mazeppa is restless. I'm afraid you'll be kicked."

"Mr. Walter," said Tilly, in a hoarse whisper, her large eager eyes fixed upon him, "don't go! You'll be killed if you do."

"Nonsense, Tilly! I am afraid you are ill, you look so badly and talk so strangely. Mother!" he cried, turning in his saddle.

His mother came out on the porch, wondering.

"Oh, Mrs. Clark," exclaimed Tilly, suddenly finding her voice, though it was odd and strained, "don't let him go! I've come all this way, over the bridge. He'll be killed. Zulinski and Walker are going to shoot him, over beyond Sarmes's woods. Promise me—promise me, Mr. Walter, you won't go."

In her agitation she twitched the bridle. Mazeppa plunged, and Tilly was thrown over. Walter was out of his saddle in an instant, and calling a man to take his horse he raised Tilly from the ground, and half carried, half led her into the house. She had almost lost consciousness.

"Promise you won't go," she gasped.

"I promise," said Walter, shortly, "for I've missed my train by this time; but now tell me what you mean."

And presently, as soon as she could speak connectedly, Tilly told of the conversation she had overheard. She repeated it exactly, not omitting an account of her brother's share in it.

"But you'll not hold that up against him, Mr. Walter, will you? He would not give in about hurting you. It was Zulinski and Walker that were going to do that."

Walter sprang to his feet. "Where is father?" he exclaimed; "I must consult him."

And then it was decided that a party of men should ride over the road, armed and prepared for any emergency. Presently they set forth, Mr. Clark and his son, and the two men who worked on the place, while Mrs. Clark, Alice, and Tilly waited anxiously at home.

It was several hours before they returned, and then they brought a strange tale. They had been unmolested themselves, but in the woods near the road they had found the dead body of Walker. Zulinski had disappeared. The police of Stapleton were notified, and the country was ringing with the news of the murder, suspicion, of course, pointing directly to Zulinski.

Weeks afterward he was found, brought to justice, and convicted. He confessed that when lying in wait for young Clark, finding that he did not come, he and his companion had quarrelled, each accusing the other of having betrayed the plot, and the quarrel had ended thus.

This affair served to bring Holden to a realization of the evils of a strike, and made him bitterly ashamed of the stand which he had himself taken. He had some influence among the men, and in the course of a few weeks matters were readjusted, and the miners were again at work.

As for Tilly, the family at the Stone House never forgot the service she had rendered them, and she was always held as one of their most valued friends.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER VI.

INSTEAD of being discouraged at the loss of his first bit of handiwork, Noute seemed quite anxious to use his new-found skill in the making of something that should meet with greater favor in Babette's eyes. His only tools were his penknife, a saw, and the hatchet used for splitting the family kindling-wood or chopping into short bits the fat knots of resinous pine.

The planning of this bird-cage had been the supreme mental effort of Noute's life, its execution the master achievement of his hands. So much concerted action seemed a promise of better things. The cage had been a rough little structure, with its irregular slats of split cane set at faulty angles; but it had served its purpose. It had held the bird securely, afforded air and a perch. How much more does the finest gilded bird-prison? To his inexperienced eyes it had been a work of art. He was eager to try his 'prentice-hand at something else. What would her little ladyship like?

Noute did a good deal of sea-gazing and blinking, and wasted considerable energy in idle whittling before his mind had been able to master a new plan, to think it out clearly, and to go to work with a degree of method; but soon—much sooner than one would think possible, looking at the mechanic, his tools, and materials—there stood at Babette's place at the table such a high chair as would delight the heart of any little girl or boy in Christendom. Its slender rustic legs and arms were of pine saplings, and across the back was braided, with poor attempt at design, but an evident eye to comfort, a close net-work of willow switches. Not content with leaving as many of the green leaves as possible upon the willows, Noute had stuck its high back full of fresh wild flowers when he brought it in to present it. Falling on his knees as usual, he placed the chair before him, and, lifting Babette, seated her within it, made a comical blinking bow, and rolled over backward on the ground, laughing with all his might.

If Babette let the other little children sit in the pretty chair, turn about, when Noute was away, he was none the wiser; but the usurper who was reckless enough to be caught in it in his presence was always instantly dethroned.

Strangely enough, the old gypsy never interfered in any of Noute's evidences of partiality to the strange child under her roof. Perhaps it was a little relief to her guilty conscience to have the wronged little one favored, even in so slight a way as was within poor Noute's power. And so the chair of honor was always accorded to its rightful owner at his demand. And later, when her little pallet in the shed-room was found one day lifted upon a brand-new pine bedstead, the little miss was granted undisputed possession of the imposing bit of furniture.

Noute at some time in his life must have seen better furnishings than the Nicholas home afforded, for the bed he had evolved from such rude materials as he found at hand was of a pretentious pattern, with a crooked little twisted canopy at the head from which to hang a mosquito-net. There was nothing like it in Nick's house—nothing quite like it on the face of the earth, perhaps; but it hinted of a memory of better days—a memory as unsteady and imperfect as the bed, maybe, but as surely formed after a remote design.

One day in the spring of 1872, while the winds were yet chill and the sunlight faint and weak, Babette came into the cabin at nightfall with bright red spots on her cheeks and an unnatural brilliancy in her eyes. The gypsy was alarmed. She had heard of scarlet fever and diphtheria in the city. There had, indeed, been a case



ONLY A HARD PALE FACE BETRAYED THE DEEP ANXIETY OF HER HEART.

of the Señor in the house of one of her customers, where she had spent an unusually full hour washing clothes in payment for her aid. How dreadful if she had brought the dire disease home in her clothing, and thus should be put the beginning of new sorrows! Before she had always felt a terror lest any harm should come to the strange child under her roof. She was not at heart the criminal she had become through the inevitable consequences of one desperate act of wrong, and there were many nights when the cares and trials of her old life were rendered tenfold harder to bear through the horrors of a guilty conscience.

The way of the transgressor is hard indeed. As she sat beside the feverish child lying upon the rustic bed that night, only a hard pale face betrayed the deep anxiety of her heart. But she said nothing, and on the morrow, having given the little patient a cup of herb tea and such other treatment as she administered to her own brood on occasion, she stoically started out with Noute to draw the seine, for on the next day they must go to town.

When they returned in the evening Noute missed Babette from the group on the beach, and creeping stealthily into the shed-room, he found her sleeping restlessly. When he laid his rough hand upon her forehead, it burned him. All night long he sat beside the sick child, and when morning came, and the old woman, summoning him, pointed to the boat, he sullenly shook his head. He would not leave Babette.

The old gypsy was sadly perplexed. What should she do? The fish and crab baskets were packed, and everything in readiness to start, but the sailor refused to move, and she could not go without him. Finally he rose, pointed to the bed, and then to the boat. He would go if she would take Babette too. There was no time to be lost in indecision. Heedless of consequences, she hastily wrapped the little burning form in her shawl and laid her in the boat.

During the long hours upon the water Babette coughed loud and often, and when, after nightfall, they landed upon the bank of the bayou, she was evidently so ill that the old woman, fearing that she would die unless something should be done, gathered her into her arms, and bidding Noute stay in the boat until she should return, hurried into the city.

Noute followed stealthily behind. He had no idea of losing sight of Babette.

It was a stormy night, and she had not proceeded far when the rain fell in torrents. For a second time the old woman hurried through the streets of New Orleans with the stolen child. If fear of detection hurried her steps the first time, terror lest she should die in her arms hurried her now.

She knew where an old Indian doctress lived, far down in the quadroon faubourg, but it was dark, and she could not find her way in the blinding rain; still, she could think of nowhere else where she would dare go, and so she blundered on, hoping soon to reach a familiar locality and find her way. Such was not to be, however. The All-Father, who had raised up a friend for her in the poor idiot, could make the very storm which threatened her life an instrument in His devoted hands to save it. The storm grew every moment in fury, and yet she trudged on. Suddenly a loud clap of thunder seemed to shake the earth, and the gutters were beginning to overflow. She staggered now as she picked her difficult way along the slippery banquette.

Close behind, his soft hat pulled down so as to protect his eyes, walked the poor mute, anxiously watching to see what should become of her little burden—the one thing in the world that he loved.

As the dog forbidden follows his loved master, dodging the expected clod at first, and growing bolder as it does not come, so Noute, fearing detection, kept far behind, until, his anxiety growing with the storm, he was soon but a few steps behind.

The gypsy had just waded across an overflowed corner, and was blindly pressing forward, when an old gentleman in gossamer and umbrella rushed past her, and pushing open a heavy iron gate, hastily entered. Here was Noute's opportunity—an open door, warmth, shelter for the sick child. Quick as a flash he sprang forward, and grasping her from behind with all his strength, pushed the gypsy into the open gate.

While the poor fellow had not speech, and but feeble reason, he had strength of arm and devotion, and the open gate with its invitation to shelter nerved him to the act.

Through the gate the old woman sped so suddenly and violently that when she reeled against the old gentleman it would have been hard to say which of the two was the more startled; but before there was time to question there came from the wet burden in the old woman's arms a loud croupy cough. Its metallic ring was an open sesame to the good man's door.

Noute, standing without, trembled with excitement as he peered through the iron gate; and when he saw the old gentleman turn, hold his umbrella carefully over the old gypsy, and carefully help her up the broad granite steps, through the arched hall door, into the glowing light, he danced and laughed and wept all by himself in the darkness and the rain. Then he ran up and down the square for a moment, as if studying the situation, and, forgetful of wind or rain, hurried away.

It was too late to try to get back to the boat to-night—and too far—so he soon found a snug corner behind an end of an old discarded show-case under a shed, the ramshackle remains of a dilapidated building. Here, in dreams that took their gilding from the glimpse he had had of the rich man's door, he spent the night. He had slept too many nights in the old boat at Nick's wharf to care for a little wetting now.

Leaving him to sleep and to dream, let us go back to Babette and the gypsy. The old gentleman who had taken them in was Dr.—let us call it Bondurante. This, at least, was one of his names.

Before the old woman had time to collect her scattered senses she found herself in the doctor's comfortable office, and he lost no time in ministering to the sick child. Her cold, damp dress was replaced by dry clothing, and the shivering feet were soon wrapped in warm flannels.

A gentle-faced old lady prepared and gave the medicine, while in the soft motherly arms of an old colored woman the little body was slowly warmed back to life. Had she been conscious, and memory faithful, she might almost have fancied herself back in her old home, and in the loving care of her grandmother and Tante Angèle.

If, however, she retained any faint impressions of the tender and refined associations of the first three years of her young life, they were for the present overlaid by fresher memories of a very different kind.

Through all that night, as she tossed in her sleep, the names she muttered were those of the beach.

During the first moments after their entrance every one had been so much engaged with the little sufferer that the old woman, sitting bolt-upright in their midst in her wet rags, was for the time overlooked. But now that everything had been done for Babette, they turned, naturally, to the gypsy, and began to question her. But she only shook her head, feigning not to understand. The doctor tried English, French, Spanish, Italian, with the same result. She would not understand.

And so they discussed freely in French, their own tongue, the condition of the little patient, and the probable occasion of the untimely visit.

"I wish I could make her comprehend how very ill

her child is," the doctor said: "she may not live through the night."

The old woman had understood well enough all the way through, and now she was filled with a new panic.

The storm still raged without. One could not send a dog out in such a night as this.

Taking the child from the servant, Madame Bondurante bade the negress Clarisse provide some dry clothing for the old woman, and to offer her a bed for the night. The doctor would take personal charge of the sick child.

Obeying her movements, the gypsy followed Clarisse into the hall; then, hesitating a moment, and pointing to the floor, wet from her dripping garments, she indicated by a twisting movement of her hands that she wished to wring her skirts, and stepped out upon the porch. When she had gotten safely outside the hall door, did she stop to wring her clothing? Not she. Darting noiselessly down the steps—out of the iron gate into the street—she ran! Ran as she had not run for years—as she would never run again!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE MOVING OF THE MAILS.

BY ALBERT LEE.

IT is not until you realize how many millions and millions of letters and newspapers are handled every day by the thousands of clerks in the employ of the Post-office Department in city and town offices, on railroads and on steamboats, all over this broad country of ours, that you can come anywhere near appreciating the real and serious meaning of that phrase which appeared so frequently in the newspapers a few weeks ago at the time of the great railroad strikes—"Delaying the United States mails and interfering with inter-State commerce."

When you do understand what a lot of trouble and expense is caused by even a brief delay in the progress of the mails, then you do not wonder that the President called out his best soldiers and sent them to Chicago, and to other places further West, to shoot down the lawless and criminal foreigners and anarchists who were stalling trains and causing mail-bags to accumulate on side-tracks and at small junctions—hundreds of mail-bags that, even had they arrived at their destinations on time, contained enough matter to keep the local distributing clerks busy for all their working hours. And if the mails are delayed for two or three weeks—as they were at certain points in Montana and California—just think of the immense amount of work that is unjustly piled up for those clerks, who already have all they can attend to when there is no accumulation of matter. One little hitch in this vast postal system, which is built up so as to run like clock-work, causes no end of complications, and for that reason Congress was very wise to enact severe laws to govern and protect the transmission of the mails, and the President is always entirely justified in exercising his full authority in enforcing them. He who opposes the progress of the man, horse, boat, or train carrying the mails is opposing the United States government, and nobody has ever yet been known to do that successfully. Several people and nations of people have tried it at various times since 1776, but they have all been forced to give it up as an unprofitable task.

Last winter a cowboy out West held up a letter-carrier who was riding along on his pony across the plains, carrying the mails from one ranch to another. The cowboy was reckless, and thought he could secure enough money out of the lean mail-bag to make it worth his while to become a robber. But after rifling every letter he found nothing of value in any of them, and the messenger himself only had five cents in his pocket. The cowboy took the nickel, and that was the sole profit of his robbery. Nevertheless, United States officers pursued him and captured him. He was tried for holding up the mails, and sent to prison for twenty years. This incident merely shows that the government is thoroughly in earnest when it says that the mails shall not be interfered with or delayed.

When the mail of the United States became so great that the delay attendant upon sorting it in city and town post-offices became an important item in the economy of time, the railway post-office system was established. There are some 3200 of these post-office cars in use all over the United States, and if they were coupled end to end on a single track they would make a train over twenty miles long.

The second division, which is the New York Division, contains 184 railway post-office lines, and gives employment to 819 railway post clerks, of whom 715 actually travel on the cars and distribute the mail. Last year these clerks handled 753,976,835 letters, 450,446,400 newspapers, 2,629,863 registered packages, and 167,479 registered pouches and sacks that were bound for some other postal division beyond their own. If you add these numbers, you will find that the total number of pieces of all kinds handled was 1,207,220,577. Perhaps these figures do not convey a very clear idea of the immense amount of mail matter they represent. But take the 753,976,835 letters that the clerks of the second division handled during the past year. Supposing the envelopes averaged four inches in length, and that they were laid on the ground end to end. They would stretch over a line 2975 miles long, almost covering the distance between New York and San Francisco. If they were laid flat, one on top of the other, they would make a pile 523,761 feet high, or five hundred and twenty-three times as high as the Eiffel Tower.

The most important route in the second division is the one known in the department as the "New York and Pitts. R. P. O.," which runs ten trains daily east and west. There are six crews of nine men each to operate the most important train on the route, which is No. 7, and these men work twenty consecutive hours on each single trip. They make two round trips between New York and Pittsburg, and then take six days off. These clerks handle on an average, each single trip, forty tons of mail matter, ten tons of which they actually distribute while on their journey. Postal clerks, however, do not speak of distributing mail. They "separate" it.

The "New York and Pitts." leaves Jersey City every night at nine o'clock attached to train No. 7 of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The railway mail clerks report for duty at half past twelve o'clock in the afternoon, and sign their names in a book kept in the depot for that purpose to show that they were on hand. The five railway mail-cars have been backed on a side track near the ferry-houses, and the nine railway mail clerks immediately get aboard, and put things in readiness to receive the first wagon-load of mail that comes over from the general post-office in New York. They must open the iron pouch-racks that are folded up against the sides of the cars, and hang up the pouches and sacks into which the letters and papers are to be placed. Then they lay out the tables on which the letters are to be "faced up," and from which they make their "separations."

By this time it is two o'clock, and the first of the heavy mail-wagons, which we see every day in the streets of the city, come rumbling and jolting over the tracks through the yards, and are backed up against the post-office car, and the mail-bags are tossed by the porters to the clerks inside. As I have already said, the "New York and Pitts." is made up of five cars, each one of which is devoted to a specific kind of work. When the train is made up, the forward car of the railway post-of-



THE NEWSPAPER CAR.

fice is coupled to the engine tender, and is therefore the first car of the train. If there is a collision, the postal cars are the first to be telescoped, and so next to the engineer and fireman the postal clerks are in the most dangerous condition. As a result, in the past ten years over 1000 postal clerks have been killed or injured.

The first car is known as the Ohio letter-car. At the forward end there are over 1000 pigeon-holes, built up against the wall, and over each hole is the name of a city or postal route. There are some 500 more similar pigeon-holes on one side, and in the middle of the car and opposite these are larger ones for newspapers. In front of each of these sections is a table, on which the letters are "faced up." At the other end are sections, reaching the entire height of the car, staked off for the reception of bags and pouches of through mail, and boxes of stamped and official envelopes destined for postmasters in the South and Southwest. The space along the side of the car not taken up by pigeon-holes is fitted with iron racks about three feet high, from which a hundred sacks and pouches hang open-mouthed, greedily waiting to be filled with mail matter.

Into this first car are deposited by the mail-wagon porters the bags containing letters for Ohio, Indiana, California, and the Western States, and this matter is looked after by four of the nine clerks who make up the entire crew. As soon as the bags arrive they are opened, and the packages of letters are faced up on the tables in front of the pigeon-holes. They have been roughly done up in bundles, about two or three inches thick, at the New York Post office or on board the transatlantic mail-steamers according to their State addresses, and the railway mail clerks now take these bundles and "separate" them into pigeon-holes, according to their town or county addresses. These clerks must be quick and intelligent men, and they must have a thorough knowledge of the geography of the whole country. There are over 18,000 post-offices in the second division, and the clerks know every one, and just what pigeon-hole or pouch to toss the letter into that comes to them addressed to that place. To some post-offices letters are very seldom written. Perhaps the place is a little town in the backwoods of Pennsylvania, near no railroad, but on a stage or canal line. The railway mail clerk must know what the nearest town to that village is, and toss the letter in that town's box. There is no time on the journey to stop and look up these matters. Each man must *know*. If any clerk makes an error by tossing a letter into the wrong box, that letter is noticed by the clerk who handles it next, and a report of the error is made to the division superintendent, who checks it up against the record of the man who made it.

The wagons keep arriving from New York and dumping bags into the various cars all the afternoon, and the clerks are kept hard at work storing and separating, until the final load arrives shortly before nine o'clock. By that time there are about forty tons of mail matter aboard the five cars.

When the conductor gives the signal to the engineer to start, all the doors of the mail-cars are closed so that the wind will not blow any of the letters away; you can imagine how hot it is in there after that on a warm summer's day. Then the train pulls slowly out of the depot. It rumbles over the Jersey City trestle, and spurts noisily across the flats until it rushes into Newark, where a brief stop is made to take on Jersey mail for the West. The journey toward Pittsburg is then fairly under way, and the train rushes on at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The railway mail clerks are hard at work, each one standing in front of a case separating letters and papers as fast as he can.

By the time the train reaches Trenton at 10.22 several sacks and pouches have been prepared, that are thrown off there, and others are taken aboard. Train No. 7 does not go to Philadelphia, but takes the "Trenton cut off," and gets on the main line again at Glen Loch. Bags from Philadelphia are received there, and the next stop is Lancaster, at twenty-five minutes after midnight. Harrisburg is reached at 1.20 A.M., and half of the trip is covered.

More mail is delivered at Huntingdon and Tyrone junctions, and at 4.50 A.M. the train pulls into Altoona. On leaving that city a close watch is kept for pouches hung up at way-stations. A man stands in the last post-office car to work the "catcher," which seizes the pouches as the train flies past, and he also throws out bags of mail destined for towns at which No. 7 does not make any stop.

Pittsburg is reached at 8.30 A.M., and there end the twenty consecutive hours of as hard work as men are usually called upon to do. The clerks have been on their feet all night, considering themselves fortunate if they



TWENTY CONSECUTIVE HOURS OF HARD WORK.



THE AMERICAN SEA POST CLERK AT WORK.

had time to get a bite to eat at Lancaster, and they have separated, put into packages, and stowed in sacks about ten tons of mail matter. And yet this is only a single trip. A fresh crew takes their place, to go on with the mail to St. Louis. The men from Jersey City go to the Pittsburg Post-office, and sleep in a dormitory on the top floor. At eight o'clock the next morning they are off on train No. 8 for their return to Jersey City, where they arrive at 9.38 in the evening, having again been constantly at work separating Western mail for New York and Europe. Only on this trip the clerks must separate New York and Philadelphia mail not only by branch post-office stations, but as nearly as possible by carriers' routes.

A great many of the letters which pass through the hands of these men, especially those that come from European peasants to their emigrated relatives in the West, are so fearfully and wonderfully addressed that it is a marvel they ever reach their destinations. Addresses scrawled in this fashion are known as "stickers," and if they are absolutely unreadable even to these intelligent and experienced railway mail clerks they are called "nixes." All the nixes collected on a trip are tied in a bunch, and a ticket is placed with them showing the date of the trip they were taken from. They go to the division superintendent, and if his clerks cannot make anything out of them they are sent to the dead-letter office at Washington.

One day last week I was aboard the "New York and Pitts.," and the clerk in charge showed me a letter which he said was an easy one compared with a sticker or a nix. It came from Austria, and was addressed to

*M. Wisynty Przybylski,*
*Indijana Polis*
*Hangwile,*
*Kaunty Marian.*

The clerk said the letter was intended for some one in *Haughville*, a suburb of *Indianapolis*, in *Marion County*, Indiana. No matter how much of a sticker an address may be, no clerk is allowed to alter or correct it for the benefit of the next man through whose hands it is to pass.

The system of railway post-offices has been found so successful, and a means of saving so much valuable time, that it has been extended to the transatlantic steamships. This was begun under Mr. Wanamaker's administration as Postmaster-General, but so far mail clerks have only been placed on the American ships running to Southampton and on the German ships that go to Bremen and Hamburg.

On each of the vessels of the lines mentioned large state-rooms have been set aside and fitted out for the use of the postal clerks. Big racks of pigeon-holes stand up against the walls, and the mail-pouches hang from stands in the centre of the room. In these post-offices the clerks work from eight to ten hours a day during the entire voyage, distributing the mails by cities and States, when coming this way, and by railroad lines when going to Germany. On each ship there is one American clerk, one German clerk, and a German assistant. The American is in charge going eastward, and the German has charge of things coming this way.

These clerks, of course, are men of energy and intelligence. They are the best material taken from the postal services of both countries. The Germans wear gaudy uniforms with military caps and swords, and are called by the high-sounding name of "Reichs Post Secretaer." The American calls himself a "sea post clerk." In spite of the lack of gold braid and side-arms, however, the Americans are the most reliable men. It is said that when the *Eider* went on the rocks on the coast of Ireland last year the "Reichs Post Secretaer" grabbed his sword and made for the life-boats. The American stood to his business, and did not leave his post until he had overseen the transfer of the mails from the leaking ship to a tug. These sea post clerks handle about 140,000 letters and 60 sacks of papers each trip; but in December and January their work is almost doubled.

And so it is evident that the people of this country



THE SEA POST-OFFICE.

write a good many letters and print a good many news papers, and there is no doubt that when they have written their letters and printed their newspapers they want them carried to the persons they are intended for, and the people have selected a right to carry out these lawful desires. So that any delay in or interference with the progress of the mails is an interference with the rights of the people, and the power represented by the Congress and the President and the army, are therefore justified in taking measures to prevent ignorant and lawless men from depriving them of their rights and privileges. That is what was done when the army went to Chicago and put an end to "delaying the United States mails and interfering with inter-State commerce."

## SAFE AND SPEEDY SMALL BOATS.

IN the summer-time all boys who live near water take to it quite as naturally as ducks. If they are not swimming in it they are rowing or sailing on it, and most of them naturally prefer sailing because it has a touch of excitement about it. I have never been at any summer resort where there was sailing without hearing all kinds of discussions as to the best types of boats. These discussions go on, too, in spite of the fact that the local watermen are good judges of the needs of their localities, and have, as a rule, adopted the kind of boat best suited to the waters. But the amateur boat-sailer likes a little variety, and he is bound to have it. A good many active young fellows find the cat-boat, which is the universal type in America, too simple in rig. They wish to have more ropes to handle. In short, they desire to feel that they are handling a vessel. Now this is all very well in its way, but it is really not the best way.

If you have to do all the sailing yourself, stick to a single sail. It is a good deal easier to manage, and its sheet is always right aft beside you, so that you do not have to leave the tiller to get at it. The fellow who steers the boat has really all he can attend to. He ought not to be bothered with the care of head sheets, even when they are made to lead all the way aft. Then there is the matter of running alongside of wharves and landing-floats. It is a great deal easier to do this with a boat that has only one mast stepped right up against the bow than with one that has a bowsprit or a head stay to catch on projecting pieces of the wharf, and maybe in a fresh breeze get you into trouble. But of course the boy who has made up his mind that he wants to handle more than one sail will tell me that he has heard all this before, and that it has only made him more anxious to acquire the skill necessary to do those things which he has been told are difficult.

Of course the jib and mainsail boat must be known to any boy who lives near the water. But while she is a capital craft for racing and for sailing where you have plenty of room, she is not the kind of a boat to please a boy who desires to have something a little out of the common. I should say that the simplest way to get out of the rut would be to adopt a balance lugsail. This sail has a yard that peaks up like a gaff, but runs a little forward of the mast. The boom runs forward too, so that there is a small section of the sail ahead of the mast. The sail, therefore, lies against the mast on one tack and away from it on the other. It is a pretty sail to look at, and is, as you may see, quite as easy to handle as the mainsail of a cat-boat. If you wish to have a large boat, you can have two masts, and this sort of rig is suitable for boats of great body and draught. The famous boatmen of Deal, England, use luggers, as they are called, in their traffic among the numerous ships that anchor in the Downs, a stretch of open water on the Channel coast lying between the North and South Forelands, a little to the east of Dover, and very slightly protected from the rough sea of the Channel by the dangerous shoal known as the Goodwin Sands. The water is generally disturbed there by wind and tidal currents, but the Deal lugger dashes through it all with a power that is quite surprising.

Another pretty boy in the way of a boat is a small open craft rigged as a sloop, and perhaps this will please a good many boys better than a lugger, because it is purely American. I once saw a young lady amusing herself, on a breezy afternoon, by sailing about in a sixteen-foot boat rigged in this fashion, and she seemed to be having a thoroughly good time. You must make one concession to the size of the boat. You know in such a craft you could not go aloft to set and furl the topsail as you would in a big sloop. Therefore you must use a sprit-topsail—that is, one which has a light spar on its perpendicular side. Your topsail-sheet must lead out through the gaff end and down to the foot of the mast again, so that you can fasten the outer end of it to the clew of the topsail before sending the canvas aloft. You bend the halyard to the sprit, and hoist the sail up. Then you get down the tack by its line and haul out on the sheet. Thus the sail is set. On such a little boat you can have a forestaysail and a jib, and I have seen even a jib-topsail.

For waters of considerable depth and breadth, where the wind often raises a "nasty sea," it is better to have boats of considerable power and sea-going qualities. It is by no means necessary to procure an expensive cutter, with lead keel and elaborate rigging. A boy who has not a great deal of money to spare can get a good boat. For instance, there is the famous Barnegat sneak-box. This boat is suitable for either shallow or deep water. She has no depth to speak of, but she is broad of beam, and has, therefore, a large amount of "initial stability," as it is called. Initial stability means simply the natural tendency of a boat to stay right side up without the aid of ballast, and this tendency is always larger in wide boats than in narrow ones. The racing-shell of the oarsmen, for instance, has hardly any initial stability at all. The sneak-box has a spoon-shaped bow, and this causes her to skim over the tops of the waves instead of cutting through them. She makes a great splashing when she has the sea against her, but she sails like a ghost. It was from this peculiar type of craft that the celebrated designer Mr. Nat Herreshoff got the idea of the remarkable bow which he put on the *Gloriana*. That form of bow became highly popular, and most of the racing-yachts built since the appearance of the *Gloriana* have it, or a modification of it. The extremely shallow fin-keel yachts like the *Pilgrim* are simply enlarged sneak-boxes, with a fixed centreboard of much depth and weight.

The dory of the "down-east" fishermen is a splendid type of craft. She appears at first trial to be cranky, but she is not. She will heel very quickly, but she will only heel till she lays her broad rounded side on the water, and there she will stop. As a sea-boat she is hard to beat. She will ride out a hard gale of wind, and many a fisherman, who has been picked up at sea miles and miles away from the schooner that lost him in a fog, owes his life to the fine qualities of this little boat. A dory is, perhaps, less attractive in appearance than some other craft, but among boats, as among people, the homely are often the most trustworthy. Yet a dory may be made to look neat. Not ten minutes ago, as I sat here writing, one passed within view of my window. She was painted dark green below the water-line, and above a quiet cream-color, with a red stripe. She had a neat spritsail and jib rig, a centreboard, and a pair of bright oars. I am sure that the young man who owns her feels quite comfortable when he sees it hardening down to windward and feels the breeze coming out in spiteful puffs.

For a two-masted rig with plenty of sails to handle

and boys to handle them, a man-of-war's cutter is a capital boat. These cutters are powerful clinker-built craft, about thirty feet long. They are keel boats, and draw a good three feet of water, but they will live in a hard gale, and have room for twenty-five persons in case of need. They are usually provided with a sliding-gunter rig on two masts. This rig consists of a triangular sail bent on a mast which is in two pieces. The upper piece is held to the lower by a couple of rings, and is raised to its place by a halyard. The foremast is stepped, so that there is room for a small jib extending as far forward as the stem. Sometimes a bowsprit is used. These boats are not particularly smart at going to windward, though it is possible to get there. They reach finely, and run tolerably well. As their canvas is always small in proportion to their power, they are snug in a stiff breeze, and easily managed. But of all the larger-sized small craft, give me a whale-boat. Whether she was turned out in New Bedford or in one of Uncle Sam's navy-yards, she is a stanch and lively craft. The fact that every one of our men-of-war is provided with one or two of them shows in how high esteem they are held. A relative of mine, who was a cadet at the Naval Academy when Admiral Luce was the instructor in seamanship, says that famous teacher was in the habit of saying, "Young gentlemen, in case of shipwreck, get into the whale-boat if you can." A whale-boat is sharp at both ends, and is a beautiful boat to look at. She is usually rigged in the navy in the same way as a cutter is, but she is always a much better sailer. Having a centreboard, she will beat a cutter all hollow at going to windward, and she can reach and run admirably. When it comes to standing stress of weather, she is the queen of open boats. She is larger than dories usually are, being from 28 to 30 feet long, and she was specially designed for the heavy test of chasing whales in all kinds of weather. Properly handled, she will come home all right out of a storm that would try the qualities of a ship. And in a dead calm, when it becomes necessary to get out the oars, she is easy to row, and goes through the water speedily. Cutters and whale-boats can be bought at reasonable prices. I have an interest in a beautiful New Bedford whale-boat, fitted with rudder, sails, oars, rowlocks, and cushions, which was purchased perfectly new for $180. By picking up the different articles separately and at second hand, the whole outfit might be bought for half that amount.

## ANNIE FRAZER, HEROINE.

TINY Annie Frazer, who saved her father's life at the risk of her own last month, has shown that heroism is not a matter of years.

Samuel Frazer is a miner. His home is in the little village called Hell Gate, not far from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. He drew his month's wages on Friday, July 6th. Times have been hard at the coal mines, and when Frazer found that he had earned twenty days' pay he was very happy. It was more money than he had seen at one time in years. He could not stand prosperity. He drank too much whiskey, and wandered away from home early next morning. Mrs. Frazer and their only child, Annie, who is only eight years old, set out to look for him. They walked in opposite directions along the track of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

The child found her father fast asleep on the track. She tried to arouse him, but the fumes of liquor deadened his senses, and he lay almost unconscious. Annie knelt beside the man and begged him to get up. The rails began to vibrate. A train was coming. The man lay near a curve in a deep cut whose high embankments hid him from view.

"Wake up, papa!" cried Annie. "The cars are coming! Wake up!"

But the drowsy man only mumbled incoherently. Annie sobbed as she tried with all her strength to lift her father out of danger. She could do nothing.

How could she stop the train? The end of a red bandanna handkerchief drooping from her father's pocket gave Annie a hint. She quickly drew out the handkerchief and ran down the railroad track. The roar of the approaching train could now be distinctly heard. The little girl fell twice, and bruised herself on the rough road-bed. But she struggled on to the end of the cut. There she stood, waving the red handkerchief and crying. The engineer saw the signal, and he stopped the train so suddenly that many passengers were thrown from their seats. The child still stood between the rails when the locomotive was halted in front of her.

Two brakemen shook Frazer, and told him how his daughter had saved his life by putting her own in peril. The shock sobered the miner. He broke down and wept.

The passengers cheered Annie as her father carried her away, and he has promised his wife that he will never drink liquor again.

## A SECRET.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

SHALL I be like grandmamma when I am old?
Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—
No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold
With a little white edging upon it?
Shall I sit in an easy-chair all the day long
With a great ball of wool and a stocking?
Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,
And dirt and disorder so shocking?

Shall I wear a white cap full of dear little bows,
And a row of white curls on my forehead?
Shall I keep my face clean, and take care of my clothes,
And never be snappish and horrid?
Shall I think that the Bible's the nicest of books,
And remember the sermon on Sunday,
And not think how stupid the minister looks,
And wish it would only be Monday?

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—
I hope that you won't think me crazy.
It happened one day when they sent me to bed
For being ill-tempered and lazy.
She came and sat by me, and patted my hand,
And told me, "There's no use in crying;
It's by stumbling, my pet, that we learn how to stand,
And we always grow better by trying."

"Was any one ever so wicked as me?"
I asked her between my sobbing.
Then grandmamma laughed just as hard as could be,
And her little white curls went bobbing.
"Was any one ever so naughty as you?
I'm sure that I know of one other."
"Who was it?" I asked. "Oh, please tell me; do."
She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now isn't it strange? But of course it is true.
I can tell you just one thing about it—
She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,
And we'd only be silly to doubt it.
But of course I feel certain you never will tell,
For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be
To have people know, who all love her so well,
That grandma was ever like me.



HOW AN ARCTIC PICNIC WAS INTERRUPTED.

## GRANDMA AND PAUL DISCUSS THE WAR.

"WELL, well," said Grandma, as she took off her spectacles, "I see China and Japan have gone to war. It 'll be a very funny war; won't it, Paul? Just think of the two armies meeting, and the Chinese throwing fire-crackers at the Japanese, and the Japanese hurling back long sharp-billed birds at the Chinese."

"But they aren't fighting that way, Grandma," answered Paul. "They've got guns."

"Impossible," returned Grandma. "You're thinking about something else. Fire-crackers and spear-birds, and maybe a few dragons and monsters and kites and crooked swords, and the smoke of joss-sticks hanging over every battle."

"But how could folks fight with fire-crackers and birds?" insisted the boy.

"Oh dear! don't ask me," said Grandma. "All I know is that that is all they've got. I should think fire-crackers were dangerous enough for any sort of a war, and as for the Japanese birds, they are always so sharp and fly so fast that I am sure, for my part, that I'd hate to have one of them hit me."

"Where did you learn about the Chinese and Japanese, Grandma?" went on Paul.

"Where, to be sure! Why, there isn't but one place to study 'em; on Chinese tea-chests and Japanese screens, of course. It makes me shudder to think of a regiment armed with Japanese birds, fifteen feet long, with iron necks and legs, all flying like arrows over trees four inches high."

Paul laughed; but as he had been studying and reading a good deal about China and Japan lately, he thought it his duty to set his grandmother right, and bring her ideas up to date if he could. So he said:

"Perhaps things have changed there. I've been reading about those countries in the cyclopedias and some other books, and—"

"My son," broke in Grandma, "those books are all right for young readers and people who want to get a little smattering of knowledge about China and Japan. But what do you suppose your books are based on? Why, on the original documents, like all books of history. And what are the original documents in this case? Tea-chests and screens, to be sure. It is just as it is with a history of Assyria; *you* get it in a cloth-bound book, but it is based on original documents in the form of brick walls, stone fences, and bronze pillars with inscriptions on 'em. When I became interested in Chinese and Japanese history I went right to the chests and screens, I tell you. Dear me! how the dragon must be using eels for bows, and shooting fly-away birds for arrows!"

"But, Grandma," continued Paul, "I just read in a newspaper that 'Western ideas have been taking firm hold on both countries of late.'"

"'Western ideas!'" repeated Grandma, scornfully. "Perhaps you mean to tell me that they are carrying big revolvers and riding bucking broncos. Think of a Mandarin on a bronco! Just imagine the Japanese Emperor trying to lasso a Chinese dragon."

Paul knew very well that Grandma understood what he meant, but he couldn't give up the idea of making her admit it.

"But this is mainly a naval war, Grandma, and both sides have iron-clads and other ships, just like we have, or the European nations have. A good many of the officers are Europeans, and the vessels steam about and fight just like—just like—anybody. I've seen pictures of the ships in the papers," added Paul, as a final "clincher."

"The newspapers are trying to impose on you," said Grandma, just as stoutly as ever. "The Chinese and Japanese haven't anything of the kind—nothing but junks, with rounded-up bows, like a wooden shoe, which set on top of the water and skate about on it like a toboggan. And they have crinkled sails, and every night the men take the sails down, and starch and flute them, and put 'em up again the next morning. If it's a naval war it must be a junk war, and when the junks run into each other they must tip over and roll about like English walnut shells on a plate. How it must take the starch out of the sails!"

"Now, Grandma," said Paul, in despair, "you don't believe all of this, do you?"

"Haven't I studied the original documents?" she asked.

Then Paul went away into the library, took down an atlas, and lost himself in the wavy lines of the Yellow Sea.

## THE RED SQUIRREL AND THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

A LITTLE red squirrel lived under a fence
An old rail-fence at the edge of a wood;
He took a deep interest in current events.
And sat on the top rail and learned all he could.

The farmer was wide-awake, likewise, and so
One day in the papers he read of barbed wire,
And said to himself, "That old rail-fence must go,
I'll have it chopped up into sticks for the fire."

The little red squirrel has moved to the wood;
At being a hermit he makes great pretences.
He wouldn't learn current events, if he could.
He's down on newspapers and barbed-wire fences.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



# AROUND CAPE HORN IN '49.*

## A Trip to the California Gold Fields.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

### CHAPTER I.

### OFF FOR THE GOLD FIELDS.

THE hawsers at the bow of the clipper-ship *Gray Eagle* grew tighter and tighter, and then slowly she began to move down the river in tow of a puffing little steamer.

"Good-by!" "good-luck!" came the cries of friends and relatives, which were returned by those on board, while the crowds of curious and interested citizens who lined the Philadelphia water-front gave cheer after cheer as the *Gray Eagle* passed along. It was only shortly after nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th of January, 1849, and bitterly cold; but notwithstanding the hour and the weather immense numbers of people had come down to watch the ship start. The friends and relatives of the hardy adventurers were solemn and tearful, but

* The incidents and events of this narrative are gathered from the diary of a young man who made the voyage in 1849.

the crowd came and cheered out of sight. To them the next steamer the *Gray Eagle* was objects of envy and admiration. They had paid for the privilege of going to the land of gold, and were regarded with a fortune.

The passengers, too, were plainly excited as they hung over the rails, returning the cheers and greetings as they passed along. Two boys of about nineteen years of age, near the rear, cheering and shouting with the rest, but there was a slight suggestion of the sorrow of parting to be seen in their faces as they turned toward each other.

"Well, Dick," laughed one, in rather a forced tone, "we're off at last."

"Wait until we get to sea before you talk," returned the other. "It seems like years since we first thought of going, and now there are days and nights and miles and miles of water before us."

News of the gold fields had penetrated to a little village in the interior of Pennsylvania months before, and the two friends who stood upon the deck of the *Gray Eagle* had been seized with a wild desire to visit the distant country and become rich men. Dick Sterling and Rob Gray were strong sturdy boys, of long friendship, working on their fathers' farms, and when they heard the stories which came overland and around the waters of the earth, they had talked and dreamed together of the possibility of going to California. They feared nothing. The stories repeated from mouth to mouth were wonderful and dazzling. They consulted and plotted as to how they might reach this fabled country by fair means. Then they told their families, and after hard labor and much persuasion had obtained their parents' consent to leave the farms. Some little money was in the county bank belonging to each of the boys, which had been left to them by a mutual relative—for these friends were distant cousins. Drawing out their meagre capital and combining it, together with their energies, they purchased an outfit and obtained their passage. Articles of partnership were made out, and about seven hundred dollars formed their mutual capital with which to start upon a new life in a strange country. But the two regarded themselves as wealthy, and being brave of heart never doubted the success of the venture upon which they were bound.

Then they stood upon the deck of the *Gray Eagle* and passed down the river, leaving the city behind in a veil of smoke and a forest of masts.

That night they anchored off Bombay Hook, and Rob, who had been over the ship on an exploring expedition, came back with a radiant face.

"The steward says we are to have four meals a day," he announced; "breakfast at eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at four, and a supper later."

"All right," rejoined Dick; "but wait until we get to sea and there won't be so much anxiety about eating," and he smiled dismally.

It was the Captain's intention to sail early the next morning, but some of the passengers had gone over to the steamer, anchored close at hand, to spend the night, and he had to wait for them, and could not take advantage of the wind and tide. The steamer was again called into service, and the *Gray Eagle* was towed about five miles further, when she cast off the lines, set her courses and topsails, and started out for herself. But the wind was very light, and they came to anchor inside the breakwater opposite the little settlement of Louistown.

The next morning the boys went on deck to find the sailors busy clearing things away preparatory to setting sail. But the wind died down again and the anchor was not raised. All day long they lay inactive, while the passengers walked up and down grumbling at the fate which kept them twenty-four hours longer from digging the precious gold, and the boys had nothing to do but make a few new acquaintances. It really did seem in the course of these delays that they never would get off, and everybody turned in early feeling highly disgusted, but fortunately they were tired that night, and slept well. About seven o'clock the next morning, which was Sunday, they heard no sound save the ripple of the water against the side of the ship and the hoarse orders of the Captain from above.

"Now we *are* off," cried Rob; "I don't care what anybody says!" And dressing hurriedly the two friends ran on deck. Sure enough, they were moving along with full sails, two hours out from their anchorage. The boys looked at each other and sighed with relief, then they smiled.

Soon after this the pilot left the ship, and under a steady wind the *Gray Eagle* bowled merrily along. The passengers paced up and down the deck, their eyes afire and cheeks blazing with excitement, and as they passed one another genial smiles broke forth, for in every mind there was but one thought—OFF TO THE GOLD FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA—AND WEALTH!

As the ship moved on the cold moderated considerably, and in a few days, after they were in the Gulf-Stream, it was quite comfortable on deck. But not many of the passengers cared to avail themselves of this privilege. They had reached the point where they cared for nothing, and regarded the gold fields simply as being dry and steady land—something far more desirable at the time than uncounted wealth. Dick and Rob had succumbed to the general sea-sickness, but being strong and healthy were among the first to get well, and generally spent their time on the quarter-deck, listening to the wonderful stories of sailor-life told by the Captain and mate.

There were two "first tables" on the ship, one in each cabin, the upper and the lower, accommodating thirty-five passengers, and leaving two over to eat at a second table with the mate. The men having recovered sufficiently to interest themselves in their meals began to complain of the food they received, especially those who ate in the lower cabin, where Rob and Dick were quartered. The Captain, who dined in the upper cabin, where it was claimed that the best was served, came one day to the other board. The bean soup that day was thin and the beans not half cooked, and the passengers at the table chuckled broadly when they saw the Captain about to taste the mixture. He took one mouthful, and then, disagreeably surprised, called loudly for the "Doctor." This set them all laughing, as every one supposed the Captain to be in fun; but the "Doctor" turned out to be none other than the cook, who came in trembling.

"Look here," demanded the Captain, pointing to his plate, "what do you call this?"

"It's soup, sir," answered the cook, in quavering tones; "at least, it's meant for soup, sir, but my copper isn't large enough to cook right for all."

"Not large enough?" cried the Captain. "Didn't I tell you before we sailed that you must get one large enough? And if there wasn't one in Philadelphia, that I'd send anywheres in the United States for it?"

"Y-yes, sir," stammered the unfortunate "Doctor"; "but it's as large as the galley will hold."

"Oh!" said the Captain, and the cook went out.

"I think he does his best, sir," explained the mate, who was present; "he was up all last night dressing a pig for dinner to-day, and this morning about three o'clock he keeled right over, sound asleep from fatigue."

The passengers were taken aback at this disclosure, and met on deck later, when both cabins agreed to dispense with supper, and to have the dinner at five o'clock instead of three.

"Now," said Dick, "maybe we'll get better things to eat."

"But I doubt it," returned Rob, "'cause I've seen the kitchen—or galley, to be nautical. There's a space about three feet by five to move about in, and there the pots, pans, and kettles are. One side is devoted to the chicken-coops and the other to the pigsty. The stove is an ordinary cooking-stove, and only one-half of it will work at a time—and altogether it's the biggest mess in the smallest place I ever saw. It's a wonder we ever get anything to eat; and that poor cook has certainly a hard time of it."

"So he must," returned Dick; "and perhaps the rest won't grumble so much now that they've learned about it. Whew! I wonder what it 'll be when a storm comes? Not a very cheerful outlook for the next three months!"

The *Gray Eagle* went ahead bravely for a full week, and then suddenly the winds died out and left her drifting lazily in a flat calm with flapping sails. The passengers tried fishing for a while, but not a nibble was to be had, and for forty-eight hours the ship scarcely moved.

"Pshaw," cried Dick, one evening, impatiently pacing the deck, "we'll never get to San Francisco at this rate!"

"Never get anywheres," returned Rob. "But there's one compensation: when it's calm the 'Doctor' certainly does better, and roast duck, with pork and beans, and apple-pie for dessert, such as we had to-day, do a great deal toward making us comfortable."

"Yes," assented Dick, "but I'd rather be moving."

The lapping of the waves and the roll of the ship began to grow intolerable; but a day later the barometer went down, and the Captain promised a storm, which was hailed with glee. The next morning the ship was flying ahead under full spread of canvas, and the passengers hurried on deck, and executed a regular war-dance in their excitement and delight at once more getting under way.

At eight o'clock, however, the wind shifted to the northeast and freshened to a gale. Rain fell steadily, and the crew were ordered on deck. The Captain seemed to enjoy it above all things. He jumped about without his hat, and roared his orders. All sail was taken in except the foresail, mainsail, and mizzen. The topsails were close-reefed, and the *Gray Eagle* plunged her bow into the rolling waves with apparent delight.

"Ho, there, you lazy dodgers!" sang out the Captain as the crew crept up the rigging. "Hurry up! Never mind counting the rattles. *I* know how many there are. In with that royal! *Does* it take fourteen men to do the work of three? Ho, there, men! Easy! easy!"

Dick and Rob crept on deck to watch the scene, and as the crew went forward to man the forerigging, the Captain brought out his trumpet, and his voice could be heard above the noise of the storm, the flapping of the sails, and the "*Ho! heave ho!*" of the sailors as they worked. Betweentimes the Captain stood near the bow in the attitude of a Roman charioteer, and pretended to hold the reins and drive the ship along, crying, "Whoa, Betty! Whoa!"

When finally the sails were taken in, and all ready to drive with the gale, the boys tumbled below again—and a tumble it literally was. It was nine o'clock, and the passengers were waiting for breakfast.

"H-hungry?" chattered Rob, as he reached the cabin and grabbed the nearest thing at hand to keep from falling.

"N-not very," returned Dick, making a wild dive across as the vessel gave a lurch, and bringing up against one of the hungry men.

"Here it is," was the shout as the steward pitched into the cabin at half past ten, and all made a rush for the table. But there was a sudden howl of disappointment—there were only two small dishes of mush, barely enough for half a dozen men. A wild cry of indignation went up for the Captain, and the steward fled. Presently the Captain put his head in the cabin, the water streaming from his head and clothes.

"What's the use of grumbling about breakfast?" he roared. "If this here wind freshens right along as it's been doing, we may all be supper for the fishes before night." And with these words of encouragement he disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## WATER AND FLOWERS FOR THE POOR.

BY ALBERT LEE.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

WHAT would you do if you were down-town, or in some part of the city distant from your home, and were very thirsty and wanted a drink of water? Would you know where to go to get one? If you were in a park you might possibly find a fountain near by, but if you were in the hot and dusty and crowded streets of the city, where would you go? You would probably seek out the nearest drug-store or confectionery shop, and get a glass of soda-water or a glass of Vichy. You would have to pay for this, because you would not feel like going into a place where they sell things to drink, and ask them to give you a glass of water. So you see it is really quite difficult in this city to get a glass of water. But how about the poor boys and girls, and the poor men and women who want to quench their thirst? They cannot afford to spend what little money they have for soda-water. But must they then go thirsty?

There is an organization in this city called the Moderation Society, which has tried and is still trying to answer this question, and to see that all those who are thirsty may have pure cool water to drink. But in a big city like this, where there are almost 2,000,000 people, this is a very difficult task to accomplish, and it costs a great deal of money.

On the south side of the post-office, where the cable-cars rush madly round the curve, with their bells clanging as if the whole neighborhood were on fire, there stands a large green box with a colored awning spread over it, and many tin cups fastened to it by means of small chains. This green box was placed there many years ago by the Moderation Society, and it is kept filled with ice-water every day during the hot weather. From 2000 to 4000 pounds of ice are put into that tank every day during summer, and any one who is thirsty may drink all he wishes without paying a cent for the refreshment. This generous gift of pure water is well appreciated, too, by the ragged little newsboys of the City Hall Park, and by the tired conductors and gripmen of the hurrying street-cars, and by all those who pass that way on torrid days with parched throats, and no money to spend to quench their thirst. It is asserted that this tank furnished drink to 30,000 people on one of the hot days of last month; and if that tank had not been there, think how many of that number would have gone dry, or else would have drunk beer or ale in the neighboring saloons. The money spent by working-men on beer and ale, because they cannot get ice-water, would be sufficient to place fountains at almost every street corner in town.

There are fountains in other parts of the city that were built by this Society, but in addition to these they have moving ice-water tanks which they call "perambulators." The perambulator is a great big box on wheels, with a gayly covered awning over it, just like the tank near the post-office. There are faucets on the rear end, and tin cups to drink from. Two strong horses are hitched to this peculiar-looking wagon, and they drag it all over town. In the busy hours of the afternoon the perambulator



IT SINGS OF THE LAST FLOWERS.

visits the down town districts—Broadway, Wall Street, Broad Street, and the Battery. It makes frequent stops, and the business men, hurrying along the sidewalks, the clerks, the messenger-boys, the truck-drivers, and the laborers in the streets gather about it, and keep the tin cups jingling on the chains until the driver feels he must drive away to give people in other parts of the town a chance too. At the Battery the little boys and girls that are playing around where they must keep off the grass rush noisily up to the ice-water wagon, and fill their little bodies so full of the cool liquid, that it is a wonder they don't soon require the attention of a doctor. The mothers, who have been sitting on the sea-wall with their babies, so that the little ones might get the benefit of the fresh salt air from the ocean, come slowly up to the wagon, and after the boisterous urchins have finished, they hold a cold tin cup to the babies' lips, and the little ones crow with glee at the treat.

At night the perambulator is again well stocked with ice, and the journey is made through the tenement district—Mulberry Bend and Cherry Hill, and sometimes Chinatown. It is pathetic to see how greedily the women and children, and frequently the men too, rush toward the ice-water wagon as soon as it comes in sight, and grasp for the tin cups. Frequently the thrifty ones get pitchers and cans, and fill these with the free cold water, and take this store up into the hot rooms above, where perhaps a sick mother or an invalid father is lying beyond the reach of the Moderation Society's charity. It is strange, too, how rapidly the news of the perambulator's arrival in the neighborhood spreads through all the adjoining streets. Then the boys and the little girls, many of them struggling along with infant brothers or sisters in their arms, come scurrying along as fast as they can, like a swarm of rats pouring out of the black tenements. The clamor rises, and shouts of joy are mingled with the despairing yells of those who can't get near enough, and fear the wagon will go before they have drunk.

Not until all the ice has melted does the voyage of the perambulator end, but by that time it is often past midnight, many miles have been travelled, and thousands of thirsty ones have been helped toward comfort.

There is still another kind of cheer that the Moderation Society holds out to the children of the tenements. If you want to see for yourself how the young ones appreciate it, go down into Paradise Park some Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, and take in the scene. Paradise Park is a little corner of sward in the very heart of the tenement district, in what some ill-informed people call "the slums." This locality used to be known as one of the worst parts of New York, and was called Five Points. But now it is a park — ironically named Paradise, it seems to me — surrounded by tall factories and a couple of mission buildings. But the five streets that branch out of it plough through the very centre of the region of double-decked tenement-houses. There are thousands of children here, and all they have seen since they came into being are the dull red walls of the houses and the smoky streak of sky overhead. Green fields and growing flowers are strangers to them. These are things that they have heard of, perhaps, from some fortunate newsboy who got away for a week in the country on the Fresh-Air Fund. But the Paradise Park children don't believe much in the truth of the newsboys' stories of flowing streams and broad meadows, with no houses around to shut out the air and the wind from heaven. And so when they first saw the people of the Moderation Society come down there with a wagon heaped up full of wild flowers fresh from the country, the eyes of these unfortunate little barbarians opened up very wide, and for a few moments they lost their usual metropolitan composure. Then one little fellow, too old to be carried by his sister, too young to sell papers, exclaimed:



A TENEMENT TREASURE.

"Gee, look at de flowers! Where's de funeral going to be, mister?"

Poor children, that is about the only use they ever see flowers put to! The wagon was drawn up at the curb, and the boxes, bursting with blossoms, were deposited inside the railing of the band stand. The ladies who had gone down there to distribute the flowers got behind the railing too, and gazed at the horde of children that had apparently sprung up out of the ground. The fact that the flowers were to be given away for nothing to any who wished for them was known in no time, and then pandemonium was let loose.

"Gimme one, mister."

"Kin I have a red one?"

"Please, me mother's sick, kin I have two?"

Such, and many others like them, were the shouts that greeted the first handful of flowers that was lifted from the wagon. The eagerness of the young



IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE.



DISTRIBUTING FLOWERS IN PARADISE PARK.

ones was so great that not more than half the packages had been transferred to the stand before there was such a tumult that the willing workers could do nothing. Two big policeman came along, and tried to persuade everybody that if they would only wait, there would be sufficient to supply all. No one listened or paid any attention to the officers. Great waves of eager childish countenances surged up against the band stand and the wagon, and burst into a spray of grimy little hands grasping for flowers. The girls as well as the boys struggled frantically for a place in the front rank of the fray. It was such a scene as none of the givers had ever witnessed before. At last, in pure self-defence, the ladies began to throw handfuls of flowers over the children's heads and into the crowd, and then there followed a regular scramble for possession. After a while, however, a semblance of order was restored, and then the weakest in the throng, the little boys on crutches and the girls with infants in their arms, managed to get near the stand and to secure some blossoms. Women came out of the houses near by with baskets and glasses, and accepted long-stemmed flowers to take back into their dark rooms with them. Some rough men, too, stopped, and on being presented with a rose or a daisy, pulled off their hats in an awkward way, and placed the gift in their button-holes. Perhaps this was the first kindness that had ever come to their lot.

One little girl who had secured a bunch of forget-me-nots went to a secluded doorway and spread her treasures out on her lap. She counted them, and smelled of each one separately, as if to see that every blossom was real. Then she carefully made a bouquet, and held it out admiringly at arm's-length. She tucked it in the bosom of her ragged pinafore, and with one more glance at her new ornament she started off happily down the street. Another child of some six or seven years got a large yellow sun-flower. If it had been made of solid gold she could not have been more pleased with it. Under the shade of a scraggly tree she peered longingly into the very heart of the bud, as if she was yearning to read on its face the story of the farms and fields and of the bright sunlight of that great unknown land beyond the house-tops.

The boys displayed their appreciation in quite another manner. They shouted and howled and danced about and waved their possessions on high. The boy that had the biggest flower was the proudest, and he tried to make his companions feel his importance.

"Aw, yours is no good," said one barefooted urchin to



AFTER DISTRIBUTION.

In some cases when one boy persuaded his neighbor [illegible] flowers were actually the best, there was a tussle [illegible] and while the combatants were settling the matter some wily little girl picked up the objects of controversy and escaped.

That was the first day of distribution. Since then the people of the Society have gone down to Paradise Park every Saturday during the summer months, and have given away thousands upon thousands of flowers. The children from the whole lower part of the city have heard of the affair, and they gather in full force at Five Points hours before it is time for the flower wagon to arrive.

It may seem strange to some people that these urchins, brought up in the midst of squalor and misery, should have any love in their hearts for the beautiful or for nature. But they have, decidedly. We all of us want what we are not in the habit of receiving, and these children welcome with open hearts and joyful shouts the advent of these sweet-scented messengers from the regions they know not of.

Many of the little girls take a pride in the gifts they get, and place their blossoms in bottles or jars, caring for them with the utmost affection and solicitude, thus drawing out over many days the pleasure that might have lasted them but for one. Truly they are performing a good deed who are giving the flowers to the little city-bound children.

## A SMALL BOY'S MORNING.

FIRST I thought I'd dig a well,
And so I took my spade,
And underneath the apple-tree
A deep round hole I made.
But though I worked like anything
Till I was stiff and lame,
I found I couldn't have a well,
Because no water came.

Then I spied a little bird;
It lay there just as dead!
And so, without another word,
I dug a grave instead.
I put poor birdie in a box,
And hid it in the ground,
And heaped the dirt above it close,
And planted flowers round.

Bird-funerals are lots of fun—
Of course, they're very sad!
When I had covered up the bird
An appetite I had.
I ate a plate of gingerbread,
Some bread-and-butter, too,
And then I hurried out to find
Some other things to do.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

### CHAPTER VII.

AFTER running three or four squares, the old woman slipped and fell. For a few moments, as she lay in the wet and darkness, her head seemed to swim round and round, and she lost all consciousness; but presently, perhaps, the pattering rain in her face restored her senses, for she raised herself and looked around—as one waking from sleep—still half-dazed. There was not a familiar object in sight. She was lost. She thought of the Indian [illegible] as a possible refuge for herself; but in which direction to turn to find her now she could not tell. Shivering, she finally staggered to her feet, only to fall again; and as she tried, leaning forward on her hands, to steady herself for another effort, the banquette around her seemed to rise and fall, like a ship at sea. For some moments she lay still, sick at heart and terror-stricken.

It was still raining, though not so heavily, and through the misty darkness she fancied that she could descry a dark object ahead. It might mean shelter. While she peered eagerly forward, trying to see more clearly, the clank of a policeman's club sounded, evidently near at hand. Pulling herself together now by a great effort she crept forward on all-fours, and soon found herself safely under shelter. What it was she could not tell—did not care. And here she slept. Or did she sleep? Her poor old brain was in a whirl—her body tired, tired.

The events of the day were enough to exhaust her; those of the past hour nearly drove her frantic. How had she gotten into the doctor's gate? If she had been forced to say, she would probably have declared that she had been thundered into it. She had no impression of hands having touched her. The result of it all, however, was in many ways a relief. If only the people had not seen her!

She had long ago given up all hope of claiming the reward, and had often thought, before the family went away, of slipping the child into her father's gate some night. Her only fear was that some time—somewhere—she might possibly meet her. Babette would recognize her. She was afraid to risk it. Now the matter was settled. She was sorry to think the child would die, and never get back to her people. And yet, looking at it in another way, she almost hoped she might die. No one would suspect who she was. There would be one witness less against her.

So one crime leads to another! When she was young the gypsy made up silly fortunes, and told them as true to credulous people for money. She formed the habit of untruth. Thus the terrible crime of stealing a child for the sake of money became possible. And now—oh, the horror of it!—she hoped the sick child would die! Murderous wish! And yet the old woman was not in heart a murderer. If she had had Babette at the moment she was wishing she would die, she would have done all in her power to make her well. She was only a coward—a coward because of her guilty conscience. It is easy for a coward to become a criminal, simply because of his cowardice.

The old gypsy was even fond of sweet, gentle, loyal little Babette; and yet, because she feared the time might come when Babette should point to her and say, "She is the old woman that carried me away and brought me back," she wished for her death.

If the gypsy slept during this night—this horrible, lonely, dark night!—one would not like to answer for her dreams; and yet, thinking of all the trials of her poor misguided life, one cannot help feeling sorry for her, and hoping that, for this night at least, she may be able to forget, or to dream of the early days of her own life before she turned her feet into crooked paths.

At dawn next morning she arose from her hiding-place. The habit of early rising was one of a lifetime, and there was something in daylight that seemed to open her eyes. She was stiff and sore. Her shoulders and arms ached, and she coughed. She had slept from sheer exhaustion; but now, awake again, the events of last night were clear enough. Her first thought was that Noute would be looking for her. She must get back to the boat. Of course she had no suspicion of Noute's having followed her.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

Forcing herself out of her cramped position, she stepped out of her nook and began rubbing her arms and stamping her feet, trying to overcome the stiffness of her limbs. Then, taking off her shawl, she proceeded to shake it, when a noise quite near startled her. She looked up. Standing not more than twenty-five or thirty feet away from her, rubbing his eyes and waking up, was Noute! He had spent the night at the other end of the show-case. The recognition was mutual, and yet, after each had dropped as if shot—back into his and her corner, both began to hope they had not been recognized. Indeed, the old woman was so filled with consternation at this unexpected sight of Noute, that she began presently to doubt her own eyes, and to think she had seen a vision.

There was indeed something uncanny in the sudden appearance of his grotesque figure, dimly seen in the half-light of a foggy New Orleans morning. They both sat still for some time fearing to move, and then they seemed anxious to reassure themselves, and a moment later began peeping cautiously around the show-case. And a very funny game of bopeep it was—between a haggard, superstitious old woman, looking for a ghost, and poor, weak-minded, blinking Noute, now anxious only to get away.

Growing restless, he happened to glance upward. Just above his head was an opening—the deep window from which the show-case had been removed. It took less time for him to spring into this, and to rush through the old building, making his escape through a door opening on another street, than is required in the telling.

Once safely out of sight, he took to his heels and ran until he was within sight of the bayou, when he proceeded leisurely to the boat. The gypsy continued the bopeep game at her end of the show-case for some time alone, venturing farther forward from time to time, until she suddenly realized that there was no one there. Then, more frightened than ever, she pulled herself up, and, limping across, made a careful examination.

Not the slightest sign was there of any one's presence. She didn't even notice the dark opening above, or think of the possibility of Noute's escape. Shaking her head sadly and wondering, she hobbled away; and when, an hour later, she reached the boat and saw Noute lying apparently asleep, she felt that something awful was going to happen. Here was Noute, just where she had left him. She had surely seen a ghost. As she stepped into the boat Noute poked his head from under the sail, rubbed his eyes, and yawned, with a finished hypocrisy that would have done credit to a brighter mind.

When the colored woman Clarisse had waited for some moments in the hall at the Bondurantes', and the gypsy did not come back, she stepped out on the porch to look for her. Finding that she had gone, the old negress was much startled, and when she went in she locked the door.

Reluctant to believe the truth, the old doctor came himself, bringing a candle, and searched the porch and the yard below, fearing she might have fallen. And when he went in he, too, locked the door and felt uncomfortable.

The mystery surrounding her lent a new interest to the sick child, and during all that night, and for days and weeks afterwards, while her life hung on a slender thread, she was kindly nursed and tended.

Notwithstanding its polished floors, its frescoed ceilings, and tapestried chambers, the handsome Bondurante home had for years been a house of mourning, and the solemn stillness that reigned throughout its parlors, halls, and galleries bore silent witness to the sorrow that had entered it nearly twenty years before.

Then, in the autumn of 1853—that year of the terrible epidemic that carried sorrow into so many homes—two little coffins had been borne the same day out of the great iron gate by men in stockinged feet, so that the parents, who lay ill with the yellow scourge, should not know.

Although this was more than nineteen years ago, the broken-hearted mother had never left the house since; while the father, already rich from successful practice, had retired from the world, and devoted himself to the pursuit of science.

Besides those whom we have seen—the doctor, his wife, and Clarisse—but one other person lived on the Bondurante place. This was "Uncle Tom," Clarisse's husband, a superannuated old negro who never left the yard.

The closed house needed little tending, and neither the doctor nor madame would have their quiet lives disturbed by strange servants. Clarisse they had had always, and her services were sufficient for them. They had no company, excepting occasionally the priest, and their wants were few. The doctor himself supplied their small table from the French Market. Uncle Tom answered the call of milkman or baker, swept the magnolia leaves from the garden walks, and filled up the moments between in rubbing his old rheumatic legs and smoking his pipe.

And so, in one of the busiest quarters of a crowded city, these four old people had lived peacefully in undisturbed seclusion for all these years. The neighbors understood, and from the low-browed cottages that faced the square on all sides they looked with a reverential sympathy upon its high brick walls, as if they bounded a monastery or church; and the pitiful story of the handsome son and beautiful daughter who had died the same day, while the parents were too ill to know, was told many times on summer evenings by the mothers who sat in their white sacques on their low door-steps, surrounded by children who never tired of the touching recital.

The stately old brick house, sitting dark and still, and growing dingy and time-stained in the centre of the old-fashioned garden, now a dense wilderness of riotous growth, dominated the neighborhood like an embodied sorrow, and the mothers looking upon it often drew their babes closer to their bosoms, and sent up to Heaven a little prayer for the lonely mother in the big sad house.

The open bars of the heavy front gate gave the curious their only chance of a peep within, disclosing a cold broad front from which the gray plaster had fallen in patches, but over which a friendly vine of English ivy had thrown a rich cloak of green.

On the parlor side of the great central hall the vine had left no hint of the windows beneath, and had even ascended the roof, and, possessing itself of the chimney, made firm connection with the branch of an overhanging tree, where it mingled its rich glossy foliage with festoons of gray moss, and was lost in a dense mass of color where the three growths each seemed struggling for supremacy, with about an equal promise of success.

From the two broad windows in the left side of the house a dim light shone through the heavy shade every night. This was the doctor's library and study. It had been his office in the old days of his practice—was "office" still to any of the poor in the neighborhood who asked his services. As it was well known that the doctor never sent any bills, however, he had little free practice. To go to him was a confession of poverty—an advertisement of it. Better go to some one who charged, even if one could never pay. Still, there were times when the good doctor was called in, in extreme cases, because of his reputed skill, after others had failed. He had been out on such a visit on the night of the storm. He had felt no special interest in the little home patient at first, beyond his anxiety to make her well, and the natural feeling of sympathy one feels for a deserted child. There was something tragic in the incident. Her people, he surmised, were probably poor, starving wretches who, seeing that death seemed imminent, had deserted their



"TANTE ANGÈLE"

child in her extremity to die and be buried by strangers. Of course the doctor never doubted that the old woman had voluntarily sought his gate.

For more than a month it seemed that Babette would die—and yet she lived. Finally the great dark eyes that had gazed vacantly about the room turned appealingly to the faces about her bed; and when the gentle old mother, Madame Bondurante, bent over her to straighten her pillow, two thin little hands were clasped about her neck, and the parched lips kissed the old cheek that no child had kissed for twenty years. And then—oh, how strange it was that the old name should come back to her!—the lips said "Tante Angèle."

She was too young at the time she was stolen to remember the old nurse "Tante Angèle," or even to recall her name in connection with any memory; but now, after the long season of fever and unconsciousness, it seemed as if early impressions were floating at random through her mind. The first coherent words she had spoken for weeks were "Tante Angèle," then "Nénaine" (god-mother), her own name for her grandmother whose god-child she was.

But the strangest part—the sweetest part as it turned out—is yet to come. Angèle was Madame Bondurante's own name, and to hear it in tones of affection from the lips of the little sick child, who had so long been her constant care, touched her heart strangely. While the child's trembling arms were about her neck she had called her name—"Tante Angèle"—and so fixed her own place in her heart.

The old mother buried her face in the pillow and wept. The little waif whom she had nursed back to life through charity—only because it had come into her way to do it she had learned to love.

When the doctor came in an hour afterwards he found her still weeping. Seating himself beside the bed, he took the little wasted hand in his, and his own eyes were filled with tears. The presence of the child in the house, day in and day out, the awakening love in both their hearts for her, had revived old memories.

"Oh, my children, my children!" cried the old mother, burying her face in the pillow beside the little stranger child; while Babette, not understanding and indeed bewildered for the moment at her distress, looked in questioning wonder from one to the other. She had a vague, misty impression that she had been away off somewhere and had gotten back. There was something indefinable in the refined atmosphere of the home into which she had fallen that seemed strangely familiar. She was still very weak, and during the first few days of her returning consciousness she would fall suddenly asleep, and on waking would start, as if not quite sure of where she was. Sometimes she would keep her eyes closed while she passed her little fingers over the silken spread and felt the linen pillow-case, as if to reassure herself before she dared look about her. Perhaps she was afraid lest she should wake suddenly some time to see the sky through the cracks in Nick's roof, as she had done many a time during her life on the beach. Even the language about her puzzled her ears. Although she could not understand it, it was not wholly strange. For more than three years she had heard only—what shall we call it? A unique *patois* certainly was this dago-English, with the intonation of the gypsy. And so the convalescent's recovery was somewhat retarded.

Soon, however, there came a substitution of impressions. The things about her were real. The language had a meaning, and the memories of the beach, with its jargon, moved slowly back into mistiness and shadow. That was the dream now, and yet it was one that came to her many times, even while she lay with her eyes open.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK RAVAGER."

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

Part I.

MR. CARBERRY was a prosperous New York banker. He owned a farm up on the north branch of the Susquehanna River, close to the little water-side hamlet of Ransom. Every summer he sent his wife and son to this healthful and retired neighborhood. He usually spent Sundays with them, coming late on Saturday afternoon, and hurrying back to the city early on Monday morning.

The family home was a large stone mansion with broad verandas that overlooked the river. In a modest frame house half a field's length away lived Mr. Weston, the tenant-farmer. He had a son Dory who was just the age of Lem Carberry. It goes without saying that the two lads had jolly times together. They fished, swam, boated, and roamed the mountains.

Lem was fifteen years old the summer that Uncle Jim came to the farm. Uncle Jim was Mrs. Carberry's brother, and though comparatively young he was quite a successful lawyer. Overwork forced him to take a vacation and a rest, and he concluded that his sister's summer home was just the place he wanted. He brought with him a number of books, and among them was a history of the buccaneers of the Spanish Main. When he had finished the volume Uncle Jim entertained Lem and Dory for half a dozen successive evenings by weaving his knowledge into a series of thrilling tales. When the delighted audience clamored for more he raked out of his memory the legends of the famous Long Island pirates, notably of Captain Kidd.

Uncle Jim's intentions were of the best, but he did not know the impressionable nature of his young nephew. The romantic side of the doings of these famed freebooters took a deep hold on Lem's imagination, and roused an imitative longing. His usual sports seemed tame, and he despised the every-day, prosaic life of the nineteenth century. So he made a confidant of Dory, and unfolded his aspirations in language that brought a stare of open-mouthed wonder to the country lad's face.

"Pirates!" he gasped. "Why, how can we be pirates, Lem? There ain't any sea here, or any vessels. And besides, ain't pirates always hung when they get caught?"

"Oh, you don't understand," replied Lem, a little vexed. "I mean play-pirates, not real ones. It will seem like the same thing, though. Your boat will make a jolly pirate bark if we fix it up a little, and we can have a lair over on Bush Island, and swoop down on those fellows from Ransom—I mean the merchantmen and treasure-ships—whenever we spy their sails."

Lem paused for breath. "I'll be Captain Kidd, and you can be Morgan," he resumed, adapting history to suit himself, "and we'll amass stores of gold and jewels, and bury it by the dark of night. Our black-flag will strike terror to the hearts of our enemies. When we take prisoners we'll wring their secrets from their unwilling lips, and then make them walk the plank to a watery grave."

Dory was now actually alarmed, and Lem hastened to reassure him. "I'm only pretending," he said. "Pirates always talk that way. Of course we won't really hurt anybody. It's a great scheme, and we can have lots of good times out of it."

A few more alluring words, and the assurance that no unpleasant consequences need be feared quite won Dory over, and the pirate syndicate was straightway formed. Several days were spent in necessary preparation, which, for obvious reasons, was conducted with strict secrecy. Uncle Jim missed his young companions, but he did not suspect what they were up to.

When sunrise ushered in the day that was to witness the first buccaneering expedition on the peaceful Susquehanna, there was nothing to foreshadow the dread event. The hay-makers went to work as usual, and the drowsiness of midsummer settled down on farm and village. Mrs. Carberry composed herself in an easy-chair on the veranda. Uncle Jim, after calling Lem's name in vain, took a spade and went to the barn-yard to dig worms for fishing purposes.

"Those young scapegraces have given me the slip again," he soliloquized, regretfully. "I suppose my age puts a damper on them. And yet they were glad enough



UNCLE JIM ENTERTAINED LEM AND DORY WITH THRILLING TALES.

A short plank was actually produced from under the seats of the *Black Ravager*. When Dicky saw it he did indeed open his lips. He howled at the top of his voice, and fell back into the stem of his boat, clinging to the gunwales with both hands.

The outcry wakened some one who was sleeping over on the shore. Before the pirates could carry their intimidation any further a warning shout drew their attention to a familiar figure in white flannels standing at the water's edge.

"What are you about, you young rascals?" cried Uncle Jim. "Let that boy alone."

The pirates looked at each other with guilty faces. The joke had gone farther than they intended, and now unpleasant consequences threatened them.

"We were only in fun, Dicky," said Lem. "We didn't mean to hurt you. Come on, Dory. Let's pull out of this. Who'd have thought Uncle Jim would be sneaking around?"

They sprang aboard the *Black Ravager*, cast off from the skiff, and bent lustily to the oars. As they rounded the head of Bush Island they glanced back, and saw Dicky paddling to shore in answer to a summons from Uncle Jim.

"There, that settles it," muttered Lem. "He'll tell Uncle Jim the whole thing, and Uncle Jim will tell father, when he comes on the afternoon train. As like as not I'll be sent back to New York, and cooped up in Aunt Mary's stuffy old house for the rest of the summer. Father threatened to do that last year, when I shot chickens with a bow and arrow."

"And I'll get a licking," added Dory. "I know how *that* feels. I'm afraid to go home."

"We won't go home," replied Lem. "Not to-day, anyhow. We'll keep on being pirates, only we'll move our lair down to Bald Eagle Island, near the half-falls, and lie low for a day or two. You know this neighborhood will be too hot to hold us now. After we have been away awhile our folks will be so glad to get us back that they won't punish us."

Dory looked doubtful, but he did not dispute his companion's stronger will. As soon as the *Black Ravager* touched the landing-place on the far side of Bush Island, its true colors were concealed again by lowering the black-flag, and buttoning the strip of canvas over the red letters. In the thick undergrowth of the island the young pirates had concealed on the previous day a quantity of provisions, a pair of blankets, a few tin dishes, a lantern, and some other articles. When these stores had been loaded on the boat, and a reconnaissance from the opposite side of the island had revealed no trace of Uncle Jim or Dicky Dell, the *Black Ravager* dropped a mile down-stream to Bald Eagle Island. The boys moored the craft in a cove near the lower point. Then they transported the cargo to a sandy spot between two great bowlders, over which a clump of tall bushy pines cast a grateful shade.

"This is a fine pirates' retreat!" exclaimed Lem. "Bush Island can't hold a candle to it. Why, we can easily imagine that the river is a bay which runs inland from the sea on some wild coast. There are mountains all around us, and not a house in sight. The roar of the falls will do for the booming of the surf out on the bar."

"It *does* seem that way," assented Dory, glancing at the shiny line of spray, half a mile down stream, which marked the location of the dreaded half-falls. "I say, Lem, playing pirate is heaps of fun, after all."

"It beats everything," declared Lem. "And now let's have some lunch. I'll call you Morgan, you know, and you mustn't forget to call me Captain Kidd."

Inner refreshment was just what the young buccaneers needed after their terrific but futile struggle with the

treasure-ship, and when they had eaten an apple-pie and half a loaf of gingerbread they were ready for a nap under the pine-trees. They slept soundly until the lower rim of the sun was hidden behind the western mountains. Then they rose, and took a plunge in the eddy off the island's point.

"No sign of an enemy on the water," said Lem, as he gathered some sticks and kindled a little fire between two stones. "We can safely prepare supper. A mess of fish wouldn't taste bad, Morgan."

"Just what I'm hungry for," replied Dory. "Here goes, Captain Kidd." He put his tackle together, and went down to the cove. He was back in ten minutes with three sun-fish and a horny chub. Lem had the skillet on the fire, and the fish were quickly browning and sizzling in melted lard. Supplemented with bread and butter they made a sumptuous feast for the hungry pirates.



THE FIRST ATTACK OF THE "BLACK RAVAGER."

It was quite dark when the meal was over. Lem carefully trampled out the embers of the fire. "The blaze might betray our hiding-place," he said. "The lantern will give us all the light we need, anyhow; and the blankets will keep us snug and warm."

When the dishes were washed and put away the boys sat in the boat, and listened to the distant roar of the falls. They had often camped before, but never without permission.

"My folks'll be awful worried," said Dory, "and so will your mother."

"No they won't," protested Lem. "Uncle Jim will tell them all about it. They'll know that we're staying away because we don't want to be punished."

"But if your father came home this afternoon he may hunt for us," Dory added, uneasily.

"He won't dream of looking here," returned Lem, in a sharp tone—for he did not like the suggestion. "If he *does* come we can hide the boat and climb trees."

"Much good that 'll do," muttered Dory.

"Pirates ain't afraid of anything," Lem went on, with a view to rousing his companion's spirits. "I'd like to see another treasure-ship heave in sight. It would be great fun to make a night attack, and then bury the spoils by lantern-light. I'm not one bit sleepy, and—Hullo! What's the matter, Morgan?"

Dory had started to his feet, and was pointing eagerly up the river. "A boat!" he whispered, in a shrill voice. "Coming this way. Do you see? I'll bet it's our folks."

The river was bathed in that translucent haze which precedes the rising moon, and the lads could plainly make out a dark bulky object off the head of the island. It looked likely to pass midway down the channel.

"It's nothing small, anyhow," declared Lem, as the mysterious body came nearer and revealed its lubberly proportions. "It's either a big flat or a bunch of logs roped together. It must have broken loose, for I can't see any person on it."

"Let's go out and take it in tow," suggested Dory.

"No; we'll capture it," Lem cried, scornfully. "It's a Spanish galleon laden with ingots of gold. Bend to the oars, Morgan, we must have that prize. No noise, or she may give us the slip."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TRANSMITTING A CABLEGRAM.

BY HENRY C. HOLMES

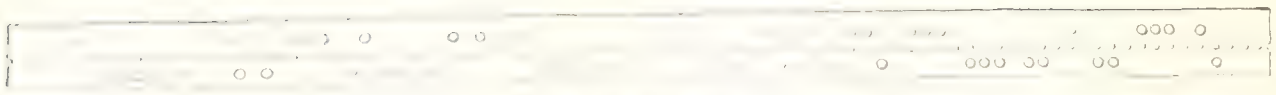
PREDICTIONS are freely made that men and women now living will see ships go to and come from Europe in two days. They will not look like the ships of to-day, but will resemble cars, wedge shape at both ends, and will be propelled by moving cables. They will not follow the long and stormy route of the surface of the ocean, but will plunge through the sea at a depth where storms never penetrate. There are difficulties in the way of constructing such a sea-line, but not greater ones than confronted those who first proposed to talk under this very sea.

It may be a long time before any of us will be able to take passage for Europe by the ocean-bed route, but to suggest doing so staggers our belief no more than it did the public belief of 1850 to suggest what is in 1894 a commonplace occurrence.

There is a popular impression that cablegrams are sent by hand, as are telegrams, and that they are received in a dark room by signals that flash upon a screen. Such used to be the method of their transmission, but that has now been superseded by a better one.

It was found impracticable to transmit printed characters. The four vertical or nearly vertical lines that make our M could not be sent, but two horizontal lines, thus, — —, could be; and, after all, the marks that are set down for this and that sound of the lips and vocal organs are wholly arbitrary. Two horizontal lines are just as appropriate for the sound represented by the thirteenth letter of the alphabet as four nearly perpendicular ones, and they answer the purpose just as well when all know what is intended.

In devising practicable signs for the letters two systems were made. One of these systems is in use throughout all America and Canada, and the other system throughout the remainder of the world. The United States and



PUNCHED MESSAGE.

Canadian lines therefore stand apart from all other lines in the world in the matter of a telegraph alphabet.

The difference between these alphabets is solely in the employment of the space between parts of one and the same letter. For example, the letter Y is . . . . There are four points or dots, but they are separated by a space. That is the American Y. It was rejected by the Europeans on the ground that it would be liable to confusion with parts of preceding or following letters, and — · · — put in its place. As a matter of practice, however, no more mistakes occur with one system than with the other, while the American has the vast advantage of being about twenty per cent. shorter, and therefore to that extent faster. Other letters in which the systems differ are F, J, L, O, P, Q, R, X, and Z. All remaining letters are alike in both.

In the old style, away back in the fifties, these dots and lines were printed in black upon white paper, and read with the eye. The paper was moved by clock-work, and the point of the armature remained upon it a long or a short time, as the distant sender desired, and thus a — or a . was of course produced. It was not long, however, before the operators learned to tell dashes from dots by hearing them. Hence they dispensed with the cumbersome clock-work, and had their eyes free to watch their pens as they transcribed the incoming message. This method is now in use in ninety-nine per cent. of all American land lines—that is, lines that you see on poles by the side of railroad tracks.



INK MESSAGE.

Cables from two to four thousand miles in length are far more expensive to construct and difficult to operate than land lines. Every effort is made, therefore, to relieve them as much as possible. Instead of messages being sent on them by the hand of an operator, a machine has been invented that can send faster than any operator, and is also less liable to variation and error. Besides, messages can be under preparation—changed from common writing characters to telegraph characters—by a half-dozen persons at once, and thus occupy the expensive cable in their transmission for the shortest possible time.

A machine has been made that turns out, at a very rapid speed, strips of paper perforated as shown in the first illustration. Notice the small dotted line running straight through the middle. This line means nothing, but is there simply to divide the strip into horizontal halves. The European alphabet, used on all of the Atlantic cables, is indicated on this strip—the dashes above the dotted line, the dots below it.

Note the single hole at the extreme left above the dotted line. Being above the line it is a dash, and being alone it is one dash only. One dash is T. Following it, reading to the right and below the line, are four holes, a space, and one hole. Being below the line these holes are dots. Four dots are H, and one dot E. So we have "The." Proceeding, and using the European alphabet, you find C (a dash above, a dot below, and repeated, — · — ·), followed by three holes above (three dashes), or the European O. If you proceed to the end you will spell out The Columbian Exposition.

In the transmission of these words to Europe by the cable a machine is employed that works, through electric sympathy, a precisely similar machine at the other end of the cable in Ireland. That is, while the two machines may not look exactly alike, they are alike in principle, the one on this end of the cable vibrating backwards and forwards into all of these holes, and the one on the European end vibrating in exact accord with it. The latter, as it vibrates, holds a delicate brush through which flows a current of ink.

It thus makes an inky track. When the strip filled with the holes, shown in the first illustration, went through, there was produced in the instrument at Waterville, on the southwestern coast of Ireland, the zigzag line shown in the second illustration. The dashes are on the top, the dots on the bottom. The continuous line in the middle is not transmitted, but the practised eye readily learns to get along without it.

And this is how cablegrams are sent. It will be seen that the statement so often heard about telegrams going to such a place in so many minutes is misleading. The sending instrument on this side of the ocean, say at Canso, Nova Scotia, or in New York, and the pen in the receiving instrument on the European side, in this case at Waterville, Ireland, vibrate in exact unison, just as two instruments on land lines—the sending one here and the receiving one five hundred miles away—click at as nearly the same instant as if both were in the same room; so that the time consumed in the transmission of a telegram either upon land or ocean lines is that required to spell out the words letter by letter.

## THE SHARK WHO FORCED THE FIGHTING.

A TRUE STORY.

BY JAMES BARNES.

"MEBBE you think you know a lot about sharks," said the Captain, turning to the boarder who had on a broad-brimmed straw hat.

"I did not say I did," quietly returned the boarder. "Only in a book, I—"

"Hang your books, they don't know nuthin' neither," interrupted Captain John, testily. "I seen all kinds o' sharks—man eaters an' hammerheads and baskers an' any amount like them thar gray sharks, kind er big dog-fish. They wouldn't harm a soft-shell crab." He jerked his hand contemptuously towards the still green water that stretched away from the end of the pier.

A sharp dorsal fin and a long gray shape were in plain sight only a few hundred feet away. All the summer boarders and most of the inhabitants of Sayville had gathered on the pier to watch the unusual visitor who had taken a fancy to the pretty harbor for the last few days. He had raced up and down the bathing beach, and cavorted, and shown his heels, so to speak, like a colt in a pasture lot, and lately he had just slumbered on the surface of the water, with his piratical-looking fin stick-

ing straight up into the sunlight, as if awaiting some encouragement to get moving once more.

"Ef you folks want ter go in bathin' agin," said the Captain, "don't be skeered. Go right in. He wouldn't harm ye. All hemlock! he'd run if ye said 'Scat!' ter him, and he thought ye meant it." Here the Captain paused and looked at his listeners compassionately.

"Scat!" said some one in the crowd. But the shark didn't move.

"He doesn't think you mean it," remarked the man in the straw hat. "Let the Captain try. Go ahead, Cap; talk to him."

"Them kind er sharks," began the Captain again, as if explaining his position, "is all cowards; ef you frighten 'em they'll run from here to Hattarass, and never stop to see what started 'em."

"Go out and start him," said the young man who said "Scat." He had a bathing-suit under his arm, and wore a wilted collar.

"By tar, that's jess what I'll do!" said the Captain. "Jim, fetch my boat. No, I don't want no one to go with me," as several volunteers stepped forward. "I'll go it alone, an' it won't be nuthin' ter be proud on when I've got through."

Every one stepped closer to the edge of the pier as the Captain approached the quiet gray shape.

"Now's the time; holler at him," shouted some one. But the Captain did not reply, and gave the boat two or three hard strokes, and then stood up, with an oar balanced in both hands.

Probably, like some human beings, that shark did not like to be waked up suddenly. It makes people mad, and why not sharks?

At any rate he paid no attention to the boat gliding towards him, and moved not so much as one little shiver of his fin.

Now Captain John was so close to him that he might have stroked his great rough back by leaning out of the boat. But the Captain had no such kindly intention, and it is not on record whether he said "Scat" or not.

What he did do was this. He stood up on a thwart and brought his oar down, whack! on the back of the sleeping eight-footer.

And what happened then upset the Captain altogether, and must have disturbed his theories on sharks, for the long gray shape slowly backed off, like a ferry-boat that has missed her slip, and then suddenly putting on full steam ahead, rammed the little boat full amidships. Over went the Captain with a rattle, and up went a shout from the shore.

Then the shark backed off again, and then his disturber, getting up from the bottom of the boat, tried to ship his oars. He had started the shark all right enough.

But again the Captain's calculations were all mixed up, for the "kind er big dog-fish" came on like a Whitehead torpedo, and banged right into the boat a second time. Over went the Captain, and the shark drew off for a fresh try. Now the Captain got one oar out, and anxiously measured the distance to shore by a glance over his shoulder.

"Look out there!" called some one from the excited crowd.

On came the shark, but he did not hit the boat this time. His gleaming shape left the water, and he jumped plump into the little craft. Over and over went the hunter and his enemy, until suddenly the latter caught Captain John such a clip with his powerful tail, that before he knew where he was the old man was in the water, and the big fish commanded the situation. Sturdily the Captain struck out for the shallow beach, which he reached in safety, puffing like a high-pressure tug.

But the harmless gray shark? A few heavy flounders and over went the boat, and he was in the water too. But by this time a number of other boats had put out, and he was surrounded. Some one had a revolver, and between bullets and oars he soon turned his white waistcoat up to the sky, and gave up the uneven fight, but "game to the last," as they say of everything that dies doing its best.

The next day the boarder with the straw hat met the Captain (who had grown dumb on the subject of fishes in general, and big ones in particular). "Well, Cap," said the boarder, "you were right yesterday, but you made one mistake."

"Waal?" growled the old fisherman.

"You shouldn't have got in the way of that shark when he started for Cape Hatteras. I once read in a book—"

"Oh, g' long!" said the Captain. "I was a two-legged fool; that's all there was to *that*. Ye can't tell nothin' about sharks."

## A CLOSE SHAVE.

BY DAVID KER.

"OUR senior Captain's the man for shooting; if you want to die quickly and easily, you have only to go and get in the way of *his* pistol."

"Thank ye, comrade—I'm in no hurry about *that*.



BEFORE HE KNEW WHERE HE WAS THE OLD MAN WAS IN THE WATER.

"Ah! you think I'm making fun of you?" said the veteran, recalling with a smile of indulgent contempt the youngster's remark. "Well, all I can say is that the best of our young soldiers, who as you have seen for yourself, will charge into the hottest fire as readily as they would drink a glass of wine, are very shy of so much as looking crooked at Captain 'The Tout' Kill-All, as they call him."

The listener began to look impressed.

"I remember," continued the old soldier, "that once, when we were quartered at Mannheim, a hot-headed young sub-lieutenant, who knew no better, got into a quarrel with Captain Kill-All, and the Captain—who didn't think it any fun to shoot such young game as that—let *him* have the first shot, and then called out to him, 'Now, look out for the second button of your jacket!' and with that he shot it clean off, without even touching him."

Then, seeing his hearer look rather staggered, the veteran went on in a challenging tone:

"And I'll tell you more than that, Conrad, my boy. I once heard a man offer to bet him that he wouldn't hit the thumb of a glove tossed into the air at fifteen paces. 'Done!' says the Captain; and up went the glove, and he let fly, and when they picked the glove up they found the thumb cut clean off as if it had been done with a pair of scissors!"

"Well, I'll believe that when I see it!" cried Conrad Stoffel, with the air of a good man who had patience as long as he could, but now felt that it was time for him to draw the line somewhere.

And, sure enough, Master Conrad *did* see it sooner than he expected.

The regiment to which the two soldiers belonged was attached to one of the advanced corps of the army with which Napoleon was then invading Austria; and, a few days later, it entered a town in which a great magazine of military stores had just been established.

Among other things, vast quantities of ammunition had been collected in preparation for the impending conflict; and, with so many thousand pounds of gunpowder all around, the strictest orders had been issued against smoking—a precaution by no means unnecessary among these reckless fighters, many of whom had their pipes in their mouths from morning till night, and would have lighted them at the fuse of a bomb shell without thinking twice about it.

This restriction bore especially hard upon our friend Conrad Stoffel; for he was an Alsacian peasant, and, like most of his countrymen, could hardly remember a day when he had not smoked ever since the first time that he had been able to buy, borrow, or beg enough tobacco to fill a pipe.

It has been well said that temptation, when it comes, always comes in the most perilous form and at the most perilous time; and so it fared with our hero. On the third day of this enforced abstinence from his beloved pipe, the weather, which had hitherto been dry and sultry, changed suddenly to cold wind and drizzling rain; and Stoffel, who was about to set forth upon a stroll through the town, rummaged out the overcoat which he had cast aside, and found in one of the pockets of it (in an evil hour for himself) a miserable little clay pipe hardly longer than his thumb, which, as if to make the temptation quite irresistible, happened to be filled to the brim with strong tobacco.

This was more than poor Conrad could stand; but he had prudence enough, nevertheless, to wait till he reached a secluded avenue of trees on the outskirts of the town; and there, having looked cautiously all around him, and satisfied himself that there was nobody in sight, he struck a light with a hand trembling with eagerness, and began puffing away like a steam-engine.

Luckless Conrad! He was just in the very height of his enjoyment, when all at once a sudden turn brought him right out in front of a group of officers belonging to his own regiment, who had taken shelter from the rain under one of the trees; and, worse still, conspicuous amid the group was no other than the terrible Captain Kill-All—Victor St. Hilaire himself!

Here was a pretty dilemma!

The practised duellist's piercing glance settled upon the unfortunate transgressor of orders with the look which he was wont to wear when taking sure aim at an adversary; and then, rising slowly to his feet, he shouted to Stoffel with the full power of his terrible voice,

"Halt! left face! attention!"

The soldier tremblingly obeyed, fully expecting to be severely punished, for, caught as he had been in the very act, no excuse could avail him.

All of a sudden bang went a pistol, and a bullet, grazing Conrad's lip and tearing away a tuft of his mustache, smashed into a thousand pieces the pipe that he was smoking! A peal of laughter from the officers followed the shot, while Captain St. Hilaire roared to the bewildered soldier,

"Right about face! forward! march!"

Again Conrad mechanically obeyed the order, for he hardly knew what he was doing, and was soon out of sight.

Poor Stoffel eventually escaped, however, much better than he had dared to hope, for, luckily for *him*, Captain St. Hilaire was so much pleased with his own rather practical joke, and with the skill which he had displayed in executing it, that he took no further notice of the matter, and Master Conrad got off with a good fright. But for a good while afterwards our hero had a blue scar along his upper lip and a visible rent in his thick red mustache; and after such a very close *shave*, he never again ventured to call in question the proverbial skill in pistol practice of the redoubtable Captain Kill-All.

## STUDYING TO BE ARTISTS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

NOT very long ago, at a great exhibition of paintings in the New York Academy of Design, two very young men stopped to look at a painting by an artist of uncommon ability and reputation. The young men found all manner of fault with the painting. What they had to say they said out loud. They declared that they did not think the figure in the picture was well drawn. They thought the shadows were too heavy, or else the lights on the picture were not sufficiently strong. The two young men did not know it, but the famous artist who had painted the picture was standing close behind them, and could not help hearing all that they said. He kept quiet and listened. He must have been amused.

"Well," said one of the young men, "I do not like the picture at all."

"Nor I," said the other. "It is very bad. I wonder that they hung it up here."

Those two very wise and positive young men were art students and members of the famous League in Fifty-seventh Street, New York city.

At another time a young man of sixteen or seventeen—a boy, in fact—was standing in Seventh Avenue up by Central Park, right in the middle of that busy thoroughfare. He had a thin square board pressed between one arm and his breast, and with the other arm and hand he was drawing on a sheet of paper that was tacked to the board. A procession of marching men, with banners and a band of music, turned into Seventh Avenue above

where he stood, and marched down towards him. The music sounded louder and louder, and the men came nearer and nearer, but the boy appeared not to hear the noise of either the band or the marching men. He kept on at his work, holding up his pencil to measure distances and heights, and squinting under or over it with half-closed eyes. At last the line of police at the head of the procession came up to where the boy stood, and one blue-coat knocked rudely against him. He was angry: "See here; what are you doing? You made me—" But by that time another policeman shoved him still farther along, and ordered him to "get out of the way." The boy was surprised and wounded. "Of course you can make me do so," said he; "but I think you might have steered your old procession to one side, and let me alone."

He was studying perspective, and with such intense enthusiasm that it seemed to him he could not afford to lose a single minute or a single opportunity. He was a member of the Art Students' League.

On still another day there walked into the queer little shop of a dog doctor on upper Broadway a couple of girls, who said to the doctor, "We hear you have a prize bull-dog who is the ugliest animal that ever was seen."

The dog doctor was indignant. "Ugly?" he said. "Ugly? Why, he is the purtiest baste in the wurruld. He's just like an enormous bull-frog. He's a perfect beauty. Fwhat do you mane by calling him ugly?" Then, seeing that both the girls carried thin square boards about the size of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE spread open, he said: "Oh, I see. Youse are art students from the League, and ye want to make a picture of the dawg. Come right in, an' I'll bring him to ye. Helpin' people like youse is all I kin do for art, but I'm moighty glad to do that much."

The dog doctor was right. The girls were art students from the League. In fact, he was right in everything, for his prize bull-dog was a beauty, and he was, as he said, doing all he could for art, which is more than many a man who thinks himself the doctor's superior is doing.

Perhaps the reader gathers from these anecdotes the belief that the boys and girls and men and women who are studying to be artists are very earnest and enthusiastic. They are as much so as any body of men and women in New York, and they form a large body, for there are five hundred, and, in some years, nearly six hundred students in the League. They are of every age between boyhood and girlhood and old age. They come from every corner of our land, and while some are supported by well-to-do parents, a great many are really poor, and are obliged to make a heroic struggle to learn to be artists and to live at the same time. The fees at the League are very small indeed. Beginners only pay eight dollars a month, and at the end of their studies they do not pay much more; but the main cost is for board and lodging and clothing and car fares. When we read of how Jay Gould started in life by making a map, of how Commodore Vanderbilt began as a ferry-man, and, to go far back, how Franklin walked into Philadelphia, just as Lord Mayor Whittington walked into London, with little else than ambition—when we read such things we are apt to think that men do not start with nothing nowadays, that the heroes are all dead, and only to be read about in books. But I know some art students in the League who are just such heroes. Some work for other artists when they are not at the League. Some put in two or three hours at study, and the rest of each day in the newspaper offices, making such simple pictures as they can. Some even go about among working-men drawing their portraits for half a dollar each, and others hire out to make crayon portraits by copying photographs. Indeed, there are heroic boys and girls who even work as clerks at night in shops in order to pay their way while they study at the League in the daytime.

We always speak and think of the League as if it were a school. And so it is. But it is very unlike most schools. The students form classes, such as the preparatory, the antique, the sketch, and life classes, the painting class, and so on. These classes are led by skilful, well-known artists; but they do not lecture or read from books, or go to their classes every day, or tell how the pupils should work. On the contrary, they only visit their classes now and then, twice a week or three times, and then they merely walk from pupil to pupil, and look at each one's work and say whether it is good or not. Sometimes they tell why and in what way a drawing or painting or sketch is bad; but that is according to how they feel, and according to each man's nature. Some may stoop over a pupil or sit down beside him and rapidly draw an outline or a bit of shading or a fold of drapery as they think it should be drawn; but that is considered a great compliment. The pupils call showing their work to the master "getting a criticism," and a criticism is the most they expect. It may be complimentary or otherwise; but whatever it is, the criticism is what guides them until the next day that the teacher visits the class.

The work of an artist is the work of training the hand to obey the eye. It is making the hand put down what the eye sees or what one's taste demands. The artistic eye and the artistic taste must be born in a man or woman. No book can teach it, no amount of talking can create it. Therefore the art student goes to school merely to practise, and if some real finished artist comes along once in a while and says the right words to tell him when he is doing well and to warn him when he is doing badly, that is all he needs. We all know what a self-made man is. Well, all artists are self-made men; even if they are weak enough to copy their teachers, they must do it themselves. At the League the beginners commence by drawing a foot or a hand with straight lines all around it to help them to measure its proportions and angles. They call that working on "blocks," or block-hands and block-feet. Then they are promoted to draw the same things without blocking them. This they call "rounds." They have quite a little language of their own. In time they sketch whole statues or parts of statues, and they take turns in posing for their classes. They sketch hired models, and later copy nude models, and so on. They work with crayons or charcoal or pencils or pens, as they please, and finally they employ paints, or take up the work of modelling, to become sculptors. They may be able to finish the course in two years, or they may be so slow as to spend that period in one class.

While at work some of the men wear a sort of overall, like a Mother Hubbard caught in at the waist. They look very Frenchy. Others simply put on an old coat to work in. The women often wear long thin wrappers to protect their dresses while at work. They have many class-rooms, in which they are crowded as if in a factory. There is a restaurant in the building, and also a little shop at which they can buy everything they use at their work. There are other schools of the sort, and there are so many students in all that they begin to give a strange foreign touch to our street scenes as they wander about all over town making their sketches and pictures. They sketch in the parks and on the wharves — in fact, wherever they can find men and women seated or standing in one position for any length of time they stop and steady their boards and set to work. Whether it is the artists' nature that causes it, or what it is, I do not know, but they are a very merry, light-hearted, kindly lot of folks. They come to be very observant and quick to take in all that is before them. And they have so much time to think while they are at work that they are apt to be very wise and bright and witty. I found out long ago that an artist could see more in a minute than most reporters will see in a quarter of an hour.



## COLONEL SIMIAN MAKES A SPEECH.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I CANNOT understand at all why children come and grin
At me each day when I'm at play. I think it is a sin.
I wonder how they'd like it if I were as rude as they,
And went and stood and peered into their houses every day?



I've heard it said that monkeys are not ruled by etiquette,
But I must say my manners are the best that I've seen yet
Far better than the manners of the boys and girls I see,
Who simply come in rudest way to stare and jeer at me.

Of course, if I deserved all this I never should complain,
But what I've done to make things so nobody can explain.
I mind my business as I should just like the Polar-Bears —
Why can't these grinning children take a try at minding theirs?

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

SHOWS FOLKS ADJUSTABLE GREATNESS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR. I hinted a little to Ma the other day about some of the things that Sammy's Pa has done, to see if she seemed to feel any different about them; but she didn't. I'd like to tell her 'bout some of the things he's done, 'cause I know it would improve her mind; mebby not so much as it does mine, but some anyhow.

"If Sammy's father has done such straordinary things I wonder he don't do any more of 'em," says Ma. "I don't see him doing anything but sitting on the porch, with his feet on the railing, smoking a disgusting pipe." (Ma's prederjiced against smoking, 'cause it gets in the window-curtains. Pa smokes mostly down town, where there ain't any partic'lar prederjice, he says.)

Well, it *did* seem to me funny that Sammy's Pa was so quiet now after being so much on the hippity-hop all his life, so I says to Sammy:

"Your Pa don't look like a man what would do so many things. Why don't he get up now and jump around like a house afire?"

"Well," says Sammy, "I reckon if you had been on the keen jumpity-jump for forty years you'd want to rest some time. 'Sides, there ain't anything here in this one-hoss town to make anybody get up and hump hisself. Mostly it has been in furren countries that Pop has made things hum. Take the time he was in Africa, and had a tussle with the jyraffs."

"Tell me 'bout it, Sammy," says I.

"I seem to sort of disremember it, 'cept that there was 'bout fifty of 'em, and they did kick awful."

"Would some jam help you, Sammy?" says I.

"Yes, it would," says Sammy.

So I gave him a spoonful of my jam.

"Pop was down in the southern part of Africa, where all them big blank spots are, and where you can't do nothing with the names 'cept write 'em on your thumb-nails 'fore you go to the class. He had a big wild-animal farm, where he raised 'em to sell to circuses. He had 'most all kinds of animals, but more jyraffs than anything else, 'cause they paid better, just living on trees that wa'n't no good for other animals, and they sold for good prices, 'cause all circuses wanted 'em. So Pop kept on living there, and running his jyraff farm, and letting 'em eat tree-tops, and nothing much happened for a long time.

"Well, one summer there came a lot of catterpillows, and spread round on all the trees. And what did the catterpillows do but eat up all the leaves slick and clean, so there wa'n't a smitch of anything left for the jyraffs. I guess Pop felt pretty sick. The jyraffs being built so high in front couldn't get their heads down to the ground, and there wa'n't nothing to eat up in the air after the catterpillows cleaned out the leaves. The jyraffs was starving, and had to be fed somehow. So for a while Pop had his men mow grass for 'em, and hold it up on long-handled pitch-forks, and the jyraffs et it off'n the forks. But Pop soon saw that this took too much work; 'sides, the jyraffs would prick their noses on the forks sometimes, and turn round and kick the men head over heels.

"Pop stood this for 'bout a week, then he says: 'We'll fix 'em pecoolier critters so's they can eat grass like respectable animals.' 'Will you saw off their for'ard legs?' says the hired man. 'No, sir,' says Pop; 'that would be crooelty. No; we'll splice their behind ones.' So they caught a jyraff, and spliced stilts 'bout ten feet long to his back legs, which h'isted him up behind and let him down in front, so's he could eat grass just like a cow or a hoss. They caught 'em all, and fixed 'em that way, and they went off eating like a flock of sheep. But, my, how they did kick when it was a-being done! Pop says he never got so tired in all his life."

Then Sammy said he had got to go home and help his Ma shell green pease, and I went into the house a-thinking what my Ma was a-missing by not taking any stock in Sammy's Pa. Yours truly, HARRY.



"OH, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE LITTLE STRAW HAT, WITH ITS STREAMERS OF RIBBONS SO PRETTY AND GAY?"
"OH, MOTHER, I'VE DONE NOTHING BUT WHAT I THINK RIGHT," SAYS I, AND I LET MY STRAW HAT FLY AWAY TO SAY."

AN UNFORTUNATE AFFAIR.

"I'm not conceited," quoth the fly
Upon the pantry shelf,
"But since I struck this lemon pie
I'm stuck upon myself."

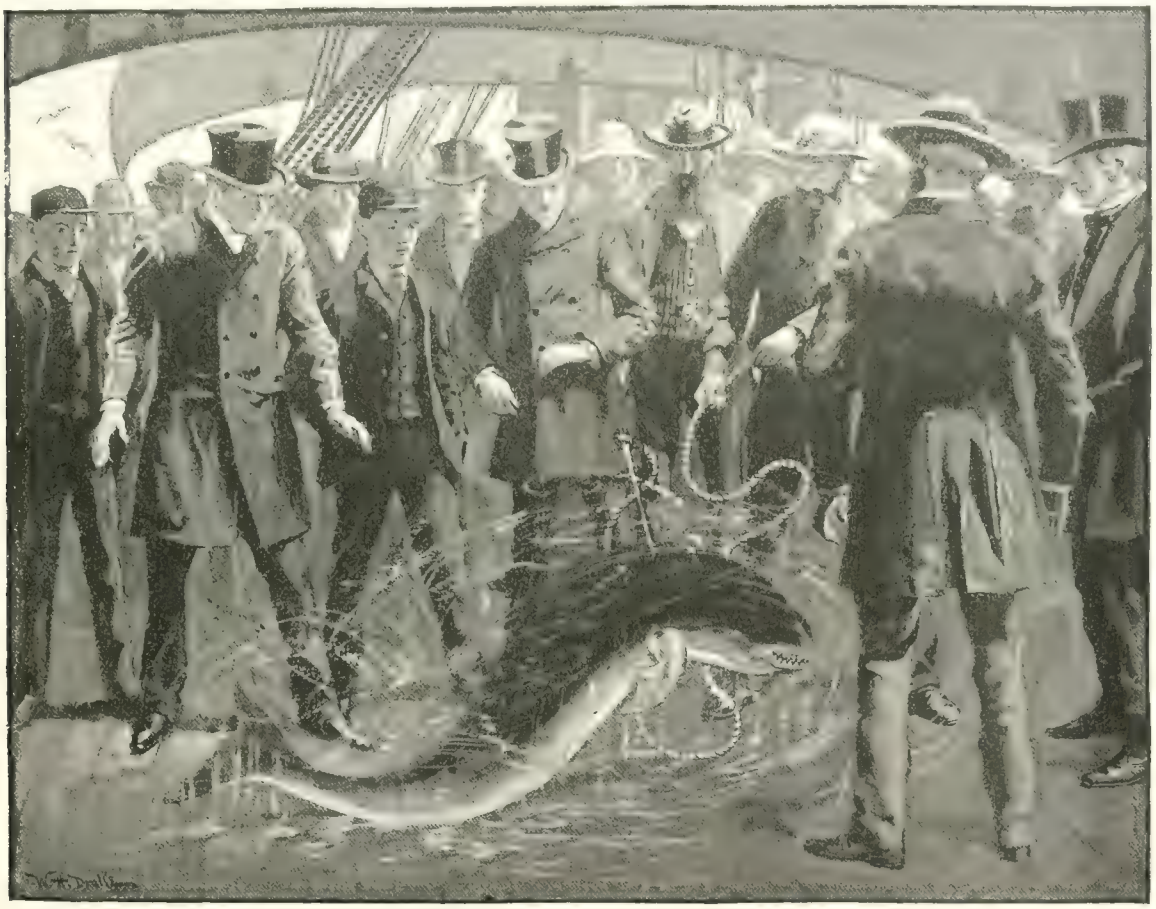
# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## AROUND CAPE HORN IN '49.

### A Trip to the California Gold Fields.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

CHAPTER II.

BY the time they had been a fortnight at sea Rob and Dick knew the vessel from stem to stern, and were the most popular among all the passengers. The men had begun to divide themselves up into factions and companies, but the boys held generally aloof, and were well liked on all sides.

The wind still held good, and the gold-hunters grew more and more lazy as the weather began to moderate. After they had left the Gulf Stream overcoats had become necessary, but now they were once more discarded. Everything seemed to move smoothly except the "Doctor," and that individual was more careless than ever. The meals were abominable and badly served, and one day the complaints of the passengers broke out afresh. They all gathered together on the deck after a most miserable luncheon, and all tried to talk at once.

"I tell you," cried one man, "that this sort of thing can't be stood much longer. We're entitled to what we paid for."

A deep growl of assent came from the others. "But [illegible] not at once the Captain appeared.

[illegible] isfy us."

The Captain drew himself up to his full height and looked at the angry lot of men. "That's it, eh?" he retorted. "What do you want? D'ye think you're in London or New York to order what you please? No, sirs, *I'm* Captain of this ship, and I'm getting tired of all this nonsense. Understand? I'm absolute boss here, and I want this stopped. It's mutiny, that's what it is." As the Captain spoke, several of the men stepped forward threateningly, but the Captain just looked at them. "It's mutiny," he repeated, "and there are four men creating all the trouble. *I* know 'em, and if it isn't stopped I'll put in at Rio, and swear before the Consul that I'm afraid to proceed further on the voyage with these men on board, and they'll be taken into custody—they will—and kept ashore. Meanwhile, my word is law."

There was a murmur among the men—a murmur of discontent from some who realized the force of the Captain's threats, while others laughed as though it were all a joke. Dick and Rob stood on the outskirts, determined to join their fellow passengers in whatever they might decide to do. At this point, however, a man who had great influence with all turned to the Captain and said, so that all might hear: "There's no use of bullying, Captain, for we're not babies." "Nor sailors, either," called out some one, "—and all we ask for is *enough* to eat. We've given up looking for good things. We are all objecting—no one more than the others—and you are the only one we can appeal to."

The Captain was somewhat mollified by this speech, or perhaps he thought he had gone too far. At any rate, he turned on his heel, saying, "Well, we'll see about it," and retired.

"If the Captain tries to put one man off at Rio," remarked Dick, "there'll be trouble."

"No, there won't," returned the man who had acted as peace-maker, placing his hand on Dick's shoulder. "The Captain can put any one in irons if he chooses, and we have no right to stop him. He is Law; but I guess things will go better, and the *Gray Eagle* will not stop at Rio."

As the crowd gathered about the table that night, and found it laden down with good things, they gave a cheer for the Captain, and that gentleman, who was coming down the companionway, and seemed to have recovered his temper, waved his hand and remarked, "Well, I've given the 'Doctor' an assistant," whereupon there was another cheer, and the men began the best and heartiest meal they had eaten for ten days.

By the 11th of February, after sailing for twenty days, the *Gray Eagle* had covered altogether 3460 miles—an average of 173 miles a day. She had been remarkably successful in catching the trade-winds in a high latitude, by which she was carried within two degrees of the equator. Suddenly one day there was a cry of "Sail ho!" and with one accord the men all gathered forward. The sail was far, far away on the lee bow, and barely a ripple stirred the waters; yet the *Gray Eagle* slowly forged ahead, and late in the afternoon, when they were near enough to distinguish her colors, the *Gray Eagle* came up in the wind to allow the stranger to approach. It was then seen by the signal flying that she was the *Express*. She was brought hard up as she came within a hundred yards, and passed under the stern of the *Gray Eagle* to her lee quarter.

The two Captains gave each other their respective latitude and longitude, their dates of sailing and whither bound, and the passengers of the *Gray Eagle* felt proud of their ship when they learned the *Express* was thirty days out from New York, also bound for California.

"We've had a gale," called out the Captain of the *Express*, "that lasted five days, and we had to throw over board 400 barrels of provisions. Got to put in at Rio to shift cargo." There was almost a perfect calm at the time, and several of the passengers of the *Express* were seen talking with their Captain, who soon called out: "Can you receive visitors? We want to get some of your later papers."

"Ay, ay," came from the *Gray Eagle*, and a small boat with eight men put off from the *Express*.

It might have been supposed that the strangers were long-lost friends and relatives of the passengers on the *Gray Eagle* from the reception given. They gathered about them, shook their hands, and asked them all sorts of questions. An hour or two later both vessels were almost out of sight of each other again.

Those were dull days which followed for a week or more. Games of all sorts were resorted to, and every line of print on board the ship was read over and over again.

One day a school of porpoises was seen across the lee bow, and instantly every one was astir. The Captain jumped out on the fore chains with harpoon in hand, and as a great fellow crossed the bow the harpoon struck him, and the Captain called out to haul away.

About twenty men seized the rope attached to the harpoon and exerted all their strength, and before long a porpoise weighing about two hundred and thirty pounds lay on deck; but it took all the strength of the men to do it. He was a strong, muscular specimen, and there were several cuts in his side as though he had been harpooned before. The mate dressed him, and took out his liver, heart, tongue, and brains, which were considered delicacies, and some of the sailors cut strips of meat from the back of the neck. That day those who cared for it had porpoise for dinner, and both Dick and Rob pronounced it excellent. Oil was extracted from the jawbone of the animal, and the jawbone itself taken as a curiosity by one of the passengers.

As Rob came on deck that evening in the soft twilight he looked up and saw Dick, who had left the table before him, at the yard-arm helping to furl the crochet-sail. He stared in perfect wonder and amazement until Dick reached the deck again.

"How was that, you lubber?" laughed Dick.

"Pretty fair," returned Rob. "But as I'm anxious to get to California, I'm going to stay below. *I* can't swim."

"And you know I can't, either," replied Dick, taking Rob's arm. "And I thought of it while I was up there. I'll not try it again."

On Wednesday, the 21st of February, within one day's sail of Rio de Janeiro, the Captain announced that he would not stop there, but keep right on. "But," added the Captain, as he made the announcement, "we've just sighted a bark, hull down, apparently homeward bound, and those who want to send any letters home can probably do so, as I'll speak her."

The passengers were at breakfast at the time, but instantly every man jumped to his feet and made for pencil and paper. There was very little time allowed, and the men seized what they could to scribble on. Breakfast was forgotten, and the cabin seemed transformed into a writing-school. Dick and Rob divided their work, and writing each to their parents requested the exchange of the letters, so that everybody might learn what had occurred. Before many of the men had finished, the ships had met, and the new-comer was found to be a Bremen bark bound for New York, and the Captain gladly

took charge of the letters sent over to him by the *Gray Eagle*.

"I didn't write half what I wanted to," remarked Rob, dolefully; "but the folks at home will be glad for a line, I guess. I'd like to see them when they get it."

"Well," remarked an elderly man at hand, "I began to write as soon as we sailed, and adding a little day by day, I've been able to send a long letter home."

"That's a good idea," returned Dick; "and before we forget what we didn't say, Rob, let's go down and begin another letter and keep it going from our diary." And before the bark was out of sight the letters were begun, but no other chance was presented to send them home until Valparaiso was reached.

For two weeks the winds held good, and on the 15th of March the *Gray Eagle* entered the Strait of Le Maire, bounded by Staten Land and Terra del Fuego. It was early in the morning that the lookout announced "Land ho!" and all hands rushed forward.

"The first sight of land in fifty-three days!" shouted Rob; but all that could be seen at that time was decidedly unsatisfactory, appearing like a faint blue cloud. As they drew nearer, many were the expressions of joy; but Staten Land seemed not to warrant any praises, the western shores being steep jagged rocks, with patches of snow here and there, and not a sign of vegetation. "They look something like the Palisades on the Hudson River," remarked one of the men; but Dick told Rob confidentially that he didn't believe there was a spot in the United States as ugly and severe as the island seemed. Later in the day Terra del Fuego came in sight on the weather bow, and that night the narrowest portion of the strait was passed, the Captain remaining on the quarter-deck all the night.

When the passengers came on deck the next morning they were again out of sight of land, and the albatross were flying about the ship and dipping into the water. One of the men baited a fish-hook and cast it overboard, soon catching one of the birds. He was hauled on deck, and measured over ten feet from tip to tip of his wings, and his head and quills were eagerly seized as mementoes. As the quills were being distributed there was a commotion forward, and presently the Captain came running aft.

"For heaven's sake, men!" he cried; "are you crazy? The sailors are wild with terror, and threaten vengeance. Do you know that the killing of that albatross will bring ruin on us sure as I stand on this deck? It's the worst thing you could have done, and we're right in the region of storms."

Some of the men started at the Captain's words, while others only laughed at his superstitious fancies.

"Overboard with it!" he cried, sternly. "This is no laughing matter, as you'll find out before long." And he walked away with a frown.

So the remains of the unfortunate bird were pitched over the rail, and the group that had gathered about it melted away. Dick was down in the cabin when Rob entered it shortly after, his eyes gleaming.

"I've been among the sailors," he said, "and they're really much frightened. They say that we'll be followed by storms right along, and some of them predict that we'll never reach California without trouble—if we ever do get there."

"Pooh!" laughed Dick, although rather nervously, it must be confessed. "How could killing an albatross have any effect on the ship?"

"Well, the sailors believe it, anyway," returned Rob, "and they're buzzing in the fo'castle now like so many bees in a hive."

"The barometer's falling," added one of the men, coming below.

True enough, another storm came up, the wind howling louder and the sea wilder than ever before, it seemed. All sail was brought in except the main-spencer and the main-topsail, both of which were half clewed.

"I never knew it to be necessary to do this before," said the Captain, gravely, entering the cabin at supper-time to get a bite. The wind continued to shriek through the rigging, and the seas poured over the deck. The night, which fell quick, was intensely dark, and the passengers huddled in both cabins, scarcely speaking, except at times to mention the much-lamented albatross, and shake their heads ominously.

After every one had turned into their bunks for the night a heavy sea tore off the skylight of the lower cabin, and Dick received the full force of a stream of water, followed by several more cold and sudden baths. Many of the other passengers were drenched, and there was no sleep for any one. The water rolled and splashed about the floor, and every now and again Dick had to huddle up in one corner to keep away from the seas which found their way below. It was the most terrible night they had yet passed, and try as they could, no one was able to forget the fancies of the sailors, and their predictions of woe that would follow the killing of the albatross.

About midnight a sudden bright light was reflected in the cabin, and jumping from their bunks with cries of "Fire!" all hands rushed to the deck, and were wellnigh blinded by the blaze all about them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## HOW WRECKED VESSELS ARE SAVED.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

THE American ship *Logan* loaded a cargo of cotton at Savannah, and cleared for Liverpool. When only three days from port the vessel encountered a heavy thunder-storm, and while it was at its height the vessel was struck, the lightning descending one of the pumps and passing into the hold, from which smoke soon began to issue.

The hatches were at once opened, and the crew worked incessantly all day in hoisting up the smouldering bales and throwing them overboard. By the time night came the men were exhausted, owing to their great exertions and the suffocating smoke amid which they had labored for many weary hours. As a last resort, Captain Bunker ordered the hatches to be put on, and holes cut in the deck for the purpose of pouring water through, in hopes of drowning the remainder of the cargo in the lower hold.

All night long the brave seamen toiled to save the ship, but in vain, for when morning broke it was seen that the deck was almost burnt through; in fact, it gave



THE "POTTSVILLE" GOING TO THE CABLES.



A PAD READY FOR FRAPPING.

way in one place where two of the sailors were at work and had they not caught a rope at hand they would have dropped into the furnace beneath.

Realizing that it was folly to remain longer by the vessel, Captain Barker ordered the ship's launch to be lowered, and directed that water and provisions should be stowed away in her, together with a sextant, compass, and chronometer, so that he might be enabled to navigate the boat to some port.

The crew, numbering sixteen in all, now took to the launch, which was kept in the vicinity of the burning ship, hoping that some vessel might observe the smoke and bear down upon it to rescue them. About fifteen minutes after leaving the side of the doomed craft the flames burst through the deck and leaped up the masts, which were quickly ablaze. Then the sails and yards took fire, and burned fiercely. While the tongues of greedy flame were seeking out and devouring every inch of canvas and sheet and halyard, the mainmast swayed like a drunken person, then with a crash it plunged over the side, dragging the fore and mizzen masts with it, and cutting down the charred and weakened hull, so that the seas poured through the gaps in a deluge.

Amid the roaring of the flames and the hissing of steam, as the water came in contact with the blazing masses in the hull, the *Logan* settled lower and lower; next her bows rose high in the air, then she seemed to poise for a moment before sliding back beneath the waves. The flying-jib, all aflame, was the last remnant of the ship that was left to view as her jib-boom followed the hull to its resting-place on the bottom of the Atlantic.

Several days later the shipwrecked men were picked up by a passing vessel and brought safely to port.

Whenever a vessel with its cargo on fire is in the vicinity of land and immediate action is necessary in order to save the ship, she is steered into shallow water, and in the case of a wooden vessel, holes are chopped in her side ("scuttled," it is called) even with the water, so that she will fill and sink; but if she is an iron vessel, what are known as "sea-cocks" are opened, and the water allowed to flow in through them. The sea cocks are controlled from the deck, and may be opened and shut by a simple hand-lever. After the fire has been extinguished the holes are closed, the vessel pumped out, and floated.

To close the holes made in a wooden vessel boards are nailed across the openings, and canvas or sheet-lead tacked over them. When a hole has been knocked in an iron vessel's hull, a frame-work of boards with heavily padded sides is drawn over the aperture, and secured there by ropes passing around the vessel's side, under the keel, and up on the other side. This kind of rope-binding is known as "frapping" the pad to the hull.

One of the most brilliant pieces of ocean-wrecking seamanship on record, whereby the vessel, far out in the Atlantic with her cargo on fire, was saved and brought safely to port, was performed on board the American ship *John Jay*, commanded by Captain Samuel Jackson.

The *John Jay* had loaded cotton at New Orleans and was bound to England. When two weeks out the cargo was discovered to be on fire, and as the ship had been for several hours in a thunder-storm the day before, it was supposed to account for the burning cotton.

Captain Jackson considered that if he could stop up all the cracks and crevices leading to the hold the cargo might simply smoulder for a long time for want of air, and thus be prevented from bursting into flame, so every precaution was taken, and all sail was crowded on the ship in an endeavor to get into port before the fire should eat through the stout planking of the deck.

For four or five days the vessel drove ahead, making great speed, and drawing nearer and nearer to safety; but at last the deck became so hot that the men could not rest their feet upon it for any length of time, and by this sign the Captain knew that it would be only a question of a few hours before the flames would burst through, and then their only alternative would be to take to the boats.

The Captain determined upon his course of action, and after explaining his intentions to the officers and crew, he had all the light sails taken in and brought the ship close to the wind so that she would lie over well on her side. He then had the carpenter lowered over the rail, and instructed him to bore several holes low down by the water-line. The vessel was then put on the other tack so that she would be heeled over on the side where the holes had been made.

Of course the water shot through these openings like so many streams from a hose, and after the ship had been allowed to sink almost to the level of the deck, she was put around on the other tack again, so that the holes came within two or three feet of the top of the water. Several of the sailors, with lines made fast under their arms and holding long wooden pegs and hammers, slid down along



THE WRECK OF THE "GLENKALE," SHOWING HOW WRECKERS LIVE.



THE BARK "ELMIRANDA" ON LONG ISLAND BEACH.

the side, steadying themselves by ropes that had been passed under the vessel and hauled taut, so that they came alongside of the holes. The tapering pins were thrust into the openings and knocked tight, then the vessel was put before the wind to get her on an even keel, and the crew turned to and pumped her out.

The *John Jay* arrived without further mishap in Liverpool, where her Captain was warmly praised for his pluck and Yankee ingenuity, and presented by the underwriters (insurance people) with a watch suitably inscribed.

A description of the way in which wrecked vessels are oftentimes saved is very interesting, and in order to obtain a correct explanation for the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE the writer obtained an interview with Mr. I. J. Merritt, of the Merritt Wrecking Company, who courteously placed at his disposal the photographs from which the engravings in this article have been made. One can scarcely believe the strange accounts of the manner in which sunken and stranded steamships and sailing vessels have been recovered from the bottom and hauled off dangerous shores, to be repaired and sent again on ocean journeys as sound and safe as they were before misfortune overtook them.

When a vessel sinks in a harbor or in sheltered waters it becomes a comparatively simple piece of work to raise her, no matter what depth of water may exist; but in exposed waters, shallow though they may be, the success of the attempt is extremely doubtful, for the surge or heaving of the sea is apt to tear the pontoons and massive cables in pieces.

Strange as it may appear, it is generally easier to raise a vessel from the bottom of a deep harbor than to save a ship that has been stranded on the beach, even without sustaining damage to her hull. Oftentimes it happens in the latter case that the wreckers are obliged to wait for a storm of considerable strength which will pile the waves high upon the beach before they can get sufficient water to help buoy up the unfortunate craft.

When it becomes their task to pull a small lightly stranded ship off the shore, the wrecking-tug carries anchors seaward with hawsers attached, and after letting them drop to the bottom, they send the long rope cables to the wreck, where they are rigged around capstans or windlasses preparatory to bringing a strain upon them. In addition to this, the tugs send the ends of other hawsers to the vessel, and when everything is ready the signal is given, the powerful towing-boats point their heads seawards, and the engines are driven ahead at full speed, while the men on board of the wreck revolve the windlasses and bring a strain on the lines connected with the anchors.

Of course the first thing that is done preliminary to the work of seeking to pull the vessel off is to lighten her of her cargo, so that she will not require as much water to float her as she did when she went ashore.

The American bark *Elmiranda* went ashore on April 21, 1894, on the Long Island coast, about eight miles east of Southampton. The bark was loaded with coal, of which enough was thrown overboard to lighten her, so that she was pulled off the beach by the wrecking-tugs seen in the distance on their way to rescue her.

When a vessel goes on the beach "light," as it is called when she has little cargo or ballast in her, she will naturally be thrown higher on the sand than a ship deeply loaded, and the task of floating her is much greater than it would be for the latter, because, after the storm is spent, the waters recede and leave the light vessel sometimes almost high and dry. On the other hand, a deeply laden vessel will "take the bottom" further out, and by removing her cargo it will often be possible to float her off with little trouble.

The German steamship *Gluckauf* ran aground about twelve miles east of Fire Island on the 25th of March, 1893, and remains there to-day, where she is often visited by the summer residents along that part of the Long Island shore.

The starboard side of the vessel is shown in the picture, and, judging by it, one would be given the impression that the ship was in perfect condition; but if the other or port side of the steamer could be exposed to view, it would show a broken shattered length, where the waves have beaten in the iron plates and broken the massive frames as easily as though they had been made of putty.

In the foreground are shown the wrecking crew's sleep-



THE "FELIX" BEING RAISED BY PONTOONS.

ing tent, and their clothes hung out to dry, while the men

What has just been explained in reference to getting a

When a large vessel is driven high upon the beach the

around a capstan or windlass, they are rigged so that they will "go to the cables," as it is called. This means that their ends are made fast on board, and by using powerful tackles the hawsers are stretched until all the tension possible is put upon them.

When a heavy sea rolls around the stranded ship, and temporarily floats her, the strain upon the hawsers pulls her toward the sea, and consequently slackens the lines. The wreckers immediately take in the slack, and wait for the next sea to help the cables in dragging the vessel nearer to deep water.

The steamship *Pottsville* was saved in this way. She went on shore about ten miles north of Barnegat, on the Jersey beach January 10, 1893. After the storm subsided, the vessel was left so high upon the beach that it was possible to walk all around her without wetting the feet. This steamer was saved, and is running today in the service of the Reading Railroad Company.

These are trying times for the brave ship savers, for it requires men of unusual courage to face the dangers of a great storm on a lee shore, with a wrecked vessel under their feet, and to labor hour after hour with all their strength to pull the ship closer and closer toward the rushing, roaring mountains of water that burst in thunder under the stern. But the stout hearts of these men seldom fail them, and they have been known to go to their death heroically rather than desert their post of honor and duty.

When a ship is to be lifted from the bottom, many novel and complicated appliances are made use of, such as large floats with powerful engines and suction-pumps rigged on their decks; lengths of hawsers as thick as an ordinary man's waist; huge chain cables that look as though they might be able to suspend the earth, but whose massive welded links have been known to part like so much punk under the strain put upon them, and



HAULING THE "CORNELL" OFF THE ROCKS.

sundry suits of diving armor with their air-pumps and other gear. In addition to these, unwieldy clumsy-looking shapes called pontoons are towed into position by the tugs and securely anchored. These pontoons may be either of wood or iron. They are, as their name indicates, hollow water-tight cylinders or hulls, and can be filled with water, sunk to the required depth, then pumped out by means of piping leading from them to the pumps on the floats. The size of the pontoons used by wreckers vary from 50 to 100 feet in length, from 8 to 16 feet in breadth, and from 5 to 10 feet in depth. The larger pontoons are capable of raising about 400 tons each, and the smaller ones about 200 tons.

The pontoons are arranged in pairs on each side of the wreck, then the divers pass small chains called "messengers" under the keel of the sunken ship, and by means of these larger cables are hauled through. Then the great cables are shackled on, pulled under, and secured to the pontoons on either side. The pontoons having been filled sufficiently to sink them to the level of the water, all the slack on the chains is taken in, then they are pumped out, and this causes the hull to be lifted several feet from the bottom. The tugs now take hold and tow pontoons, wreck, and all into shallower water, until the vessel grounds again; then the lifting operation is gone through with anew, and the ship towed and grounded as before. And so this programme is continued, until the deck of the wreck is brought above water, when she is pumped out and floated by her own buoyancy.

An interesting case of this sort was that of the English steamer *Wells City*, sunk in collision at the foot of Christopher Street, North River, on February 10, 1887, in forty eight feet of water.



DIVERS STANDING ON THE DECK OF THE SUBMERGED "WELLS CITY."

The picture represents the vessel just as her deck is being lifted to the level of the river. The divers, whose helmets just show above the suface of the water, are standing on the deck of the steamship. The pontoons are shown sunk to the level of the water, and the great cables appear in the background.

A most interesting picture is that of the German bark *Felix*, sunk off Point Breeze, near Philadelphia, on the 30th of December, 1892, in seven and a half fathoms of water. The *Felix* caught fire, and in order to save her she was scuttled and sunk.

In this engraving the pontoons are shown high out of water and the two wrecking tugs close by the pitiful-looking wreck.

On April 1, 1892, the steamboat *Thomas Cornell* was driven on the Danskamer Rocks, on the Hudson River,

and found herself half out of water. But really it is a question whether she went ashore or sunk, for while her bow is high and dry on the rocks to the extent that a good many feet of her keel are shown, the remainder of the steamboat is submerged.

To save this vessel was a difficult task, for in order to prevent breaking her in two it was necessary to get her off the rocks at the same angle that she went on. This was accomplished, and the *Thomas Cornell* may be seen any day with a gay party of excursionists on board, who little know of her strange history.

When a vessel sinks with a heavy cargo in her hold, the divers work at this until it is discharged before attempting to raise the ship. Although the transatlantic liner *Oregon* sunk out in deep water a few years ago off the Long Island shore, the wrecking company recovered the most valuable portion of her freight. The divers descended into her hold, and put slings around the cases and bales; then hooking on the long rope leading from the steam-derrick anchored overhead, they signalled by a series of jerks to those above, who at once hoisted away, and thus brought up thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of property from the bottom of the sea.

## THE UNFINISHED STORY OF CUFFY.

BY RICHARD BARRY.

MRS. WINSTON sat in a rocking-chair on the piazza of one of the officers' quarters. Beyond were the great stone barracks, and before her stretched the well-kept lawns of old Fort Leavenworth. Suddenly from about a rose-bush near the walk came the figure of a sturdy little chap of four or five. He had on a stiff clean frock, and extended at arm's-length two very dirty hands. When he saw his mother he stopped short, and one grimy hand sought his forehead, and he stood there, stiff, in an attitude of attention.

"Corporal John Clay Winston," said the little lady on the piazza, "go right up stairs and wash your hands."

"Yes'm, ma'm," said Corporal John, relaxing his stiff position and marching with his strong little legs up to the piazza. "It was a bear," he added.

"What!" exclaimed his mother; "a bear!"

"Yes'm, ma'm," was the answer; "and I felled off the fence."

At that moment down the road came the sound of children's voices, mingled with a low droning singsong, that sounded like an attempt at some rough sort of music.

"There he is!" exclaimed Corporal John, pointing with a fat finger down the corner path.

Something impelled Mrs. Winston to rise from her chair, and she forgot that the Corporal had transgressed a standing order about climbing fences in clean frocks. She took him by the unwashed hand, and they both ran down toward the gate, the boy's face bright with delight at the discovery that his mother liked bears too.

It was a gaunt shaggy animal, with a sorrowful, cast-down appearance, that lumbered along between two rough-looking men, one of whom emitted the strange droning sound I have mentioned before. In the bear's nose was an iron ring attached to a strong cord held by one of the keepers; the other had a long pole, with a spike at one end, of which the bear stood very much in dread, for he only had to threaten him with it to make him dance a shuffling, awkward accompaniment to the singing.

They watched the bear turn a corner and disappear down a side street.

After the hands were washed, the library lamp lighted, and the children gathered around, just before the supper hour, for the days were growing short, Mrs. Winston remarked,

"Children, did I ever tell you about Cuffy?"

"No!" they all exclaimed in one breath. "Never once!"

Now Mrs. Winston had told stories over and over again; in fact, each one of the children had his or her favorite story, to which the others would listen with that deference due to people from whom you expect to ask a similar favor. How, in the years of story-telling, "Cuffy" had ever slipped Mrs. Winston's memory it was hard to find out, but he had, nevertheless.

"Cuffy," began Mrs. Winston, "was a bear. When I first knew him he was a very little bear indeed; in fact, nothing more than a fluffy ball of black fur. He was brought into my papa's office by one of the sergeants at the post, which was stationed near the foot of one of the great Rocky Mountain peaks. He had funny little puppy eyes, and he was hungry, and squealed so that we all felt sorry for him, and almost regretted that his mother, a great big cinnamon, who had been robbing the corrals for weeks, had been shot to death only the night before.

"To tell the truth, Cuffy was brought up like a very human little baby; he took milk from a bottle, and would let you know when he was hungry the same way that each one of you did, but especially the Corporal.

"Well, Cuffy grew, and grew so fast that before long it was all I could do to lift him into my lap, and then it seemed only a few weeks before he was so big that when he stood up on his hind legs he was quite a good deal taller than I was; but all this time he was as gentle as if he were a little woolly lamb instead of a strong young bear. His sharp-pointed teeth would begin to glisten when he opened his mouth, but he only used to open it to smile. He never had a cross look for any one except the orderly who used to come to black the Major's boots, and the reason for this, I heard, was that the orderly, not caring to humor Cuffy's curiosity, had struck him on the nose with a blacking-brush, whereupon Master Cuffy had retaliated by rolling the orderly down a short flight of stairs, boots, blacking, brushes, and all. After that time there was a scarcely concealed condition of hostility between the two.

"Well, as I was going to say, Cuffy grew up a great, big, clumsy, overgrown animal, that had no idea of his size or strength, and would loll about and laugh and grin all day, and eat all day and night too, if he got a chance. You never saw such a hungry bear. He would follow me about like a dog. His playfulness began to grow to something absolutely alarming. It is all right to have a dog or kitten loll over on its back and extend its paws into the air and ask to be pushed about by the feet and played with, but when you get a great big bear that weighs almost four hundred pounds throwing himself about, it is liable to create some commotion; but, nevertheless, Cuffy was always gentle with *me*, and I could restrain him by simply speaking to him in an injured tone of voice.

"One day, for I was a very little girl and somewhat reckless, I slipped away to the station, and insisted upon taking Cuffy with me on the cars, for a railroad had been built out to the post. I never will forget the consternation I created among the passengers and brakemen. The train-men were afraid to put him off, and Cuffy and I travelled upon one ticket to Woodville. When we disembarked we created quite as much of a sensation as before. When I arrived at my aunt's house, who lived a few minutes' walk from the station, I was not allowed to even enter the front yard, and had to escort Cuffy all the way back to the train again. I must have presented a very funny picture trying to coax the great big bear to come upon the platform, surrounded with the gaping crowd. I think they were very good-natured conductors in those days.

"To go on with the story," said Mrs. Winston, pausing



THEY WATCHED THE BEAR TURN A CORNER AND DISAPPEAR.

for a moment to call Corporal John to attention; "the end comes very quickly. We had to go from the post, and Cuffy was left alone. As soon as I had left him he began to grow very morose and sullen. He would stay by himself all day in the corner of the stone pen which had been built for him, and would hardly eat at all, paying no attention to Mary Ann, the wash-woman, who, next to myself, had been his best friend. Perhaps it was this behavior on Cuffy's part that commenced the downfall of his popularity, for owing to the transferrence of several of the officers he began to be a very neglected beast indeed, and at last was purchased from the sergeant to whom he had been presented, and became the property of the barber, who was a very cruel-hearted man. Now Cuffy had grown great long claws and white gleaming teeth, and had tremendous strength. They used to tie him to a post and then set dogs on him, and he would fight off scores, throwing them to one side and crushing them with his frightful hugs. No one could approach him now; he was labelled 'Dangerous,' the same way we see bad dogs at dog shows, and this had gone on for some two years, or probably three, before I came back again to the post. I had grown a great deal; in fact, was quite a big girl, and of course I remembered Cuffy. When I asked where he was they told me what had become of him. In a few minutes I was looking through the strong iron bars at the poor chained animal that crouched in the further corner. Could this be Cuffy? this gaunt hungry-looking beast that stood taller than any man, with great shaggy matted locks hanging about him—could this be my little Cuffy who used to run about with ribbons twisted in his long hair? But suddenly he stopped the muttering, which bears often keep up hours at a time, and looked straight at me through the bars; it was very easy to unlock the door, and in a moment I was in the cage.

"'Cuffy,' I said. The bear stood up; he put out both heavy paws, and stood there looking at me until his lower jaw dropped and his mouth was wide open. It seemed to me that he was trying to smile the way he used to but had forgotten how to do it.

"'Cuffy,' I said again. This time he took a step toward me, and in another minute had placed both paws upon my shoulders. Just then some men who had seen me step inside the cage came running up. What must have been their consternation when they saw the dangerous bear with his head down on my shoulder, and I, almost a little morsel for him, in his great rough arms, both crying as if our hearts would break, for bears, you know, children, are the only animals that we are sure shed tears; at least, I know that Cuffy did on this occasion. I was almost afraid to go away, but at last succeeded in getting to the door, whereupon he tore at his chain and at the collar around his neck, where it had worn a great ridge in the flesh, and the next day—"

"Oh, don't tell us that, mamma," said Emily.

"All right," said Mrs. Winston. "I won't tell the rest; but perhaps it was best for Cuffy, after all."

That night one of the keepers who had led the captive bear through the street the day before got into some trouble and was arrested. The poor bear was confined in a shed right by the town jail, and the children went down to see him.

"He looks like Cuffy," said one of them.

"Hollo, Cuffy!" exclaimed another, throwing him a ripe bunch of grapes. He paid no attention to the fruit, but looked straight at the children, and they are almost certain they saw a tear roll down his furry cheek.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND month passed. Babette was getting well. Her beautiful long hair had long ago been sacrificed to the fever, and now her little round head was covered with short crisp rings of brown. As she sat, day by day, in the middle of madame's high soft bed—the greatest token of love, this, that madame could have shown her—surrounded by books, toys, flowers—everything that eager affection could suggest—one could see at a glance that she was the ruling member of a devoted household.

Clarisse, the old colored woman, seemed quite as fond as the rest, and even Uncle Tom would hobble in and lay a great open magnolia blossom or a crêpe-myrtle bloom upon the bed for "*'tite mamzelle.*"

Madame Bondurante was very busy these days. There were little clothes to be made for the convalescent, and she and Clarisse were to make them. The sweet secret of the mysterious coming of the child into their home and hearts was too precious to be intrusted to any one else—yet. Madame never went out. She would not go now; but did not Clarisse know what to buy for a little girl's wardrobe? She could go up to Canal Street to "Syme's" or "Levois & Jamison's," where she would be sure to find the best French prints for every-day wear, the finest merinos and plaids for "Sunday" dresses.

These two old women, mistress and servant though they were—formerly owner and slave were bound to each other by many ties and by years of uninterrupted peaceful intercourse; and while they sat and sewed together, clothing the new Joy in the household in garments fashioned after those worn by the other who had passed out of it twenty years ago, they were as happy in their novel task and as unconscious of present styles as the child herself.

It is true Babette did pout just a little, and declare that the broad lace-bordered pantalets, that came nearly to her little ankle-ties, were "too long," and that the skirt, which stopped at the knees, was "too short"; but when she glanced at the portrait above the mantel—the grandest picture of a little girl she had ever seen in her life—and saw that her pantalets hung down in exactly the same way, she was quite satisfied.

The girl in the portrait, sitting day and night so still in her deep gilt frame, holding a red rose-bud in one hand, while with the other she clasped the neck of a great shaggy dog, made a great impression upon Babette. It was an imposing picture.

Some day, when she should be able to make friends with the old dog who followed Uncle Tom around the yard, she would pick a red rose bud and try to make a picture of herself like it. She had tried the pose as far as she could, holding up an imaginary rose-bud, before the glass under the pier-table, and it was really very good fun.

It is true the old dog in the yard was not quite like the one in the picture, and the little girl was quite different from herself, having two long braids of straight black hair hanging over her shoulders instead of a mass of short curls, but the marks of elegance were present in both. There were the low-necked dress, the short puffed sleeves, the long pantalets. The rosebud and dog would make it quite complete. Just how elegant her new garments were she, of course, had not the slightest idea.



BABETTE AND "LITTLE MARIE."

Madame had been educated in a convent, and knew [illegible] that were taught [illegible] early days, that are taught just as [illegible] There [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible] stocked [illegible] with real Valenciennes lace, rolled and [illegible] that [illegible] the stitches [illegible] that [illegible] only approving [illegible] the [illegible] spare. They were never seen without — would not be for many a long day, if ever.

Madame had taught Babette to call her Tante Angèle. The child herself had said the words. Before any one knew that the question would ever arise, she had unconsciously named the relationship, and fixed her place. She was not to occupy the position of only a waif dropped in from the street, neither had she intruded within the holy of holies. She had not said "madame" or "lady" after the dago fashion, neither had she called her "mother."

It is true, she had only once called the name "Tante Angèle," and had then seemed to forget it, having even to be taught it as something quite new afterwards.

This madame regarded with a superstitious feeling, and, not understanding how it had come to be lying with other half-forgotten names in the child's mind, to return as will a bit of an old song sometimes to older persons—to come and drop out as mysteriously—she said that the angels had told her name to the sick child. And she believed it, too.

It is, perhaps, painful at first, this seeming transfer of the name of the old servant Angèle to another, but it was only a coincidence. Perhaps, as time wore on, it may have awakened associations or suggested questions to the child's mind. She was given to thoughtful moods sometimes, and more than once, as she lay stretched at full length upon the rug before the fire, after one of her long silences, she said aloud, scarce above her breath, "Tante Angèle—Tante Angèle," as if the name had some mysterious meaning to her. But, perhaps, some other time she called other names, and no one happened to hear.

Madame heard this, however, and wondered just what it meant. Was she talking to the angels again?

There were many family portraits in the old house; among them one of a sweet-faced woman, at which Babette was very fond of looking. "Who is that lady, Tante Angèle?" she asked of madame one day.

"That is my sister, who is in heaven — my sister Marie—" Madame spoke with some reluctance. She feared questions from the child, hardly knowing why.

"And is she another one of my aunts?"

The answer came slowly again, "Yes, chérie."

"Was she my aunt Marie?"

"Yes, dear."

"And was she little Marie's aunt Marie?"

"Yes, love."

"And did she call her 'Tante Marie'?"

"No, cherie. She called her 'Tantine.'"

"What is Tantine, Tante Angèle? Is it aunt?"

"It means 'little aunt,' chérie."

Babette was thoughtful for a few minutes, and asked no questions; but presently she rose and went to madame, and climbed upon her lap. Then, putting her arm around her neck, she said: "Tante Angèle, you are little. I want to call you Tantine. May I?"

"And don't you like to call me by my name—Tante Angèle?"

"Yes, I like it—for you, when I say it, Tante Angèle; but when I am not speaking to you, I don't like it for you. It is one of my dream names."

"A dream name, my precious? And what is a dream name?"

"Oh, I don't know; but I have a great many. There is 'Nenaine,' and 'Tante Angèle,' and "

"No — mind, my angel, dream names are foolish. Forget them. Call me Tantine; I like it better, any way."

And she held Babette tight in her arms while she was speaking, as if she were afraid she might fly away.

But a greater trial than this, even, came one day, and madame was not in the least prepared for it. Babette, since the night the gypsy had stolen her from her own people, had never heard her own name. The gypsy had heard her spoken of among the Le Charmant servants as "*Bébée*," her pet name in the family, and though she well knew her own name, she naturally avoided using it. So she called her "Baby." If Babette had been asked her own name, at any time up to the night she had left the Sicilian household, she would have answered, in all honesty, "Baby Nicholas," or perhaps "Sissy," as the children often called her.

But no one ever asked it. She had never thought it out, perhaps, and now she would never make this combination. But — well, she was beginning to ask herself questions.

It was natural that madame and Clarisse should have called her "*Bébée*" at first, for want of another name. Even had they known her real name they would as often have called the sick child by the tender diminutive; but when she accepted the name so readily, the easiest thing to do was to let the subject drift along.

The truth was, madame did as little thinking as possible on the subject of Babette. She was afraid to think. She only knew that she was there. She was very dear. A question in any direction meant distress and perplexity of mind.

And so when, one day, Babette asked suddenly, "Tantine, is *Bébée* my real name? was I christened *Bebée*?" she was obliged to answer, "No, my dear."

"Well, then, Tantine, what is my real name?"

Madame's face did not betray the panic that reigned within her heart as she answered, asking for forgiveness even while she spoke, "Your name is Marie." And to herself she said, "I name her now Marie."

"And am I named for my tante Marie, or for my cousin Marie?"

"For both, my love."

This much was true. In the brief moment when she had decided the name, it was given in memory of her best loved child and sister.

But the catechism lesson was not over yet.

"And was I christened long ago, Tantine?" she asked, presently.

"Long ago — when you were small — yes, chérie. And now it is time for *Bébée* to come and take her nap. She is not very strong yet."

Madame was safe in saying that she had been christened—and long ago. It must have been so, else how was Nénaine (god-mother) a dream name?

But she could not risk another question. Babette was not sleepy. She said so, and her bright eyes confirmed it. Then she must be hungry? No? Then they would take a walk in the garden and find some violets, or go out into the poultry-yard and see the little chickens. And so the subject was changed.

The Bondurantes' was a changed home. Long-closed doors stood open; sunshine and cheer had come in with the child. There were broken toys lying around in a disorder that told only of indulgence and devotion, and the old walls often echoed with merry laughter. The old couple were becoming bound up in the child to a degree that was indeed pathetic.

And they had not thoughtlessly nor quickly taken her into their hearts. For weeks, although convinced by the evidence that she had been deserted by her own people, they had scanned the daily papers for notices of a lost child, and at every clank of the heavy knocker on the

iron gate they first feared and then hoped that the old woman had returned to claim her.

Now, when they loved her even as their own, there were times when they shuddered at the bare possibility of having, at some time, to give her up. During much of the two months of her illness Babette's mind had been a blank, and as bits of her old life came back to her—names, faces, incidents—they seemed to belong to a far-away period, and what they all meant she did not understand.

One day, some months after her recovery, something happened that filled her with delight, and frightened every other member of the household. Ever since he had seen her taken into the doctor's door on the night of the storm, Noute had come, whenever opportunity offered, and peered through the iron gate, hoping for a glimpse of the child.

The old gypsy had been hopelessly crippled with rheumatism ever since that dreadful night, and, after hobbling into town once or twice, she had come to terms with the French Market tradesmen; and so now she always waited in the boat, while Noute left the basket of fish in the market and returned with the money. This gave him greater freedom than he had known before, and he never failed, both going and coming, though it was far out of his way, to pass by the gate and look for Babette. Even on the first occasion, when the gypsy had hobbled out herself, Noute had moored the boat to the shore and deserted it as soon as her back was turned, hurrying to the Bondurante gate, and getting back to the boat before her return.

When several months had passed, and he had never seen her, he almost despaired; but still, faithful in his devotion, he continued to come. On this particular day he had waited as usual, and was just turning away, when the little girl skipped across the yard, her hands full of roses. She recognized him instantly, and, running to the gate, handed him the flowers.

Noute was wild with joy. After dancing and laughing and even crying a little in his odd way for a moment, he hurriedly threw the roses back at her feet, and, with a series of quick gestures, ran away. What did he want with flowers? All he had ever gathered were for her.

Babette did not stop to pick them up, but, running into the house in great glee, told her "tantine," while she climbed into her lap, that "Noute had come, and he had told her by his motions that he was coming again!"

The sight of the mute seemed to revive a train of memories, for she began to tell her "aunt" and "uncle" all about "poor Noute who could not hear nor speak," of how "bad, drunken Nick had scolded and beaten him," and of many things of which she had never before spoken.

Is it any wonder the old lady looked at her husband sorrowfully, and shook her head as she listened? If *some one* knew where she was, and was coming back, surely there would be trouble. They would have to give her up.

Old madame was very pale, and her hand trembled as, stroking the little girl's curls, she told her never to go into the front yard again without her aunt or uncle. She held the child tightly in her arms a long time that night, and no one knew in the twilight that the old madame's face was wet with tears.

On the next day the old doctor, his own heart unsteady with fear, said to his wife: "We cannot hide this dear child. She came to us unasked. It was the Lord's doing. She has blessed our home. Let us pray that she may not be taken away."

The doctor's words were wise, and yet, although his old wife, heeding them, let Babette play at will anywhere within the gate, she kept her eyes upon her whenever she entered the front yard. And the gate was kept locked.

A week after this—a week to a day from the time Noute had come—Babette sat upon the arm of madame's chair on the front gallery. The old lady was nodding, while the little girl amused herself pinning long strings of four-o'clocks to her hair. Every now and then the head would bob so suddenly that a flower-curl would fall, and Babette would laugh aloud while she replaced it, when the old lady's eyes would half open, and then, smiling, she would go back to sleep.

While they sat thus in the late afternoon the doctor came in hurriedly, leaving the iron gate ajar. Into this open gate, before any one had noticed him, without leave or license, walked Noute. Even Babette did not see him until he was half-way up the front steps.

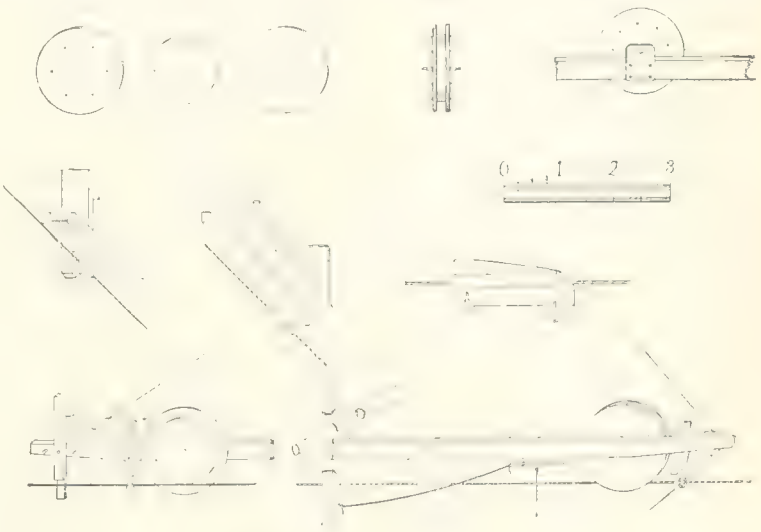
Going straight up to her, he laid a little bundle at her feet, stepped back to the foot of the stairs, dropped the larger parcel which he carried upon the bottom step, and sat down. This bundle contained an old blanket, several articles of shabby clothing, and some scraps of tobacco—all the earthly possessions of Noute the foolish. He had come to stay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## SELF ACTING AERIAL CAR.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

THERE is hardly a boy with mechanical ideas who is not fond of new machines. The readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are presented with a brand-new idea for a mechanical toy to be used either on a kite string or a cord stretched from a flag-pole in the yard or a handy tree. The only condition is that the lower end of the cord is directly against the wind. The elevation at which the car can run will depend on the strength of the wind and sail area of the machine. The only wood used is the lightest and driest pine that can be procured. The carriage is made entirely of $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{4}$ inch wood, and is composed of two strips, 14 inches long, placed 1 inch apart. The two guiders are 2 inches from each end, and have a




DIAGRAMS FOR DETAILS OF THE KITE.

small screw-eye on the lower extremity, through which the cord is passed. On the upper side of the carriage, exactly in the centre, are screwed two eyes, which should

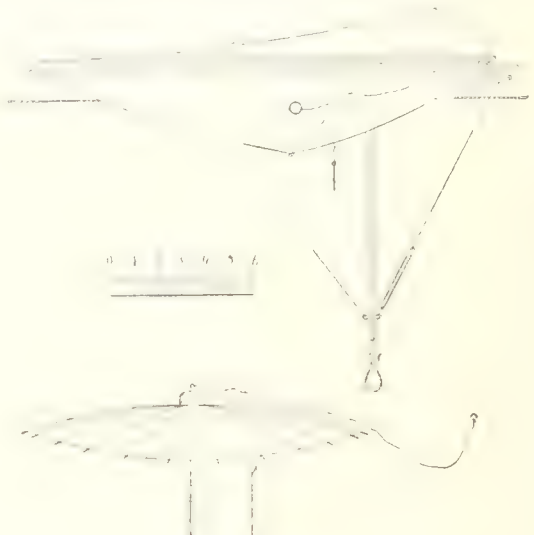
[illegible] inch in diameter of the inside of their circle. Through these is passed the spar [illegible], allowing enough space to insure easy turning as the spar acts as an axis on which the sail turns when on its downward trip. This spar is at right angles with the carriage. Two upright sticks measuring 20 inches, and the same dimensions as the material used for the construction of the carriage, are next added. These should be slightly pointed at both ends, and a cross-bar at the top of these uprights securely fastened gives additional strength. The balancing-bar is made of $\frac{3}{8}\times\frac{3}{8}$ pine, tapering at the lower end, and is 10 inches in length, and fastened to the carriage by two strips of wood—$5\times\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{1}{8}$ inches. The wheels are formed as follows: Take a piece of $\frac{1}{8}$-inch pine, which should be at least 3 inches wide. On this place a strip of wood, we will say, for instance, $10\times\frac{1}{4}\times\frac{1}{2}$. By driving a small wire nail through both pieces of wood, and inserting a sharp knife-blade through the upper piece of wood, and turning (the upper piece) slowly from left to right, you will find you can cut a perfect circle in the lower piece of wood. The wheels are formed by this process. It takes four pieces of stiff card-board and two of wood to make the wheels for the carriage. The diameter of the wooden wheel is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, while the card-board disks are $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The wheels in the draught are a trifle smaller, but by experiments it is found that the above-sized wheel makes faster time. You will see that after cutting out your disks the hole made by the wire nail is exactly in the centre. Run a small wire nail through the three disks, placing the wooden disk in the centre and the card-board ones on each side (this makes three disks for each wheel). Put some glue on touching surface, and clinch the three together with pins or wire brads. The place where these nails go is shown by the spots on side draught of the wheel. The axle-tree is made of oak, and at the extremities a piece of stout wire is inserted, which extends one-eighth of an inch beyond the wood of the axle-tree. The hardest axle-tree is one made from the shafts of an old clock. Take particular care that the wheels run very true, as the success of the machine depends to a great extent upon this.



SIDE AND END VIEWS.

From the lower extremity of the balancing-rod hangs a weight. The easiest way to make this weight is to take a small bag, and fill it with sand until the machine balances (the sail in horizontal position). Having progressed thus far in the construction of the machine, turn the sail in a horizontal position, and attach a cord from one side of the crossbar to a small grooved wheel at the aft end of the carriage. From the screw-eye at lower extremity of the balancing-bar is attached a small rubber band; when stretched it will reach within three-quarters of an inch of the small wheel at the aft end of the carriage. It will be found, after the cord and rubber band have been joined, that upon letting go the perpendicular bars the sail will turn in a horizontal position. At the forward end of the carriage is a catch, to which is fastened a ring. The catch comes in contact with a block (previously placed three-quarters up the string). The detail drawings show the formation and working of the catch.

The sail is made of light muslin, and extends in the form of a pair of wings, the cloth only reaching from the outside of the uprights to the ends of the spar, leaving a free space in the centre for the sail to pass through the carriage. The parachute is a small Chinese umbrella (pick out one that opens easily), and can be bought for a few cents. A small weight is attached to the handle with a few feet of cord. We will say that now you have completed the machine—you have a kite flying—run the string through the two guiders, place the two wheels of the carriage upon the kite string, set the sail perpendicular, and fasten the catch with the cord. A stop-block has been previously placed on the cord twenty feet from the kite; now attach the parachute (Chinese umbrella). The force of the wind acting on the sail forces the machine up the incline of the kite string at a rapid rate, skyward, until it reaches the block, which throws off the catch. The sail swings back to a horizontal position, letting the parachute drop. The sail being folded and presenting no resistance to the wind, the force of gravitation acting on the weight of the machine causes it to descend the kite cord quickly, and return to the original starting-point of its flight.



THE PARACHUTE AND THE KITE ON THE RETURN.

## CURIOUS LEGAL TENDERS.

HERE is a note for coin collectors. It is probable that no boy who has collected the tokens of various nations has ever before heard of the circulating medium which a Mexican traveller once discovered while travelling through the great republic on its southwestern borders. As the story goes, the traveller bought some limes, and gave the girl who sold them one dollar in payment. By way of change she returned him forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a sweet biscuit. After expressing his surprise, a police-officer who witnessed the incident informed him that soap was a legal tender in that country.

# THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK RAVAGER."

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

Part II.

DORY caught his companion's spirit, and pulled with a will as the *Black Ravager* glided from the cove into the swift current. The young pirates gained mid-channel and turned up stream. Their craft was now directly in line with the mythical galleon. Lem dropped his oars and rose to reconnoitre. Instantly he uttered a low, amazed cry:

"It's the Ransom ferry-boat, Dory. There's a man aboard of her. He's sitting on a block of wood, looking up the river."

"It must be old Jordan," replied Dory. "I guess the ferry wire broke. But why don't he run the boat ashore? The falls ain't far off."

"He don't seem to be worrying about that," whispered Lem. "He just sits there like a log. I'm sure he hasn't seen us yet. There's something wrong, Dory. I more than half believe— Hullo! we'll have a collision next. Pull to the right, quick!"

The sharp command startled Dory, and in his haste to obey he unshipped an oar. Lem dropped into his seat; but the precious moment already lost made the impending disaster inevitable. The suction from the half-falls set in strongly hereabouts, and the lumbering ferry-boat made a sudden spurt forward. Its occupant was still gazing intently up the river. He could hear nothing but the rumble of the falls.

Lem caught a crab at the first stroke, and Dory, having by this time shipped his oar, made matters worse by sweeping the boat broadside to the current. The next instant the heavier craft pounded into the *Black Ravager* with such force as to drive it partly under water.

"Jump!" cried Lem, springing over the end of the ferry-boat. Dory scrambled after him, and in such ignominious fashion did the pirates board their second prize.

The man had been tumbled flat on his back by the collision, and when he gained his feet the boys saw that he was not old Jordan. He was tall and slim, with a clean-shaven face. The agility with which he ran to the far end of the boat and put himself on the defensive was rather startling. But after scrutinizing the boys briefly in the dim light, he seemed to think better of the situation and came slowly forward.

"Hello! what's all this?" he exclaimed in a quavering voice that was meant to be jolly. "Where did you chaps spring from? Did I run you down, eh? I don't see your boat."

"It must have sunk," Lem declared, dismally. "There goes one oar, and the plank."

Just then a grinding noise was heard, and the lads ran to the rear of the flat in time to see the gunwales of the submerged *Black Ravager* bobbing up astern. The big ferry-boat had passed clear over it.

"Good-by to the old boat," wailed Dory. "It will go over the falls and be smashed to pieces. Pop won't buy me another one, I know."

As the sunken craft fell rapidly behind, the luckless pirates looked sadly at each other. They were not disposed to consider what Captain Kidd or Morgan would have done under like circumstances. Their misfortune was too real for romance or the possibilities of imagination. The treasure-galleon had suddenly been transformed into a prosaic old flat-boat.

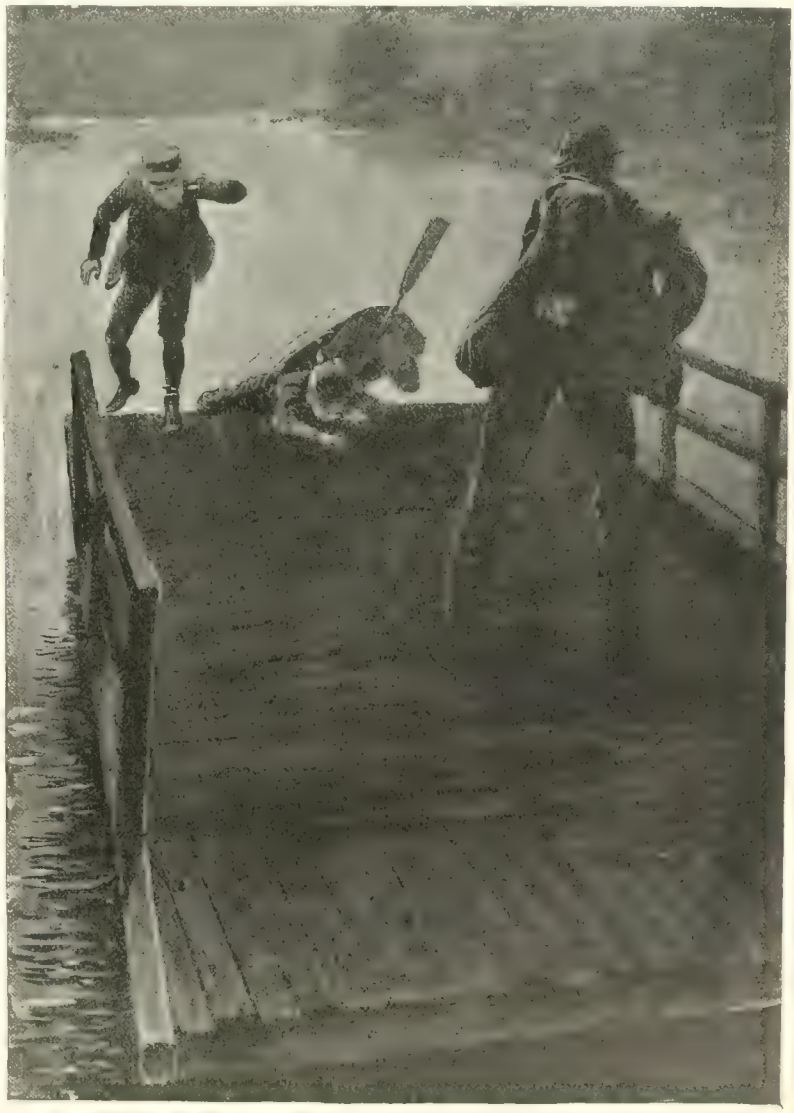
"Make the best of it, my lads," said the stranger. "Your boat will likely strand somewhere. I don't understand how the accident happened. Perhaps you were fishing, and didn't see me coming?"

"We—we were camping over on that island," replied Lem, confusedly, "and we started out to—to—"

"Exactly," interrupted the man. "You started out to run a night-line, and had eyes for nothing else. Now we are all in the same fix. How are we going to land?"

Dory looked curiously around. "Where's the pole?" he asked. "Ain't this the Ransom ferry-boat?"

"Of course it is," jauntily replied the stranger, "and it hasn't any business here either. But as I couldn't find the ferryman, and had to catch a train at Ransom, I undertook to ferry myself across. You see the result. The ropes parted from the wire, and when I tried to use the pole it caught on the bottom and was jerked out of my hands."



IN SUCH FASHION DID THE PIRATES BOARD THEIR SECOND PRIZE.

"Jordan wasn't at his post," innocently

"It's a quarter of a mile away. They stretch across

"It's an awful place," chimed in Dory. "The water pitches right down, and there are lots of sharp jagged rocks at the bottom. This big flat will go all to pieces. It's

The stranger was at first disposed to question the peril. But a glance at the line of tossing foam, now drawing rapidly nearer, thoroughly satisfied his doubts. He paced slowly up and down the boat. With every step a clinking noise came from the side pockets of his coat, which bulged and sagged as though they held something heavy. He paused in front of the lads, and showed them a shiny gold coin

"This is yours if you save the boat from the falls," he said, hoarsely.

Dory's eyes sparkled, but he shook his head. "No use," he replied. "It can't be done."

"No; it can't," echoed Lem. "If we had a pole there might be some chance."

The man put the coin in his pocket, and turned away with an angry exclamation. The boat shot swiftly on toward the falls. The booming sound of the waves rose louder and shriller on the night air.

Lem and Dory began to unstrip, and the stranger watched them nervously.

"Better take your clothes off," suggested Lem. "You'll have to swim, you know. Can you?"

"A little," replied the man. "But I'll take the chances with my clothes on. I don't want to lose them."

"They'll drag you down," persisted Lem.

The stranger growled something inaudible, and turned his back on the lads. Again the clinking sound came from his pockets.

"He must have money there," thought Lem. "He's a fool to risk his life for that."

Just then Dory uttered a shrill cry, and clutched Lem's arm. "Look," he shouted. "We're going to pass close by that bar. Can't we swim over to it?"

He pointed out a strip of gravel and bushes a dozen yards long that lay about fifty feet above the rapids.

Lem measured the distance with a critical eye, and noted a stranded tree on the lower end of the bar. Then he made one jump to the rear of the flat, and hauled a coil of heavy rope from under the seat.

"I knew old Jordan kept this here," he cried, as he fastened one end of the rope to an iron ring in the stern planking. "I'll save boat and all."

"Let me go with you," pleaded Dory.

"No; stay right here," cried Lem.

Pushing his companion aside he ran to the front end of the boat, trailing the rope after him.

"Brave lad!" exclaimed the stranger, divining Lem's plan. "I'll reward you well if you succeed. Don't lose any time. Now's your chance."

But Lem was on the alert, and knew just when to act. As the bow of the ferry-boat drifted opposite the upper point of the bar, and at a less distance than twenty feet, he clutched the rope tightly in one hand and dived head-first into the swift water. He rose to the surface, and struck out with both arms, swishing the rope behind him. He swam well. In spite of his diagonal course he was still almost abreast of the flat's bow when he gained the middle of the bar. He had eight or ten feet of rope to spare—quite enough for the purpose, if he was agile.

"Hurrah!" yelled Dory.

"Look!" shouted the stranger, clapping his hands.

Lem glanced toward them. Then he sped down the bar keeping pace with the boat. He reached the stranded tree, and quickly coiled half a dozen feet of the rope about one of the tough projecting limbs.

Just in time. As the rope tightened with a creaking noise, the heavy flat quivered, veered to one side, and then swung into the eddy at the foot of the bar—safe from the waves and cruel rocks that waited a few yards further down stream.

Lem was breathless but flushed with triumph as he hauled the boat up to the sandy beach.

"It wasn't much," he replied, to the congratulations of his companions. "I knew I could swim it."

"It was a brave deed," protested the stranger. "You saved us from certain death."

His satisfaction was short-lived. In a moment or two he became as restless and uneasy as before. He paced up and down the bar, watching the lads as they hurried into their clothes. When the distant ringing of a bell floated over the water he started visibly.

"What does that mean," he asked.

"I don't know," replied Lem. "It's the school-house bell at Ransom. Mebbe there's a fire or something."

"It's ringing because we're lost," exclaimed Dory. "There come the folks after us now."

He pointed to a couple of yellow lights that had suddenly appeared some distance up the river.

Lem watched them in silence for a moment. "I guess you're right, Dory," he said. "I don't know as I care much. We won't spend all night on the bar, anyway."

But while the boys rejoiced at the prospect of rescue, the stranger, oddly enough, took a contrary view of it. He excitedly made a circuit of the bar, glancing over the water in all directions.

"Can't I get clear of the falls by swimming from here over to that side," he asked, eagerly, as he pointed toward the left shore of the river.

"A good swimmer might reach the open channel," replied Lem; "once there, the water is shallow enough to wade. You can see by that white line where the falls end."

"Well, I'm a good swimmer," replied the man. He hurried to the lower end of the bar, and tore off his coat and vest. The boys watched him in amazement.

"You won't need to swim," cried Lem. "Don't you see the folks coming in boats?"

"I can't wait," was the snappy reply. "I must catch the next train at the station below here. I can't do it unless I start right away. Look here, boys," he added, "I dropped my knife on the upper end of the bar. See if you can find it, will you?"

Lem and Dory obligingly hastened to the spot, but a close search failed to discover the lost knife.

"Hold on, I have it in my pocket," called the man; and when the boys turned around they saw that he had moved a few feet, and was now standing by the stranded tree. "Sorry for the mistake," he said. "I'm much obliged." Then he picked up his coat, vest, and shoes, and tossed them in a bunch far out on the water. The coat sank at once, but the other articles were in sight for a few seconds as the current whirled them away.

"What are you doing?" cried the boys, in one breath.

The man threw up his arms with a gesture of despair. "I'm an idiot," he exclaimed, laughing harshly. "I'm so worried about the train that I forgot what I was doing. All my money was in the coat. No wonder it sank. The current will roll it over the falls. I'm sorry I can't reward you, boys. I'll send you some money as soon as I get home."

He ran to the head of the bar, and plunged into the current. He swam with vigorous strokes across stream. The boys saw him clear the edge of the falls, and then his bobbing head vanished in the gloom.

The boats were now but a quarter of a mile distant. Their course was toward the open channel, but when Lem set fire to a bunch of grass and waved it in air the entire fleet—six in number—headed for the bar, and quickly reached it. Mr. Carberry, Uncle Jim, and Mr. Weston were in the first boat; men from Ransom occupied the others.

"I thought you'd come after us," was Lem's greeting.

"Did you?" replied his father. "Well, we'll attend to your case later on. Did you see anything of—"

"There's the ferry-boat now," interrupted Uncle Jim, heading a general rush to the lower end of the bar. The boys followed, and were overwhelmed with questions. Lem told the whole story from beginning to end. Hardly had he finished when half of the audience sprang into boats and pulled rapidly for the open channel.

As the boys were ignorant of what the excitement meant, Mr. Carberry enlightened them. "Your genial companion," he said, "is a most daring thief. This morning he walked into the bank at Tunkhannock and helped himself to a tray of gold and silver. He made his escape, and nothing was heard of him until he turned up this evening and requested old Jordan to ferry him over to Ransom. Jordan had his suspicions, and was so foolish as to make them known while in the middle of the river. The scoundrel stunned the old man with a club, and cut the boat loose. On his way down stream he dumped Jordan out on a grass-bar. Half an hour ago the outrage was discovered, and the pursuit organized."

The boys were considerably startled to learn the character of their recent companion. His peculiar actions were now accounted for.

"I wish we had captured the fellow," said Dory. "Don't you, Lem?"

Lem did not reply. His face was screwed into a puzzled expression. Then he ran to the stranded tree, and, after a brief search, thrust his arm into a hollow among the roots. "Hurrah! hurrah!" he shouted, as he drew out double-handfuls of gold and silver coins and piled them on the sand. The crowd gathered around him, and helped to empty the cavity.

"I thought I would find it," declared Lem. "The man hid it here when our backs were turned, and then tried to make us believe he had pitched it into the river. I guess he put a stone in that coat."

"Won't he be mad when he comes back to get it?" exclaimed Dory.

"It's some satisfaction to have recovered most of the money, at all events," said Mr. Carberry "Here are eighteen hundred dollars. Two hundred are missing, and that the rascal must have taken along. If it was in gold, it would not interfere with his swimming."

"It may be recovered," replied Uncle Jim. "I would suggest that the rest of these people join the chase."

"We need not go with them," said Mr. Carberry. "We must take these young scapegraces home. To-morrow they shall be tried for piracy on the high seas."

"They deserve it," Uncle Jim added.

The boys were in a very sober mood during the ride up the river, nor did they spend a comfortable night. On the following day, however, they were let off with a severe reprimand. This leniency came about through Uncle Jim, who interceded in behalf of the culprits with Mr. Carberry and Mr. Weston.

"I had no business to fill the youngsters' heads with pirate yarns," he said. "If you must punish any one, punish me. They've learnt a lesson, and won't attempt any more buccaneering. But hereafter I'll spin Mother Goose to them when they come bothering me for stories."

The loss of the *Black Ravager* was a severe punishment in itself to the boys. They were not allowed to accept the offer of a new boat tendered by the grateful directors of the Tunkhannock bank. The author of the *Black Ravager's* loss was never caught; and as the county papers printed long accounts of the affair it is not likely that he ever came back to look for the hidden money.

THE END.

## CHARLES, THE CABIN-BOY.

BY PAUL HULL.

DURING one of the wars between France and England, previous to the American Revolution, the ship *Good Tidings*, of Philadelphia, commanded by Captain Hezekiah Sniffin, a member of the Society of Friends, sailed from New York with a cargo of produce, bound to England. When within sight of her destined port, the Quaker ship was chased by a small French man-of-war. Captain Sniffin endeavored to escape, but finding that the enemy was rapidly gaining, and would be alongside in short order, he and his two officers ceased their exertions, and retired to their state-rooms for the purpose of securing a few trifles which they desired to carry with them into captivity. The cabin-boy Charles, a bright young Philadelphian of fifteen years, followed his Captain, and asked if nothing more was to be done to save the ship. The master replied that it would be useless; that if they submitted quietly they would probably receive good treatment, whereas to offer opposition would be but to incur the ill will of the Frenchmen, which would be vented upon them, to their sorrow. Charles then returned to the deck, and addressed the crew of fifty men, telling them that he had a plan by which they might save themselves from a foreign prison. He then explained to them what he proposed to do, and the sailors agreed to place themselves under his command and to execute his orders faithfully. A few minutes later the French cutter ranged alongside and made fast; then seeing that no opposition was to be made to their boarding, all but about a dozen of them jumped on the deck of the merchantman, most of them diving below in search of plunder.

The moment arrived for which Charles had waited. Giving the signal to his men, he bounded over the bulwark rail, his trusty followers at his side. Before the few startled men-o'-war's men could recover their wits, several of the sailors cut the lashings that held the two vessels together, while the remainder quickly overpowered the scanty guard that had been left on the cutter. While the discomfited Frenchmen stood on the deck of the *Good Tidings*, looking at their vessel only a few yards away, sailing a course parallel with their own, Charles hailed and ordered that the port just ahead should be steered for, threatening that if they refused he would blow them out of the water with their own guns. To make his threat effectual he sent the men to the guns and provided them with lighted matches. Understanding that their lives depended upon obedience, they sorrowfully steered into the port of their enemies, followed by the cutter with the English flag hoisted above the French. Upon coming to anchor, communication was had with the shore, and a detachment of soldiers was sent off to iron the prisoners and mount guard over them. When the particulars of this daring deed became known the gallant boy was commissioned a midshipman in the royal navy. He became one of the most distinguished officers in the English service, and rose to the rank of Admiral and Commander-in-chief. Being knighted by his sovereign, he came to be known as Sir Charles Wager.



A BLOCK SYSTEM.

## GRANDMA AND PAUL AGAIN.

"WELL," said Grandma, "so school is ready to begin once more, is it?"

"Yes, Grandma," said Paul. "Mine begins next Monday, and I'm going into a new class."

"Well, well!" answered Grandma. "Is that so? Will dear old A and B be with you in the new class?"

"A and B?" asked Paul, not understanding his grandmother.

"Yes, A and B, and poor C; and perhaps D. Surely these new-fangled schools haven't dropped these dear old friends?"

"Well," said Paul, doubtfully, "I guess not, though I don't believe I know them. Where do they live?"

"Live? Oh, everywhere. In one sense they live in the arithmetic, but their real true home is everywhere. And such funny things as they used to do! This is the way it would go: If A can build four rods of fence, with eight posts to the rod, twelve boards to the post, and thirty-two and a quarter nails to each board, when the days are twenty-one hours long, and B, who weighs ten pounds more than A, can build eight rods, with eleven posts to the rod, seventeen boards to the post, and fifty-eight and fourteen-thirteenths nails to the board, when the days are five hours long, how many rods can C build when the days are twenty-six hours long? Now do you recognize A and B?"

Paul laughed. "Yes, I know what you mean now. I thought you meant somebody that went to school. But I don't believe they do things quite so bad as that now. Are you *sure* they did when you were little, Grandma?"

"Certainly I am. They were doing such things all the while. Sometimes it was a ditch they were digging, or stone wall they were laying, or grass they were mowing; but it was always just so bad, and nobody was ever able to tell what the rascal C could do till he'd figured a long time."

"I guess it *would* take a long time to find out when it was like the example you just gave. How could anybody solve that? You couldn't use a quarter of a nail in a board, and there can't be twenty-six hours in a day, and—"

"There, there, there! don't dispute your grandmother. A and B could put any fraction of a nail anywhere; and wherever they lived the days were liable to be any length. Why, if I had a good wooden blackboard and a handy piece of chalk, I could tell you in five minutes just what C could do, in a whole number and a decimal of a dozen figures, and a plus or minus sign at the end of it. And then I could turn it around and prove it, and show you that D, on the 31st of February, working in Australia, when the shadow of a certain church steeple at a certain hour of the day was two furlongs, eight poles, and fourteen barley-corns long, and nails were worth two mills a pennyweight, and boards came at two eagles a quire, with fourteen per cent. of knot-holes, and when the number of knot-holes is to the number of nails in the fence as are the times that D pounds his thumb to— Stop laughing at me, you young scapegrace!"

"But I can't help it, Grandma," said Paul. "I *know* you never had any such examples in your arithmetic when you went to school."

"Well, they were a good deal like it. If I had a piece of chalk and—"

"Here's a slate and pencil, Grandma."

"Never mind—I've lost my spectacles. If I—"

"They're up on top of your head, Grandma."

"Not my ciphering ones. When I was your age I thought nothing of working such things out while I walked to school, with my slate in one hand and pencil in the other. And as for the mental examples, and dear old Ann and Jane, it was just fun to dispose of them. I wonder if you have Ann and Jane yet? They always had apples which their teacher had given them. Why, I can do Ann and Jane without any spectacles at all. Listen: If their teacher gave Ann one apple and Jane two apples, how many apples did Ann and Jane both together have? If their teacher gave Ann one apple and Jane two apples, Ann and Jane both together had as many apples as the sum of one apple and two apples, which is three apples. Therefore, if their teacher gave Ann one apple and Jane two apples, Ann and Jane both together had the sum of one apple and two apples, which is three apples. I tell you, my son, when I went to school we had to study. No new-fangled notions then. If A wanted to divide his property so that one son should have a third of it, another a fourth, another three-fifths, another six-sevenths, and his married daughter $41,279,-015, we simply cut it up for him without the least fuss. Now run along—I want to take a nap."

"I think," said Paul, as he went out, "that Grandma is trying to fool me; but she can't, not a bit."

## SMELLING THE BEAN SAUCE.

THERE was in Yedo a poor man who had worked hard and long, and had saved a small sum of money. He had no strong-box to keep it in; and it occurred to him that if he dropped it inside an empty bean-sauce cask, no one would ever think of looking there for it. Now this bean sauce is much used by poor people; but the smell is very strong and somewhat offensive to persons of delicate taste. Some ingenious thief, after all, did discover the hiding-place, for one day the poor man found his money missing. He went immediately to Oka, and told him of the loss, adding that he thought it must be laid to the charge of some one of the neighbors. So Oka summoned all the poor man's neighbors for the next day, and when they had appeared in court, Oka announced, "In my opinion it is one of you that has stolen this money from the bean-sauce cask, and, if that is so, I shall be able to tell by the smell of the thief's fingers. So let each one come up here and present his hands in turn." Just as he had said this, he noticed one of the men in the back of the court-room suddenly put his hand to his nose and smell it. "That man over there is the thief!" immediately exclaimed the judge, pointing to the man.

Oka knew, you see, that if the thief was really among the crowd, his guilty conscience would probably suggest to him the thought, "Will my hands really betray me?"

## MOTHER GOOSE ON HER NEST.

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

OLD Mother Goose sat on her nest
Thinking which gosling she'd love best
When her eggs hatched out; but when she awoke
Every one of her eggs was broke.
Said old Mother Goose, as the shells she patched,
"I counted my chickens before they hatched!"



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE SECRET OF FORMAN FARM.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

BARRY FORMAN and Dix Graham were cousins, and there was only a few weeks' difference in their ages. But as one lived in an Eastern city and the other in a far Western town, it happened that they did not meet until they were fifteen years old, when they were invited to spend the summer together at their grandparents' farm up on the Juniata River.

Squire Forman and his wife were delightful hosts of the old-fashioned type that is seldom met with nowadays, and the rural Pennsylvania homestead was an ideal place to the city lads. They never ceased to admire its quaint gables and tiny window-panes, its great wide hall and big open fireplaces, where hickory logs burned on cool evenings.

After a few days of fishing, boating, and mountain-climbing Barry and Dix felt as though they had known each other all their lives. They were bright, healthy-minded lads, equally fond of reading and of all sorts of sports, and consequently they never wasted their time in idleness.

But it must be confessed that each had a strong bent of curiosity and inquisitiveness, and it was this which led them into a very unpleasant scrape. Perhaps looking back on it now they would consider it rather pleasant than otherwise, but they certainly did not think so at the time.

They had climbed to the top of Knob Mountain that day, and were sitting on the front porch after supper, feeling a little stiff and tired. To their right the Squire, snugly settled in his big arm-chair, was peering through his spectacles at his copy of the weekly agricultural paper. On the left Grandmother Forman sat knitting in an easy rocking-chair.

In front of the garden was the road, and just across it a pine-crowned bluff fell pretty sheerly down for twenty feet to the rocky shore of the Juniata River. The green hills beyond the blue water shone in the fading rays of the sun.

The boys had been telling of their climb, and having exhausted the subject, they began to plan a fishing trip for the morrow.

"Oh, I forgot," Barry suddenly exclaimed, as he drew a triangular bit of gray flint from his pocket. "Grandfather, I found this on the very tiptop of the mountain to-day. It's a good specimen, isn't it?"

"As perfect an Indian arrow-head as I ever saw," replied the Squire, taking the stone into his hands, and laying the paper aside. "It is rare to find one on a mountain-top, though they have always been pretty plentiful in the river fields. When I was a mere lad I used to pick them up behind the plough. The Indian who made this may have been living when your great-grandfather settled here."

"My! how long ago that seems!" said Barry. "It must have been a regular wilderness then—with Indians and bears and panthers—"



land in 1728 under a grant from William Penn's privy

ness hanging in the parlor shows. That was painted in

Not quite. It was built ten years later—in 1738. It was twice burnt out prior to 1800; but these are the original walls. You can tell how thick they are by the deep window-seats. They had to be thick in those days, when an Indian attack was something to be constantly feared."

"Was the house ever besieged?" Dix questioned, eagerly.

"Several times, I believe," replied the Squire. "The last occasion, to my knowledge, was after Braddock's defeat. My father was a bit of a lad then, and he often told me the story. By-the-way, that reminds me there used to be a secret passage leading from the cellar to the river-shore—"

"A secret passage!" exclaimed both boys, eagerly.

"Yes, that's the family tradition," answered the Squire. "It was intended to serve as a means of escape by water, in case the defenders of the house were unable to hold out against a siege. Whether it was ever used or not I can't say. It was certainly walled up long before my time. But my father had been in it, for I distinctly remember his telling me so."

"Did you never try to find it, grandfather?" asked Barry.

"I may have done so when I was a lad," replied the Squire, "but it seems to me that it was filled in at the same time the entrance was covered. I don't believe the spot could be located now."

"Well, I wish some one would find it," said Grandmother Forman, who had been listening attentively. "I haven't a doubt that the family silver is in there."

"Nonsense!" remarked the Squire. "I never saw or heard of the family silver. If it ever existed, it was melted over or stolen before my time."

"John, you have a very poor memory," said Grandmother Forman, severely. "When we were married and you brought me home, your father said that the silver was in the house in a wooden box, and that he was going to give it to me for a wedding-present. But he never found it, though he searched high and low, from cellar to attic."

"My father was a little bit weak-minded at that time, Maria," the Squire answered, with a peculiar smile. "You forget that he also tried to find the new boots he earned by clearing snow, and the long-tailed coat with brass buttons he wore when he came of age."

At this point Grandmother Forman's compressed lips indicated a storm, so the Squire wisely dropped the subject by suggesting that the boys should go for the mail.

They departed willingly, glad to be by themselves, and on the way to and from the little country post-office they talked of nothing but the secret passage and how it could be laid bare for exploration.

"I don't believe it was filled up," said Dix. "No one would have gone to all that trouble."

"We've got to find it," replied Barry, who was of the same mind. "There may be all sorts of things inside—old guns, and Indian skeletons, and arrow-heads."

"And the family silver," added Dix.

"Yes, if grandmother is right," assented Barry; "and I half believe she is. We won't say anything to grandfather until it's all over. Then he'll be so glad and surprised that he won't think of being angry because we didn't ask permission."

"But how are we going to *do* it?" said Dix. "A noise in the cellar can be heard all over the house."

"We'll begin at the river end first," Barry replied, "and dig into the bank wherever we can find anything like a depression. If that doesn't succeed, we'll try the cellar when there is no one in the house."

"I'd rather start there," said Dix, "for we're sure to find the entrance to the passage by tapping the wall."

"But we may have to wait a week to get into the cellar," argued Barry, "and we can work at the bank any time. You know the trees will hide us from the road."

This bit of logic quite won Dix over, and having thus laid their plans, the boys became impatient to begin operations.

"I think I'll drive to town this afternoon, John," said their grandmother the next morning, "since it's likely to be cool. I need some thread and a web of muslin."

"Then I'll go with you," promptly answered the Squire. "I oughtn't to leave in the harvest-time, but I've got some business that needs attention."

Dix and Barry suddenly lost their appetites, and it was a great relief when the meal was over. It was a much greater relief when they saw the Squire and his wife drive off down the dusty road. They were not likely to return until late in the evening, since to town and back was a distance of twenty miles.

The boys waited half an hour, and by that time the farm hands were all out in the hay-fields, and the cook and milkmaid were feeding the stock—their usual work at this busy season of the year.

A few minutes later Dix and Barry slipped unobserved into the cellar, equipped with hammers, chisels, a lantern, and a spade. There were three compartments under the house, and passing through the two of these which were in use, the boys entered the third cellar by a low archway. It had a musty smell, and extended partly under the porch, toward the river. There was no access for air or light, and the walls were crusted with dirt and cobwebs.

While Dix flashed the lantern around, Barry began to tap the front wall with a hammer, and each stroke rang hard and clear. Finally he reached a central slab about two feet square, and the same distance above the floor, and the moment he struck it a dull hollow sound was heard.

"Hurrah! You've hit it!" exclaimed Dix.

"I believe I have," said Barry, who was trembling with excitement. "Look! the stone is on edge, and not lying flat like the others!"

Placing the lantern on the ground, both lads set to work with hammers and chisels. They found the dried and rotten mortar very pliable, and before long they had excavated all four sides of the slab to the depth of half a foot.

"Hold on; that'll do now," said Barry. He picked up the spade and struck the slab a tremendous blow at the top. Another and another, and then the big block of stone suddenly toppled inward with a dull crash, revealing a square black hole through the thick wall of masonry.

The delighted boys could hardly keep from cheering. It had been an easy victory, and before their eyes was the mouth of the secret passage, inviting them to explore its unknown mysteries.

"Come on!" said Dix, seizing the lantern. "Shall we take the spade?"

"No; it will only be in the way," replied Barry. "Put your chisel in your pocket. I've got mine."

Without a thought of danger they climbed over the fallen slab, through the hole, and dropped down several feet to the floor of the passage, which seemed to be on a level with the cellar.

The lantern light streamed cheerfully into the darkness, shining on the roughened walls of earth and the

jagged roof overhead. Side by side the boys crept eagerly forward, and as they advanced the lantern continued to burn freely, thus proving the absence of foul air.

They had to bend their heads down and stick close together, for the tunnel-like passage was barely four feet wide and little more than that in height.

"Talk about fun!" said Dix. "This beats anything. Hullo! What's that?"

"Only an old shoe," replied Barry. "Look! it's falling to pieces."

"No wonder, when it may be a hundred years old," said Dix. "Come on; we want to find something better than that."

They continued to advance slowly, peering right and left in the flashing rays of the lantern, and seeing nothing but pebbles on the hard-trodden earthy floor.

When they had penetrated some sixty or seventy feet, as nearly as they could judge, a pale bulky object suddenly took shape in the gloom. They dashed eagerly forward, and were thrilled to discover a long narrow boat, shaped like a canoe. It very nearly blocked the passage, and its rotten timbers were falling apart with age.

"This was kept here ready to be dragged into the water," said Dix. "It looks large enough to have held a whole family."

"The end of the passage must be close ahead," replied Barry. "Let's go as far as we can, and then turn back."

The boys crept past the rotting boat, and as they reached its farther end they noticed a heavy prop standing upright in the passage, and wedged between floor and ceiling.

"Don't touch it," said Barry. "If it falls, we'll have a cave-in."

Dix did not heed the warning, for at that instant he placed the lantern on the ground, and made a grab at a small leather-covered box that lay on the floor midway between the prop and the boat.

As he rose to his feet with a shout of triumph, and with the box clasped in his arms, he bumped heavily against the prop, and down it came with a crash.

The frightened boys sprang forward in such frantic haste that they collided with each other, and sprawled headlong. Before they could rise there came a rumble and a jarring stunning crash behind them. Then there were deep silence and darkness. The air seemed to have suddenly grown close and stifling.

The boys rose to their knees, and touched each other with trembling hands.

"Strike a light, quick!" cried Dix. "I forgot to bring the matches."

"And I haven't one," replied Barry, in a hoarse tone, as he ransacked his pockets. "There's been a big fall of dirt and rocks, and the lantern is buried under it. We got out of the way just in time."

"I've got the box, anyhow," said Dix. "It's locked, and I can't open it, but it's heavy enough to have the family silver inside."

"Much good it will do you," muttered Barry. "This is a nice scrape. The worst of it is that we're on the wrong side of the cave-in."

"Can't we climb over it?" suggested Dix, hopefully.

"Wait here till I see," Barry replied. He crept forward in the darkness, and two minutes later he was back at his companion's side.

"No use," he announced, huskily. "The rubbish is piled above the boat higher than I can reach. As soon as we try to dig through there'll be another cave-in."

"Then we are lost," moaned Dix. "We are shut in here forever. I wish we had never meddled with the old passage."

"So do I," agreed Barry. "But it's too late now. Grandfather and the folks won't miss us until to-night, and then they'll search everywhere else first. By the time they find out where we are we'll be suffocated."

"Yes; it's hard to breathe already," replied Dix.

There was an awful silence for a full minute, and then Barry suddenly clapped his companion on the back.

"I've just thought of something," he cried. "We have one chance left, Dix. We must try to dig our way out to the river. It's lucky we brought the chisels along."

Filled with this new hope, the boys crawled forward on hands and knees, and in less than a minute they encountered a sheer wall of earth that was evidently the end of the passage. They attacked it with their chisels, and worked desperately for an hour, heedless of fatigue or the perspiration that streamed down their faces.

By that time they had laid bare a rough surface of stone, and for fully another hour they dug and pried on all sides of it.

It was a joyful moment when Barry's chisel broke through into space and permitted a tiny ray of light to penetrate the darkness.

"Hurrah!" cried Dix. "This stone is what blocks the end of the passage. We've got to shove it away. Take hold, Barry."

The boys threw themselves against the big rock, and pushed and shoved with might and main. At last it started to move, and turned over twice. Through a narrow crevice a blinding light shone into the passage.

Dix ran back for the leather-covered box, and then the happy lads crawled out on the river-bank, panting, breathless, and covered with dirt. Never had the fresh air tasted sweeter, or the sunny blue Juniata looked more entrancing.

It was a half-penitent, half-triumphant story that the Squire and his wife listened to when they returned from town that evening. But as the box actually contained two dozen silver spoons stamped with a big F, and as the boys had already suffered severely for their curiosity, they were let off with a lenient reprimand.

The next day the Squire had the passage closed up at both ends, and Dix and Barry took great satisfaction in helping with the work.

## HOW ST. REGIS LOST HIS NAME AND FOUND IT AGAIN.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THE four or five men who were at work on the deck of the steamship *Dumbarton* were all smiling and making mysterious signs to one another. Something had happened that tickled them very much.

"Did you see it?" one of the men asked, in a low tone. "If you tell me what it is, you can have it."

"It's a real out-an'-outer," another replied. "I never saw a real dude at such close quarters afore."

It was late in a December afternoon, and the British steamship *Dumbarton* lay at her pier in the East River, with all her cargo on board, ready to sail for Porto Rico next morning. She was a tramp steamship, and she had been chartered by the Porto Rico Steamship Company for the season, to run between New York and that Spanish island in the West Indies. Captain Rowland was in his room making out his papers, and the men on deck were giving the ship the last touches to make her ready for sea.

What had happened that had pleased the sailors so much was the coming on board of a very stylishly dressed young man, who had asked for the Captain, and had been shown into the Captain's room. Never before had so stylish a boy set foot on the deck of the *Dumbarton*. He was at that moment seated upon the Captain's sofa, and Captain Rowland was treating him with great politeness, thinking that nothing less than the best cabin in the ship would suit such a distinguished-looking customer.

[illegible] seven-and-[illegible] tall and slender, with bright black eyes and wavy [illegible] appearance would have been rather pleasing if his clothes had not been *quite* so fine, his hat *quite* so stylish, and his hands and face quite so white and delicate. But his clothes were of the very latest fashion, his shoes were of patent leather, the points of his standing collar were turned down till they almost touched his coat in front, and when he took off his gloves, which he did after laying his cane on the sofa beside him, he disclosed a large seal ring on his left hand which shone as brightly as the gold chain that crossed his vest from pocket to pocket.

"I came to see whether I could get something to do on board your ship, Captain," the young man said.

"*You!*" the Captain exclaimed, angrily. He was disgusted to find that he had been using the wrong set of manners; for every sea-captain keeps two sets of manners—one for his cabin passengers, the other for his crew. "*You* get something to do on board ship? Why, you're a—you're nothing but a young dude!"

"Perhaps my clothes make me look like one, but I'm not, sir," the boy replied, blushing. "Don't let them stand in the way, for they're easily changed. I'm ready to do any work I can get."

"Got to get out of the country, have you?" the Captain asked. "I've seen boys of your kind before. What is it this time—embezzlement or only petty larceny?"

"No, sir, nothing of that kind," the boy answered, blushing harder than before. "I am not running away, for I have no occasion to. My uncle, who is also my guardian, would not take the trouble to look for me. He is satisfied as long as I look stylish enough to live in his house. I have a good home there, and everything I need, but I am not satisfied with that kind of a life. It is not my fault that I wear these fancy clothes, for I have to take what is given me. It is time for me to be doing something for myself; but I have never been taught any business, and I must begin at the bottom somewhere. I don't see what can give me something to do, sir."

"What's your name, young man?" the Captain asked.

"Arthur Granville St. Regis, sir," the boy replied.

"Humph!" said the Captain. "Fine name that. Sound well in the fo'castle. Now, Mr. Arthur Granville St.-Regis, you seem to have a grain or two of sense about you, and I'll talk business with you. There's only one place vacant on this ship, that's the cabin-boy's. They've sent me four cabin passengers at the last minute, and I want a boy to wait on them. That means doing dirty work, wearing rough clothes, and drawing $12 a month. If you want that place you can have it, but I give you fair warning that you'll soon have all the dude knocked out of you."

When St.-Regis said that he would take that or anything else that offered, the Captain gave him another warning.

"I suppose you have a heap of book-learning," he said, "but I don't want to hear anything of it here. It's no use on board ship. You're not to know anything but how to do your work. That's all. Be on board at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and leave your fine clothes and your education ashore."

When St.-Regis went on board next morning he was a much finer-looking boy, dressed in a blue flannel shirt, common blue trousers, and canvas shoes.

Until the ship was outside of Sandy Hook the Captain had no time to give to cabin-boys; but when she was steaming down the New Jersey coast he called young St.-Regis into his state-room.

"May as well put him in his place at once," he said to himself, with a half-smile.

"Come in here and shut the door!" he ordered, when St.-Regis appeared. "Do you see that broad crack in the floor? Toe that line and look me in the eye. Now, what's your name?"

It was new to the boy to be ordered about in this way; but he had made up his mind that he would have to stand a great many disagreeable things, and he quickly did as he was told, and repeated his name, "Arthur Granville St.-Regis, sir."

"No, it's not!" the Captain thundered. "We don't have any swells on the *Dumbarton*. While you're aboard this ship your name's Sam. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," the cabin-boy replied.

"And you're the cabin-boy," the Captain went on. "Don't make any mistake about what you're here for. You're to wait on the four passengers and the Captain—make beds, black boots, carry water, do whatever you're told. You're not to know anything but your work. School-learning's no use in a cabin-boy. The more you've studied, the worse cabin-boy you'll be, unless I knock it out of you. I never went to school ten weeks in my life, and I don't want any college professors about me. Now you know your place, get about your work."

From that minute the cabin-boy answered to no name but Sam; it was better suited to his position than his real name, which he had not mentioned to anybody on board but the Captain; and he was not alarmed by Captain Rowland's gruff orders. It was necessary, he knew, for the Captain to be the master, and to treat him like any other cabin-boy. His work was light enough, for the four passengers did not require much attention, being men, and used to making sea-voyages. But what he had to do he did so well that the Captain could find no fault with him.

Being good-natured and ready, "Sam" was soon on good terms with all his shipmates. It was easy for them to see that he had been used to better things; but he made no mention of his past life, put on no airs, and was so ready to wait on any of them that they all agreed that the *Dumbarton* had never had a better cabin-boy.



"DID YOU SEE IT?" ONE OF THE MEN ASKED.

"What a fool you are to go to sea!" the first mate said to him one day. "You spend time and money getting a good education, and then ship for a cabin-boy, where your education's no use to you."

"Oh, you can't tell about that!" Sam good-naturedly replied. "I suppose knowledge might be useful even to a cabin-boy, sometimes."

"Not a bit," the mate retorted; "no more use to you than six fingers."

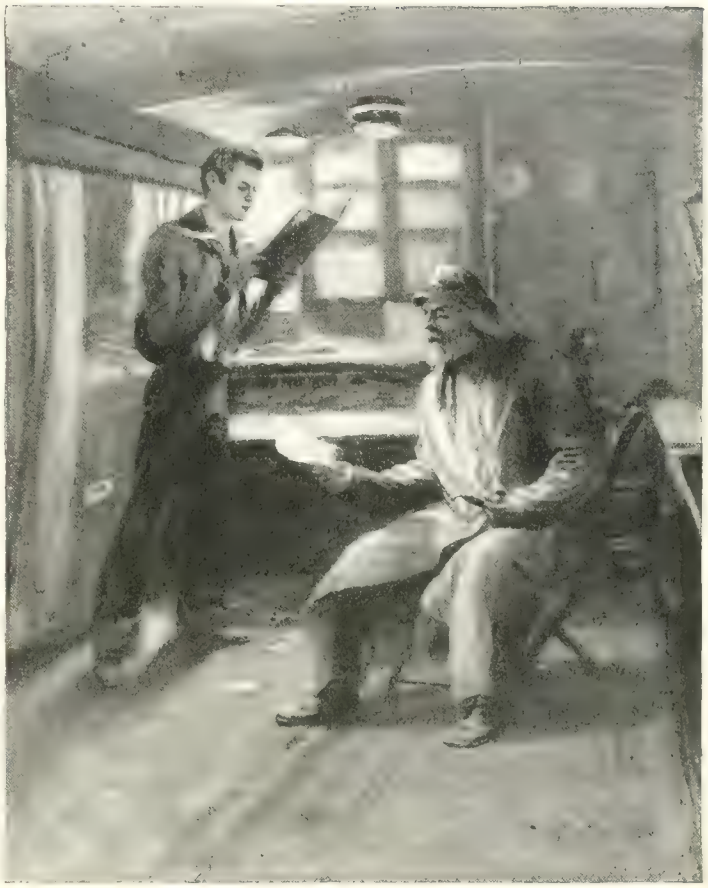
"Well," Sam laughed, "I don't expect to be a cabin-boy always. Maybe what I've learned will come useful some day."

But even Sam had no idea that his "book-learning" and his good manners were to be useful to him so soon. The *Dumbarton* was loaded with cargo for nearly every seaport in Porto Rico. First she was to go to San Juan, the capital, and land her passengers and some of her cargo there; then to Arecibo, twenty-five miles down the coast; then on to Mayaguez, and Ponce, returning to San Juan for her homeward-bound cargo.

On the sixth day, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the mountains of Porto Rico were sighted—dull banks of mist piled up like clouds in the dim distance. By five o'clock they were plainly outlined against the sky, not more than ten miles away.

"You have given us a safe and pleasant voyage, Señor Captain," one of the passengers said at the supper-table. It was the last meal on board, he thought; in two hours more he would be at home in San Juan.

"No voyage is finished till the ship lies in port, señor," the Captain answered, prophetically.



"READ ME OFF THE WORDS TILL I SEE WHAT THEY MEAN."

The Captain left the table when the meal was half finished to go on the bridge, for he was a careful Captain, and his ship was nearing land. There was a storm cloud nearly overhead, and the sky was growing black. With the caution of an old commander he pulled the bell that reduced the engines to half-speed. Having finished their supper, the four passengers joined the Captain and first mate upon the bridge.

"There you are!" Sam heard the Captain say to one of the passengers. "There is San Juan in that hollow between the two mountains. Do you see the castle, there on the left? There are the two light-houses, on the right and left of the harbor mouth."

"How far are we from shore, Captain?" the passenger asked.

"About four miles, I should say," the Captain answered. "In an hour more you will be at home."

At that moment the storm burst upon them—a real tropical storm, black, sudden, and alarming. Rain poured down in torrents, the sky was black as night, thunder rolled amid the mountain peaks, lightning played about the iron masts, a hurricane of wind howled through the rigging.

Sam had never seen a tropical storm before, and he was appalled by its fury. Standing on the main-deck near the companionway, almost beneath the bridge, he sheltered himself as well as he could, and held fast.

Suddenly he felt a grating, grinding beneath the ship's bottom, and the vessel stopped with a shock. In an instant he knew that she was on the rocks! The quiet deck was all confusion; bells rang; hurried orders were shouted; the increasing waves picked the vessel up boldly, and let her drop again upon the rocks—thump, thump, thump!

"Heave the lead!" he heard ordered; and a moment later the first mate was telling the passengers to go below, as the iron masts might thump out of her at any minute, and crush everything when they fell. There was nothing for a cabin-boy to do but keep out of the way; and Sam crouched in a sheltered corner and watched.

It was all a mystery how the ship could have struck, running into a broad deep harbor, until the Captain shouted to the first officer:

"We've made the wrong port, Mr. Trumble. This is not San Juan; this is Arecibo, and we're on the White Bone Reef!"

On the dangerous White Bone Reef, where the ribs of many a lost vessel lay! Still the ship thumped, as though she must go to pieces. While Sam watched, great fires sprang up along the shore, and one up in the neighboring hills. The ship's agents on shore, seeing her standing in for a harbor where there is no harbor (for Arecibo has only a roadstead), had hastened to warn her off by signal-fires, but they came too late. On the beach, not more than a mile away, hundreds of people could be seen gathered about the fires, waiting to see the ship go to pieces.

All the usual measures for floating a stranded ship were hastily taken. Boats were lowered, soundings were taken fore and aft and amidships, and anchors were got out astern, with their cables put on the steam-winches. Once she started, but brought up with a crash; her stern had bumped into the ribs of an old wreck, and they could feel the propeller give way; it seemed as though her whole stern had been crushed in.

Still she floated aft, for the reef was under her middle. The anchors were carried astern again, and this time she cleared the reef. Once more she was afloat, and the engines were backed and backed till she was well out to sea.

What damage had been done the *Dumbarton* no one could tell till she reached port. By sounding the wells it was found that she was not taking in more water than could easily be pumped out. The propeller was undoubt-

[illegible] to learn [illegible] badly [illegible] to give [illegible] and the Captain determined to steam [illegible] the coast toward San Juan, which he hoped [illegible]

[illegible] the immediate danger was over, Captain Rowland was in a great state of excitement. Calling Sam to his state-room to find the cable code book, he locked the door to keep every one else out, and began to [illegible] an empty pipe, forgetting to fill it.

"A pretty day's work!" he exclaimed to himself. "Must have been the refraction, to fool me like that. But it may cost me my master's certificate, stranding this ship. It means six months' suspension, at the least."

The Captain had forgotten to send Sam out of the room, and Sam could not help hearing what he said.

"Perhaps *I* could be of some use to you, Captain," he said.

"You don't know what it means to strand a ship, boy," the Captain burst out, glad to have some one to talk to. "The fuss only begins when you get her off. When we reach San Juan I have to send a cipher cablegram to my owners, saying that I've been aground. Then I have to report to the British consul, as she's a British ship, and ask him to appoint a board of survey. He appoints three shipmasters, and they make their survey and report. They can do just as they like with us. I think we're able to proceed on our voyage, but if they say go into dry dock, we've got to do it. The nearest dry dock is in St. Thomas, and that means sending to Liverpool for a new propeller, which will take a month or two, and cost us a pretty sum. Everything depends upon keeping on the right side of the board of survey. You don't think you can get me out of *that* scrape, do you?"

"I think I could prepare the cipher telegram for you, sir, at any rate, if you tell me what you want to say."

"I want to say that I stranded on a rocky bottom at Arecibo, was aground thirty minutes, damage unknown; proceeded to San Juan, and requested a board of survey," the Captain growled.

Sam began to study the code-book, and soon found that he could say all these things in very few words, for such emergencies are provided for in the cable code. In less than ten minutes he had this despatch ready:

"Agreed Arecibo donate flash dared San Juan builder."

"Humph!" said the Captain, when he looked at it. "Sounds well. Read me off the words till I see what they mean."

Sam read out of the code-book: "'Agreed'—stranded on rocky bottom at, 'donate,'—aground thirty minutes, 'flash,' damage unknown; 'dared' proceeded to; 'builder'—requested board of survey."

The Captain was pleased to have the troublesome despatch prepared for him, but he only said: "Very good. Now get out till I call you. I've got to struggle with that miserable board of survey yet."

It was not till late in the night that Sam was recalled to the Captain's room.

"Sit down there, young man," the Captain ordered, much to Sam's surprise. Indeed, it was astonishing to see how friendly the Captain's manner had become. "I've got a notion you can help me out with the board of survey, after the way you wrote the cipher despatch; and if you can, it won't do you any harm."

"I'm sure I hope I can, sir," Sam replied.

"Yes; but this time you must do more than I tell you," said the Captain. "You must use your own brains. I don't mind telling you that my own fate depends very much on the report of that board of survey. If they send me to St. Thomas, I'll lose my certificate for a year, sure. But I think you can help me out of the scrape. The board will all be masters of vessels, and shipmasters are not very good writers. I'll manage to let them know that you are, and they'll ask you to act as clerk, to write out the report. You can put on your good clothes, so they'll think you're a cabin passenger. You must know just what I want in the report, and when they hesitate and don't know what to say, you must suggest things. I've seen such boards before. The chief thing I want is a report that the ship is seaworthy and fit to continue her voyage. You're a smart boy. Do you think you're smart enough for that?"

Sam was sure of it, and he spent a great part of the night with the Captain concocting such a report as the Captain wanted the board to make. Next day, when the ship lay in San Juan, he was with the Captain so much that the crew began to call him the assistant Captain.

When the board of survey came and heard what the Captain had to say, and looked carelessly over the ship, and had the engines turned, it was Sam who was asked to write out the report. It was Sam who suggested such phrases as, "We find the ship seaworthy, and able to proceed on her voyage"; "no material damage to the hull"; "three blades of the propeller gone, but motive power still sufficient." It was Sam who politely handed the report to the board for them to sign, and who made out the duplicate copy for the British consul.

The board of survey had no sooner gone ashore than Captain Rowland called Sam into his room. "What's your name, sir?" the Captain asked, gruffly enough, but he was smiling.

"Sam, sir," the cabin-boy replied, wondering.

"No, it's not," the Captain retorted. "Your name's Arthur Granville St.-Regis, with a Mister before it. You're the purser of the *Dumbarton*, for I'm not going to sail this ship any longer without a purser. You did that work well, my lad, and deserve all I can do for you. Book-learning *is* some use, after all, even on board ship. I'll always have a dude for a cabin-boy after this."

"Thank you, sir," the new purser said.

"Get out about your business," growled the Captain. "Hold on, Mr. St.-Regis," he added; "you can keep on your Fifth Avenue clothes now, if you like."

# AROUND CAPE HORN IN '49.

## A Trip to the California Gold Fields.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

### CHAPTER III.

### CAPE HORN TO VALPARAISO.

"WHAT is it?" cried those in the rear, pushing and struggling. "Is the ship on fire?"

Upon the masts and yard-arms were perched a number of luminous balls, giving the ship the appearance of being illuminated, and throwing the high waves in strange relief. Every one stared about them in wonder and amazement, their fears and terror giving way to admiration at the beautiful sight.

"St. Elmo's lights!" cried the Captain, coming up to the passengers, "and that means, thank Heaven, that the worst of the storm is over. I never passed such a night in my life before, and I hope I'll never repeat it."

"Will the wind go down now?" asked Rob.

The Captain nodded. "I never knew these signs to fail," he answered.

The lights slowly faded from sight, and the passengers returned with stouter hearts to sleep as best they could, and in the morning the storm had much abated. In addition to drenching the cabin the waves had been so strong as to tear the binnacle from its fastenings and wash it overboard.

But the cape had not been doubled, and for several days a succession of gales and heavy storms drove the *Gray Eagle* out of her course as far south as 58° 05′. The winds were cold, snow and hail fell, and every one brought out his winter clothes again.

"Well," remarked Rob one day, "we've had every kind of weather there is now—from tropic to antarctic—and I'll be glad to get something settled. We're having all the seasons crowded into a few weeks."

Finally the dangerous passage was accomplished, and the *Gray Eagle* entered the waters of the Pacific. On Friday, the 23d of March, another cape was seen in the distance over the lee bow, from which, according to the Captain's reckoning, they were eighty miles distant. A few days later the region of storms was left behind, and the ship was in peaceful waters under a light breeze.

"Look there," cried Rob, on the last day of March; "those clouds over there, looking like a thunder-storm, are neither clouds nor storm, but the Andes. Do you realize that they are the Andes, my boy, and we can't get near enough to them to take a walk on dry land? It makes one feel like howling."

"Don't," laughed Dick. "Can't you wait; a few days more won't make any difference; keep your howlings and your temper."

"They'll be sure to break loose if this thing keeps up much longer, though," retorted Rob.

The 1st of April brought a light wind, and at twelve o'clock on Monday night, being the 2d, the light-house outside the harbor of Valparaiso was seen. All hands were on deck, and gave a cry of delight as it came into view.

"How soon will we get ashore?" was the general question; and the Captain, laughing at the eagerness displayed, replied, "Well, we'll lay-to here to-night, and make the harbor early in the morning."

There were no wharves at Valparaiso, save one long pier built upon piles, which they called a "mole." This was where the whale-boats landed their passengers, while all the vessels were unloaded in the bay by means of lighters.

"Whew!" cried Dick, as he sprang upon the mole and stretched his legs, "it's fine to get ashore again."

"Yes," returned Rob; "but just at present it seems as unsteady as the ship. I understand what sea-legs are now. Mine want to steer in opposite directions."

The passengers went in a body to a hotel called the Star, which was kept by a typical Yankee landlord by the name of Jones.

"How soon can we have dinner?" was the general chorus as soon as they reached the hotel, and in view of the large party the meal was hurried. Before long thirty-six hungry men sat down at a large table, whereon was displayed a veritable feast.

"Dick," whispered Rob, as they took their seats, "am I alive and awake? Apples, peaches, pears, grapes, melons, fresh vegetables—everything!" he added, joyfully.

"Oh, go ahead and eat," retorted Dick, with his plate already full. "You're wasting valuable time."

Dish after dish was emptied by the hungry crowd, and emptied again as soon as replenished.

The two friends started out the next day determined to make the most of their stay ashore. It was very strange for the two country-bred boys to find themselves in a foreign city, so utterly unlike anything they had ever seen. But after their long voyage they found it not so odd as they had anticipated, for by that time it seemed almost as if they had always lived at sea.

The city of Valparaiso at that time held about fifty thousand inhabitants, and was mainly built upon the three hills noticed from the harbor, running down to the water. Two streets at the foot of the hills constituted the principal business part of the town, whereon were built many fine warehouses. The bulk of the business was done by Yankees and Englishmen.

The two climbed the hills, and looking down the narrow ravines or hollows between saw countless settlements of mud huts.

"Whew!" said Dick, "I guess here is where the population is made up. I didn't believe the town contained as many people as it was said to. And look at those horrid little mule paths; not a street to be seen, and *such* dirt."

That evening the American consul at Valparaiso dined with the party at the Star. He was chiefly engaged in relating tales of the gold fields, and his audience was very attentive.

The stay in Valparaiso was limited to four days, and then the passengers returned to the *Gray Eagle*. They carried with them fruits of all sorts, and one man brought a dog along, thinking that he might be useful as a watch-dog at the mines. Once more everything was ready, and the anchor about to be hoisted, when a police-boat appeared, bringing out four sailors who had deserted the ship and tried to hide in the hills. But the Captain had notified the officials of their escape, and in a few hours after the men had all been caught and locked up in the calaboose for safe keeping until the hour of sailing. They were a decidedly disgusted lot. Then the capstan creaked, anchor was raised, and the *Gray Eagle* sailed out of the harbor.

The first week after leaving Valparaiso the *Gray Eagle* made a run of twelve hundred and eighty miles.

After the fare they had enjoyed on shore the meals served aboardship seemed terrible to the passengers, but they were an improvement over the early part of the voyage. The "Doctor" made plum pie and chocolate at times, but each man was limited to a small piece of pie and one cup of chocolate, and men who preferred pie or chocolate exchanged one for the other among themselves. The ship ran into several calm spells after leaving the line, but on the 1st of May the northeast trade-winds were met, and a nine-knot breeze hurried them on.

The wind still held, and the monotony continued for a few days, when suddenly the passengers were startled by the pitiful howling of Toby, the dog, who shipped at Valparaiso. The weather was very hot, and the poor creature ran up and down the deck until he fell in a fit. One of the men caught him by the throat, while another, who had experience in that line, cut his ears in order to bleed him, and in that way bring relief. But the effort was useless. When released he ran about foaming at the mouth and snapping at everything he saw, while every man got out of his way as quickly as possible. The dog was plainly mad, and a bullet finally ended his life, and poor Toby's body was dropped overboard. This added to the general melancholy, and Dick remarked that if the men were really as heavy as they looked they would sink the ship.

On May 8th they were 800 miles from port, and having made 950 miles during four days of the previous week, everybody wished that it would blow great guns.

"Well," said Dick, as he and Rob sought in vain to pass the time rapidly, "I'll advise any one to go to Greenland to spend a pleasant winter before I suggest they take a trip around Cape Horn."

Ten days later all cares and troubles were forgotten, melancholy fled, and the wildest joy reigned. The *Gray Eagle* was in sight of the Golden Gate! having made the voyage in one hundred and twenty days, including stoppages, but in reality having accomplished it in one hundred and thirteen sailing days. She was the first American ship in port after the outbreak of the gold fever, and made the fastest trip ever known before. The ship passed the old *adobe* fort on the highlands overlooking the narrows, and a cry of delight went up. Four miles further, and rounding a hill, they came within sight of the city



THE "GRAY EAGLE" ENTERING THE GOLDEN GATE.

of San Francisco. Nearly fifty vessels lay at anchor in the bay, apparently deserted by their crews. Three or four hundred houses and tents covered a space of about 600 acres. The ground sloped back from the water for about a mile, and was hemmed in by hills and bluffs. The descent of the beach was very gradual, and no wharves or piers had then been built.

"Every man for himself now," cried one of the passengers. "He'll have to do his own work altogether. No one to hire!"

"Hope we'll find that every man has left town," cried another, "and that will mean there's lots of gold beyond."

"Pshaw!" was the exclamation of a third; "there are some fellows digging a street on the side of the hill. Would they do that if there was gold to be dug?"

A sudden silence and awful depression fell upon the crowd; was it all a farce? Then a waterman was seen coming out in a whale-boat, and they watched him draw near with beating hearts. Twenty-five cents had been charged in Valparaiso for carrying them ashore, and a comparison of prices would settle the question at once.

Leaping upon the bulwarks as the boat drew near, Dick shouted to the man in the stern, "What do you charge for taking passengers ashore?"

Every one waited breathlessly for the answer.

"Two dollars," came the reply; "or I'll take a lot of you for a dollar and a half apiece."

"What do your oarsmen get a day?" asked Dick again.

"Eight dollars," said the man; "and it's mighty few as works for that seeing how the mines is going, and lots o' gold to be had for the digging."

"Hurrah!" yelled Dick, jumping down from the bulwarks; "*that* settles it. Gold! gold!"

"Gold! gold!" howled the men on board, yelling at the top of their lungs, throwing hats and coats into the air, dancing about like so many madmen, and hugging one another in the ecstasy of their joy—"gold! gold!"

Three of the men went ashore to receive confirmation of the news, and came back with beaming faces. It was all true—not a dream, after all. Gold was to be had in abundance, and there was very little sleep indulged in that night—their last one on the *Gray Eagle*.

Dick and Rob, with eight others whom they liked, made up a party to camp together on shore, and the next morning they left the ship. Some attended to the landing of the baggage that was not in the hold, others went into the woods and cut their tent-poles, and by night they were settled. They pitched their tents in Happy Valley, half a mile above San Francisco, on the beach, under the name of Camp Fairmount. There was only one pot (which they had bought in Valparaiso and stowed in their bunks) with which to do the cooking, all other utensils being still in the hold of the *Gray Eagle*. But the happy ten were undaunted. They made some chocolate, cooked some veal which had been purchased in the town, and also had fresh bread.

"Best supper since I left home," cried Bob, with enthusiasm; and although they had only four tin pans for the lot to eat from, and one knife, every one agreed with him.

And after supper the crowd could do nothing but dance about the camp-fire like so many Indians until they were exhausted and ready to sleep. The peeping of the frogs ("Good old fellows, like those at home," murmured Rob, only half awake) put them to sleep, and their chorus seemed to the adventurers to be "Gold, gold, gold."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER IX.

IS it any wonder that the old lady screamed when, waking suddenly, she saw poor Noute sitting at the foot of the steps, a half-dozen feet away, blinking and grinning? Is it any wonder that, seeing him, she seized Babette and held her tightly in her arms? Noute was not beautiful nor was he prepossessing.

The doctor, hearing madame scream, ran out in alarm, fearing that something terrible had happened, and when he saw what had taken place he was startled and puzzled.

Intelligent communication with this uncanny-looking half-idiot seemed impossible. After thinking over the matter for a few moments, during which time Noute's blinking eyes moved eagerly from one face to another of the three above him, the doctor decided that he must go.

Going to him, he took his bundle from the step and pointed to the gate. Seeing that this had no effect, he moved towards the gate with the parcel; but at this Noute only fixed his eyes upon Babette with an expression of helpless appeal that was pitiful.

Evidently, if he were to go, his orders must come from the youngest person present. Noticing this, the doctor took Babette by the hand and bade her make him understand that he must go; but instead of obeying, she threw herself into the old doctor's arms and began to cry, begging that Noute might stay. For a second time she was his champion.

Seeing her distress, the doctor sat down and drew her upon his lap, while he tried to reason with her. But with her arms half the time around his neck she told, between sobs, the pitiful story of Noute's life—as it came back to her, seeing him sitting there before her; of how Nick kicked and beat him; how, rain or shine, cold or warm, he slept in the old boat; how he worked and fished, and made her pretty things, and never hurt anybody. He couldn't help being ugly, and blinking: God made him that way.

How could they resist her? After a short whispered consultation they decided that perhaps it was best to let events take their own course in all things concerning the child. Excepting for their fears, this would have been the easiest thing to do, anyway. They were naturally kind to the poor and unfortunate. It was always easier to say *yes* than *no*.

And so Noute stayed. Uncle Tom was called and instructed to give him—at least for the present—a room in an outer building in the yard.

The old negro scratched his head, and looked very doubtful and suspicious when he saw the remarkable individual whom he was to instate as his own near neighbor; but hobbling off, he soon returned with a big iron key, signifying his readiness to obey.

When he finally started across the yard, Babette motioned to Noute to follow; and, eager to see him installed, she skipped along at his side, while the doctor and his wife, with a nervous fear that the weird creature might seize the child and mysteriously disappear, followed slowly behind.



NOUTE MADE DOLL-HOUSES FOR BABETTE.

commotion, had also come out to
then the other of her clean hands upon her apron as she
way she had of expressing her disapproval of
Uncle Tom opened the door and put Noute's
bundle in the room and pointed to the bed, the poor
creature seemed, for a few moments, to lose all control of
in excess of joy.

He skipped up and down the yard, threw up his hat and caught it, turned several somersaults, and finally, panting and fanning himself with his hat, took his seat for the first time in his poor life, on his own doorstep.

Whether he regarded it as his room, his bed, his home—a home at the foot of the throne, upon which sat a white divinity, Babette—And so they left him sole, panting, basking, and fanning—as happy as a lord.

When they returned to the house the doctor went into his study, and for several hours he could be heard slowly walking up and down the length of the room. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he was lost in thought.

Babette, remembering the little bundle Noute had brought her, ran back to the front porch, madame following. And these are the things the bundle contained: a little embroidered muslin dress, time-worn and yellow; a pair of blue kid slippers and silk stockings wrapped in a blue cashmere cloak; and a long blue silken cord with heavy tassels. Tied in a separate parcel within the blue cloak was a red cotton kerchief filled with trinkets—a lot of pebbles and pretty shells, a tiny wooden boat, and various pieces of doll-furniture.

These things Babette recognized as her playthings of the beach. Noute had made them for her. But of the clothing she knew only a very little.

She had seen the bundle tucked into a niche above the rafters in Nick's house, and "granny" had told her that they were her "christening clothes," and some day she would wear them, when they would go to the city in a boat.

When they came to the city she was sick, and granny was in a hurry. Maybe she forgot to bring them? This was all she knew. Did Tantine know any more? Did her own mother make the christening dress, or did Tantine make it? Why did they send her to live with granny?

These were questions hard to answer, but madame knew not whether they were hard or easy. She scarcely heard them. She seemed to be in a dream. It was all so strange. Here were new items—even a new name—"granny." She was, no doubt, the old woman who had deserted the sick child—was her "grandmother," just as they had suspected.

Every word had fallen like lead upon the old lady's heart, and as she turned the dainty garments over and over on her lap with trembling fingers tears blinded her eyes.

"Why do you cry, Tantine? Do my christening clothes make you think of my mother or of your little girl Marie? Don't cry, Tantine. Let us put them away." So, smothering her old face with kisses, Babette comforted madame in the best way she knew.

The bundle of clothing told a new story. Unless the child had been the *protégée* of some rich woman who had given her these garments, she was herself of refined people, as every feature and instinct had already declared. Rich people do not often give such garments as these to the poor. It was a great mystery.

The old couple sat up very late that night, talking over Noute's coming; but the wife did not tell her husband about the mysterious clothing. She was afraid.

During the first few days after Noute's arrival Babette prattled often of the past, but her words gave no clew to her history. There were "pebbles," "shells," "a boat." There must have been a sea-shore—but where?

Noute the foolish, the dumb, coming as a representative of her people, instead of answering any of their questions, seemed like a grotesque interrogation point, punctuating every mental query with a final doubt. And yet, try as hard as they might, they could not be quite sorry he was mute. It was as if a suddenly discovered door, through which Babette might escape, had been found safely locked and barred.

The child occasionally spoke of strange children, but their Italian names, while they confirmed first suspicions, really told as little as those she had called before—granny, Nick, or Noute.

Noute had appeared in the flesh, it is true, but he could not even speak for himself, much less could he unfold Babette's strange story—or even such bits of it as he knew.

There was no name on the clothing. Of course, madame never thought of anything so absurd as looking inside the blue tassels.

Noute proved all Babette had promised for him—he was industrious, obedient, and obliging. When Uncle Tom handed him a broom—and the old man presented it at arm's-length—he nearly swept the ground away. There were no more leaves for the old rheumatic to pick up. After being shown once how to do any simple mechanical work, Noute needed no further teaching—no reminding.

Seeing how capable he was, Uncle Tom began to recover some of his old ambitions regarding the old garden. The box-hedge bordering many of its curiously shaped flower-beds had grown disorderly and irregular. He easily showed Noute, by clipping it for a short distance himself, how to restore it to its old primness of outline, and soon every border within the square presented a surface as level as a table.

The cocoa-grass, that had for years held undisputed sway in the interstices between the bricks of the winding walks, defining the design in which they were laid in a bright green bobbinet figure stretched diagonally, was the next object of Noute's attention; and then the bricks themselves came in for a peeling process. Whether coated in moss or lichen or velvet mould, it was all one to the keen edge of Noute's trowel. But full joy came with the laying on of the red wash. Not a brick within the four streets dared show a bearded face but with one swoop of his razor-edged tool it was clean shaven, while a sweeping touch of the brush restored its blooming color.

It was not long before Noute was generally acknowledged to be a most valuable acquisition. Capable in many ways, he was ever willing. There was only one thing that he would not do. He would not leave the yard. When directed on one occasion to go out on a simple errand, he sat flat upon the ground and refused to move.

Perhaps he dimly realized that the iron gate was the visible boundary between his present life of comparative luxury and the former one of privation and abuse. And then Babette was within these walls—Babette who had fought for him on the beach, who had pleaded for him with tears at the big gate, the sweet child Babette—all he loved in the whole wide world. Maybe if he should ever go out, the gate would be locked.

Whenever there was no special duty in sight and he was tired cutting cocoa-grass—for no one who undertakes to keep down the aspiring heads of a cocoa-crop can ever say he has nothing to do—he rested himself by such change of occupation as he found in making pretty things for Babette.

There were soon little rustic seats under many of the trees for her, swings wherever a projecting limb offered

a suggestion, while the great spreading oak that cast its shade over a broad space within one corner of the square held in its bosom a perfect *bijou* of doll-houses. A narrow stair, rudely made but strong, wound around its trunk, leading to a room above, in which, besides many expensive toys, were various articles of doll-furniture of Noute's making. Within the one small door of this play-house, surrounded by her numerous doll-family, Babette would sit in her little rocker, singing some preferred baby to sleep.

The doctor's hammock hung from the oak at the foot of the winding stair, and often in the summer afternoons, while languidly swinging, he would close his book or lay aside his paper, and enter into a game of "playing ladies" with the little house-keeper above his head. Conversations would generally begin in about this fashion. Of course they were always in French, though occasionally Babette's answers were interspersed with English words of very mixed accent.

"Isn't it getting too cold for you, Mrs. Highflyer, so far north?" the doctor would begin.

"Not at all, doctor; but it makes my children very sick."

"That is too bad; you'd better bring them south, and let me treat them."

"Well, I think I will bring a few who have the worst sicknesses." And down the little doll-mother would trudge, her arms full of sick babies.

If the little *maman* wanted medicine given in abundance, she was not disappointed. The doctor would send her over to "Dr. Indian Shot's drug-store" for pills for the rag-baby, who had measles, and away she would go, and bend down the tall dry seed-pods of the canna stalks for the pills which "Dr. Indian Shot" always kept in stock.

Of course the rag-baby would be bad, and have to be spanked before she would swallow them. Dolls usually have to be spanked before they will take any medicine, and especially rag-dolls, who have no noses to be held.

The wax doll was often pronounced in a "dangerous condition," rolling her eyes as if she were "going into fits." She must have mustard-plasters—tiger-lily petals—tied on wrists and ankles.

Another, who was "bilious," needed a capsule of rhubarb—a whole acorn; while yet another, deathly pale, with the paint all washed off her face, needed nourishing. Fresh milk from the fig-leaves—exactly an acorn-cupful every fifteen minutes—would bring back the color to her cheeks. The black baby who bled sawdust had to be bandaged, and indeed there was, according to all accounts, not a healthy doll in the lot.

Happy days were these for Babette; happy days for the old doctor; happy, happy days for all who loved the sweet child.

The doctor indeed loved her as if she had always been his own; and when his wife taught her that she was, in truth, their veritable niece, and that they had sent her to the sea-shore for a time so that she might grow strong, he had not the heart to interfere. So Babette, or *Bébée*, as she was always called, lived on, happy in the unquestioning belief that she was a real niece of her dearly beloved "aunt" and "uncle."

It is a pity when devotion is so short-sighted as to place those we love best in a false position; and yet these awful mistakes are made every day in this mistake-making world, with so much suffering and pain as a result.

Of course it became known in the neighborhood after a time that a child had come into the great still house; and when some one said it was a niece, another answered: "Oh no, not a niece—a great-niece, maybe. They have many relations, but for twenty years they have not seen one. For a whole year—yes, two year—carriages come an' stop at the door; but madame she see nobody. So they come no more. Now, maybe one of doze niece or cousin is die an' leave a child, and dey take it, or maybe one orphan asylum give it; but I b'lieve not. Doze Bondurante don't wait twenty year to pick a orphan when dey want one. No; dat chile she is got good blood. You can see dat on 'er face. She is Bondurante—on'y not a niece—maybe a great-niece; but it's all de same. An' it's a good t'ing, yas."

A number of nodding heads showed approval of the speaker's sentiments.

It was a good thing that the doors of the great house were opened and sunshine had flowed in.

And so curiosity was satisfied. No one beyond the walls knew any of the real circumstances of Babette's coming, excepting the old gypsy. And she would never tell.

As a matter of fact, the Bondurantes' only near of kin were a sister of the doctor and her family living in France.

If any of their distant connections, of whom there were many, heard of their adopting a child, they would take little interest in the fact. They had been denied admittance as comforters. They would not go to congratulate.

The true story, so far as the family themselves knew, was pretty safe.

When madame said, "She is our niece," Clarisse would have sworn to it.

It may seem strange that they did not associate this child with the little one stolen several years before; but yet there was every reason why they should not have done so. Had not they, with their own eyes, seen her deserted by her own grandmother?

The only possible suggestion of the little Le Charmant child was the description of the clothing, which madame had put out of sight and mind as quickly as possible, not because of any definite suspicion, but for their definite hint that there might be a mystery back of her desertion.

The loss of the Le Charmant child had made no more impression upon her sad heart than any of the ordinary heart-rending stories of the daily paper in its children's death-list.

And now, having taken a strange child into her affections, she naturally put from her all disturbing thoughts, and came back to the unquestioning joy of loving, which was as wine to her starved heart.

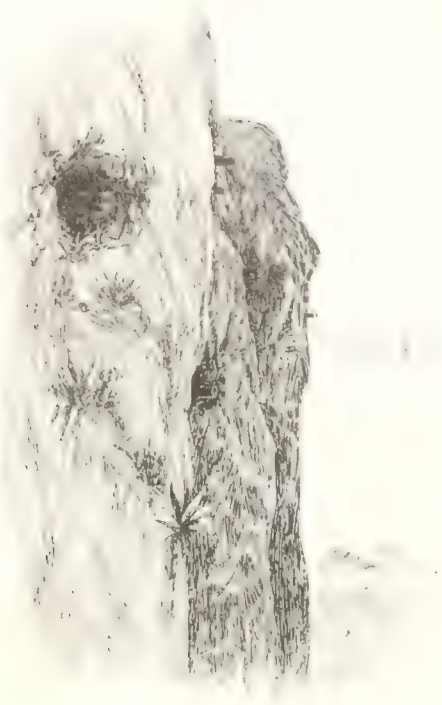
How little or how much Noute knew no one could surmise. Poor Noute was a strange mixture. Some things he knew in a detached way, while simple facts, seeming quite a part of these things, found no lodging in his mind. Perhaps he had never gotten so far along in thinking as to need the word because. If he saw light and shadow, they were to him only dark and light, not one existing because of the other. And yet he evidently knew some things that surprise us. He knew that the child brought to the boat on Mardi-gras night had worn clothing that was laid aside. He knew where it was kept, and had stolen it and brought it back. Exactly how much more he knew, maybe some day he might tell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE GREATEST FORTRESS IN THE WORLD.

BY PAUL HULL.

WHEN the great Moorish soldier Tarik ibn Zeyad invaded Spain with twelve thousand men in the year of our Lord 710, he landed his fierce warriors at a place to which he gave the name of Gebel Tarik (meaning Mountain of Tarik), and which in later times became corrupted into that of Gibraltar. Before proceeding to the conquest of the country before him, Tarik fortified Gibraltar and left a garrison there.



FULL-SIZE FIRE-HOLE OF A GUN PLIES 104

The first recorded siege of this wonderful fortress occurred in the year 1309, when it was captured by the brave Alonzo Perez de Guzman, serving under Ferdinand IV. of Spain, and held by him successfully against the intrepid Ismail ben Ferez, who sought to recapture it in 1315. In 1333, however, while garrisoned by General Vasco Paez de Meira, an indolent and pleasure-loving soldier, the rock was besieged by Mahomet IV., and after the Spaniards' stock of provisions was entirely consumed, the fortress was surrendered.

Alfonso's first determined and heroic efforts in 1344 to regain possession were of no avail, and in 1349 he again invested it, having sworn to take Gibraltar or to lose his life in the attempt. He died of the plague during this unsuccessful siege.

In another assault upon this rocky fastness, commanded by the Spanish Count Enrico de Guzman, the besiegers were almost annihilated; but in the year 1462, after a frightful struggle, Alonzo de Arcos planted the flag of Spain upon its summit, and once again it passed under Christian rule.

In 1469 the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had contributed to its capture while serving under Arcos a few years before, was made Governor of Gibraltar by King Henry IV. of Spain, and granted the right of having his sons and heirs succeed him in its control. Ferdinand and Isabella conferred additional honor upon the family of Sidonia by creating the second duke Marquis of Gibraltar.

The possession of this stronghold was preserved by the Sidonias until 1501, when it was forcibly taken possession of by order of the King of Spain, and was once more included within the territory of that country. Five years later Don Juan, the third Duke of Gibraltar, made a bold but unsuccessful effort to regain the domain of his fathers. After this the rock appears to have been unmolested until about 1540, when the Algerian pirates in great numbers sought to recover it for Mahomet, but were repulsed with awful slaughter.

The Spaniards devoted the following ten years to strengthening the place under the direction of their [illegible] engineers, expending enormous sums of money for the [illegible] and upon the conclusion of their labors all Europe regarded the fortress as impregnable.

For one hundred and fifty years Spain remained in undisputed control of Gibraltar, but in the year 1704 the English Admiral Rooke surprised and captured it, and occupied it in great strength. Having passed under the control of England, Gibraltar was further strengthened, and was provisioned beyond the possibility of need, even though its garrison should be called upon to withstand an uninterrupted siege of several years. From this time on the Spaniards made repeated attempts to recapture the fortress, but were defeated in every encounter.

And so the years passed on, finding the flag of Britain waving defiantly from the rocky pinnacle.

One final siege Gibraltar was to experience, however, and this was sought to be made so overwhelming in point of numbers, resources, and science, that the defeat of the English was confidently predicted by her enemies and by Europe in general.

In 1779 the combined French and Spanish land and sea forces besieged Gibraltar, closely investing the place until September 13, 1782, when the most memorable attack that history records was made upon it.

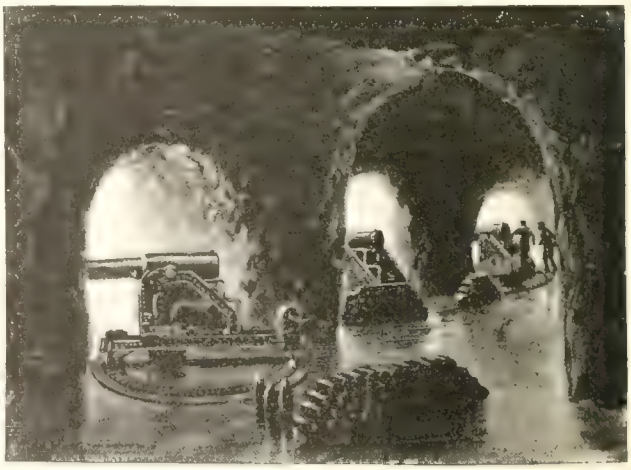
Forty-six line-of-battle ships, three hundred gun and mortar boats, together with a great fleet of specially constructed armored floating-batteries encircled the rock, and daily hurled thousands of tons of iron against its scraggy sides.

This frightful assault was maintained and successfully resisted for several months, and it was not until 1783, when peace was declared, that the siege was raised, and the English left masters of the place that they had defended without cessation for four weary years.

Thus for nearly two hundred years the red cross of St. George from its lofty perch has caught the last rays of the sinking sun, and it is likely that the same flag will fly at this flagstaff for many a year to come, for the fortress is as near impregnable as anything well can be.

Gibraltar is two and a half miles in length, and varies in width from a quarter to two-thirds of a mile. It is a peninsular headland projecting due south from the mainland of Spain, and is washed on its eastern side by the waters of the Mediterranean, and on the west by the Bay of Algeciras. On the southern side is the Strait of Gibraltar, which connects the Atlantic Ocean with the Mediterranean Sea. The promontory rises quite abruptly from the low isthmus which leads to the mainland and reaches a height of 1400 feet, or more than a quarter of a mile above the sea-level.

It has three distinct summits, known respectively as



ONE OF THE GALLERIES HEWN OUT OF SOLID ROCK.

the Wolf's Crag, Middle Hill, and Sugar Loaf Hill. From this last, or southern peak, the rock descends abruptly to quite an extensive table-land situated 400 feet above the water, and known as the Windmill Plateau. Next the land slopes another hundred feet, then sinks sharply about two hundred feet, to what is called the European Plateau, which, also sloping seaward, terminates in a cliff overlooking the Strait of Gibraltar from a height of fifty feet.

On the eastern side the promontory is as precipitous and inaccessible as on its northern front, but from the west the ascent is comparatively gradual, although broken here and there by cliffs and ravines. It is at the foot of the hills on the western side that the town of Gibraltar is situated. The original settlement was built in the fourteenth century, but scarcely a remnant of it is to be found to-day, for it was pillaged and destroyed by Mahomet IV., in 1333. Having been rebuilt, it was again completely levelled during the great siege of 1779–82. In the end of the eighteenth century it was once more rebuilt on a greatly enlarged scale; but the streets are narrow and not overclean, the houses mean and poor-looking, and the architecture of a mixed order.

A distant view of the promontory suggests that it is barren of vegetation, but a closer inspection shows that in the glens and valleys numerous shade and fruit trees abound, among them being the pine, poplar, cotton, pepper, prickly-pear, orange, olive, lemon, fig, and pomegranate, while during the first two months of the year certain localities are beautified by a profusion of wild flowers and ferns.

A few wild pigeons, rabbits, foxes, and partridges are occasionally seen, but there is a law in force against shooting or snaring them.

Concerning the climate it may be said to be a very trying one, for it is exceedingly hot and dry during certain months, especially those of June, July, and August, when the heat averages 90°, and showers are exceptional. Instead of a winter of snow and ice, a rainy season extends through November, December, and January.

The great rock of Gibraltar is of limestone formation, and is honeycombed with caverns and subterranean avenues. Some of the caves have been given such names as St. Michael's, Martins, Fig-tree, Monkey, Beefsteak, and Judges. The first of these is on the western side, and its entrance is about 1100 feet above the sea. It is the most remarkable and interesting chamber of them all, and the particular cave that tourists make a point of exploring. The earth slopes rapidly from the entrance, and the passage opens into a hall 200 feet long, of varying width, and 70 feet in height. The roof of this cave has the appearance of being supported by the enormous stalactite pillars that reach from the floor and spread out where they mingle overhead. These columns are of wonderful beauty, and form every imaginable shape—trees, animals, human figures, etc.

From St. Michael's Cave passages radiate and lead to four smaller chambers, known as Leonora's Caves, one of which is fully 300 feet below the surface. The first of these four was given the name of Victoria's Cave, in honor of England's Queen, by Captain Brome of the Royal Engineers, to whom the credit of the discovery is due.

The fortifications are tremendous, and very novel and interesting. A sea-wall extends around the western side of the rock, which is protected by three powerful forts, and there are batteries on terraces from numerous points just back of the wall up to a height of 1350 feet.

On the north many galleries have been hewn out of the solid rock, and in them guns of heavy calibre have been mounted. It is claimed that the aggregate length of these galleries is three miles, and the labor expended to cut them may be faintly appreciated when it is understood that they are sufficiently wide to afford ample room for the driving of artillery wagons.

Every sixty feet along these galleries the muzzle of a modern piece of ordnance peers frowningly out of a narrow port-hole threatening possible enemies.

On the eastern side Gibraltar is in need of no artificial defence, for its towering precipitous walls bid defiance to any living creature not provided with wings.

## A NEW PUPPET-SHOW.

BY ALBERT LEE.

THERE is a little theatre in Paris which is devoted entirely to magic-lantern and shadowgraph performances, and it is located in the very last place that you would expect to find such a thing. It stands in the rear room of a café, which started out many years ago as an unpretentious resort, but which has of late years become the gathering-place for the jolliest and cleverest artists, and the brightest newspaper men of the gay city. These fellows added such a charm to the place that the café is now well known almost all over the world. Some ten years ago one of the artists or literary men thought it would be amusing to get up a Punch-and-Judy show in the café, and by means of it to make fun of men prominent in politics at the time. The Punch-and-Judy arrangement was a great success, but one night another brilliant individual proposed a new idea. There was a popular song in vogue then called "Les Sergots," which means "The Cops." A napkin was stretched across the little theatre stage, a lamp was placed behind, card-board figures of Paris policemen were manufactured, and while one man sang the popular song another made the comic police officers march across the stage, by throwing the shadow of the card-board figures on the napkin. The innovation was greeted with enthusiasm, and after that night the café theatre was given up entirely to shadowgraph and magic-lantern performances.



THE GIRL WHO HOLDS THE FLAMING TORCH.

The artists especially took a live interest in the little theatre, and each one tried to invent strange and wonderful scenic effects. The journalists wrote little plays, which were acted by the card-board actors, while the author spoke the lines. After a year or so the theatre was enlarged and the best of magic-lanterns was secured, and all Paris crowded to see the performances. The stage-

being made of stained and the figures were con- o move their arms and hands. Everybody con effect to puzzle and amuse the spectators.



The card-board actors finally came to be regular mechanical toys. Their arms and legs could be moved by means of strings, and these antics often puzzled the spectators, who were not in the secret of the managers' methods. It was most amusing from the front to see a paper-man walking across the stage smoking a cigar. This was accomplished by means of a rubber tube, which ran up the back of the little figure to the cigar, and one of the men behind the scenes smoked a pipe, and blew the smoke into the tube.

Another odd effect was obtained in a play where a girl was supposed to be standing by the sea-shore on a stormy night holding aloft a torch. The torch was a wax match, and the flickering caused by the gale was produced by a man who blew upon the match through a glass tube.

All these mechanical effects are clever, and, at the same time, they are very simple. Any one who has a magic lantern may give as good a show as is to be seen at the café theatre if he will only devote a little patience and thought to his preparations. The effect is always interesting, and even puzzling to those who are not in the secret, and who suddenly see shadows walking before them, moving their toy arms or struggling against a strong wind-storm.

## THREE BRAVE BALTIMORE BOYS.

SUNDAY, September 11, 1814, eighty years ago to-day, was a day of anxiety in Baltimore. The war with Great Britain was at its height. The Baltimore clippers, then the fastest vessels that travelled the seas, had done great damage to British commerce, and had aroused the anger of the English nation. It was determined to punish the city, and at the same time to destroy the nation's capital. A great fleet of ships and an army of the veterans who had fought under Wellington in the Napoleonic wars were sent to Maryland. On the progress up the two hundred miles of the Chesapeake Bay they did great damage to life and property. They defeated the American troops at Bladensburg, and marching on to Washington, reduced the nation's capital to ashes. Then they turned towards Baltimore, which they expected to occupy as winter-quarters. Already the city had put up rough defences and prepared for the battle.

But that Sunday there were no signs of the enemy, and the churches had their usual congregations. Before the services were ended suddenly came the reports of three cannon from the Court house green. At once the city was aglow with excitement. The congregations swarmed from the churches, drums were beating, men were rushing here and there on horseback, and the soldiers were assembling. In good time more than three thousand of them marched down the main thoroughfare, with colors flying and music playing, to meet the invaders.

General Ross landed his men at North Point, about fifteen miles below the city, where the Patapsco River joins the Chesapeake Bay. The night was spent in preparing for the march to Baltimore. On Monday the advance had begun. The British found progress difficult, because the Americans had blocked the way with fallen trees. Gradually, however, the invaders made headway until they came upon the front line of the American soldiers. It was not an open battle, because of the heavy woods and the fighting was considerably scattered. General Ross, a brave soldier, was with his men well in front. Everything was going as he desired, but he suspected that he was falling in ambush, and he rode ahead of his men to find out if his suspicions were correct. As he did so a volley came from a company of American sharp shooters, and one of the balls hit the British commander. An Englishman, who wrote a history of the fight, said: "When the General received his death wound I chanced to be standing at no great distance from him. I saw that he was struck, for the reins dropped instantly from his hands, and he leaned forward on the pommel of his saddle. I hastened towards him, but I arrived too late." He had fallen in a swoon into the arms of one of his aides-de-camp, and he died before the litter on which he lay reached the British fleet."

For many years the account ran that he had been shot by two boys concealed in a tree. This was not true, but it is true that the credit is awarded to Daniel Wells and Henry McComas, two young men, eighteen and nineteen years of age, who were privates in Captain Aisquith's company of sharp-shooters, and who were sent in advance to oppose and annoy the enemy. Both were standing in the front rank of their company, and the moment after they fired both were killed.

The rest of that and the following day, under command of Colonel Brooke, the British renewed their efforts; but the twelve thousand Americans, with all sorts of guns, and anything to fight with from a hoe to a pick-axe, stood their ground. The consequence was the repulse of the enemy and the saving of the city, making the 12th of September the greatest day in the local history of Baltimore—a day which all the boys as well as all the men celebrate in loyal remembrance of the work eighty years ago, when boys as well as men went to the trenches to defend their city from invasion.

Baltimore, the city of monuments, has erected a handsome memorial to these heroes, and more than that, the people years ago erected a monument to Wells and McComas, the two young men who shot the British commander, and directly after gave their lives in sacrifice. It is the only monument to heroes so young erected in this country. It is located on Ashland Square in Baltimore. All through the spring, summer, and autumn flowers surround it, and on the 12th of every September it is profusely decorated.

Another boy was called upon to do a historic duty at that time. When the attack on land failed, the British fleet prepared to bombard Fort McHenry. A day before Francis Scott Key had gone aboard one of the ships under a flag of truce to secure the exchange of a personal friend, Dr. Beanes, who had been arrested at Upper Marlboro. The Admiral promised not to hang Dr. Beanes, and added that he would be obliged to detain the gentlemen on board his ship. The reason of this was that the fleet was on its way to the bombardment of Baltimore.

Over Fort McHenry floated a flag of nearly four hundred yards of bunting, which had been made in Baltimore especially strong in order to resist the British shot and shell. The British Admiral arranged his vessels about two miles from the fort, and at two o'clock on Tuesday morning the firing began. All Tuesday and Tuesday night it continued. Over eighteen hundred shells, with multitudes of round-shot and rockets, were thrown in and around the fort, which could make no reply because the British boats were out of the range of its guns.

Mr. Key was obliged to endure the suspense through these long and fearful hours. Night closed, and he could not tell whether or not his city was doomed. He watched and waited, and when dawn broke and the clouds and smoke lifted, his eyes were blest with the sight of the Star-spangled Banner waving proudly and defiantly above the unconquered fort. It was in the inspiration of the moment that he wrote the "Star-spangled Banner," upon the backs of envelopes, with a common barrel-head for a desk. When the British retreated, Mr. Key and his friend were set ashore. He went to Baltimore and showed the verses to a friend. A copy was made, and the friend took them to the office of *The American*, the daily paper of the city, for publication.

The men of Baltimore were still in the trenches, expecting the British to return. All the editors and employés had left the office and were serving as soldiers. The little apprentice, Samuel Sands, had begged to go with them, but they sent him back because, they said, he was too small to fight. It was well for his fame, perhaps, that this was so, because while alone in the office the copy of the "Star-spangled Banner" arrived, and it was he who put it in type and published it to the world. He was only fourteen then, but he remembered all the circumstances of it, and delighted to relate them until the day of his death. It thus happens that in recalling the history of those days Wells and McComas and Samuel Sands are mentioned and remembered more than the great Generals who commanded the troops.

## THE CAMPING PARTY.

IN the following story are hidden thirteen names. They are not, however, concealed after the manner of ordinary "buried-name puzzles," but each name or title *expressed anagrammatically* is used in the story. For example, had we used "Harriet Beecher Stowe" — which we have not done — somewhere in the story would have occurred this phrase, "See the bachelor writer." By patient digging you will find, though not in the order here set down, the following persons, things, and events:

A popular English novelist.

An American holiday.

The name given by a New York poet to the World's Fair buildings.

A brilliant American essayist.

A great uprising.

One of the United States.

A standard American author.

The name given to the time immediately following the "Dark Ages."

An American poet.

A living American novelist.

A popular book for the young.

An American patriot.

The inventor and patentee of *letheon*.

The answers will be given in two weeks, each anagram being written in the order occurring in the story, and the name which it represents given below it, thus,

See the bachelor writer.
Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A camping party consisting of Mrs. Smith, her daughter Ella, her nephew Albert, and several other young people, had been having a very merry time together in the woods for several weeks. But their pleasure was suddenly brought to an untimely end by the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Smith, urging his wife's immediate return to her home. There was, of course, loud protestations from the young people when the message was read.

"I just think it's too bad," said Ella. "When we first came here I didn't think camping was so very much fun, but now I like it, and just because I am daily more and more in love with it we have to break up and go home."

"I don't think it's fair, either," said her cousin Albert, "since, as near as I can find out from auntie, it's nothing but fussiness on the part of Uncle Raleigh."

"Hush!" said Ella, warningly; "don't let mamma hear you talking in that way."

Mrs. Smith had, however, gone into the tent to begin the packing, and was therefore quite out of ear-shot.

"Well, for my part," said Olive, "since I have for some days wanted to see mamma, and home as well, I will not be sorry to leave this 'forest primeval.'"

This frank admission of course called forth a great amount of chaffing from the others, amid which some one suggested that they should all go for a final ride on the beautiful lake near which their tents were pitched.

"But Flora is not here," said Ella. "We certainly cannot go without her."

Albert then began to call "Flora! Flora!" at the top of his voice.

This brought Mrs. Smith to the door of the tent.

"I let Flora run tell Doty that we are going to leave here," said Mrs. Smith. "I thought we ought not to go away without letting him know about it."

"Yes," said Olive, "so he can retrench his family expenses, for I am sure he will miss the princely income he is now obtaining from our consumption of his butter, eggs, and cream."

At this moment Flora emerged from the woods.

"I suppose you have left poor Doty inconsolable," said Albert.

"No, indeed," responded Flora, with a laugh; "he is a perfect philosopher, and he thinks, now the rage 's going for camping out, some one will soon be here to take our places."

"And eat his produce," said Albert.

"And fill his coffers," said Ella.

"Otherwise the broken-nosed teapot on the top shelf in the cupboard," said Olive.

The laugh at this touch of realism had scarcely died away when they heard a crackling among the bushes behind them, and the next moment a young stranger stood among them, and asked for shelter from the storm that was rapidly approaching. They had not noticed the coming of a storm, but, of course, he was made welcome. He introduced himself as Mr. Parshel, a resident of the nearest town, and an ardent student of entomology. As soon as he made this statement Albert began to wonder as to Fred's whereabouts, and ended by calling his name aloud.

"Here I am," replied a voice from the depths of the tent. "I am writing to Moll of the change in our plans. You know she and mother were coming out this week."

"Never mind Moll, now," said Albert; "come out here and discuss the Lepidoptera."

This was enough. Fred immediately joined the little group around Mr. Parshel. Fred had at one time intended to make a specialty of entomology, but as his mind was bent later into other channels he had given it up; but he had by no means lost his fondness for the science. Mr. Parshel immediately showed the specimens he had collected that day.

"I found," he said, "one other specimen of a very rare species, but it having torn wings I let it fly away, for I do not care for any but perfect insects."

"Poor thing," said Ella, "how glad it must have been to leave you. I know that entomologists are cruel, for they hit twice as many moths and butterflies as they want."

Mr. Parshel was prevented from making any reply by the swift coming of the storm which he had foretold, and they all retreated hastily into the largest tent. When the thunder had abated, and the rain was falling gently, they fell into a pleasant conversation, giving no thought to the flight of time. Thus they continued until they were suddenly aroused by a chiming as of many bells in the distance.

"What is that?" exclaimed the stranger, starting up.

"Oh, it is only the farmers' dinner bells," said Mrs. Smith; "they ring like that every day, and form our only link with civilization." She then went to the door of the tent. "Come, boys," she said, "the storm is over, and you must help me about starting up the fire so that I can get dinner."

The visitor followed her, saying that he must go.

"No, Mr. Parshel, we cannot let you go until after dinner," she said. "I shall not be long getting it," she continued, "and you can just sit here and ruminate, or Olive can discourse to you on her favorite subject, how moles work in the ground," and with a laugh she left them.

"I shall have to explain to you," said Olive, "that I am a city girl, and the first time I ever saw a mole-hill, I called it an ant-hill. I had never seen either, and had heard only of ant-hills."

Thus merrily chatting with the three girls the time passed until dinner was announced, and when, an hour later, they "broke camp," Mr. Parshel walked to the railway station with the boys, while all loudly expressed their thanks to the storm that had brought about so pleasant an acquaintance.



1. "Here goes!"



2. "Ah! this is more like it. Great scheme!"



3. "It's hard to do, and hard on ivory, but I'd have had holes clean through me but for these tusks."



4. "—!!!"

THE FIRST SLEIGH-RIDE, OR COASTING IN THE GLACIAL PERIOD.

### IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

"If you should lose your way in these woods, Jack, what would you do?"

"Walk straight ahead," said Jack. "The world is round, and I'd be sure to get back home that way sooner or later."

### WHERE THE INJURY CAME IN.

The elevator boy in the hotel was a great friend of Jack's, and gave him a ride every time Jack wanted it; but a time came when they ceased to love each other.

"What's the matter with you and the elevator boy, Jack?" asked his father. "Don't you speak any more?"

"No," said Jack. "He put me out of the elevator last night."

"What for?"

"Because I punched him."

"Well, wasn't he right to do it?"

"Certainly he was," said Jack; "but he needn't have put me out on the tenth floor, and made me walk down!"

### WHAT HE WOULD DO.

"Papa," said Jack, as he gazed at his ten cents—one week's allowance—"do you know what I would do if I was an awful rich king?"

"No, Jack. What?"

"I'd increase my allowance to a quarter a week."

### HAD TAKEN IT TO PLEASE.

"I want a apple," said Tommie.

"You've just had one," said his mamma.

"I know 'at," said Tommie; "but it wasn't the one I wanted."

### A SMALL-BOY JOKE.

"Jack, have a banana?"

"No; I'll have a pear."

"I've only got bananas."

"I know that."

"Then why do you ask for a pear?"

"Because that's what I want—a pair of bananas."

### DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

It was at the summer hotel, and Jimmieboy was allowed to give his own order for his breakfasts and other meals to the waitress. One morning the little fellow sighed when he was asked what he'd have.

"Oh, dear!" he said. "I don't know as I want anything; I'm not hungry."

"You'd better eat something," said the girl.

"Very well," said Jimmieboy. "Bring me some pancakes, fish-balls, a little liver and bacon, a piece of spring chicken, fried mush, stewed potatoes, a glass of milk, and a banana."

### IT HAD ITS PLEASANT SIDE.

Tommie had hurt his finger in the bowling-alley, and it became necessary for the doctor to bandage it up after having put a splint upon it. The boy enjoyed watching the doctor at work very much, despite the pain he suffered. So when his father said to him, "Well, Tommie, it didn't pay to disobey me going into the alley, after all, did it?" Tommie replied: "I'm afraid it did, papa. It hurt my finger; but all the other boys are jealous as can be. *They don't know how to put a splint on, an' I do!*"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE FEUD OF THE WILD-HAYMEN.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

PEER LANGELEIK was the son of a wild-hayman who was also named Peer Langeleik, and as they had already names in common it seemed but natural that they should have the same trade too. And thus it happened that old Peer began early to train young Peer for his perilous occupation.

The first thing Peer Langeleik thought when a son was born to him was that he would now soon be able to dispense with his partner, who for the very unimportant help in pulling him up devoured half his profits. And, truth to tell, the very first thing his partner, Ulf Fannivold, thought when, about the same time, he found himself father to a sturdy boy was that now he would soon be able to dispense with Peer. They frequently quarrelled, and had never gotten on very well together. I fancy that more than once it had occurred to each of them to stumble or slip, quite accidentally of course, when he held the other suspended over the dizzy abysses. But somehow neither had acted on any such impulse, and on the day when their two sons were carried to church to be christened, they shook hands and congratulated each other like the best of friends.

Peer Langeleik was in such a hurry to have his son grow up that he used playfully to grab him by the legs and stretch him every morning before he started out and every evening on returning. It may have been due to this operation that Little Peer regularly added a couple of inches to his height every year; and when he was ten years old his father concluded that he was old enough to help him in his business. About the same time Ulf Fannivold, too, began to train his son for the trade of a wild-hayman, and as there were frequent collisions between the boys, the ill feeling between their fathers grew apace.



SWINGING HIS SICKLE ABOUT HIS HEAD, PEER YELLED WITH ALL HIS MIGHT.

For three or four years the parish was full of rumors about the feud of the wild-haymen. Little Ulf, it was said, was bound, sooner or later, to beat Little Peer, for he could climb like a goat, and there was not a mountain wall in the valley too steep for him to scale. He was small, had a pert nose, oldish little face—not at all handsome, but with a pair of wonder-

He needed no rope, like his

of oats and barley and timothy and

it brought. People who would have screamed with hor-

to feed a few scores of barley stalks or a bagful of clover.

; and if he had not been able to earn a few dol-
lars with his fiddle during the winter, both he and his family would have starved or gone to the poor-house.

time to have him prepared for confirmation, and it so happened that little Ulf Fannivold went to the parson during the same year. The two lads looked askance at each other from the first, and sought to avoid each other as much as possible. But the other boys, knowing of the hostility between their fathers, could not allow such an opportunity for sport to pass unnoticed. And so they egged the two on to battle, as they were called, early and late, and would give them no peace until they had shown their mettle. It would indeed, at first blush, seem a most unequal match, for Little Peer, though he was yet named "Little," in order to distinguish him from his father, who was "Big Peer," was really quite a large boy for his age, while Little Ulf was as to size, exactly what his name indicated. While Peer was blond, ruddy, and fair-complexioned, Ulf was dark, black-eyed, and of swarthy complexion. There was a yellowish pallor in his cheeks, and in his glance something hidden, evasive, and crafty. He never looked you straight in the face, as his rival did; but his eager and wide-awake weasel eyes seemed to be lying in ambush, trying to catch you unawares. But for all that, Ulf, though he was perhaps distrusted, was not exactly disliked by his comrades. Among boys admiration for pluck and daring is apt to outweigh all minor considerations; and it was not to be denied that there was something about this agile and self-contained little imp which inspired respect. Peer, on the other hand, was what most boys are at his age, and seemed to none of them particularly remarkable. He quarrelled, fought, and made up again, dealt and received honest blows, and bore no man any grudge if he had thrashed him or been thrashed by him. But somehow it seemed a pretty risky undertaking to thrash little Ulf, though on general principles he might need it, and every lad preferred, on the whole, to have somebody else make the first experiment. And the boy for this mission was Little Peer.

But when the long-expected fight at last took place, Little Peer, though he was much the stronger, got the worst of it. Ulf writhed, dodged, and wriggled, so that it was impossible to get a square blow at him. Through some means which nobody ever knew he managed to persuade the parson that Peer was not a fit boy to have first place at the confirmation, although that position had already been assigned him.

very bitter disappointment both to Peer and his parents that he was at the last moment deprived of eted honor; and still bitterer did it seem when they saw the black-eyed little "gypsy" march in head of the procession.

rmed he was, however; and he would have borne bravely enough if the ancient feud between his Fannivold had not blazed forth anew, and prepared him no end of trouble. He was on the and ate for patches of "wild grass" which had no owner; but regularly, as it grew tall enough to Ulf Fannivold circumcapated him, and bagged the coveted prize. Fees for fiddling were also few and far between now, and dire want raged in the little cottage up under the mountain. It was while in the midst of these tribulations that Peer one day in June discovered a beautiful patch of grass which grew with long nodding tufts on a ledge of rock in a ravine about four miles from his home. He hastened to apprise his father, and early the next morning the two started out together with sickles and ropes, and reached the ravine while the dew was yet wet and the morning mist hung over the meadows. Little Peer cheerfully fastened the stout rope to the broad leather belt which was buckled around his waist, and was about to let himself down, when suddenly he heard a chorus of wild, hoarse screams from under the brow of the cliff.

"It is eagles," said his father. "You had better not go down."

"But there is a human voice, too, father. Don't you hear? They have stolen a child."

In the same instant there came a heart-rending shriek as of one in mortal distress.

"Let me down quick, father. Grab the rope– here!"

"No, no, my son! It isn't human. It is some sort of witchcraft or deviltry. Don't go down, I beg of you, or you may never come up again."

"Very well; if you won't help me, I shall go alone!"

And with a resolute motion he fastened the rope around the stump of a tree, and leaning out over the precipice lowered himself down into the chasm.

"Peer, Little Peer," cried his father after him, "come back, come back!"

But Little Peer was already far down the rocky wall. What he saw there was enough to curdle his blood! Two enormous eagles, who had their nest on the shelf of the cliff, were attacking with beaks and claws some crouching figure which lay on the narrow ledge, clinging with a desperate clutch to a tiny birch-tree which was growing out of a crevice in the ravine. Swinging his sickle about his head, Peer yelled with all his might in order to frighten the birds of prey. But when he saw a big, ugly, crop-heavy fledgling in the nest, and one blindly sprawling on the outside, he instantly took in the situation. This foolish intruder, whoever he was, had, in the absence of the old birds, tried to rob the nest, and they had unexpectedly returned to interfere with his purpose.

Little Peer was a brave lad, but his heart quailed for an instant when he saw the bloody beaks and talons of the huge winged creatures, and heard their savage screams of wrath and alarm, as they made onset after onset against the cowering figure under the birch-tree. It was plain that he could not hold on much longer; he was bleeding from a dozen wounds, and his clothes were torn in tatters.

"Hold on tight! Don't give up!" Peer yelled, frantically. "I'll help you!"

And swinging right in between the two eagles he gave the nearest one a tremendous cut across the wing-bone with his sickle. The royal bird, having expected no attack from that quarter, wheeled round, flapped its other wing, made two somersaults in the air, and with a terrible hoarse screech tumbled down into the abyss. Then the

figure on the rock cautiously turned his head to look up, and Little Peer gazed into the face of—Ulf Fannivold.

The surprise was awful—paralyzing. He had not once thought of his enemy; and now his first impulse was to signal to his father to pull him up. The anger, the hatred, the sense of outrage which the mere mention of Ulf's name aroused had been smouldering long in the heart, and now blazed up with uncontrollable fury.

The female eagle which yet remained had apparently been waiting for the same chance to get at the face of the nest-robber; for the very instant he stirred she swooped down upon his exposed countenance and struck her claws into it. Ulf gave a shriek so wild and piteous that it would have touched a heart of stone. And Peer's heart, which was a very soft and compassionate one, was moved in its very depth. He could not afford to leave a human creature, whether friend or foe, in such a terrible plight. Striking out with his sickle, he bent the top of the birch toward him and pulled himself down on the rocky ledge, planting his feet within a few inches of the nest. The eagle, thinking that it had to deal with another nest-robber, rushed furiously at him, beating with its big wings and scratching with its talons. If Peer had not clutched the birch so tightly with his left hand he would have been knocked down, and would have swung out into the air, where the eagle could have wheeled and whirled him about until he grew too dizzy to fight. But now he had a fairly good foothold, and his back was shielded by the cliff against which he was leaning. With his sharp sickle he guarded his face and eyes right manfully; but his clothes were torn into shreds, and he felt the warm blood trickling down his right leg, in which the bird's claws had made an ugly gash.

Fully ten minutes the combat had lasted, when he heard an anxious voice calling his name from above, and saw his father's face hanging out over the edge of the precipice.

"Don't pull up yet," he cried.

At that very instant the eagle dashed forward and made a lunge at the arm which held the birch-tree. Quick as lightning the boy plunged the point of his weapon deep into its breast. The huge bird gave a long plaintive croak, and tumbled, with feebly flapping wings, down into the dark ravine.

Peer, as soon as he had collected his senses, brushed the dirt and many feathers from his face, and cautiously crept along the edge of the cliff to where his enemy was lying. He stooped over him and gently shook him by the shoulder. Ulf gave a groan, but did not stir. Once more he touched him, but Ulf only buried his face more deeply in the grass, and moaned.

"You needn't be afraid. I haven't come to hurt you."

Then, quivering like an aspen leaf, the wounded boy timidly raised his head. But oh, the pity of it! Peer had to turn away from the sickening sight. Where Ulf's right eye had been there was but a hollow. His rescuer, however, pulled himself quickly together, doffed his belt and buckled it about Ulf's waist. Then he gave the signal to his father, and up went his foe—slowly, slowly, until he was warily lifted over the edge of the precipice. Then a loud shout was heard, and the sound of terror or of impotent rage. Peer was indeed half afraid that he might see Ulf come spinning through the air and vanish among the pines at the bottom of the gulch.

A few minutes sufficed, however, to reassure him on this point. But the gash in his leg now began to pain him, and his boot was full of blood. He felt a trifle light-headed, and concluded it was high time to bandage the wound. The odor of decayed bones about the eagle's nest made him sick; but as there was no other secure place on the ledge, he had no choice but to sit down right in the nest, having first killed with his sickle the remaining eaglet. As it would have to starve without the old birds, it seemed more merciful to despatch it now. Tearing the lining out of his waistcoat, he made a bandage which he tied tightly about the wound. He had scarcely finished this operation when a strange faintness seized him. His head was in a whirl. He seemed to see the rope with his belt attached dangling a couple of feet beyond him, but he did not dare rise, feeling sure that he would plunge straight into the abyss. After a while there were two ropes and two belts, and a queer sound of rushing wing-beats filled the air. Then earth and sky flowed together, and all things were blurred by a luminous mist, through which aerial voices broke, calling his name, with a wonderful echoing resonance.

He fancied he must have slept for a long while. When he woke up his father was bending over him, fastening the belt about his waist; and presently he felt himself rising—rising, and at last lifted bodily up, whereupon a woman, who seemed to be his mother, flung herself over him, crying, and hot tears dripped upon his face. In a few minutes his father was also there, with two strange men; but Ulf, whom he had rescued, he could discover nowhere.

It was one evening about three weeks after the battle that Peer, now fully restored to health, was rambling over the fields in the neighborhood of his father's cottage. Suddenly, at the edge of the forest, Little Ulf, with his right eye bandaged, stepped out of the underbrush and grabbed him by the hand.

"Peer," he said, huskily, "I've been mean to you, and I know it. I sha'n't be in your way any more. A one-eyed chap ain't much good, I reckon, for a wild-hay-man. But I would rather lose the eye I've got left than I would forget one thing—that I owe my life to you, whose life I did my best to ruin."

## HOW THEY MADE BREAD.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE last lesson of the course was to be upon bread-making, and the girls looked forward to it with feelings of mingled pleasure and awe. All their lives they had held, in common with most inexperienced persons, an exaggerated idea of the delicacies and difficulties of bread-making. They thought of the process as something involved and abstruse, and each privately doubted her own ability to master it, while at the same time each cherished a longing to be able to declare herself the mistress of the occult art. Certain doubts upon their powers in this line had been uttered by sceptical fathers and brothers, who said loftily that pastry and puddings and fancy cakes were well enough, but all put together they were not worth so much to a hungry man as a good loaf of bread. And at these scoffs each girl had silently registered a vow that she would learn to make such a loaf, or perish in the attempt.

When they entered the kitchen on the morning of the important lesson, Miss Dodge was already there. The fire was burning steadily, the usual array of bowls and cups was upon the table, and in a prominent place stood a large yellow bowl covered with a clean towel.

"Oh, I am so glad you came early, girls!" exclaimed Miss Dodge, as they trooped in. "I was afraid that the bread would rise too much before you got here!"

"Why, have you made it already?" cried Nellie, voicing the disappointment that overspread the faces of all. "I thought we could do every bit of it."

"So you shall," returned the teacher. "At least, you shall do most of one kind of bread and all of another kind. The bread which I have mixed is the sort that must rise a number of hours. That has still to be kneaded and made into loaves. But we are also going to make

Vienna bread, which is mixed, raised, and baked in b[illegible] I wish you to know how to prepare both [illegible]

I [illegible] know there was more than one sort," said Nannie.

"Neither did I," chimed in Gertrude. "Of course I knew it is awfully difficult to make bread," she added. "That is why I was sorry you had begun it before we came."

"You are very much mistaken, my dear child," said Miss Dodge, briskly. "So far from its being hard to make good bread, it is one of the easiest things in the world when you once know how. Take good materials, use exact measurements, and observe ordinary precautions, and you will have no trouble at all. Now let's get to work, for we must knead the bread that is already made, and set the Vienna bread to rise as soon as possible."

"How nice it looks!" said Nellie, lifting the cloth that covered the big bowl and gazing respectfully at the contents.

"Suppose you try your hand at kneading it, Nellie," suggested Miss Dodge. "Turn up your cuffs, to keep them from the flour, and wash your hands perfectly clean before you touch the dough. See, I have two bread-boards for you girls to work on, so that you need lose no time. Mary, suppose you and Ethel begin on the Vienna bread."

"What must we do first?" said Ethel, rolling up her sleeves as she spoke.

"Get one of those big bowls, and measure into it half a pint of milk and half a pint of boiling water from the tea-kettle. Are you ready, Nellie? Sprinkle a handful of flour on the board, turn the dough out of the bowl upon it, and begin to work it with your hands. Oh no, not that way!" as Nellie began pulling the dough about with her finger-tips. "Use the lower part of your palm. Don't be afraid of handling the dough too roughly. Hard knocks won't hurt it."

"What comes next, Miss Dodge?" asked Mary. "We have mixed the milk and boiling water."

"Stir in a heaping teaspoonful of salt," said Miss Dodge. "Do you see that yeast-cake on the table? Break it in half, and dissolve it in two table-spoonfuls of warm water."



"ISN'T THIS BREAD WORKED ENOUGH YET?"

"How funny and sticky it is!" said Ethel. "And how queer it smells!"

"Oh, that is all right!" said Miss Dodge, examining it. "That is the true yeast odor. If it smelt sour or musty, or if the cake did not break readily, it would not be good."

"It doesn't melt quickly," said Ethel, stirring the yeast cake and water in a cup.

"If you don't hurry, the milk and water will be hot," said Mary.



"WE DON'T WISH IT TO CATCH COLD."

"They ought not to be," answered Miss Dodge. "They should be just lukewarm. The yeast is well dissolved now. Stir it into your salted milk and water, and now sift in the flour."

Ethel asked, "How much?"

"Enough to make a quite stiff dough that you can knead. Begin with a pint, and keep on adding until the dough is the right consistency."

"Ethel, you sift and I'll stir," said Mary, seizing a wooden spoon.

"Whew!" from Nellie.

"What's the matter?" asked Miss Dodge, with an amused twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh, my wrists are so tired!" said Nellie. "My arms ache clear up to the back of my neck. Isn't this bread worked enough yet?"

"Oh no!" said Miss Dodge, cheerfully. "It ought to be kneaded hard for at least ten minutes, and you have handled it so tenderly that it's not nearly done."

"*Tenderly?*" cried Nellie. "I have thumped the stuff till my hands are sore."

"It's not the force so much as the skill that tells," said Miss Dodge, taking hold of the dough. "Watch me a minute."

And as she pulled and kneaded and worked with wrists, palms, and knuckles, the dough became visibly smoother and more elastic.

"Suppose you take a turn at it now, Nannie, and let Nellie rest. The dough requires only a little more working. How is the Vienna bread getting on?"

"Is that stiff enough?" asked Mary.

"That will do very well. Now flour this other board, turn out the dough, and work it well, just as you saw me do with the other bread. Why, Mary, you take hold as though you had done this sort of thing before!"

"I've seen mother make bread," said Mary. "I've often begged her to let me do it, but she always said it would tire her more to see me fuss over it than to do it herself. She let me knead it once or twice for her, but that was all."

"Well, you have caught the knack of it," said Miss Dodge. "Let Ethel take a turn at it after a little. It must be worked about ten minutes, or until the dough is soft and elastic. Let me have that other dough for a moment."

She worked it vigorously for a minute, showing the girls how the surface rebounded after a blow, like a rubber ball.

"Now that must rise an hour longer," she said, returning it to the bowl, and covering it with the towel. "Put it there in the corner near the stove, where it is warm and there is no draught. We don't wish it to catch cold."

"What do you mean by catching cold?" said Gertrude, who, with Carolyn, had divided her attention between the two sets of workers.

"If the dough becomes chilled, it will not rise," explained the teacher. "You know that the rising is produced by the fermentation of the yeast. This is checked by cold, and if the bread cannot rise it will be heavy."

"What makes sour bread?" asked Carolyn.

"Bread is sour when it has risen too much," said Miss Dodge. "The fermentation has gone beyond the right limit, and the yeast has consumed all the flour. When this point is reached the bread should be baked, but careless cooks sometimes let the loaves stand too long before they put them in the oven. Occasionally when this is done, the bread falls before it is baked, and is heavy in consequence.

"But the Vienna bread must be set to rise now. Rub the inside of that bowl with butter, put in the dough, and brush the top of it with butter."

"What is that for?" asked Ethel.

"To keep a crust from forming on the top. Now set the bowl in this pan of hot water on the iron shelf above the range. You see, the water is about as hot as my hand can bear, but it is not boiling. If it were too hot it would scald the bread. Cover bowl and pan with this thick towel, so that the steam can pass over and around the inner vessel. The heat will make the dough rise more quickly."

"How long must it stand there?" asked Ethel.

"From an hour to an hour and a half. The dough must rise until it is about twice the bulk it was when it was put there."

"And how long must mine rise?" asked Nellie.

"About an hour. It has stood fifteen minutes already. Now, girls, if you will sit down and take your note-books I will tell you exactly how to make the sponge for the bread I set last night."

There was a general fluttering about in search of seats, a hunt for pencils, a rustling of papers, and the usual "agreeable little giggle" that accompanies nearly every action of a body of girls. When they were finally settled, Miss Dodge began.

"To one pint of milk I added a half-pint of boiling water and a teaspoonful of butter, and set them on the fire until they were scalding hot. Then I took them off and let them cool. When they were about lukewarm I stirred in a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of sugar, half a yeast-cake, and enough spring-wheat flour to make a stiff dough. It took nearly a quart of flour. I mixed these all well together, put them into a bowl, and set them to rise."

"Did you knead it then, Miss Dodge?" asked Nannie, rather timidly.

"No, I did not. It is not necessary to knead bread at night. Bread made in the way I have just given you is, as you will see for yourselves, sweet and light, and requires very little working."

"What is spring-wheat flour?" asked Gertrude. "Won't any kind of flour do for bread?"

"You can make bread with any flour," said Miss Dodge, "but the best bread is made from spring-wheat flour, which is flour made from wheat planted in the spring or summer. Winter wheat is sown in the fall, and the flour from this is better for cakes and pastry than for bread."

"How long must it rise?"

"That depends. From six to eight hours if the room is of medium temperature, say about 70°. I sat up until one o'clock last night to set this, and I kept it in a rather cool place. Then at eight o'clock I added a good handful of flour to it, and pushed the dough down. This gave the yeast more work to do, and kept the bread from souring."

"Must one always sit up until one o'clock when she has to make bread?" inquired Nellie, assuming a woe-begone air.

"Oh no!" said Miss Dodge, mischievously. "She may set it at nine, and get up at five to work it."

A groan went around the room.

"I think my family will have to live on baker's bread," decided Nellie.

"Or Vienna bread," suggested Mary.

"They need not do either," said Miss Dodge. "It is easy to set the bread at ten or eleven, and rise at six or seven to work it."

"Easy!" sighed Nellie, casting her eyes upward in horror.

"Or," said Miss Dodge, "you may set it in the morning, and work it and bake it in the afternoon. And I think, girls, that we would better be looking at that dough now."



TAKING NOTES.

"Just one minute, Miss Dodge," begged Carolyn. "What is the kneading for? What does it *do*?"

"It makes the gluten of the flour elastic so that the dough will expand without cracking. Bread that has been insufficiently kneaded is full of holes and cracks and is usually tough."

"Why has not some clever American invented a kneading-machine?" wondered Nellie, rubbing her wrists

bread"—a

Dodge, laughing. "It is almost as good

l and the other are both

bread and some rolls out of

ugh. Carolyn, suppose you and

yourselves to that. Flour your

t out the dough, and work it for three

You may do that, girls," said Nellie, seating herself,

Lydia Languish air

" said Carolyn, flopping the dough upon the board and going to work at it vigorously. "You twice as hard when you are playing tennis."

"No; and your bread does not need further working. See how cleanly it leaves the bowl."

"It doesn't stick to my hands, either," said Mary

" said Miss Dodge, producing what looked like a couple of foot-long sections of miniature

"What queer pans!" cried the girls.

"They are regular Vienna bread-pans," said Miss Dodge. "You see they are of sheet-iron, and open at the ends. Now let me make one loaf, and you may make the others."

With a sharp knife she cut off a piece of dough about half the size of her fist. This she rolled under the palms of her hands on the board until she had a roll the length of the pan and about the thickness of two fingers. She made a second roll of the same size, lightly braided or twisted them together, and laid the loaf thus made in the pan.

A chorus of admiration went up from the girls.

"You make the rest," said Miss Dodge.

"There are two sets of bread-pans, and what dough is left over you can make into smaller rolls and bend into horseshoes or crescents."

"Is this bread worked enough?" asked Carolyn.

"It should be. It only required three or four minutes' kneading. Now cut it in half with a sharp knife. Carolyn, make one portion into a brick-shaped loaf, and, Nellie, you and Gertrude work a couple of teaspoonfuls of

into the other half, and then roll it out into a sheet

an inch thick."

"How do you know when the oven is the right heat?" asked Nannie, when Miss Dodge pronounced the bread ready to go in.

"There are two or three ways of testing it," replied Miss Dodge. "You can throw a handful of flour on the bottom of the oven, and when that browns quickly the oven is the right heat. Or you may put in a piece of white writing-paper, and when it turns dark yellow in two minutes, that indicates that the temperature is right. But perhaps the easiest way is to put your hand in the oven. If you can hold it there while you count twenty the oven is ready for the bread."

"What are we going to do with all that bread and rolls?" said Ethel.

"I know what I'm going to do with *my* share," said Carolyn. "I am going to carry it home with me, and flourish it triumphantly in the faces of those members of my family who declared I could never learn to make bread."

"So say we all of us!" cried Nellie.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER X.

"CAN horses hear, Tantine?" Babette had climbed upon the arm of the doctor's chair, and sat with her arm around his neck, as, turning towards madame, she asked the simple question.

"Can horses hear?" the doctor repeated. "Why, my dear, certainly. Haven't they ears? God made ears to hear."

"Noute has ears, and he can't hear. For what did

Noute's ears?"

Yes, Noute's ears were made to hear, and Uncle Tom's legs were made to walk. Uncle Tom's legs are sick now, and he can't walk. Noute's ears are sick."

"Why don't you cure them, then? You are a doctor. You cured me when I was sick. You are curing Uncle Tom's legs, and he walks with crutches."

She slipped off the arm of the chair to his lap as she continued, now in a pleading tone:

"*Please* try to cure poor Noute's ears. Just think, he doesn't even know his own name, and when he goes to heaven, where he can hear—Tantine says he will hear in heaven—he won't know when the angels call him. Even if God made an angel write it for him, he couldn't read it. I can read it in print letters like Tantine teaches me, and I am only seven; and Tante Clarisse says Noute is old. Many times at night when I say my prayers I think about poor old Noute."

Before she had gotten from his lap the good old doctor had promised, while he kissed her, to try to open the ears of Noute "the foolish."

Babette was nearly eight years old now. It was time she should begin to study regularly from books. It had been time for a year, the old people thought, but they had kept putting it off, and madame had even tried to teach her herself. This had been but a poor success, however, as Babette had found as many "whys" to ask about the letter A, for instance, as there were characters in the entire alphabet, and half of them madame could not answer. The simple act of laying a book upon her knee between the child she so dearly loved and herself seemed to be a declaration of war.

It was hard to realize that the same patient, loving hands that wrought the beautiful and patient stitches in Babette's numerous embroidered dresses were raised to Heaven in utter despair a dozen times in a fifteen minutes' reading or writing lesson; but so it was—not that the little pupil was stupid or wayward; far from it; she seemed rather to be too full of ideas. All around the lesson they would flutter like a swarm of gay butterflies, settling everywhere, anywhere, excepting on the desired figure or word. It was maddening. Such effort is always maddening to all save those favored ones who have a gift at this sort of butterfly-catching. Such are the real teachers. The others try to drive them away—and go mad.

And yet, although the question of Babette's schooling was so serious a one from every point of view, madame it was who continually put it off. It would mean either the coming in of a governess or the child's going out to school. She grew jealous at the bare thought of either. It would take her *chère Bébée* out of her arms—figuratively, at least. But it could not forever be averted—and Babette was growing so tall.

Just at the time when madame and the doctor were consulting together, casting about for a suitable school or teacher, hoping to find either to-morrow or next day—never to-day—a letter came to the doctor that decided

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 708.

the matter for the present, at least. It would be an experiment, but there was much to recommend it.

The doctor's letter was from a college friend of his youth, now a sugar-planter of the Lafourche country. He had a son whom he wished to send to New Orleans to complete his medical education. Would the doctor interest himself in finding a safe home for him?

"He is a fine, honest country lad," the father wrote, "and I hope to give him the educational advantages of your great city without exposing him to its dangers. He is a good English and Latin scholar, and would be glad of an opportunity to defray the cost of the medical course he has begun by tutoring, and I should encourage the manly effort even did my circumstances not demand it; but you know the war has left us all poor. My first choice would be to have him with you, but I do not ask so much. Do with him as you think best."

What an opportunity for mutual advantage! Madame declared that the letter was a direct answer to her prayers.

Here was a youth—a gentleman's son, of whom his father could say "he is a fine, honest lad," educated, ambitious, *anxious to teach*—a stranger who would not have heard any possible gossip, and who would not be full of curiosity. He would believe what he was told, and that would be an end of it. So much for their share of the benefit.

For the young man there would be the famous Dr. Bondurante to superintend and direct his studies, the free use of an exceptional library, a refined and elegant home.

At least they would try it. And this is how John McDonald came into the household of Dr. Bondurante.

He was a tall, somewhat awkward, but dignified youth of nineteen years. His crisp curling auburn hair and dark direct eyes hinted of the Scotch ancestry already suggested in the name. Shy at first, reticent, yet quick and intelligent—a gentleman carrying in his steady eyes that which bespeaks a fixed and high purpose—is it any wonder that he was immediately liked and respected, and soon loved by all the house?

He felt a little timid in beginning his duties as teacher to the petted French-talking child, but he soon won her affectionate respect by invariable gentleness, patience, and firmness, and forthwith became a hero in her eyes—a hero with only grand and stately qualities. And yet when lessons were over he would often join in her amusements, until it seemed almost as if she had found a playfellow. Still, there was a difference, for while he would sit with her under the oak and whittle a branch, cut from above his head, into some fantastic shape for her amusement, he would perhaps be explaining its beautiful markings, the delicate birthday rings that were traced in clear lines from core to bark, or how the dark knot running through it had come from the early growth of a twig, to which the rings had adapted themselves. Or, taking a microscope from his pocket, he would introduce her to the strange, amusing families of tiny creatures who had set up housekeeping and started villages within the peeling bark.

Not a branch or tree or fruit or flower but had a story to tell, though some slyly kept half their secrets, and told the rest only on compulsion.

Even a slab of mould rescued from Noute's trowel became, beneath John's microscope and through his delightful talks, a wonder-land better than a fairy's wood, because its inhabitants were real, living, breathing, working creatures. Its trees came up and grew and died. Its soil was our own earth, moist or dry, healthy or not, according to the sun, the winds, the rain, scourge, or earthquake—the last represented by Noute's destroying hand.

Babette's little world, bounded by four streets, and including but five persons in its community all told, may seem rather small; but when John had opened the doors of a dozen wonder-worlds to her, not counting the history stories to be traced out on maps in the big geography, she found her acquaintance widening day by day, until it was far more extensive and interesting than the gay circles of many children who go out into the great world and see strange sights with but half-open eyes.

Let the boy who doubts this put a good microscope in his pocket, and the first time he treads on an ant-hill and recovers from his first impulse to run—or even if he has run, let him come back, turn his glass into down-trodden and panic-stricken Antville, and study the inhabitants for a little while. If he does not come away with a more kindly feeling for the poor despised little creatures than he ever had before, there will be something wrong with the boy.

Babette's mind was soon as eager in its interest in all her new studies as her heart was in its sympathies.

John McDonald's "experiment" had very soon proved a success.

The Le Charmants were still living in France. At the end of the first year—the time originally set for their return—Colonel Le Charmant felt that to come back would be folly. His wife's health had improved, the children were all well placed at the best schools, and as for his business, it had never done half so well when represented by an agent. And so, year after year, they had staid, until the question of their return began to change from "Why *not* go?" to "Why go?" Thus the years passed—ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. Two of the daughters were grown and married—Clothilde in Paris, and the eldest, Toinette, to an American, who had brought her back to New York.

So the family were scattered, and when one day Colonel Le Charmant came home and said, "We must go back 'home'—to America," the mother, without a word of disagreement or protest, willingly turned her face towards the land to which one child had already returned, and which still held the last fragmentary hope of yet recovering the dear lost Babette.

The old house down in the French Quarter seemed to wake from a thirteen years' sleep on the day the news came to prepare for the family.

Passers along the street, who had grown accustomed to its blank, expressionless front, were startled one morning to see the banisters along the broad galleries hung with rugs and mats, while a yellow woman, her head tied up in a towel, energetically mopped the cobwebs from transoms and ceilings. The old home was waking up, wiping its eyes after a long sleep, shaking itself and stretching.

When, three weeks later, two carriages rolled up to its gate one evening, it was wide-awake, washed and combed, and ready for the occasion.

As one looked at its brightly lighted windows, it seemed all eyes to greet the returned, all arms to embrace them as they glanced at its broad open balcony and stairway.

A rushing, jabbering, laughing, weeping lot of cousins—cousins to the most distant remove—flocked out to the gate to receive them, followed by a troop of old family servants, with their children and grandchildren—black, brown, yellow, tan; turbaned, aproned, beflowered, and befeathered—the younger standing timidly back, while the older ones clasped the waists and knees of the mother and grandmother, or, gathering up the children bodily, carried them into the house.

These last were of the turbaned sort, who still don their white aprons for full-dress occasions, and simply tie an extra frill into their *tignons* and polish their hoop ear-rings for a christening or wedding.

Excepting the few who had been summoned back "home" to anticipate their return, the crowd of servants were living about, mainly in the service of the Le Char-



A WONDERLAND BETTER THAN A FAIRY'S WOOD.

mant connection. But that did not hinder their coming for this important and exciting occasion to swell the welcoming group. And they would all drop in again from time to time after the arrival of the trunks, and not one would find herself forgotten.

But what a time there was to-night! What a babel!

Arthé, who promised to be the runt of the family, had shot up like an Easter lily, until her flowerlike face turned itself down in the same fashion as the flower, as she bent to kiss her cousin Fifine, born the same day. Marie and another cousin were placed back to back to measure the advantage gained on either side.

The old pencil-marks, with the names annexed, were found on the library door-facing, and the mother ran with a merry face to compare heights with the long-ago measurements. Nobody seemed to have stood quite still. *Maman* was "just a weeny bit taller" than the old mark. "Ah, but her heels were higher!" "Gran" had grown down hill.

It was great fun, and yet, while she laid a book above the young heads as they presented themselves, the mother's face lost its smile, and a quiet pallor took its place when, having measured the last applicant, she turned sadly away.

Away down, lower than the rest, against a dimly pencilled line, she had found written in clear letters, "Babette."

Early the next morning the children — children still, though several topped their handsome mother by a "so-much" — were out of bed, wandering about the grounds, investigating — noting the changes of the years.

The magnolia-trees, with all their stately growth, had kept young, polished, and modern; the crêpe-myrtles, remembered as blushing as pink-cheeked schoolgirls, had taken to themselves long gray beards, through which the coral bloom showed here and there like toothless gums; the rose-vines had climbed, and the orange-trees died.

The older children remember these things, and the younger ones, listening, think they do. Even the two born in France begin, in a few days, to "remember" various things about the old home, much to the amusement of the entire family.

The home-coming is only a gala occasion for the children; but for the mother and grandmother, following them from place to place with subdued smiles and a languid interest, it is full of reminders, in every nook and corner, of the little lost one whose name neither has found courage to speak.

Thirteen years have whitened the mother's hair, and her quiet, sweet face tells its own story of submission and trust.

It is a time of diversion and new interests for all.

The parlors are faded, dingy, and old-fashioned; they must be renovated. The house needs a new room here — a balcony must be added there.

While they readjust themselves to the old home and its conditions, let us leave them, and go back to the iron gate of Dr. Bondurante — "but a stone's-throw away," as one might say.

Our heart gives a bound, and we wonder what have been the changes of the eight years that have passed since we took leave of the happy circle within, while with unsteady fingers we raise the heavy knocker, and it falls with a ringing clank!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE WILL OF GOLDEN HORN.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"THE hearts of my people are turned white; their blood is like the water of the lake. But my heart is still red. My knife is still sharp. Golden Horn will –"

What Golden Horn would do was lost in a burst of emotion. As he walked rapidly up the beach of Lake St. John, in the Hudson Bay country, trying to walk away from himself and everything, he pounded his breast with his fists and struck out wildly at the air. Though he was an Indian chief, tears of rage and helplessness rolled down his cheeks. To make matters worse, his right eye was bruised and swollen. It was undeniably a black eye.

The blue waters of the lake might have smiled to see this Indian chief wiping tears out of his black eye. But they were more considerate, for Golden Horn was such a little chief. He was about five feet and a half high, and only a little more than fifteen years old. He had the dark skin and straight black hair of the older Golden Horn, his father, and of the still older Golden Horn, his grandfather; but beyond this there was little of the Indian in his appearance. He wore a straw hat and a blue shirt, his trousers were rolled up to his knees, his feet were bare, and in civilized life his name was Tom Simpson. Nevertheless he was Golden Horn, hereditary chief of the southern branch of the Montagnais.

No one doubted his direct descent from the great Golden Horn, the hero of the tribe. If any had, they should have seen his bright brown eyes flash on this day of trials, and his hand occasionally move toward the hilt of his knife. It was not a scalping-knife; only a knife used for hunting and domestic purposes. Young Golden Horn had never seen a scalp taken, for his people had lived quietly on reservations for many years. But he was full of the traditions of his people. Some of these traditions, wonderful tales of the daring of the great Golden Horn, his grandfather, had been told him by the old men. Others, less trustworthy, he had imbibed from Indian tales bought in neighboring Roberval; for young Golden Horn could read. In ordinary times he was content to be plain Tom Simpson, and to hunt and fish and paddle canoes with the rest; but now that his blood was up, now that he had been abused and beaten and scorned, now let the tempest roar and the thunder crash; for he was Golden Horn, hereditary chief of his tribe, and his knife was sharp.

He had not yet been allowed to enjoy the glory of chieftainship, because he was too young. His uncle, John Simpson, was made temporary chief when young Tom's father was found crushed to death under a tree in the great northern forest; and Tom, young as he was, was old enough to see that there was danger of his never coming into his high office. For Uncle John had made himself powerful in the tribe. He lived in the only house on the reservation by the lake; all the others lived in tents. This doubt about his future made young Golden Horn's trials all the harder to bear.

The young chief had paused, and was looking wistfully at the miniature waves, his old friends, as though they might bring him relief, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He turned with the agility of a cat, and



"WELCOME HOME, GOLDEN HORN!" HIS UNCLE SHOUTED.

Victoria. Afraid of his

are you

name is Golden Horn.

as a menace to his sister, but

go do with it

"Why should I not be angry? Did they not abuse me? What had I done to be treated

to play a harmless trick upon Peter Sulphur that Uncle John should throw me out of the house and tell me to go play with the children I was not fit to call myself a man? And how did the boys treat me? They were only too glad to see me degraded, and they picked a quarrel with me, and three of them fought me. Look at my eye. They would have treated me worse if I had not shown them my knife."

"Oh, Tom!"

"I did; and they should have felt it too if they had not kept off. But I am not going to cut anybody, Vic. No, indeed, I had not thought of that. All I want is to go away. And I *am* going away, Vic. I am going , and John Simpson shall never see me again till I come back to show him that I am Golden Horn, chief of the Montagnais. I want you to get father's rifle out of the house, and bring it to me, Vic; and some powder and balls and caps."

The Indian girl looked at her brother in astonishment. She had seen him angry before, but she had never seen him look half as manly and grand. She made a move as though she would take him in her arms, for she was a sister like other sisters, though an Indian; but Golden Horn drew back. He was fond of his sister, but as chief of a tribe of nearly three hundred souls it would not be becoming in him to give way to his feelings.

"Nothing else, Tom?" she asked, her hands still stretched out toward him. "Shan't I bring you "

"Nothing else!" he exclaimed, impatiently, stamping his bare foot upon the round stones of the beach. "What can I need beyond my knife and my rifle?"

"Something else, Tom," Victoria replied, hesitatingly. "If I could only bring it to you, you need never go "

"But you can't bring it," the boy retorted. "I know what you mean. If you could bring me the golden horn, I could stay at home. There'd be no more keeping me out of my rights then. And I know you'd bring it if you could, for you— But never mind; go and get the rifle."

Tom walked up the little bluff, and threw himself upon the grass to wait for his sister. He could not help thinking of the golden horn that once had brought such luck to the tribe and now was lost. It was a powder-flask in the shape of a horn, and made of pure gold. His grandfather, the old chief, had once done a great service for the Hudson Bay Company, travelling on foot nearly two hundred miles by night and day to one of their northern trading-posts, and so had saved the garrison there from massacre. To requite him for this service the company had presented him with the golden horn, and from that day he was known among his people as Golden Horn. He had carried the horn as long as he lived, and when he died it had descended to his son, the second Golden Horn. It was the pride and wonder of the tribe, the emblem of chieftainship, the talisman that ensured victory in battle, and kept away the dreaded small-pox.

The father, the second Golden Horn, had carried this treasure till the day of his death. But when his was found in the northern forest, pinned down under a fallen tree, with his rifle by his side, the golden horn was gone stolen by thieving trappers, some said; the Great Spirit, others believed, in token that he was not to bring bad luck to the poor Montagnais. At any rate, the horn was gone, and Tom was deprived of the emblem of authority.

"If I could find the golden horn," he said to himself as he lay on the grass, "I could come back with that by my side, then—then "

It was not an easy matter for the girl to get the rifle out of John Simpson's house unseen, but she managed it, and carried it to the young chief, who lay on the grass. He sprang up as she approached.

"There are only forty caps, Tom," she said, "but I could get no more. And here are the powder and the bullets. You have not told me where you are going, brother."

Young Golden Horn was more heroic than ever with his father's rifle in his hands.

"I am going," he said, stretching his arm northward, "into the great forest. In my canoe I shall go to the Lake Mistassini, where the Great Spirit dwells, and where you and I have often been. Then I shall go on and on till I reach the sea they call Hudson Bay. I shall find the fort my grandfather saved, and say to the soldiers, 'I am Golden Horn. My grandfather saved your fathers' lives, and they were thankful. But the gift they gave him has been stolen, and I, his grandson, am robbed of my inheritance. Come and help me.' And they will come."

"Foolish boy!" his sister exclaimed; "that fort has been demolished these many years. There have been no soldiers on the shore of the great bay since I was born. And if there were any there they would not help you."

But she might as well have talked to the wind. The young chief's blood was on fire. If he could not find friends, he would at least see the world, he said, and learn many strange things, and come back fit to govern his people.

For an instant the dusky brother and sister looked one another in the face, and Tom was gone, to make his way in the world with a knife, a rifle, and a black eye.

It was not the foolish thing for the young chief to go alone into the forest that it would have been for a civilized boy, for he was entirely at home in the woods. His people live upon their reservation by Lake St. John in summer, because it is close to the most southerly trading-post of the Hudson Bay Company; but when the early winter begins they pack up their tents and all their goods, and go far north into the trackless woods. There they spend the winter in hunting and trapping, and when spring opens they return to the reservation and exchange their furs for the simple luxuries of the trading-post. Tom had made this journey many times, and the forest was like home to him.

"If I only had more caps!" he said to himself, as he lay on the ground one day on the bank of the Peribonica, stretched out by the side of a fire that was cooking two birds he had killed with stones. "I have plenty of powder and ball, but only forty caps."

He took up the rifle and handled it. It was the old fashioned kind, a muzzle-loader, with the usual compartment in the end of the butt for holding caps. This caught his eye, and he hastily pressed the spring, in the hope of finding more caps. Yes, there were caps there, but only four. It was a disappointment, but even four were better than none. He poured them out into the palm of his hand and examined them, then poured them back into the compartment. Something did not sound just right to his quick ear. The metallic caps falling against the hard wood should make a ringing sound, but

that was not what he heard. He pressed the spring again, and held the open compartment to the light. There certainly was something stuffed into the bottom of the little cavity. It looked like a bit of folded paper. He poured out the caps again, and pried out the paper. It was a little wad, folded several times. It was not paper, but thin dried skin, evidently cut from the side of a tobacco bag. He unfolded it, and found a rough picture drawn upon it. The picture had suffered by the folding, for it was not drawn with pen or pencil, but with a sharp stick dipped in a mixture of gunpowder and water. Tom knew that at once, for he had often used the mixture.

Little Golden Horn looked at the picture in astonishment, but without thinking that it concerned him at all. Still, it might; for as he studied out the faint lines he found a man represented, and that man an Indian. The Indian was lying upon the ground near the base of a great tree. Another tree had fallen across the man's legs and pinned him down. By the man's side lay a rifle, and near his head was a big stone.

The young chief began to shake. This was the scene of his father's death; he had visited it many times, and he knew it at once. But there was something else beneath the stone. It was much smaller than the stone, and curved. A fold in the skin had almost obliterated it, but he made it out. It was a powder-horn! The paper dropped from Golden Horn's hand and his head sank down upon his raised knees. He had found his father's will.

The birds burnt to a crisp while the young chief reasoned it out; but when he raised his head it was all clear as day. He saw his father lying on the ground alone, his legs crushed by the fallen tree. Death was inevitable, and the golden horn was slung over his shoulder, to be stolen by whoever chanced to find his body. His gun would be recognized, and might be returned to his boy. He buried the golden horn under the rock, and in the terrible pain he must have suffered cut a piece from his tobacco-bag and made this sketch. It was his only chance to save the sacred horn for his tribe and his boy.

"Now I shall come into my inheritance," Golden Horn said to himself. "One hundred and thirty miles from here the golden horn lies buried. That is three days' journey. In three days I shall have the emblem of my tribe, and in six days more I shall be back to the reservation. In less than ten days they shall acknowledge me their chief."

Without thinking further of his supper he shoved his canoe into the water, and continued his journey northward. All that night he paddled, stopping occasionally at a portage and carrying the light canoe around a rapid. In less than three days he was at the scene of his father's accident, almost afraid to look for the rock shown in the picture, lest there might be some mistake.

But there were the standing tree and the fallen one, and there lay the rock, just as the drawing pictured them. He burrowed under the rock, and in a minute the golden horn was in his hands, wrapped in a red handkerchief and somewhat tarnished, for it had been buried more than two years, but it was safe and sound.

All through those three days Golden Horn had been preparing a dramatic scene for his appearance with the trophy. It was all thought out—how he was to show himself suddenly upon the bluff overlooking the village, wave the horn above his head, and announce his return. Even his speech was ready; he had rehearsed it frequently.

"I am Golden Horn!" he was to shout. "Behold the emblem of my people, the trophy of my fathers! I am Golden Horn, the son of Golden Horn, the son of Golden Horn the Great. I am the father of my children, the slayer of the bear, the hunter of the forest, the chief of my people!" And old men and boys were to rush up and embrace him and hail him as their chief.

The precious relic had not been long in his possession, however, before Golden Horn began to have different feelings about it. The scene became very vivid to him, of his father lying there in agony, and hiding the horn and making that strange will for *his* sake. His father, he thought, would not have him assert his rights with such fuss and bluster as he proposed. That was a childish way, he concluded, and very likely it would not accomplish his purpose; it might only make his people laugh at him. He lay down under the great oak, with his feet against the tree that had killed his father, to think it over.

"It is because I am not a man that they will not let me be their chief," was the conclusion he came to. "Very well; I will show them that I *am* a man. But I can't do that by waving my arms and making fine speeches. If I can go back loaded with fine furs, and make presents to the head men, they will see that I am fit to be a chief. I shall spend the winter in the far forest, and return in the spring with my spoils. Then I shall be bigger, too."

Golden Horn kept this resolution so faithfully that his people had barely returned to the reservation in early spring when he paddled up to the shore with his canoe loaded with furs. He had had the good fortune to meet other hunters, and had traded some of his pelts with them for caps and powder. The canoe was loaded down with the skins of the bear and the moose, the otter, the badger, the ermine, the wolf, the fox, the lynx, and the marten. No man in the tribe had as much to show for his winter's work. Golden Horn himself had grown several inches taller, and instead of his boyish clothes he wore a suit of furs, all fashioned with his own hands.

The canoe had hardly touched the shore when his uncle, John Simpson, ran down to the beach to greet him.

"Welcome home, Golden Horn!" his uncle shouted. "I have been expecting you. Last month you were sixteen, and at sixteen I meant you should take your place as our chief. You have come back well stored."

"I have brought back something better than pelts, uncle," Golden Horn replied, almost blushing to think of the vainglorious speech he had once intended to make on his return. "I have brought back the luck of the Montagnais." And he drew the golden horn from his bosom and held it aloft.

A shout of joy went up from the tribe at sight of the relic, and Golden Horn was overwhelmed with welcomes. Among the foremost to seize him was his sister.

"If you hadn't brought me the rifle, Vic," he said, "this would never have happened. You shall have the finest dress in the Company's warehouse. I know the one—a beautiful pink calico with blue flowers. I have often wanted it for you."

The Hudson Bay Company's storehouse held no luxury too good or too costly for the feast that was eaten on the Montagnais reservation that night in honor of Golden Horn, the chief.

## PROUD MOTHERS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"THERE never, no, never, were babies like mine!"
Clucks proud Mother Hen, as she leads them about,
Her fluffy and puffy and plump little nine.
Oh, sweet little chicks from the shell's prison out!

"Talk not of your beauties," cries vain Mother Mare;
"Just look at my colt, with his rough coat of frieze,
And his dear little feet, that are glad to go bare,
Dressed up in white stockings half-way to the knees."

"If you want a King's treasure come peep in the crib,
My baby is here!" says the Queen, with a laugh.
"I might sing you his wonderful charms, dear, full glib,
But a year would go by, and I could not tell half."

## AROUND CAPE HORN IN '49.

A Log [illegible]

BY [illegible]

CHAPTER IV.

SAN FRANCISCO AND SUTTERVILLE.

THERE were five ways to do the first few days in camp, while everybody tried his hand at cooking and washing dishes. The latter labor was the most disagreeable, but all did their best when their turns came. The first great question which arose was how to make tea, and by experimenting they learned that the tea leaves and water were not to be boiled together.

One day Dick and three others started to row over to Goat Island—a cone-shaped hill about three miles long and half as broad, situated in the bay a few miles from the mainland. An old sailor by the name of Jennings had lived there some time before and kept some goats, which had multiplied, until forty or fifty of them roamed about the island as wild as deer. The party wished to get some fresh goat meat, as the prices in the city markets were ruinous.

Rob saw them down to the boat, and then wandered slowly through the queer town, watching the Mexicans, Indians, Chilians, and Americans at their various occupations. Gambling was rampant at that time, and the adventurers seemed to set no value whatever upon gold, spending it freely right and left. Rob watched one man, just returned from the mines, wager forty ounces of gold on the turn of a single card, and walk away quietly after losing it as though nothing had happened.

The place was in a bustle the whole time with new arrivals from all parts of the world, and the price of anything in demand was exorbitant. Quantities of goods lay unpacked over the beach, and some were openly displayed on the streets, but all seemed safe. A few inquiries as to prices made Rob think that he had indeed come to the land of gold. Lumber was $300 to $400 a thousand feet—so many of the stores were simple frames, with canvas used for roofs and weather-strips. Bread was twenty-five cents a loaf, and milk $1 a quart. Flour from Chili, in sacks weighing two hundred pounds, sold for $8 and $9, and pickles were $2 and $3 a bottle.

The Parker House—*the* house of San Francisco as it was called at the time—a plain two-story frame building about sixty feet square, was said to have cost $200,000 to build, and its owners, it was said, were making money at that. Carpenters, Rob discovered, received $16 to $20 a day, and to shoe a horse blacksmiths got $6 a foot. Washing was $8 a dozen, and after a few inquiries Rob decided that San Francisco was a bad place for a poor man to live in just then. Strolling back to camp, he busied himself with preparing supper, it being his turn. The evening came on, but the hunters did not return. Supper was eaten, and the others grew uneasy, but they could do nothing that night, and Rob fell asleep, fearful of all sorts of trouble.

The breakfast dishes were being washed the next morning, and a relief party just ready to start over to Goat Island, when Dick and his companions turned up, carrying portions of two goats.

"There," cried Dick, throwing down his burden; "this place feels like home. We got over all right yesterday, and shot these goats early in the afternoon, but the wind came up so hard that we had to camp out without trying to get home."

"There's a big whale-boat aground in one of the coves," remarked another of the party, "but we didn't try to bring it over."

"Why didn't you?" cried Rob. "They're worth five hundred dollars apiece here now."

"Then we'll go right after it," was the cry.

So, after dinner, Dick, Rob, and three others took their guns and rowed over to the island. The wind was so [illegible] to land on the opposite side from where the boat was seen, and after gaining the shore they started with guns and oars across the island. It was rough work climbing over steep cliffs, and sometimes creeping on their hands and knees, and when they reached the cove where the boat had lain they found it empty—either man or waves had anticipated the party and carried the boat off. It was a sad disappointment after all their trouble, and they had to clamber back to their own boat.

"Too bad that our first enterprise in California should be a failure," remarked Rob, as they halted in one place to rest.

"Well," returned Dick, "it's better to have the failures at first, and then we'll appreciate our good fortune later."

It was late in the afternoon when the party reached their boat again, and they were a bruised, disheartened lot, torn and scratched by brambles. The wind had shifted, and a heavy surf was rolling in.

"Let's try to get away," suggested one of the men. "I don't want to stay here all night again."

They sought to wade out beyond the surf, and were up to their waists when the breakers were passed, but the boat was half filled with water, and there was nothing to do but return and spend the night on the beach. The herd of goats was seen in the distance, and Rob and another went after them. A rousing fire was meanwhile built, and when the hunters brought back two goats, the animals' hearts, livers, and kidneys were removed, and each man cooked his own meat by the fire.

The result, however, was delicious, and each had to laugh at the miserable appearance the others made about the fire in their wet garments. Then, with stones for pillows and their feet towards the fire, they all slept heartily through the night.

With three of their party Dick and Rob formed a company for the purpose of operating together. They drew up and signed articles in which each was to bear his portion of the expenses in buying provisions and tools, etc.; the proceeds of their labors were to be placed in one common treasury, which each was to share alike. All were in honor bound to exert themselves and labor to the best of their abilities, and in case of sickness the invalid was to share with the rest just as if he were able to work.

On June 1st, all preparations being ready, four of the partners took passage up the river on a schooner bound for Sutterville, leaving Dick behind to buy a couple of mules, and follow overland with two miners going that way. Dick was very sorrowful as he saw his friends start, for their stay in Happy Valley had been a pleasant one; and afterwards he went around bidding adieu to the friends he had made on shipboard. He had to wait a week before the miners were ready to start, and meantime bought a mule from a Spaniard. As the Spaniard had no papers to prove that the animal had not been stolen, Dick went before an alcalde with him, who gave him what was called a "paper vent." It was a bill of sale describing the marks on the mule, which would protect Dick in case the animal was claimed by any one, and allow him to hold the Spaniard accountable.

"But," prayed Dick, in his heart, "I hope to goodness it wasn't stolen." The alcalde, however, made five dollars by writing out the certificate.

The overland party was a picturesque one when it got fairly started for Sutterville. Their route lay by way of San Pueblo, San José, the lower crossing of the San Joaquin, and Stockton.

The next day passed without any incident, and they

spent the following night at the mission of San José, where, on account of the crowd of travellers, Dick had to sleep in the stable, on a pile of oats, and waked in the morning to find a horse eating his bed.

Stockton was reached that night. The "city" was not then a year old, and was built entirely of tents, with the exception of four houses—made respectively of logs, boards, tulie, and adobe. Nearly everything was double San Francisco prices, except live-stock, and purchasing a mule there, Dick left after the second night, and reached Sutterville the following day without adventure.

There was a very happy meeting of the little company, and after listening to Dick's recital of his trip, Rob remarked that he had had far the pleasantest time. There were so many men aboard the schooner, remarked Rob, sixty-five in all, that they had to sleep upon deck, and in getting up in the morning he invariably stepped on the head or stomach of some individual in the crowd. There were too many aboard to cook for, so ham, boiled tongues, and bread had constituted their diet, the cook serving hot water for tea and coffee. One of the party did not get his hot water when he wanted it, and had a dispute with the cook, after which he got none at all. A cook on a Sacramento River schooner at $200 a month was too independent a personage to be found fault with by a mere passenger. "And that's all," added Rob.



$22 50 WORTH OF GOLD THEIR FIRST DAY.

"What have you been doing since you've been here?" asked Dick. "Digging gold? Prospecting?"

"No; *making* gold," came the chorus in reply. "We're building a house," and Dick stared at them in astonishment.

"Yes," said Rob, "we've just taken a contract for building a two-story frame house, with two doors, two windows, and one floor. The frame has been fitted and is already on the ground, and we're going to work at once. Price, $1150."

Dick laughed over this a great deal, but pitched in with the rest and went to work, and in a week it was finished.

When the logs were split and the frame of the building ready to be put up, it was suggested that the party think about digging gold. A meeting was held, and Rob and Dick were selected to go forth and investigate. They were to take tools along, and find all they could at the famous camps.

"We've been in California now two months," remarked Rob, as they set out, "and haven't been near the diggings."

"No," returned Dick, "that's so."

Their course lay to the Yuba and Feather River diggings, but after striking the trail to the latter they met several miners, who told them of much sickness and discomfort, so they turned their attention to the Yuba camps. A few days later they arrived at the first of the diggings, and saw the men at work along the river with their cradles. There were about fifty miners at this camp, each one holding a claim of ten paces fronting on the river, and running as far back as desired. Some of the claims were worked on shares, and yielded all amounts of gold—at one in particular, where three men were at work, four or five ounces a day were found.

were about four feet

or a week or more just for an

Dick and Rob in their visits chanced upon a small

des an old man engaged in repairing a cradle. For

be given to dispossess them if the Americans were not

at hand, speaking to him in Spanish, whereupon the

"Those Yankees want to know if you want their place," he said. "They'll give it up to you without any trouble, if you say so, 'cause they've *got* to, but they beg to remain there just a *few* days longer."

Then one of the workers, in pitiable broken English, explained that he had sold all he owned in the world at Valparaiso to raise money to bring his father and himself to the gold fields, of which they had heard such stories.

"No," said Dick, "we don't want the place; there are lots of other claims open for us."

It was hard finding out just what the average yield of gold was. The miners who made $50 a day were proud to prove it, while others, who made not more than half an ounce, would claim to get double the amount.

Miners were met at all points going to and fro, and all had varied reports to make. Taking it altogether it did n't seem so easy, after all, to get rich in a day digging gold. It was the 4th of August when the boys reached the Mokelumne diggings, which they had been seeking, and they immediately went forth prospecting. The next morning, with pans, shovels, picks, and crowbars, they started up a gulch that had yielded considerable gold, but which was reported to be worked out. They started in an old hole that had been worked down to the slate rock, and which was supposed to have been deserted some time before on account of striking water. But the spring was nearly dry, and the two worked in the rock. It was soft, and broke easily, splitting in flakes. Taking all the small pieces as they cut them, they threw them into a pan, and washed them in a puddle of water, giving the pan a half rotary motion back and forth, keeping it half in the water all the time. They threw off the fragments of stones as they were washed, until a deposit of black sand remained in the bottom, and from this they extracted what gold there was.

They worked hard all day, and at night Dick suggested that they take their pile to the miner's store and have it weighed. This they did, and found that they had dug $22 50 worth of gold their first day.

At sunrise the next day they went back to their claim, and no sooner had they begun work than half a dozen men commenced digging as near to them as possible. They had seen how successful the boys were, and were determined to share their luck. The new-comers dug between the digging place and the water where they washed their pans, and before long one of the strangers unearthed a spring, and the water poured down upon Rob and Dick.

Then they tried a new place, but before they had dug down to the rock they had to stop work on account of the heat, and they spent the rest of the day in prospecting. Their find that day was $10 25.

There was a gulch near at hand where a party had for several days with great success, but their secret leaked out, and at once five hundred men were along the gulch. Some made a thousand dollars a day, and others scarcely anything, and in a gulch, being a short one, was dug out. This of the many stories the two heard when on tour, and their thoughts were not satisfactory. As they lay side by side under an oak that night, wrapped in their blankets, Dick asked, "What do you think of old fields, Rob?"

Rob turned over, so as to be nearer Dick's ear, and "Well, I 've been thinking that I thought."

There was a short silence, and Dick asked again, "Do going any further?"

"No, sir," returned Rob, with emphasis. "I'm for returning to Sutterville at once, and reporting the condition of affairs. There is undoubtedly lots of gold about, but I don't think it pays to dig it as we do. There are other advantages open to us where we can be assured of a steady income, and I vote to leave the digging to others, while we go into some business. Look at lumber."

"I 've been thinking of that," said Dick, slowly; "and I agree with you. The others will, too, when they hear our story—they never were inclined to dig. Wouldn't the folks at home laugh," he added, after a moment, "if they learned, now, that we had come all this way to the diggings just to split logs?"

THE END.

## CAPTAIN WILLIAM SHOTTON.

IN 1872 the ship *Trafalgar* left Cardiff, in Wales, with a cargo of coal for Rio. Delivering her freight in South America, she then came to New York in ballast. Inquiring at the Custom-house, I find by the register that the *Trafalgar* arrived here April 3d, and left on the 17th of May, with a load of oil in cases for Batavia.

Java is a sickly island in certain seasons. Before the *Trafalgar* had made her port Captain Edgar, her commander, and two sailors died. Some of the men deserted at Batavia, and the ship, which was a very large one, was then rather short-handed.

William Shotton, who was the 'prentice-boy, was stricken by the fever, and came near to death. He recovered, however, but during the eventful voyage which followed he never was quite well or strong. Still Shotton, well or ill, showed what sterling qualities he possessed.

The ship, having landed her oil, was next headed for Melbourne. The first mate, Roberts, was now Captain, a Mr. Norwood first mate; there was a second mate, and though but a boy, Shotton was made third officer. There were only twenty-three sailors, and a mixed crew at that—hardly up to the standard of efficiency.

Leaving Batavia on the 23d of October of last year, the ship had not gone far before the fatal fever broke out. The Captain, both the mates, the cook, and several of the seamen died during the first week of December. Shotton was now the only surviving officer.

The 'prentice-boy was well up in navigation, and he was the only man on board who could sail the *Trafalgar*. At first the crew were rather doubtful as to the young Captain's ability to shape the ship's course. They did not like to have a boy ordering them around, and they soon let Shotton know it.

The boy Captain at once talked to his men, and did not mince matters. "I told them that I could sail the ship all right to Melbourne. The deaths on board, I was afraid, had demoralized them, and I said that it was hard on them that a 'prentice-boy should be their skipper, but that there was no help for it."

The crew wanted Shotton to direct the ship's course to Freemantle, which was the nearest Australian port; but Captain Shotton positively declined to do this. He knew well enough that had he made Freemantle it would have cost the owners of the ship some thousands of pounds. "I told the men that if I could steer the ship to Freemantle I could steer her to Melbourne." That was his decision, and he never gave in an inch.

Shotton never put on airs, nor hectored, nor swore, but he insisted on obedience. After a while the crew had perfect confidence in their boy Captain's ability as a navigator. They knew he was a practical seaman, but they wanted to shirk some of the heavy work. They said that keeping a clean ship was not to their liking, and that things would have to run themselves; that they had enough to do, and were not going to kill themselves with extra duty.

Captain Shotton then called up his men again, and explained to them how a foul ship was certain to bring back the fever, and that the consequences would mean death to all on board. That view of the matter seemed to be novel to the men, so they went to work with a will, and the ship was kept clean.

The fire-arms on the *Trafalgar* Shotton locked up, but he never seemed to have thought there was the chance of a mutiny. He did not have much sleep, for he had to be watchful—and remember, too, that he was suffering from his attack of fever.

When at last land was made, and the young Captain could tell his crew that in a few hours Melbourne would be reached, then, to follow his exact words, "the men became quite demonstrative towards me, and when we sighted Port Philip Head they gave me three hearty cheers. I was an angel then."

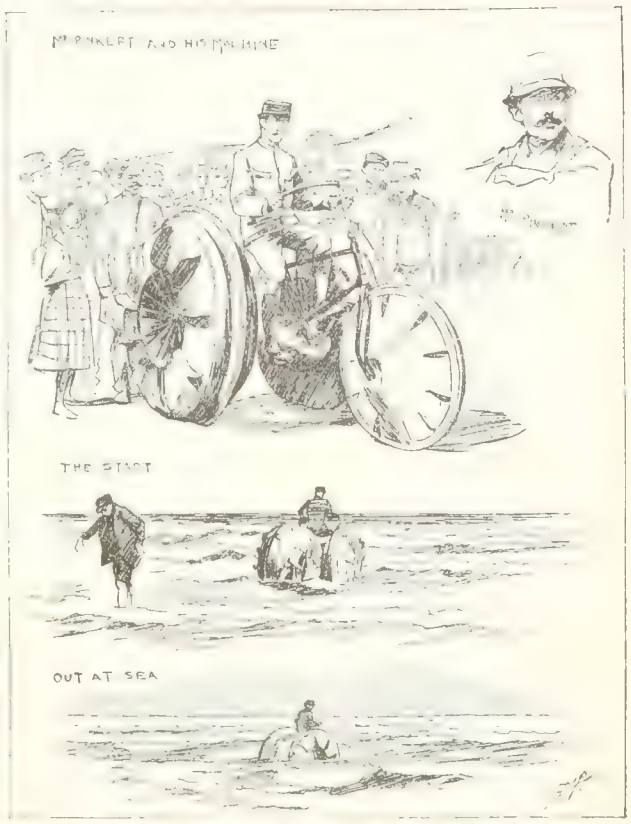
William Shotton is not only a plucky fellow, but has shown uncommon skill. When asked how he liked his adventure, he said: "I don't know that I should care to go on such another voyage as that. Still, if it came to having to do it, I think I could get through. In managing the *Trafalgar* I had this great advantage—I had been on board of her for some time, and knew every peculiarity and characteristic she had."

## CYCLING AT SEA.

GEORGE PINKERT'S water-tricycle is the most remarkable development of the velocipede idea that has yet come before the public. The portrait of Mr. Pinkert mounted on the machine gives one an excellent chance to compare its size with the ordinary tricycle that we all know.

The inventor is a citizen of Hamburg, Germany, and he probably drew his inspiration from the desire to navigate the North Sea that fills the breasts of all good Hamburgers. A glance at the picture of the sea-going tricycle shows what a ponderous, cumbrous affair it is. It is possible to run the thing on land, but it is not much fun. The two principal wheels are four and one half feet in diameter, and nearly twenty inches thick. They are made of sheet-iron, and divided into three air-tight compartments, so arranged that if any one of them springs a leak the other two will keep the machine afloat.

On the outside of the driving-wheels are fastened sets of paddles four inches wide and eight inches long. Mr. Pinkert steers with the small wheel of the tricycle, which is less than three feet in diameter, and has no paddles. Rubber tires on all the wheels fit the machine for land travel, but it is very heavy, and the best speed the inventor claims for it on a good road is nine and one-half miles an hour. On the river, he says, he can travel seven miles an hour, or a little better than that with a good current. On the sea Mr. Pinkert hoped to advance at the rate of a mile in fifteen minutes—but, alas! he forgot to reckon on the interference of seasickness with the most ambitious plans. Poor man, he knows better now.




FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WATER CYCLE

Everything went well during the trial trips Mr. Pinkert made on Swiss lakes and the rivers of northern Germany. He was his own marine engine, and his side-wheel craft splashed along nobly. He did not have to collect tickets from himself, or let down gang-planks, or blow whistles, or wave flags. Crowds of Swiss and Germans ran along the shore, and shouted their equivalents for hurrah.

Ambition seized on Mr. Pinkert. If Webb had swum the English Channel, and the Oxford crew had rowed across, why shouldn't he traverse it with rushing fore-wheel and roaring drivers?

So, putting on his best uniform, and carefully strapping on board a good supply of water and provisions, the sea-going 'cycler set forth from Calais one July morning. Very little breeze was blowing, but that came from the southeast, so there was plenty of fog, and no prospect of clear weather. A sailor would have hesitated before embarking under such conditions, especially on such a tricky strait as the English Channel; but Mr. Pinkert was no sailor, and, besides, he was, as I have said, full of ambition. He launched his wheel or wheels and with very little effort paddled along the shore of Calais. A big crowd watched him. After half an hour's steady wheeling he was swallowed up in the fog headed straight for Dover. Then a storm came up and blew him far from his course. When the wind quit playing with him he was in the North Sea, but he did not know it, poor fellow, and kept paddling steadily forward. The waves rolled the bulky tricycle into all sorts of awkward positions, and came near capsizing it. Mr. Pinkert had that awful feeling—pains across, and loss of appetite, and general woe. A fishing-smack picked him up and landed him at Boulogne. Not a bit disheartened, he tried the Channel trip again. Once more seasickness overcame him. He is going to keep on trying until he succeeds.




A KIND-HEARTED LITTLE GIRL.

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR DOLLS, SALLIE?"
"I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM TO A POOR LITTLE GIRL I KNOW SO'S PAPA WILL BUY ME SOME NEW ONES."

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

THE PRAIRIE-CHICKEN OUTWITS HIM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Ma says that she wouldn't care about Sammy's telling me of what his Pa has done if I didn't *believe* it all. Don't you believe it all, Mr. Editor? I know you do, or you wouldn't print it. Ma and Pa were talking about it, and Pa kind of winked at me, and says to Ma, "Whether the things are so or not, you can't deny they sound pretty reason'ble." Then Ma says, "*Humbug!*" and Pa didn't say anything more. He never says much after Ma says, *Humbug!* One day she said it about some thing, and then says to him: "Why don't you answer *that?*" and Pa says, laughing sort of, "Desecration is the better part of valor," and then he went down town; but I don't know what he meant.

Ma says what sticks her is how every time Sammy's Pa comes out all right. (She didn't say "sticks," but that is what she meant.) I asked her if he hadn't come out all right how he could have had any more things happen to him; but she told me to run along, and I went over to see Sammy.

But I thought about what she had said, so I says to Sammy, "Sammy, isn't it funny that your Pa *always* comes out on top?"

"Well, I dun'no'," says Sammy. "Sometimes he couldn't very well help it. Take, for instance, the time the b'iler h'isted him on to the steeple. But sometimes Pop has got left. Did I tell you 'bout how the perairie-chicken fooled him?"

"No," says I.

"Well, it was in Dakota, where there's lots of perairie-chickens. They just go chicking about there everywhere, and a-scratching up the perairie like our hens do the garden. Pop says they are awful wild, though, and very easy to shoo. If you go out and say 'shoo' they fly up for two miles all around and scoot off every which way.

"Pop went to Dakota to hunt perairie-chickens. You hunt 'em, you know, with a dorg and a shot-gun. Your dorg must be a [illegible] p'inter, though. Pop says he always prefers a [illegible] he'd rather see a dorg up and p'inting and earning his feed 'stead of setting 'bout and resting. Pop had a good p'inter named Snooper. He would go ahead of Pop, with his [illegible] low, on the ground sniffing for perairie-chickens. When he come up close to 'em he would stop sudden and p'int one foot straight out, with his tail a-p'inting the other way, and his head most still and froze up like a statute. Pop put an old boot in the grass once, and Snooper thought it was a bird, and p'inted for the whole afternoon and all night, and then Pop took him away, 'cause he felt sorry for him. Pop says if he hadn't that he'd a-p'inted that boot till it snowed under, and then waited for spring, still a-p'inting.

"Pop had a good deal of fun hunting perairie-chickens with Snooper. One day he was out on the perairie with him, and Snooper was tearing 'round with his nose rubbing the ground like everything, same as usual. All at once he stopped and begun to p'int. 'Chickens,' says Pop, and he walked up slow, with his gun all ready. Just before he got to it what do you think that perairie chicken done?"

"I don't know," says I.

"It was a very old hen, and you couldn't fool her. She knowed if she flew up that Pop would shoot her. So what does that old hen do but just give one flop and light on Snooper's back, and set down and stick her claws in and hang on! Well, Pop says he never saw any dorg run like Snooper did. He went off so fast that it just looked 'sif he only touched 'long on the higher places of the ground, and his tail cracking in the wind, and that old hen hanging on and cackling perairie-chicken cackle like her throat would split. Pop dasn't shoot for fear of hitting Snooper, so he just laid down on the perairie and laughed."

"What ever became of Snooper?" I asked.

"Dun'no'," says Sammy. "Pop thinks he's running yet. Leastways, Pop don't think he stopped till he got to the Per- the Ocean."

Good-by, Mr. Editor. Yours truly, HARRY.

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THE humorist was at work in his den, when a chance passer called to his small son standing in the doorway,

"Bobbie, is your papa home?"

"Yes," said Bobbie. "But he's awful busy."

"What doing?"

"Writin' down the funny things I say."

---

HERE is an interesting picture by an English writer of how things were done in America hundreds of years ago.

"During the protectorate of Cromwell," says he, "a cobbler in New York killed an Indian; but as he was an eloquent preacher to boot, the colonists determined not to lose him. He was tried in the customary way and condemned to death, but on the day of execution they took a poor old weaver who had long been bedridden and hanged him in the place of the real offender."

## THE SCARECROW.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.



WHEN Farmer Jones had shot a crow
It was no easy task, you know—
He hung it in his corn-field, where
He thought the live crows it would scare.

The crows could not don mourning, since
They always wore funereal tints,
So they resolved to hold a wake
For their departed brother's sake.

They met and mourned him 'mid the corn,
And, growing hungry towards the morn,
Devoured the crops, and then withdrew,
Leaving the scarecrow and the view.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## TRICKY TOWNSEND'S YACHT RACE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THE *Princess Louise* had not been in the water many weeks before her beauty and her speed made some enemies for herself and her owner, Harvey Outerbridge. Everybody in Bermuda had to admit that she was a beautiful boat. She was built entirely of cedar, like most Bermuda boats, because cedar grows there more plentifully than any other wood; but instead of being painted she was hard finished with oil, and the oil and the brass fittings made her shine like a star under the bright Bermuda sun. About her speed there was some difference of opinion. She had certainly outsailed all the other boys' boats, and already had won several prizes. But some of the boys, who perhaps were jealous, said that this was not because the boat was so fast, but because Harvey's father, one of the active members of the yacht club, always gave him points about sailing her.

Ricky Townsend was more worried over the success of the *Princess Louise* than any one else. Ricky was a clerk in his father's store in Front Street, but he spent more time on the water than in the store. He was several years older than Harvey Outerbridge, and until the *Princess Louise* was built, his dingy, which he called *The Tempest*, had been the best boys' boat in the Bermudas. He did not call it *The Tempest* because he was particularly fond of facing storms, but because in the great play called *The Tempest* Shakespeare speaks of "the still-vexed Bermoothes," and most Bermudians are familiar with the play on that account.

Ricky called himself a young man, and he was not a boy to take defeat pleasantly. The boys some [illegible] to Ricky on account of his sharp practices; and the colored people were afraid to deal with him, because he liked to take advantage of them. So when he determined that *The Tempest* should give the *Princess Louise* a tremendous beating, he did not care [illegible] whether it stood to gain by his money or not.

"Are you really going to race the *Princess Louise*?" Ricky's younger brother, Peniston, asked him when he heard of another challenge. "You know she has been *The Tempest* out of sight once, and she can do it again. And I don't see why you've set the day in the first week in August. You know there's almost always a heavy haze over the water early in August."

"May be you'd better sail *The Tempest* yourself, you know so much about it," Ricky sneered. "It's exactly because I want a haze over the water that I chose that time. I don't want a thousand eyes watching me from shore. If there's no haze that day, I'll make an excuse and have the race postponed. Now, that's enough. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, and you'll see me lay the *Princess* out."

Ricky did not try to conceal the fact that he was putting new spars and a larger sail to his boat. On the contrary he made it as public as possible, for that looked like making every effort to beat the *Princess* fairly. He wanted everybody to know it. And when the day for the race came he was satisfied with the weather, for the August haze was almost as thick as a Newfoundland fog. A boat was entirely out of sight when it was a quarter of a mile away. The racing-course was entirely around the islands, starting from and returning to Hamilton Harbor.

"Why do you carry so much weight?" one of the yachtsmen asked Ricky, before the start. "Yourself and your brother and three colored boys make entirely too much load for a twenty-two-foot boat in this wind. Harvey has only himself and another boy."

"Look at the sail I'm carrying," Ricky replied. "I must have plenty of ballast for that when I get outside."

Commodore Trimingham fired his revolver for a starting signal, and the boats were off. They moved slowly enough at first, for in the harbor the wind was light; but in a few minutes the *Princess Louise* began to forge ahead, and before the racers were out of sight in the haze there was a length of clear water between her stern and *The Tempest's* bow. Harvey Outerbridge's friends were sure of victory; but Ricky's friends (for he had a few friends left at that time) said, "just wait till they get outside, and the *Princess* has to double reef!"

Ricky Townsend was anxious to get outside too. He had a home-made map of the course before him, on which the directions read: "Leaving Salt Kettle Ferry, in Hamilton Harbor, thence keeping Spanish Point on the starboard. Rounding St. George Island and St. David's Head, thence southwesterly, rounding Wreck Hill. Then rounding Ireland Island, and crossing Grassy Bay to the starting point. Distance, fifty nautical miles."

In plain shore talk, the race was to be completely around the Bermuda Islands—fifty miles. And it was no play for children, either; for out among the reefs heavy seas break like young Niagaras, winds shift suddenly, sharp coral rocks lie near the surface, and the young mariner needs a clear head and a good compass.

When *The Tempest* rounded Spanish Point, three miles from the starting-place, she was alone in the haze. The *Princess Louise* was out of sight, doubtless far ahead. The fresher breeze of the open sea increased *The Tempest's* speed, and four of the boys in her looked happier. But Ricky Townsend gave no sign of pleasure. For half an hour he kept the bow pointed northeastward straight for St. George, and then suddenly, without a word of warning, he threw the helm up, and headed her for the invisible shore.

"Ricky," his brother exclaimed, "what are you doing? You're out of your course, and headed for shore!"

"I know what I'm about," growled Ricky. "Just keep quiet, and I [illegible]."

"But what's the matter?" Peniston urged. "Are you going to give up the race?"

"Of course not," Ricky answered. "I am going to win the race by cutting off fifteen miles of my sailing distance. Couldn't you guess why I wanted a hazy day? If we sail the entire course, clear around the islands, we go fifty miles. But in some places the island is very narrow, and by sailing through the inlet into Harrington Sound, and crossing the sound, there is nothing between us and Newton Bay on the other side but a strip of land about 500 feet wide. We are going to drag the boat across that strip (that's why I brought so many of you along), and so save the fifteen miles from here around St. George to Newton Bay. Can you understand that?"

"Oh, you wouldn't do that, Ricky?" Peniston cried. "That would be no race at all, just an ugly cheat. Don't do it, Ricky."

Ricky only laughed in reply, and kept the boat headed for the narrow entrance to Harrington Sound. Peniston knew that it would do no good to argue with him further, and the colored boys grinned at what they considered Ricky's shrewdness.

In a few minutes more *The Tempest* had entered and crossed the big sound, and lay close to the opposite beach, Peniston at the helm, while Ricky and the colored boys waded ashore. Curiously enough, there down by the water stood one of Ricky's father's trucks, a big four-wheeled affair, and Peniston understood in a moment that Ricky must have brought it out the night before. With this truck, dragging the boat across the 500 feet of land would be easy work for the five boys. They backed it into the water till the boat floated over it, Ricky compelling his brother to jump out and help. Then away they went with the boat on the truck, up the little hill, across the white road, into the stony field beyond, and in two minutes more they would have launched *The Tempest* in Newton Bay. But at the last moment, when the fraud was almost accomplished, a British soldier in a red jacket, with a bayoneted rifle in his hands, came running toward them, crying:

"Halt, there!"

It seemed to Peniston as though Queen Victoria sitting on her throne must have seen with her penetrating eye what his brother Ricky was doing, and have set the whole machinery of her empire in motion to frustrate his unsportsmanlike trick. But to Ricky the explanation was much simpler; he saw in a minute what a trap he had caught himself in.

"Halt!" the soldier repeated, as he reached the boys. "Let go of that truck. You are all under arrest, gentlemen."

"For what?" Ricky asked, with some pretence of indignation, though he knew well enough. "We are just taking this boat across from the sound to Newton Bay."

"You cannot take anything off of this property without a permit," the sentinel replied. "You are on War Department land contrary to orders, and I must hold you and your boat till the corporal of the guard comes."

With all his shrewdness Ricky had overlooked the little stone posts, like milestones, with "W. D." cut in their sides, that marked the corners of the field he was trying to cross. Those letters, as he knew only too well, stood for "War Department," showing that the land belonged to the British government for military purposes. Bermuda is full of such military reservations, and there are always sentinels on duty to prevent trespassing.

The sentinel blew his whistle to summon the corporal




PLAN OF THE RACE COURSE

of the guard from the fort that was only a few hundred yards away; but the midday sun was hot and the corporal was in no hurry, and by the time he had reached the spot, and then returned to the fort to report to the captain in command there, nearly an hour had passed.

The corporal's report was made in very few words, and with great dignity:

"Five boys captured, sir—two white and three colored—dragging a boat called *The Tempest* across government land from Harrington Sound to Newton Bay."

"*The Tempest!*" the officer exclaimed. "Why, that's young Townsend's boat that is racing the *Princess Louise* around the islands to-day. The young scoundrel has been up to his tricks and tried to cut off half the course. That is a good capture, corporal. Put a guard over the boys and keep them where they are till I give you further orders."

When the corporal and four more soldiers reached the boat, the boys learned that they were to be kept there till orders were received from the fort. And the fort seemed in no hurry to issue its orders; hour after hour passed, three o'clock came, and still they were kept waiting. Meanwhile under the sun and wind the haze cleared away, and Ricky fumed unavailingly as he saw the *Princess Louise* sail rapidly by, homeward bound, far out beyond the reefs.

Four o'clock had passed before the orders came, and with them came two artillery horses. The boys learned that the horses were to draw their boat, still mounted on the truck, down to Prospect, the military headquarters, with Ricky seated in the boat, to be disposed of by the commander-in-chief. Peniston and the colored boys were released, but Ricky must go in the boat with two soldiers on each side.

The captain was a sportsman himself, full of contempt for such unmanly business, and he took care to time the start so that the queer procession should reach Hamilton just at the hour when the *Princess Louise* was due. It was certain that the whole island had heard by this time of the attempt to steal the race, and of Ricky Townsend's capture while trying to drag his boat across the rocks. All the little boys in Hamilton would have something to say to him as he passed through, and the big boys too. No punishment could be worse than to display him seated in his boat under guard, before the crowd that would gather to see the finish of the race.

People all along the roads turned out to see the unusual sight. Ricky seated in the boat looking as though he wished the Walsingham caves would come over the hill and swallow him. Several times he tried to get out, but the soldiers would not allow it; the orders were that he was to ride in the boat, and in the boat he must go.

They reached the outskirts of Hamilton in time to hear the crowd shouting on the wharf. The *Princess Louise* had arrived, almost at the right moment to meet *The Tempest* coming overland under guard. Everybody knew the disgraceful story, and Harvey Outerbridge was given an ovation when he landed, winner of a race that will never be forgotten in Bermuda. If his ears had been a little sharper he might have heard, as he set foot upon the wharf, shouts of:

"Ah, ha! Tricky Townsend! Tricky Townsend! Thief, thief! He tried to steal de race!"

It was the colored boys expressing their frank opinions of the dishonest yachtsman.

"You shut up, brack boy," another shouted; "don' you know he had a' accident? He done run his boat on de rocks!"

"Yah, yah! He run agin a fort! Thief Townsend! Tricky Townsend! Ah, ah, ah!"

The crowd of boys was increasing every moment, and they were beginning to throw stones and anything they could lay hands upon. Any knavery upon land they might not have paid much attention to, because they might not have understood it; but an attempt to steal a yacht race was an idea they could all grasp, and they all had something to say. Ricky was not only broken down with disgrace, but he began to fear that he should be mobbed.

"Can't you go around the city?" he begged the corporal, in a shaky voice. "Please don't take me through that crowd on the wharf."

Before the corporal could reply an orderly from head quarters galloped up and halted the procession.

"Your prisoner is discharged, corporal, by the Commandant's order," he said. Then turning to Ricky he added: "You may go, young man, and take your boat with you. The Colonel has heard of your capture, and he says you have disgraced yourself sufficiently, without being carted through the city. Good-day, sir."

This race was more than Ricky could stand, and before the end of the year he was working on a sheep ranch in Montana. But the story of *The Tempest's* great race across the rocks is still current in Bermuda, and the *Princess Louise* is still one of the crack dingies in those waters.




BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

*CHARACTERS.*

MR. TOMKINS, *a photographer.*
MRS. SHEETZ, *an old lady.*
ARABELLA, *her daughter, no longer young.*
JOSH, *from the country.*
MRS. BENSON.
THE BABY—HERCULES HAMILTON BENSON, JUN.
LINDY, *a young girl.*

COSTUMES.

*Tomkins.*—Ordinary dress; very much gotten up as to hair, false whiskers, etc.

*Josh.*—Country bumpkin style; trousers too short; cravat tied in large bow; large straw hat.

*Mrs. Sheetz.*—Old-fashioned gown, large bonnet, false curls, spectacles.

*Arabella.*—Also somewhat old fashioned in appearance.

*Mrs. Benson.*—Much dressed in latest style.

*The Baby.*—This part can be made very funny, and should be acted by a large child dressed as a very young infant; low neck and short sleeves, with shoulder knots; little cap, etc.

*Lindy.*—White dress, many ribbons; shoulder cape; gay hat.

SCENE.—*A photographer's studio. Camera, various "scenery" effects, bird-cage, tambourine, odd chair, high chair for baby. If nothing better can be found for a balcony, several plain straight backed chairs can be fastened together, and used for that purpose. One or two screens. There should be two doors on opposite sides of stage, or screens arranged to give that effect.*

R. stands for right, L. for left, and C. centre.

Tomkins *discovered attending to work, polishing camera, etc.*

*Tomkins.* It is very strange that no one comes. Here I have been in this very expensive studio for two weeks, and no one

[illegible] When I had [illegible] when I was [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] I have to stay up [illegible] I put a letter in the [illegible] And [illegible] dated to draw. As nearly as I can remember it ran [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]




"HERKIE! HERKIE!"

*Tomkins.* Certainly! certainly! A fine child, Mrs. Benson. Will you be taken with it?

*Mrs. B.* No, I think not; that is, if he'll stay quiet without me. And you will, won't you, Herkie dear? Mamma's ittie petsie wetsie.

[*Removes* Baby's *outer garments. The other customers watch with interest.* Tomkins *brings high chair, and* Baby *is placed in it.*

*Tomkins.* Now, my little man, just watch here till you see the birdie come out!

[Baby *looks very solemn;* Tomkins *puts his head under the cloth;* Baby *begins to cry;* Tomkins *chirrups and whistles;* Mrs. B. *shakes a rattle, calling,* "Herkie! Herkie!" Mrs. S. *waves her bonnet;* Arabella *knocks her umbrella on the floor;* Josh *seizes a shawl or table-cloth and waves it.*

*All.* Herkie! Herkie!

[Baby *yells and has to be taken from the chair. Gradually grows quiet.*

*Tomkins.* My dear Mrs. Benson, the only thing for you to do is to be taken with the child.

*Mrs. B.* Well, I don't mind, if I get a ticket to the circus.

[Tomkins *appears not to hear. Arranges* Mrs. B. *and the* Baby. *Takes photograph.* Mrs. S., Arabella, *and* Josh *retire up* C.

*Tomkins.* Now, just wait a minute till I see how this turns out.

*Mrs. B.* And then you'll give me the ticket to the circus?

*Tomkins.* My dear Mrs. Benson, there has been some slight misunderstanding. You will remember that in my advertisement I said a circus ticket to every *fifth customer.* These good patrons of mine will tell you that you are the ninth, as they are the sixth, seventh, and eighth respectively. (*Aside.*) I don't know what I'll do if any more come while they're here! (*Aloud.*) As I count you and your beautiful son as one, making but one charge for both, you are but number nine. (*Knocking heard. Aside.*) There's somebody now. How am I ever going to get out of this scrape?

[*Enter* Lindy, R., *very timidly.* Mrs. B. *and the* Baby *retire up* C. Mrs. B., Mrs. S., *and* Arabella *converse in whisper, apparently indignant. The* Baby's *cap, etc., are put on, also* Mrs. S.'s *bonnet, and the bags and boxes are packed.* Josh *starts violently upon seeing* Lindy.

*Josh* (*aside*). If that ain't Lindy! I'll hide.

[*Goes behind screen, but is visible to audience.*

*Lindy.* I believe you take pictures, Mr. Tomkins?

*Tomkins* (*bowing*). I do, miss.

*Lindy.* Then will you please take mine? And please take it very nicely, for I want—I want— Well, the truth is, my young man and me we've had a falling out, and I thought if I sent him my photo it would kinder make things straight.

*Tomkins.* Exactly! exactly! What rare tact a woman has! Just sit right down here. Or would you prefer to take some unique position? Leaning out of this balcony, for instance, playing on a tambourine? (*Draws balcony forward.*) Or perhaps you will stand, looking up at this bird-cage, as if it were early morning and you were bidding good-morning to your bird?

[Tomkins *strikes each attitude in succession.*

*Lindy* (*timidly*). I think I'd kinder like the tambourine.

[Tomkins *arranges her;* Lindy *looks very solemn.*

*Tomkins.* But, my dear miss, that expression won't do. It won't do at all. Look cheerful. Think about something pleasant—about Christmas, for instance. Or, I have it! Think about *him!*

[Lindy *smiles. Picture is finally taken.*

*Lindy.* And now if you've got that circus ticket, I'd kinder like to see the elephants.

[Tomkins *clasps his head, and is at a loss for a reply.* Josh, *who has been growing visibly impatient, bounces from behind screen.*

*Josh.* Lindy! Lindy! I'm here, and I'll take you to the circus! (*Seizes her hands.*) And yer don't mind my saying Sally Jenks's hair was purty? I only did it to tease yer, an' I don't think it purty at all.

*Tomkins* (*rubbing his hands*). Exactly! exactly! All's well that ends well. Now I'll send all your pictures home free of charge if you just give me your addresses and pay me for them now.

*Josh.* Well, now, that's a good offer.

*Mrs. S.* (*advancing* L. *of* C.). Why, yes, Arabella! I thought we'd have to come to the city again after them, and I couldn't stand that, what with the ventilator and all.

*Ara.* Why, yes, ma! and I wouldn't make a fuss about the circus ticket.

*Mrs. B.* And I suppose, as you took Herkie and me for one charge, it's about all I could ask.

[*Stands, with* Baby, R. *of* Mrs. S

*Josh* (*stands extreme* R., *with* Lindy *next to him*). I'll tell you what I'll do. As I'm so happy, and found Lindy here, and me and

made up, I'll take the whole party to the circus at my ex

L). Again I say all's well that ends

with you, with pleasure. There's no

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

## CHAPTER XI

THE sound of the old knocker is as startling as the voice of a friend heard after a long absence.

While a host of misty pictures of the past rise before us at its sound and we wait with trembling heart for the appearance of an expected form or face, a subtle odor comes from the old garden like a breath. It brings so keen a sense of the real presence of scenes dear and familiar that we almost hope to see the picturesque little figure of Babette, in flowing hair and long pantalets, tripping across the yard as of old.

The breath is the garden's own. In it are the pollen-dusts of a half-dozen flowering vines; the pungent fragrance of coral magnolia seed-cone crushed here and there by a passing foot; the leathery smell of the tanned flower leaves curling in rolls upon the dank grass, amid a waste of odorous pollen-tipped "matches" from the cone-heart of the fallen blossoms. Clumps of freckled pumpkin-colored tiger-lilies give prodigally to both bee and air of their mustard hearts, and masses of violets cluster along shaded borders. There is the odor of the swinging moss, and the suspended wasp nest contributes its musty danger-smell. Down the walks an occasional tiny heap of newly cut grass is topped by a fresh slab of mould, emitting its earthy breath, and inviting the sparrow to dine on its panic-stricken inhabitants.

We recognize the same old pattern of the bricklayer's fancy along the walks, outlined in a flat green ribbon of closely clipped cocoa-grass, while an occasional shoot holds up a defiant pair of blades, recalling the old woman who would say "scissors."

There are changes in the house's front. Two great windows have opened through the solid wall of ivy on its parlor side, and from the narrow opening between its bowed shutters fleecy curtains of snowy lace float in and out in the breeze. The tall white urns guarding the front steps have given up their volunteer crops of purslane and golden rod, and are aglow with scarlet geraniums and trailing garlands of moneywort. The old doctor's arm-chair has disappeared from the balcony

How quickly the eye takes in all these things, recognizing familiar features, and noting the changes far more quickly than it has done to recount them!

The echo of the knocker seems still in our ears, when the front door opens and the blinking face of Noute appears. Turning back as he sees us, he seizes a card-tray, and as he comes forward now and opens the gate he presents it, with the explanation that "No one may come in to-day. Madame is no better. Everybody is asked to leave a card."

Noute the deaf, the dumb, is hearing, and has spoken; and now, in answer to further inquiry, he goes on to say:

"Oh yes, Mamzelle Bébée is there, and Tante Clarisse, and another woman—a sick-nurse—and of course Dr. McDonald."

"After the doctor—?"

"Ah, yes, certainly, Dr. McDonald and another, and some days still another comes—"

"But Dr. Bondurante?"

"Dr. Bondurante! Ah-h-h!" Tears start afresh, and are quickly bestowed along the length of his sleeve, as he exclaims, after the manner of the Bondurante household, under pressure of emotion: "Ah-h-h! Poor Dr. Bondurante! Since three—three weeks or three years—I am not sure which—Dr. Bondurante has been dead; or, maybe, it is three months ago. Mamzelle Bébée was so high; to-day she stands—" And Noute the "foolish" raises his hand from the first low measurement in a wavering, uncertain way, indicating Babette's supposed height, now even with his own chin, now at his nose's tip, and now between the two.

"I think it is three weeks past," he continues, after a moment of blinking uncertainty, "or maybe three months. Three times the yellow roses came since. He was asleep in the swing."

Poor Noute's wandering efforts at explanation are unsatisfactory and puzzling—nay, more, they are painful.

As we turn away, our eyes fall for the first time upon a bright sign on the left side of the gate. It is so near that we start upon discovering it almost against our shoulder. "Dr. John McDonald" is its simple inscription. Only a doctor's sign, nothing more, and yet it tells a new chapter in our story.

An aged shopkeeper, a hunchback, who lives directly across the street, tells us the rest.

Needless to say his native tongue is French—he is a creole—and having said this, still more superfluous is it to add that he is polite and kindly.

"Since t'ree years past," he begins, drawing out a stool and offering it, "the old doctor went one day to sleep in his hammock. When they found him it was the month of May, and yellow lady-bank roses lay one over another on all the vines, and the flowers Mamzelle Bébée had laid in his arms were yet fresh.

"Mamzelle Bébée was not there when they went to wake him. She had gone an hour before with Ma'am McDonald—the mother to the young Dr. McDonald—to the Lafourche country. Only one yellow-fever case was reported at the quarantine, and they sent mamzelle away, so much afraid, remembering how it robbed them before.

"When she ran to tell her uncle good-by he was asleep, and she did not wake him, only filled his arms with the flowers, and, kissing his hair, left him so. The flowers would tell him she had said good-by, and she would soon be back. This was at the end of May only, and yet Ma'am Bondurante would not let mamzelle come home until the frost. T'ree times they have sent her there, and every time she goes and comes she is prettier than the last time, and sweeter. When this time she came back to find the doctor gone—they never wrote her of his death—madame was afraid if she grieved she might be ill; but when she came and saw madame alone, and so changed and sad, she said she would never leave her again. And she has kept her word.

"Ma'am Bondurante is never the same since then, and but for mamzelle they say she would not be here now. 'Tis true mamzelle is her niece, but many daughters are not so loving. And she is so beautiful—so good to the poor!

"Everyw'ere you see the little old lady walk—along the *galerie*, through the yard—mamzelle is walking by

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

her side, holding her arm, maybe, or laughing. They are like two morning glories--madame of yesterday's blooming, shrivelled and old; mamzelle, rising above her, as a dew-tipped flower just expanded and catching the first sun.

"Ah, well! We will see them so never again, I believe. So the nurse Madelaine she tells me. To-day, or to-morrow at the latest, she will pass. And mamzelle, they say she will be the heir. She deserves it, yes—if she got twice more yet. Same as mother and father—and, like I said, *better than many* she loved that old aunt and uncle.

"And Dr. McDonald? Ask the neighborhood. Everybody, black and w'ite, love to see him pass in and out. And many fine positions he has refuse in the 'Charity Hospital,' the Hôtel Dieu. And in other cities even they want him. But he will not leave Ma'am Bondurante and mamzelle. But he has plenty practice. Even the old doctors send for him. He makes a great deal of money; *mais*, he gives half away. If he and mamzelle—of course everybody's business is for himself; but if only he and mamzelle—it would be a pretty match. They are a beautiful pair when they stand together in the garden—she so dark, so laughing, always making fun; he, tall, fair, serious. If only the old people could have lived to see that!"

The garrulous old dealer in paper flowers, holy candles, rosaries, and "religious articles" in general, would have talked all day to a patient listener.

These were indeed trying times for Babette; and when she had at last, a few days later, returned from the funeral of her benefactress to the great silent house, she felt lonely indeed. But she was not friendless, even though her circle was small. John had been kind and thoughtful all the way through; and now, when she had given Clarisse her bonnet and wrap and was turning to go into her own room, she was surprised with a new evidence of his thoughtfulness.

As soon as he had realized that the end was near, he had sent for his mother to come, and fearing lest Babette should be disturbed with preparations for her entertainment, he had said nothing of it to her.

Mrs. McDonald, with whom she had spent several happy summers, was her dearest friend. If she had been told to ask for the one thing in the world that would comfort her in her great sorrow, it would have been to have this friend come to her now.

And here she was. She had come while they were away. With hands affectionately extended, but with her sweet and womanly face as serene as always, in dark days as in bright, she came forward to meet her; and when John came in a moment afterwards and found them quietly talking together, he knew that her coming had been a blessing.

Babette had been through a long and weary experience, and for a week after Mrs. McDonald came she kept her bed. This long rest and quiet, with kind and cheerful attention from the entire household, was her best restorative. Noute, always anxious when any one was ill, was all attention now. The poor fellow, with only his poor half-wit to help him to an understanding of things, had nevertheless made some progress. He had learned that he was not to be sent away, and that when Mamzelle Bébée had gone away in the summer-time, she had come back again.

Noute was never anxious about the future. He did not ask himself, as did every other member of the household, what Babette would do, now that she was alone. He only knew each day that "to-day" she was lying in bed—not strong enough to be up—and so "to-day" for him was spoiled. He could bring flowers to her door and ice-water, or the morning paper, or he could beg Clarisse to fix a glass of orange-flower syrup for him to take to her, and betweentimes he could sit outside her door on the floor and think and blink and wait.

While there had been other illnesses in the family, Noute had been ever willing and anxious to serve; but when not needed in the house he would seize his trowel and go out to fight the cocoa-grass in the garden.

During Babette's illness the cocoa-grass had things its own way, and straightway proceeded to fence off every brick from its neighbor.

For a whole week Noute sat at Babette's door, and on the day she finally appeared, dressed and apparently well again, he went through his usual gymnastic performances up and down the back yard, and then, seizing his trowel, quietly went back to his work at the cocoa-grass.

Life had begun again. At the end of a second week it was necessary for Mrs. McDonald to return to her home, and, by the physician's advice, Babette consented to go with her for a short time. The entire change of air and scene would bring back the roses to her cheeks, and when she should be quite strong again she would think of her future. For the present John remained in the home, retaining his office in the doctor's study as before.

It was not many days before the hunchback's words regarding the property proved to be true. Indeed, his name was found signed as one of the witnesses to the brief will which John found among some papers committed to his keeping, to be opened only after Madame Bondurante's death. This paper, drawn up by herself, simply and unequivocally left everything to her "beloved niece Marie Bondurante." This John wrote her as soon as he discovered it; but Babette was troubled by thoughts that no one knew.

The only respect in which her beloved Tantine had ever seemed unkind to her or inconsiderate was in a certain reticence as to her relationship. Babette was quite small when she discovered that any questions about her own parentage brought a sad expression to her aunt's face, and that these questions were answered only when pressed. And sometimes—she had tried to think herself mistaken—sometimes the reluctant answers, given at long intervals, did not quite agree. Indeed, the poor old lady had more than once repented them in the confessional—but even here only as abstract sins.

Long before the doctor's death Babette had often resolved to make a serious appeal for the whole truth, but the very suspicion of mystery had made it hard to do. Then, when the old lady began to fail in health, it had been quite impossible to distress her.

And so she had died, and Babette was quite alone, knowing only that there was concerning herself a painful mystery. She hoped that possibly the will would explain things. Her name betrayed nothing. The doctor and his wife were, she knew, distant cousins. Both were Bondurantes. Had her father or mother or both offended, and been cast out of the family record? It was very strange. She was sure, moreover, that there was a period of her life with which both her aunt and uncle were unfamiliar. She was greatly troubled now, her last hope having failed. The will had told nothing. She was coming into a fortune through a doubtful relationship, and the subject preyed upon her mind until she resolved to write to John about it.

To no human soul had she ever hinted her unhappiness before. Her pride had kept her silent even when she was a child, but now she felt that she must have advice, and perhaps aid, in unravelling her life's secret. Her first impulse naturally led her to confide in him who had been beside her, first as teacher, and then as counsellor and friend, during eight long and happy years.

And so the letter was written—a long and detailed account of her life, so far as she knew it, with all the little discrepancies in the story as told her, all her misgivings,



"BUT FOR MAMZELLE THEY SAY SHE WOULD NOT BE HERE NOW"

and her own detached and imperfect memories upon which many of them were founded. She even told him about the mysterious bundle of clothing. She held back nothing.

By a strange coincidence, on the evening of the day after this letter reached John McDonald, something happened at the homestead to confirm his own suspicion that there was another story of Babette's life back of the one commonly believed. He, too, had innocently asked one or two natural questions when he first came to live at the Bondurantes', and then he had learned to keep silent.

While he sat reading as usual in his office this evening, Noute squatted in his favorite position flat upon the floor against the wall, hugging his knees and talking to himself. This had been his habit ever since he had learned the use of his tongue, and John would not have noticed it had he not heard the name "Mamzelle Bébée," repeated at intervals. It was impossible that John should not listen alertly, hearing this name. No one, not even the girl herself, knew any other than the name to which she had awakened in the Bondurante home. She was to herself only, as to others, "Marie Bondurante," familiarly known as *Bébée*.

Noute's talk, even when not embarrassed by the consciousness of a listener, was rambling, and his sentences disconnected. Noute the foolish of old was Noute the foolish still. It was hard to make anything of talk like this:

"Rain come down wind blow, z-z-z! Gate fly open bang! Old devil shoot inside with Mamzelle Bébée!"

This seemed to give him special pleasure, for he repeated it over and over with slight variations, always laughing at the end of the recital.

After listening awhile, John raised his head and began to question him. Nothing could have pleased the simple-minded fellow better than this. He began the story over again; and this time he commenced by saying:

"Mamzelle is *so* big" he raised his hand even with the door-knob. "She is burning sick. The old devil run with her in the rain—in the wind. It is cold. I run behind—watch where she go; the big gate comes open—I shove her in, so—bang!"

Rising now and throwing himself forward, he imitated the motion of pushing the old gypsy into the gate. Noute, it must be remembered, was the only living person who had ever known how she had gotten in. It seemed an improbable story—and it was very incomplete—and yet, coming just at this time, immediately after Babette's letter, it seemed to confirm his fears. There was surely a strange mystery connected with her life.

If Noute knew anything of value to the story, he did not have the knowledge on demand. He did not even seem to know when, in describing this incident, a new item tumbled into it, as if by accident, or that the whole recital had any serious meaning.

After thinking over the matter, and failing to get anything coherent from Noute, John resolved to try Clarisse.

"What was the first name of mademoiselle's father, Clarisse?" he asked next morning.

Clarisse started nervously at the question, rolled her eyes and crossed herself, as she answered:

"Me! I know nuthing 't all about it, M'sieu Jean. God knows, Mamzelle is one sweet, sweet young lady; but for such as dat, I know *nuthing 't all about it*."

And the very vehemence with which she denied all knowledge proved, beyond a doubt, that she did know something which she would not tell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE WINNING OF THE WATCH.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JUN.

JIMMIE needed a watch. His trusty, albeit battered, "solid silver hunting-case chronometer," as impressively termed by the pater when presented to Jimmie on his birthday, had achieved a watery grave; for on one long hot August day Jimmie had yielded to the tempter, in the shape of Tommie Parvin, and had gone down swimming at the forbidden Long Wharf. This lapse from virtue had been punished with startling promptitude, for as Jimmie was dressing his watch had slipped from the watch-pocket of his tennis trousers, and rolled provokingly through a chink in the wharf into the water below. And though, by the united efforts of the crowd, a plank was pried off the wharf, and Jimmie enthusiastically held by the legs while he fumbled under water for his lost treasure, not a trace of it was to be found. In some mysterious way, too, the pater must have heard the details of the loss, for when, in the early part of December, Jimmie had handed him a "Christmas list," at the top of which were the underscored words "gold watch," Judge Gray read it carefully through, and then called Jimmie over to him.

"James, my son," he remarked, solemnly, "there is a maxim in the law that no one shall derive any advantage from his own wrong-doing. Now if you think that, after losing your silver watch by disobeying your affectionate parents, you are going to receive a gold one at Christmas, why, James, you underestimate your old father's respect for the law." And the pater, with a wicked twinkle in his eye, retired again behind his newspaper, while Jimmie sorrowfully crossed off present number one.

Soon, however, after the holidays began, something occurred which Jimmie regarded as distinctly providential. An old alumnus of the Hill School, where Jimmie attended as a day scholar, who was a great patron of all athletic sports, had offered a gold watch as a prize in a scratch six-mile cross-country race on Washington's birthday, open only to Hill-Schoolers, and over a course to be announced the day of the race. Jimmie resolved to himself to lay the matter before his big brother Jack as soon as the latter returned from college. When Jack returned for the Christmas holidays, Jimmie managed to get him all to himself and unfold the details of his cherished plan, which was no less than to train during the rest of the winter, and win the race and likewise the watch in February. Jack was aghast at his small brother's temerity.

"Win the race, indeed, you nervy little beggar," he grumbled. "Why, you've never done any running to speak of, and some of the boys at the Hill School aren't half bad. And the watch—well, if you hadn't gone and disobeyed the pater you wouldn't have lost yours. I never used to hook off to Long Wharf when I was a boy" (Jack was not yet twenty) "at least," the collegian continued, hastily. "I never lost a watch there." And Jack drew himself up with a most impressive air of rectitude, conscious that in the latter statement certainly he was strictly within the truth. "And then," he continued, "no gold watch that was ever made is worth a hard cross-country race. I ought to know; I was cross-country champion at college last year, and I wouldn't defend the title again for a house and lot. The mile is bad enough, but a six-mile cross-country race takes every bit of sand a man has to stick it out. You run the last mile stone-blind, and see nothing but colors before your eyes, and hear big guns firing off by your ears, and then you usually faint at the finish, and are sick for months."

But in spite of this lurid description Jimmie remained



JIMMIE, TO THE UNBOUNDED AMAZEMENT OF THE OTHERS, TAKES IT BEAUTIFULLY.

[illegible] other boys [illegible] and why [illegible]

[illegible] Jack, perceiving [illegible] small brother [illegible] earnest, hearty fist made [illegible] proposition that made Jimmie very happy. "If you are really in earnest about it," said Jack, "and are willing to go [illegible] the hardest course of training that you ever [illegible] of, I suppose that I'll have [illegible] to help you. I'll run [illegible] every day for the next three weeks and teach you all I know of cross-country running, which is a good deal," Jack continued, modestly. "And one thing you must practise three times a week besides running, and [illegible] broad jumping, until you can clear sixteen feet from any kind of take-off, rough or smooth, for there's sure to be some awful jumps in the course.

"Come home to the room to-morrow afternoon about two o'clock, when it's getting dark, so that we won't shock the natives by tearing through the streets and I'll log you out in some of my jeans, and we'll see what you're made of."

Accordingly, late the next afternoon any one strolling along the country roads might have observed a tall, broad-chested athlete loping along through the crisp air and over the frozen ground, closely followed by a small boy wearing a sweater some sizes too large for him, and whose flushed face bore an intense do-or-die look.

So it went on every afternoon during vacation, until Jimmie, under the training of his big brother, began to get wind and speed, learned how to swing his arms with his stride, strike springily on the ball of his foot, sprint at the finish, and all the other details of cross-country running.

All that long winter, after Jack had gone back to college, Jimmie trained faithfully by himself. Every afternoon, whatever the weather, he would slip on his jersey, sweater, knickerbockers, stockings, and sneakers, and start off bareheaded and barehanded on the long, tiresome four-mile course that Jack had laid out for his daily run. Some days it snowed or rained, but the run was taken just the same, and Jimmie soon became weather-hardened. And some days there was snowing or skating, but all these Jimmie manfully forebore if so be that they interfered with his daily run. Once a week he varied the programme by knocking out a fast mile to give him the necessary spurting powers, and occasionally, too, he would take a run over what Jack called "the swamp course," which went through woods and swamp, across wide brooks, and up thickly wooded hills. Nor was Jack's injunction in regard to jumping neglected. Jimmie practised leaping until seventeen feet was an easy distance to him. Then there were minor details of training which were desperately hard on a fifteen-year-old boy. The stroke of ten found Jimmie snugly in bed every night. Hardest of all (for Jimmie was a bit of an epicure) was the foregoing of all indigestible dainties, such as pie and puddings, and the cutting down the water supply to three glasses a day. But he stuck to it manfully, and his determination astonished Jack, who was kept informed of his progress by letter, and who had supposed that a couple of weeks of this training would be quite enough for his small brother. As week after week of the hardy regime went by the results were most encouraging. Jimmie became hard and supple all over, he had an easy litheness and swing to his walk and carriage, and no longer became tired and sick after a long run, while the healthy clearness of his skin and the soft brightness of his eyes showed what daily exercise, a bath, and rub-down do for a boy, while the feeling of life and health that was ever with him more than compensated for the daily work and deprivation. At last the eventful day arrived. Jimmie had received a long letter from Jack the day before containing his parting instructions.

"Be sure to leave off your sweater; you'll be warm [illegible] before you finish," it ended. "Wear your lightest jersey, a pair of cotton running jeans, and sneakers. Every extra ounce will weigh a ton on your last mile."

The start and finish was to be in front of the Hill School Gymnasium, where the course was to be announced. Jimmie had kept his training a profound secret, and accordingly when he appeared, clothed only in track costume on this frosty morning, and looking very diminutive beside the burly crowd of crack runners from the school, there was a general smile throughout the crowd of spectators, and rude little boys passed various unkind remarks on his appearance. Only his chum, the faithful Tommie, whispered words of encouragement to him, as he wrapped a huge blanket around his shaking shoulders. Jimmie had that deathly nervousness that comes to all novices, and had serious thoughts of giving the whole thing up. The other boys looked so big and confident, and two or three of them were good runners, and had won medals and trophies galore.

"I'll go through with it, anyway, Tommie," he said, in a voice shaking with nervousness; "but I do wish it was over."

The competitors now huddled together in a little knot, while Mr. Williams, the organizer of the run, a wiry-looking young man, still in his twenties—began to announce the course in what seemed to Jimmie far too cheerful a manner, when one took into consideration the solemnity of the occasion.

"The course is all flagged out, boys, and before you get back *you'll* be all *fagged* out," and Mr. Williams laughed heartily at his little joke.

Jimmie would sooner have laughed at his own funeral.

"The first stretch is from here to Cream Lake by road, then across Black Swamp, following the flagged course, and then by the main road home, finishing here. The first man home carries off this watch with him," and Mr. Williams dangled temptingly a magnificent hunting-case gold watch and chain.

"Now don't scrap at the start, there's a long journey before you," remarked the starter, soothingly, as the long line of young runners got into position. "Get set."

Bang! went the pistol, and they were off. Jimmie had not taken ten strides in the keen crisp air before the blood which began to hum through his veins carried off every vestige of nervousness. He was running easily, fifth or sixth, following Jack's directions as to not setting the pace. Then he commenced to think over the course, and almost chuckled as he thought of the run over Black Swamp, for a deep muddy brook doubled back and forth over the swamp, making two rather stiff water-jumps, especially as a good three miles must be covered before they were reached. Jimmie himself felt no fears at all, for he had traversed Black Swamp at full speed on many a winter's day, and had gotten so that he could take the jumps with comparative ease. In fact, as Jimmie strode along, going as slowly as the leaders would let him, taking long deep breaths, so that the coveted second wind would come rightly, he began to take a very cheerful aspect of things, and even let his mind stray towards that watch, while immediately a rose-tinted vision rose before him, of himself snapping back the lid in a nonchalant manner in school when recess-time seemed near, to the admiration of all the other boys. But these happy thoughts lasted only during the first mile. Two of Jimmie's opponents were no novices. These were the Grayling twins, who had been at Andover before coming to the Hill School, where cross country races and hare-and-hound runs had been a common feature of the school athletics. They were nineteen years old, well built, and though they had not trained as carefully as Jimmie, yet in spite of that fact their experience and age gave them a decided advantage.

Jimmie's contentment was suddenly dispelled by these two men, who were acting as pace-makers. They had decided that it was about time to commence to kill off the field, and accordingly the long easy stride changed into a more rapid one that taxed muscle and wind alike. Jimmie still lagged behind, hoping that it was only a spurt; but when fifty yards lay between him and the leaders, while the gap kept increasing, he decided that this must stop. Now the pack is commencing to straggle, and the pace begins to tell on the weaker ones. Jimmie's breath is coming in pants, and that indefinable feeling of pain and discomfort that every cross-country runner knows so well is upon him. In a cross-country race there always comes a point, sooner or later, when the sterling qualities of endurance and courage are the only things that will keep the runner moving. The tired body, the heaving lungs, and the heart beating like a trip-hammer—all alike protest against the strain imposed upon them. Jimmie has closed up the gap between himself and the leaders, but already he is beginning to wonder whether he can hold out. Cream Lake is almost reached; but half the journey, and that the hardest, is still to be traversed. The twins are closely followed by Jimmie and two more. The rest of the starters are strung out back along the road, hopelessly out of the race.

Now the twins swing into the soft muddy wood road that runs across Black Swamp, and Jimmie sees with sinking heart that they are running free and without an effort. Floundering through the half-frozen swamp, sometimes plunging knee-deep in concealed puddles, the five runners pursue their painful course. Jimmie's scanty costume and light weight give him a decided advantage over his heavier companions in this kind of work. Finally he takes the lead and begins to draw away a little from the others, when suddenly the road is crossed by a wide sluggish brook. Underneath the film of ice that has formed on the surface the mud lies black and deep. The first of the dreaded water-jumps is at hand, to be cleared at a bound if possible, to be floundered through if necessary, but at any rate to be crossed as two little red flags placed one on each side of the road indicate. A groan of dismay comes up from the laboring quartet behind, and Jimmie blesses the training in leaping that Jack has put him through. Sixteen feet wide at the least, with a muddy slippery take-off, it is a hard jump after three miles of hot running, but Jimmie, to the unbounded amazement of the others, takes it beautifully, and lands on the other bank without wetting a shoe. The foremost of the twins essays a similar feat, but lands full in the middle of the icy stream with a howl of dismay. Jimmie hears a sound of puffing and splashing as he speeds along, but never turns his head, and by the time that the next jump is reached has gained a clear hundred yards on them all. The next jump is a hard one too, and Jimmie's legs are decidedly staggery, but he collects all his energy and just clears it. The others are forced to repeat the former performance, and cold, wet, and dragged down by the weight of their water-soaked sweaters, they emerge from the edge of the swamp only to see Jimmie two hundred yards ahead on the road for home. Jimmie realizes that his only chance is to get too much of a lead in the swamp for the twins to make up. On level ground their superior strength and speed give them the advantage. Now the twins buckle grimly down to their work! Only a scant two miles more is left, and Jimmie's slight figure is nearly an eighth of a mile ahead. Foot by foot they close up on him. He can hear the rapid pat, pat of their feet on the frozen ground coming nearer and nearer, while now and then the clink of a stone thrown to one side by their flying footsteps startles him by its clearness. But a mile more is left, and they have closed up over a hundred yards. The others have dropped out, and the race lies between the three. Now they turn into the last long straight stretch of road. A little over half a mile away Jimmie sees the finish with its crowd of spectators, sees it but dimly, for flashing lights are whirling before his eyes, there is a sharp pain through his temples, and his legs stride out mechanically.

He is in an agony, that agony which a racer feels at the end of a long hard race when it becomes a question as to whether the will power is strong enough to force the complaining body to stand the terrible strain longer. The half lessens into a quarter, but the twins have closed up, until they are so near that Jimmie can hear their rapid breathing; once he glances back; their white drawn faces are less than a couple of rods behind, and they are gaining every step. Everything grows dim to poor Jimmie, and he realizes what Jack means by running blind. But Jack would never give up a race! And so Jimmie fights desperately against the overpowering desire to lie down by the road and rest.

Only a hundred yards away now is the finish; the crowd, lined up on each side of the road, are cheering madly, but their voices sound miles away to Jimmie's ears. The only thing that he hears plainly are the footsteps right back of him now of one of the twins. If he can only hold the distance twenty seconds more!—but he is running in staggers, lurching from side to side, his head begins to swing back and forth like that of a drunken man; he feels that in another stride or so he must drop, when suddenly something cold and stinging strikes him in the face; he gasps, and for the moment sees again. The astute Tommie, seeing how matters were, has hurriedly filled a pail with icy water at a neighboring hydrant, and dashes it over his chum; it comes just in the nick of time. The shock and stimulus of the water give Jimmie the needed strength for the last few yards. He staggers along with one of the twins just at his heels. One more plunge, and almost fainting he falls across the line six inches ahead of his opponent.

Jimmie has won his first and last cross-country race, and as Mr. Williams hands the watch some hours later to him, lying very white and faint on a mattress in the gymnasium, he remarks, "Jimmie, you earned that watch." And Jimmie responds feelingly, "You bet I did!"

## THE BICYCLE RAILROAD.

BY ALBERT LEE.

NOT far from Patchogue, Long Island, at a little village called Bellport, there is a peculiar structure, a mile and a half long, that looks like a trolley railroad, but is not. Occasionally something black will swish along past the upright poles and be out of sight before you can see just what it is, and if you ask a native about it he will tell you that that is the new bicycle railroad. It is only an experiment now, but the promoters of the enterprise assert that within a year they will have their bicycle trains running from one end of the island to the other.

At first thought it seems almost impossible that a railroad train can be constructed to run on one rail, just as a bicycle runs along a road, or that after it has once started it should be able to travel twice as fast as an express train running on a two-rail track. Yet in practice these conditions have been absolutely fulfilled; the bicycle railroad has been running on its short spur for several months, and any one who cares to may go down to Bellport any day and see how it feels to cover a mile and a half in less than ninety seconds.

The theory that this new kind of road was built on is very simple. As the name implies, it is nothing more than a bicycle railroad, each car being merely a large bicycle capable of carrying forty or fifty persons, instead

[illegible] These big bicycles are then placed inside [illegible] them so securely that no matter what happens the pas[illegible] may been seen from the illustration, this structure con[illegible] serves to steady the cars, and through which the [illegible] propelled, heated, and lighted by electricity. Every car has two wheels, one at each end, and in the motor cars the propelling machinery is placed just above the wheel. An invention has recently been made, however, by means of which the propelling motor will be located *inside* the wheel, and will be capable of attaining a speed of one hundred miles an hour.

As the cars are firmly held between the upper and lower rails, no matter how fast the bicycle train goes, it is impossible for it to run off the track — just the same as it is impossible for a bullet to get out of a gun-barrel until it reaches the muzzle. There might be danger from collisions, but this has been foreseen, and the road, when it is built, will be divided into sections. When a train is in one section it will automatically cut off the electric current from the section it has just left, so that there will be thus no power there to propel any other train. That section will therefore be "blocked," and such an arrangement in railroading is called the "block system." There is the possibility, however, of a wheel breaking; but even such an accident would not be serious, because the cars would only settle down one inch into a "shoe" arranged for that purpose, and slide along the track until they stopped easily from their own friction. They could not possibly settle down far enough for the guide wheels to lose their hold of the guide beam overhead.

We have all noticed what inconvenient and sometimes dangerous things are the overhead wires of the trolley street-car lines. The cars go along reasonably fast, but they frequently slip the trolley wheel, and always have to slow up at curves. On the bicycle railroad the conducting rail overhead is covered with wood on all sides, except that which faces downward, and along which run the "shoes" that convey the electric power to the motor inside the car. There are several of these "shoes" on the top of each car, so that no matter how fast the train is going, even around curves at full speed, one at least of them will remain in contact with the upper rail, and there will be no loss of power.

The cars in operation are almost noiseless. Each one weighs, with wheels, motor, and trucks, only six tons. The motor cars can seat thirty-six people, and the passenger coaches will hold sixty-six persons.

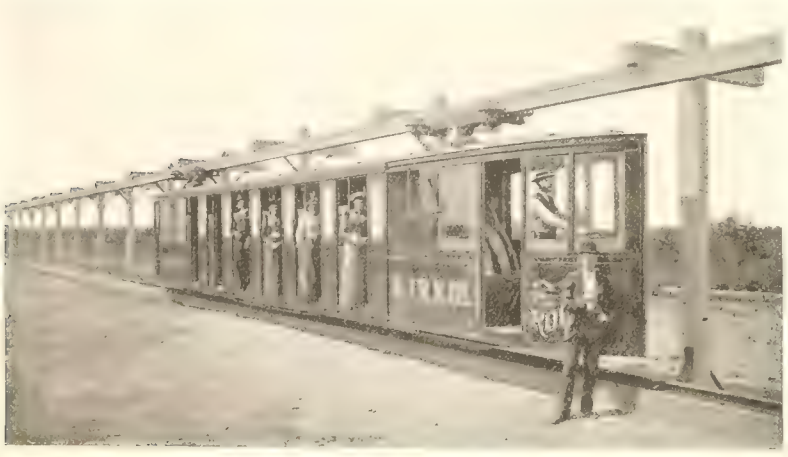


IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO RUN OFF THE TRACK.

The weight of fast railroad trains, such as the "Exposition Flyer," which ran between New York and Chicago at the time of the World's Fair, or the "Empire State Express," which runs daily between New York and Albany, is 200 tons, with seating capacity for not over 200 people. This makes an average weight of one ton, or 2000 pounds, for each passenger. It is asserted that a train of bicycle cars can be formed, consisting of two motor cars and three passenger coaches, with a seating capacity of 200 persons, and weigh only 200 pounds per passenger. This calculation would make a bicycle train carrying the same number of passengers as an express train only one-tenth as heavy.

Some of the further advantages which the promoters claim for their system, and which certainly look favorable on paper, are these: there will be no locomotives, with repair-shops, with machinery and tools, to maintain, and no pay-roll for employés connected therewith; no great terminal facilities to provide; no ties to renew; no conductors, engineers, or firemen, for the motormen will have full charge of trains; no water-supply to pay for; no fences to build and maintain, for the road as it is proposed to build it on Long Island will be elevated; no damage to cattle; no flagmen at crossings; no coal stoves; no steam-heating; no snow to plough through; and no clouds of dust to blind and inconvenience the passengers.

It would really seem from all this that quite a revolution is coming in modern methods of railroad travelling. But it remains to be seen whether the bicycle method can be successfully operated for long distances. The fact that cars, such as are shown in the accompanying illustrations, have been successfully run at the rate of a mile a minute on the spur at Bellport commends the bicycle railroad as a system of rapid transit, and no doubt it will prove a very popular and useful system if it is constructed on Long Island. It will make it possible for people who live along the Sound or the South Shore to reach their homes in much less time than it takes them now.



EACH CAR IS MERELY A LARGE BICYCLE.

## TOM LEVITT'S CASE OF "NERVES."

BY RICHARD BARRY.

IT was the dullest season that North Harbor Point had ever seen. That is, if you judged it by the empty rooms in the big hotel and the number of cottages that still had "To rent" stuck up like little gravestones in the scanty front grass-plots. The livery-stable-keeper had thought seriously of closing up his business, and the sail-boatmen had sat day after day furtively watching the big hotel 'bus as it drove across the causeway from the station. But, as one of them expressed it, it "didn't seem to be much of a year, except for nurse-maids and children." It was a great year for children, especially *girls*. So thought Tom Levitt, the only boy at the Hetamoxit, as he gazed from the broad piazza down across the bay and back again over the marshes. There was a land breeze blowing, and Tom varied the monotony by slapping at the mosquitoes that hummed and sang about his head. Tom was summering in charge of an aunt; his mother and father were writing long letters from all sorts of places in Europe, each one concluding with the wish and hope that Tom was a "good boy," and not giving Aunt Mollie any trouble.

Now Aunt Mollie was the dearest person in the whole world, but she did not know the first thing about boys. She had two very prim little misses of her own, but she thought that boys were only to be saved from getting lost or drowned, or setting fire to things, by constant watching; so when Tom was out of her sight she began to "cluck," as Tom expressed it, fussing dreadfully when he was away, and shedding tears when he returned. Possibly on the ground that one should be very careful of borrowed articles, she was extra careful about Tom. If Aunt Mollie had had a boy of her own he would have worn frocks for a very long time.

Now all this was resented by a boy of twelve, and Tom had "played hookey" a number of times, and had suffered the pangs of conscience for it afterwards, the way some boys do and some boys don't. But on one occasion he had been taught a lesson that did him a great deal of good, perhaps, and resulted in his being so very quiet and subdued for two or three days that he even condescended to join the girls in an impromptu fancy dance on the piazza.

What had happened was this: Tom, for a boy of his size, was a good swimmer; but on the long shallow beach that was presided over by a cross, red-faced bathing-master, a row of nurse-maids, and a score of anxious mothers there was little chance for fun. At any time when he



EVERY ONE WAS PARALYZED BY HIS DISAPPEARANCE.

was swimming about inside the ropes he could put his foot down and feel the smooth hard sand beneath him. Now to a boy who can dive there is nothing like the sensation of a long flight through the air and a sudden plunge into deep water, going down, down, until the shells and white stones can be seen plainly on the bottom when he opens his eyes; then, turning, he shoots up to the surface, and after a few overhand strokes, is up on his perch poising himself for another dive. All this Tom missed, and being tempted by the long pier near the railway track, he had once or twice hurriedly thrown off his clothes and gone headlong out into the still green water. The third time it was that he got his lesson.

The tide used to run out of North Harbor on the ebb like a great river. It swirled about the pier-heads, and brought up all the small craft with their noses pointing east, and made them pull at their cables like restless horses.

For some reason Tom did not notice that the tide was going out. Perhaps this was because it was raining slightly, and he took off his clothes inside an old fish-house on the pier. Out he ran into the cooling rain, scampered down the rough boards, and in a second his bare legs were twinkling in the air and his own reflected image was rushing up to meet him in the water. But while in mid-air Tom was seized with a horrible conviction that something was going to happen. The water, dark and heavy under the wet gray sky, was running swiftly out to sea, and when he shook his head free of the surface he was many feet beyond the end of the pier.

Manfully he struck out, trying not to be frightened, but—no use. He saw plainly enough that he was losing ground. Then he lifted one arm over another and fought against the tide. He once or twice started to cry "Help!" but his own voice frightened him, and he bit his lips, and half buried his face in the water as he swam with strong thrusting of his legs and arms, Indian fashion, on one side. But he was going back.



HE EVEN CONDESCENDED TO JOIN THE GIRLS IN AN IMPROMPTU DANCE.

A few feet from the float a little sailboat was anchored. How Tom ever reached it he could never remember, but as the tide kept [illegible] still swimming [illegible] he clung close to it. He shouted and some one pulled him in. Then he forgot everything [illegible] Then he recovered himself, he glanced to be sure [illegible] he dressed himself, and crawled home, going to bed slyly, and saying nothing to Aunt Mollie.

The next morning Tom [illegible] He was nervous all night. Tossing to and fro on his cot [illegible] and dreamed of rushing water that covered and capped about his head. When bathing hour arrived strange to say, he had a horror of it. His nerves were all unstrung; he felt as if he had lost his "sand." For days this same fear of the sea kept up; it grew upon him. And this was at the time that four boys, under the charge of Mr. Neally, a tutor, arrived at the Hetamoxit. The other boys swam out and dove and ducked one another, but poor Tom could not muster up his courage, he would only paddle near the shore. As he was ashamed to tell the reason, the others thought he could not swim. Tom was only suffering from what older people have suffered many times—"nerves." It happened that there was great rivalry between the new boys, who called themselves the "Neatites." They were all about the same age and the same size. It was a dead heat between them all sometimes in a running race around the hotel driveway, and in the water they were quite as evenly matched. This led to a race that ended in a way no one expected to say the least. Of course they had often raced in their larks in the water, but the one who was last said he "just stopped," and the other said he could have swum faster if he had tried, and the only way to settle it was to have it out to everybody's satisfaction. The prize was a mug—a large silver mug—and its donor was a young lady who, Mr. Neally thought, was the very prettiest girl he ever saw.

Poor Tom! when he spoke of entering the boys all laughed, but when the day arrived there he was. But he had laid awake all night, and he shivered as he thought of deep green water. At slack water, about four in the afternoon, all the hotel was down along the shore—the babies, the girls, the nurse maids, and the red-faced bathing master. Soon the racers appeared, swam to the starting point, and at the word "Go!" struck out together. But Tom did not even undress; he had not yet recovered from his shock. He was sitting in the stern of a row-boat, with his shoes and stockings on the thwart beside him, for the boat was leaky. Gradually, however, he forgot his fear, and shouted advice to the four contestants. At the end of the quarter-mile course was the pretty girl and Mr. Neally. Several boats kept pace with the swimmers; they were all in one even line, the tallest perhaps slightly in the lead. To encourage them the pretty girl held up the prize, the shining cup. The boys were within a few feet now, and the boats were grouped together, when the cup slipped from the girl's fingers, and giving a bubbling gasp of horror as it sank, down it went just as the first swimmer crossed the line. The pretty girl screamed, there was a sudden splash, and overboard went Tom Levitt. Every one was paralyzed by his disappearance. Down below Tom could just see the cup sinking in the dark abyss before him. He clutched at it and missed it. Another clutch, and he had it, fourteen feet beneath the surface. When he came up with a rush, some one caught him by the collar.

"Keep cool," said Mr. Neally. "You're all right! How did you fall out?" Mr. Neally had taken off his coat, and looked a trifle pale.

"Leggo o' me," breathed Tom. "Here's your old cup." He felt as if a load was lifted from him. His courage had come back.

## DICK'S FLYING WEDGE.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

"OH dear!" said Dick Shelley, "I wish the football season would come again!"

"What's up now, Richard?" Uncle George always called him Richard, but with such an odd twinkle in his eye that the name sounded, somehow, more friendly and familiar than its shortened form, by which the boy was known to nearly every one in town. "It's getting to be about time for baseball, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir. But baseball's too tame for me. I like a regular good rough and tumble. I'm going to begin to let my hair grow long pretty soon, so's to be all ready for practice."

"Well, young Samson," laughed his uncle, "I've no doubt you'll overthrow the Philistines—"

"That isn't their name," interrupted Dick. "It's the 'Hopeville High'—'Highsters,' we call 'em. We beat 'em last fall, 30 to 16."

"What is the name of your eleven?"

"The Trojans," replied Dick. "I play left guard."

"Pretty important place, that. Can you tackle well?"

"I guess I can! Can't get through me. They tried their flyin' wedge right at my position three times running last game, and lost four yards; so they had to give up the ball."

"If I were you," said Uncle George, gravely, but with that kind twinkle, "I'd play that position for all it's worth, every day."

"Why, there aren't any games now—" But Uncle George was gone.

Dick puzzled over his words a good deal. What did he mean? The idea that his uncle didn't know when football was "in season" was out of the question. He took altogether too much interest in the boys' sports, as well as their studies, not to understand their favorite game thoroughly. There was a rumor that he was a famous punter at Harvard twenty years before.

"Well," said Dick to himself, discontentedly, "I suppose I may's well get that old Latin lesson. Why couldn't they stop at the third declension, without having two more?"

He curled up in a chair, ran his hands through his curly red hair, and began murmuring, "*Fructus, fructus, —fructui*," when a shout was heard down the road. He sprang to the window, book in hand, and saw half a dozen boys heading for his house, with fishing-poles and baskets. It was a cloudy afternoon in May—just right for perch and pumpkin-seed.

Dick scowled at his Harkness, then closed it with a bang, and was about to spring for his hat, when Uncle George put his head in at the door, glanced out of the window, and remarking, "Flying wedge!" withdrew.

Dick stopped as if he had heard the call of his captain. His uncle's meaning was clear enough now. The boy drew his breath quickly, and involuntarily braced himself forward as the merry column gathered around his window.

"Dick! Dick Shelley! Come out o' that!"

Dick shook his head, and waved the Latin grammar.

"Come along. We're going to Spruce Pond fishing."

"Can't—got to study!" shouted Dick, bravely.

"We're going to cook 'em, and have a camp!"

The left guard felt staggered for a moment, but shook his head again, and turning away from the window, dropped hard into his chair, holding the grammar as if it were a football and he were "down."

The boys gave one war-whoop of commiseration, and departed for Spruce Pond.

Dick felt a hand on his shoulder.

"Hard fight, my boy? You stood your ground bravely, without losing a yard. The captain saw it, Richard."

## ON THE STROKE OF THIRTEEN.

BY DAVID KER.

"WHAT? asleep at your post, you rascal! Here's pretty doings in his Majesty's service, and no mistake! So I've caught yer at last, have I?" was the harsh remark of the corporal.

"I wasn't asleep, corporal—I wasn't, upon my word! I was only jist restin' a minute on my gun like." Dick protested vehemently.

"Oh yes, that's just it—only restin' a bit; o' course you wasn't sleepin'—not a bit of it!" replied the corporal, in a tone of brutal mockery. "Keep that for the court martial when you're tried, my fine fellow; it won't go down with *me!* Bring him along, boys; we'll soon see if sitch goings-on as them's to be allowed in *our* regiment!"

And poor Dick Selby, private soldier in the ——th Foot, was marched away under arrest, to be tried by court martial on the charge of being found sleeping while on duty.

It was a terrible thing for any soldier to be charged with such an offence in the days of King William III.; for when he came to the throne, the discipline of the English army had been falling lower and lower for some time past, and, as a natural consequence, all British officers were doubly severe just then upon any neglect of duty or breach of rule. So if this charge were proved against him, this poor lad (who was still hardly more than a boy) had nothing to expect but a dishonorable death.

The court martial was held, and Dick Selby was called before it. But everything was against the poor young fellow from the very first; for the greater part of the officers who were sitting in judgment upon him were stiff and hard-headed veterans of the old school, who would far rather have condemned ten innocent men than have run the risk of letting one guilty man escape.

The malicious corporal (who had a private grudge of his own against poor Dick, and was mean and cruel enough to catch eagerly at this chance of taking his revenge) cunningly contrived to give his evidence in such a way that, while he appeared to be doing his best to spare the prisoner, he really made the case against Selby blacker and blacker with every word that he said. His testimony, too, was fully confirmed by that of the four men who had been with him—stolid, heavy-witted fellows, who gave the evidence which was to cost a man his life without a sign of emotion on their hard, brown, wooden faces.

These men declared that Dick Selby, when their party came up to relieve him, had been found leaning upon his musket, with his head drooping forward as if asleep; that when the corporal spoke to him, he had looked up with a start, like a man suddenly awakened; and that he had seemed troubled and bewildered, and had answered very confusedly.

At every word of this evidence the faces of the listening officers grew darker and darker, and the corporal turned away his head to hide an ugly smile of cruel satisfaction.

Then Dick Selby was asked what he had to say for himself; but so utterly unnerved was the ill-fated young soldier by this near prospect of a shameful death that it was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to falter out:

"I wasn't sleeping, your honors—I wasn't, indeed! I won't deny that I may have been a bit drowsy, for I'd been up all the night before as well; but I *must* have been awake, 'cause I could hear as plain as print, just afore the corp'ral and his men came up, the stroke o' midnight from Big Tom of Westminster" [the great clock], "and I noticed it special, 'cause it seemed to strike so queer like; for, instead of striking twelve, it struck *thir teen!*"

This last word settled the whole business against poor Dick; for his judges, one and all, were indignant that he should have dared to think of gulling them (as they said) with such a gross and impudent falsehood as this tale of his having actually heard a clock strike thirteen. All the witnesses who were brought forward to show that the prisoner's conduct had always been good, and that he had done his duty without a fault ever since he first joined the regiment some months before, only wasted their breath; Dick Selby was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot!

As the doomed man was led away a hand was suddenly laid on his shoulder, and he heard the cheery voice of Frank Beechcroft, the junior Captain of the regiment, saying to him kindly, "Cheer up, my brave lad; *I* believe you innocent, and, with God's help, I'll try to save you yet!"

How this was to be done Selby could not think, and he had little or no hope that anything would come of it. But even the sound of those few kind words, and the thought that in the very midst of the stern and pitiless judges who had doomed him to die there was still *one* man who could feel sorry for him and believe him innocent, was some comfort to him in that hour of gloom and despair.

At sunrise poor Dick was to die, and there was no sleep for him that night; for though men condemned to die will often sleep their soundest on the eve of their execution, the doomed recruit's troubled thoughts were not to be thus laid at rest, and the soldiers who were sent to bring him out found him still awake.

"Poor mother! who will take care of her *now?*" muttered the gallant lad, as he heard the measured sound of that fatal tramp coming nearer and nearer and nearer.

But when the innocent victim and those who guarded him reached the place of execution, they found there not only the officer who was in command of the firing-party, but several other officers as well, among whom was grim old Colonel Allerton himself. The moment the Colonel caught sight of Dick Selby he stepped forward, and said, as stiff as ever, but with an earnestness which there was no mistaking:

"Private Selby, I am glad to be able to announce to you that your innocence of the charge made against you has been satisfactorily proved, and that you are now free from arrest. I regret very much that I should have blamed you without cause; and—and—here's a couple of guineas for you."

This wind-up came just in time to save from a somewhat lame conclusion the worthy Colonel's apology—an apology which, made as it was by an English Colonel of 1698 to a recruit in his own regiment, was in those days a thing to be remembered.

But Dick Selby scarcely heard what he said. After the long strain of the past night, this sudden passage from death back to life was more than the poor lad's overtasked nerves could bear. His head whirled, and he would have fallen to the ground but for the supporting hand of brave young Captain Beechcroft.

"Don't be upset, my good fellow; it's all right now!" said the young officer, as cheerily as ever. "I have brought back with me the keeper of the clock-tower at Westminster, who declares positively that the clock *did* strike thirteen instead of twelve that night; and his mate has said the very same thing. So your innocence is clearly proved, you see, and God be thanked for it!"

Such was, indeed, the case; and Dick Selby lived to tell to his grandchildren, as an old man of eighty-nine, how he had once been saved from death by hearing a church clock strike thirteen.



OUR NEW FRENCH COOK

"My last batch of bread was as heavy as lead,
Though I tried my best, it was vain.
If this batch is bad, I shall feel quite sad—
Perhaps that's why (in French) it's called PAIN."

## A SERIOUS GEOGRAPHICAL CHANGE.

"Why, bless boys," said Old Jack, genially, as Tommie and Bennie poked their heads in through the window of his cabin, "I haven't seen ye in s'long a time I'd begun to think I'd just dreamed ye, an' 'at they hadn't never been no such boys as you be. What's been keepin' ye away? Been off travellin', eh? Well, travellin 's good business. It's the best way to learn jography I ever see. Ye go to a place and ye see it, an' then o' course ye know it's there, and if any one asks ye where it is ye can tell 'em, which ye mightn't if ye hadn't never went there an' knowed what ye was talkin' about. So I says travellin' 's good business. What p'ticular feature o' the state o' nature have ye been lookin' at? The White Mountains, eh? Well, well, well. I hain't seed the White Mountains for goin' on thirty years. Wonderful they was, too, risin' right up out o' the sea like they does, with sea-lions an' wallyrusses roarin' at the foot of 'em! What's that? They don't rise up out o' the sea? Say, do you know you're a talkin' to me? *Me*, who has studied jography the way like I told ye from travellin'; an' who knows what facts he does know well? Ye don't want to git too funny with me. What! White Mountains are in New Hampshire? Well, who said they warn't? I only said they rose up out o' the sea—that's all I said. I never said they warn't in New Hampshire, becuz that 'd be foolish, becuz they be. Havin' been there, I know. Ain't no sea nor no oceans lappin' the coast of New Hampshire for mountains to rise up out of? See here, boys—don't you—don't you rasperate Old Jack. If you talk that way to me 'bout the jogerafphical formation o' this country I'll have to decide on one o' two conclusions. If you say them White Mountains don't rise up out o' the sea, either you 'ain't never been there, and so don't know, or New Hampshire's moved. When I were in New Hampshire she were bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean, on the north by Buffins Bay, on the south by Lake Ontariel, an' on the east by—er—by I think they called it the Mediteranean Sea. O' course if they've gone an' changed it round I may be wrong, but what's the use o' studyin' jography if they're goin' to make all them changes 'thout lettin' people know? It's wicked. We spends time an' money gettin' eddicated, an' then they go an' upset it all makin' changes." And the old man walked away, growling. "First thing we know," he roared back, "they'll get out a new 'rithmetic, tellin' us 'at twelve-times-'leven's nine hundred and sixty. I hate this monkeyin' with facts. No sea for the White Mountains to rise up out of, after me havin' been there!"

## CAPTAIN CARTER'S MONKEY

CAPTAIN CARTER, who lived in Washington, D.C., when on land, had a great fancy for fine fowls, and among his collection prized a fine old king gobbler. On his last cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which gave him so much trouble it was a good deal like "an elephant on his hands." One day, hearing a terrible squaking in the hennery, the Captain found Jocko with king gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out the poor bird's last tail feather. The Captain rescued the turkey, and punished the monkey severely, who knew very well why he was chastised. The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, he went to the scene of action, and there sat Jocko with the much persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions of repairing the mischief done were good, but the turkey did not appreciate them.



A DONKEY'S MISTAKE

AUNT ETHEL. "HOW RIDICULOUS! HALF-WAY 'ROUND THE PARK AND BACK AGAIN. WHY, IT WOULDN'T TAKE YOU ANY LONGER TO GO ALL THE WAY 'ROUND."

WILLIE. "OH, YES IT WOULD! I'D GET HALF-WAY AND TURN BACK, THE DONKEY BURRIES HOME, BUT IT DOESN'T, SO HE THINKS IT IS GOING AWAY ALL THE TIME, AND JUST PUNISHES!"

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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## FELIPE CHERIDAN VINGATE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

### CHAPTER I.

### AN INDIAN BABY IS CAPTURED AND CHRISTENED.

THE skirmish over, the Navajos fled down the cañon, and through its jagged outlet into the pine-covered level beyond. Here, separating into half a dozen small parties, they disappeared in as many directions. The detachment of mounted infantry halted and gazed after them until the last Indian disappeared in the forest. At an order from the Lieutenant in command the men dismounted to breathe their horses, readjust their saddles, and make ready to return up the cañon to the scene of the late collision.

They wiped their steaming broncos with wisps of dry

forty, and them about to crop the tufts of buffalo-grass, and others like to drink sparingly from the crystal brook flowing between the precipitous banks.

"Not much blood shed in this bout," said a sergeant, coolly puffing his pipe in one hand, and waiting for the match in the other to burst into flame.

"No," answered the private addressed, tossing a bit of hard bread and the remains of a cup of water into the mess. "Clary and Hoey were the only men hit."

"Were they badly hurt?"

"No, or Lieutenant Duncan would not be resting us here. When we left, Clary was looking at his arm. He shouted that it was only a scratch, and Hoey's hurt was no worse."

"But Corporal Conway has not come up."

"His horse was killed. I saw him standing over it when I looked back."

"Sergeant Rounds!" called the Lieutenant from the right flank, where he stood by his horse a little apart.

"Yes, sir"—and hastening to the officer, he saluted and stood at attention.

"Stand at ease, sergeant. Were any of the Indians hit in this scrimmage, do you think?"

"Lepowah, the chief, was struck in the right shoulder. We saw him binding a piece of buckskin over the wound. Another seemed to have an arm broken. Those women and children prevented both sides from making a good fight, sir."

"I wondered at the Navajos making an attack with their families along. There seemed to be as many women as men, and nearly every woman had a baby strapped to her shoulders. Some of the men, too, had children sitting behind them."

"Doubtless an accidental meeting, sir. Probably a moving party, for nearly all the loose ponies were packed. The flocks and herds, no doubt, were sent by the short-cut, and the women and children brought this way for water."

"Quite likely, sergeant. Meeting us unexpectedly and apparently off our guard, while they considerably outnumbered us, they thought to achieve an easy victory. The chief Lepowah is not a man to run away when he has half a chance, as we have reason to know."

"True, sir. He stood up like a white man in that fight in the Conejos range, and was the last to leave the field when forced to retreat."

"He is a knight without fear and without reproach in his tribe. At the interview with the Department Commander and chiefs, held two weeks ago at old Fort Defiance, he appeared with his left arm still in a sling. He never would have left us in this way if the women and children had been out of the way."

"We caught sight of them in the nick of time, sir. A few moments later we should have stood a good chance of losing our hair."

"Well, we can hardly claim any glory out of this encounter. We repelled the attack, and the enemy promptly ran away; but beyond a scratch or two there is nothing to show for it. I suspect wounds are equal, but we have lost a horse."

"The horse is made up to us, sir. One of their loose ponies was cut out of the band a little distance back by Sattler. I think it can be picked up as we return."

"A very singular experience, certainly. Order the men to saddle. We must get back to the main road."

The detachment taking part in this affair of the cañon numbered thirty-one men, and was a part of D Company of the Fifth Infantry, stationed at Fort Wingate, in the Navajo country. Several companies of this regiment had been mounted by order of the government, in order to facilitate their operations against the Indians. The party, returning from escort to the Rio Grande, had halted at the spring for dinner. A band of over a hundred Navajo warriors came up unexpectedly and attempted a surprise, which had been successfully repulsed.

The soldiers were moving up the cañon at a rapid walk, and were nearing the vicinity of the spring, when the Lieutenant noticed something in the trail resembling a bundle of blankets. As the detachment slowed up, gathering in an irregular circle about the object, the folds of the blanket stirred as if a live animal was beneath it.

"A bundle of jerked mate, and a c'yote has found it," observed Private Rafferty, throwing his right leg over the pommel of his saddle.

"No, no, Tim," said the sergeant. "A coyote would have sneaked off before we got this near."

"Can't be snakes!" asked Private Evans.

"Nonsense!" replied the Lieutenant. "Rafferty, stay in your saddle. Dismount, Sergeant Rounds, and see what it is."

The sergeant sprang to the ground, and passing his reins to a comrade, stooped over the bundle and drew aside the corner of a blanket. The wail of an infant rose upon the air.

"A baby!" "A kid!" "A small redskin!" were some of the expressions that fell from the lips of the surprised soldiers.

The sergeant threw the enveloping blanket right and left, disclosing a wicker case or basket, such as Indian women use for bearing their infants upon their backs. The wicker-work had been crushed in the fall from the back of a mounted woman, and the baby, striking the earth with his face downward, was nearly smothered.

With a pocket-knife the sergeant cut away the fastenings of osier net-work, and lifted into view a plump copper-colored boy baby, whose eyes and forehead were besmeared with blood.

"The poor little fellow!" said the officer, dropping out of the saddle, followed by most of the men. "Is he fatally wounded, sergeant?"

Sergeant Rounds had seated himself on the ground and taken the naked child across his lap. With the palm of his left hand under the back of its head he raised the clotted locks with his right, looking earnestly and carefully at an ugly wound ploughed along the edge of the hair.

"I don't think the kid will die this time, sir," replied Rounds. "He's badly hurt for a little one, though. Here, Rafferty, pour a bit of water from your canteen upon my handkerchief."

Rafferty dropped upon his knees beside the sergeant, and aided in revealing the wound from the matted hair. The Lieutenant came nearer, and stooping beside the two soldiers, carefully examined the wound of the crying and suffering infant.

"No," he said, at the conclusion of his examination; "if a stitch or two is taken in his scalp the wound will heal, I think, without leaving much of a scar. Wrap him up again, sergeant, and when we reach the spring we will see what can be done."

The baby was again wrapped in the Navajo-blanket, was passed into the arms of Private Rafferty, while the sergeant got into his saddle. Two other stalwart and soft-hearted sons of Mars stood on each side of the horse, smoothing the folds and tucking in the ends of the wraps after the wailing sufferer had been passed up. Then all mounted and quickly galloped to the spring. There the Lieutenant produced from his campaign kit a miniature case of surgical instruments; Rafferty, lighting a fire, suspended a canteen over it until the water was of the right temperature, and presently the ugly wound was dressed and closed, and the baby made as comfortable as a baby can be without its mother.

Meanwhile the flesh wounds of Clary and Hoey were also dressed, the stray Indian pony picked up, and the

saddle and bridle of the dead bronco transferred to it. The camp kit was repacked, and the detachment resumed its march.

Canned milk from the officers' supplies and the excellent care of Corporal Conway, who had elected himself nurse, brought the baby comfortably through the night, and the next morning, a few hours after daylight, the detachment reached a small Mexican hamlet, and drew up before the house of the priest.

As the men halted, Corporal Conway approached the Lieutenant, holding his sleeping charge against his shoulder. "I suppose it 'll be no use, sir, to take the little kid to the fort?"

"I've been thinking of that, corporal," replied the officer. "We are a garrison of men, with no facilities for bringing up an infant."

"If it was a pup, now, or even a young monkey, it could find plenty of good nurses, sir; but I'm afraid a baby would get rough handling from the likes of us. We are not much used to dry-nursing."

"Perhaps the padre will help us out of our difficulty," observed the Lieutenant. Then directing the command to dismount, he advanced to the doorway, where stood a young priest in the midst of his household.

In a few words the officer related the incidents of his encounter with the Indians the day before and the finding of the child. When he ended, a motherly Mexican woman extended her arms and tenderly relieved the soldier of his bundle, sitting down upon the threshold and placing it across her lap.

Lifting the folds of the blanket, she disclosed to herself and the half-dozen villagers around her the wounded forehead of the little Navajo.

"El pobrecito!" "El Indito querido!" "El Navajocito chiqui-tit-tit-to!" – Mexican baby-talk for "Poor little thing!" "The dear little Indian!" "The tiny-iny-iny little Navajo!"—fell from the lips of the tender-hearted women, and so many pitying caresses were pressed upon the baby's lips and cheeks that he opened wide his black eyes and set up a vigorous whoop.

Meanwhile an elderly woman had been examining the beautiful Navajo blankets which enwrapped the child. She called the attention of her friends to the fine texture and to the intricate figures of the colored designs deftly and patiently woven. Presently she exclaimed:

"Lepowah! Lepowah! It is the child of the fierce Lepowah!"

The Lieutenant and priest approached the group in the doorway and asked an explanation.

"Lepowah, Señor Teniente," answered the woman, "means long knife or sword. In a corner of each of these blankets is embroidered the figure of a long knife."

"That is so," said the officer, after an examination; "but it may be only the sign or emblem of his band, which any member may use." Then putting his hand on the baby's head, he added: "Well, little one, you are a handsome youngster, and if you are the son of Lepowah you belong to the Navajo nobility. There is no braver chief than Lepowah."

"I do not believe the child is the son of that chief," said the priest. "Lepowah would never have abandoned him in the way you have described."

The priest conducted the Lieutenant into the house, where arrangements were shortly made for leaving the child in the padre's care.

"I must baptize the babe without delay, and give him a Christian name," said Father Velasquez. "Shall I select a name, or will you?"

"Let my men name him," replied the officer, and going to the door, he said: "Sergeant Rounds, Father Velasquez is going to make the Navajo child a member of his household. He is to be baptized at once. I wish the men to name him. Consult together, and report your selection to me."

The men gathered about the sergeant, and after a short and animated discussion, fell apart and approached their officer.

"If the Lieutenant pleases," said the sergeant, "we propose the name of Philip Sheridan Wingate. The first two names for the gallant young General of the Potomac army, and the last for the fort where we are stationed."

"All right, men, that shall be his name." Then writing the names upon a leaf torn from his note-book, he handed it to the priest. The padre scanned the paper for a moment, and pronouncing the vowels and consonants after the Spanish manner, said,

"Feeleép Chaireedárn Vingárty."

"Here, father, let me write the name again—write it so that by Spanish rule you can pronounce it better."

Duncan then wrote on a line below the names as first written, "Filíp Cheridén Juingét," and the next attempt of Father Velasquez to pronounce it sounded better to American ears.

"Will you and the soldiers accompany me to the church as witnesses to the baptism?" asked the priest.

"With pleasure, father," answered the Lieutenant. "Corporal Conway, you will bear Philip Sheridan to the church and present him at the font."

A few moments later the men stood in line before the altar of the little church, sons of many creeds and no creeds, while this child of American paganism was signed with the sign of the cross in the name of the Trinity.

At the close of the ceremony, the men being in funds after a recent pay-day, a purse of fifty dollars was made up for their "godson," as he was thereafter called when referred to by them. The money was to purchase clothing suitable for a Christian baby.

"I wonder if we shall know the little fellow if we meet him a few years from now?" asked Sergeant Rounds.

"He stands a foine chance of bearin' a scar on the top of his forehead," said Tom Clary.

"But it won't show if he bangs his hair," observed George Hoey.

"He has a curious mark under his left thigh, two or three inches above the bend of the knee," said Corporal Conway.

"Ah, carpril dear, and how did ye foind out?" asked Clary.

"How would any nurse find out, ye ignoramus? Didn't I give the kid a bath at the spring, and he no more clothes than a bronze Cupid? I'm not ashamed of it."

"Father," said the Lieutenant, in Spanish, "have the godson brought into your sitting-room. I want to look for a mark upon him by which he may be identified should it be necessary at some future time."

The baby was brought in, and examination showed a healthy star-shaped figure, less than an inch in diameter, under the left thigh, due to unnatural development of the blood-vessels, and so dilated that it stood in relief to the surrounding flesh. The officer made a drawing and description of the mark and its location in his note-book.

Taking leave of the priest and godson, the detachment resumed its march, arriving the next day at Fort Wingate, where the Lieutenant reported his collision with Lepowah's band, and learned that the chief had deserted his old haunts near the Mesa de Lobos and taken his people with all movable property in the direction of Zuñi. He had sent a defiant message by a Moqui Indian that he would never surrender, but would harass the white man wherever opportunity offered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## YOUNGSTERS AT THE STATE FAIR

THE State and county fairs in America have for more [illegible]. The men and women and children who live in great and crowded cities like New York and Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia, do not know much about these events, and in their crowded lives of work and play they take but a passing [illegible]. But in the country it is very different. They are held when the harvest-time is past and the crops have been gathered. The writer attended the fair this year at Syracuse, and he is sure that the children's day was the best and most interesting of the week.

The added interest was no doubt due to the increased animation of the scene and to the merriment of their laughter. Small crowds at such a place and grave and serious faces detract from any kind of success, without taking into account at all the ticket-seller's reckoning. We must be gay to have any fun in this world, and the fun of country youngsters turned loose at a fair is more catching than the measles. Besides the children themselves, the things exhibited at such fairs specially for children are of great interest to all. Who would care to go to a fair where the pony did not show his paces? Who, having gone to a fair, would miss the ring in which the young gentlemen compete with one another in the great art of riding? There must be few indeed, for these rings beyond all others attract and hold the multitude. The pony is one of the cutest beasts in the animal kingdom, while pony with boy or girl rider or driver is a sight always worth seeing, whether in the tan-bark-covered circle of the show ring or in a city street or on a country road. The combination is always sure of attention—sure of more attention than the long-striding trotter harnessed to a skeleton wagon, or the high-stepping hackney hitched to a dog-cart.

I once heard a great lawyer, a man who had made a fortune, besides achieving a distinction of a very genuine sort in the politics of his country, indulge in some reminiscent anecdotes. When he was telling these stories he was a Senator in Congress, having already been Governor of his State and a minister to a foreign court. He said that of all the distinctions that had ever come to him the one that thrilled him most keenly was when he rode his gray pony in the fair ring, taking first prize with the pony, and later getting the blue ribbon for his own horsemanship. Nothing that ever came to him in after-life gave half the delightful exhilaration of these boyish winnings. This really is the secret of the popularity of fairs with the youngsters, and the secret too, in some measure, of their popularity with older people. The prize pumpkins and squashes, the fat pigs and the woolly sheep, are of great importance, but the owner does not look upon the blue ribbon with one-hundredth part of the pride which his son or daughter feels when the bantam cock or pullet has kept the judge's eye and won the highest award. In whatever way the country fairs are looked at, the youngsters seem to get from them more fun, and at the same time more profit, than any other bodies. Young folks don't know it, but it is a fact they will most of them know after a while that the country fairs are not the only places in the world where they have the best of it.



COMICAL TRICK BEAR.

In the fair rings where children are interested as owners or participants the judges have to exercise a care and a patience in coming to decisions which are not always necessary in other contests. Usually in a ring of trotters, for instance, there is one horse so manifestly superior to all the rest that the judge has a very easy time in picking the winner. But with ponies it is far different, as there are many more things to take into consideration. Take two ponies. Let their conformation and action be equal in excellence, then the smaller of the two will win if the judge know his business. In the picture taken for this paper at the State Fair note the position of Mr. Swan, the judge of the Shetland ponies. No Adjutant on parade ever stood more at attention than he does in the picture. The position is the result of the close workings of his mind as he looks over the little fellows he has been called upon to judge. Note also Mr. Moulton's expression of supreme content when he has finished his work and has awarded the prizes in the ring for pony-riding by boys. One has his work to do, and has girded himself up to a high tension; the other has finished, and is relaxed by contentment. The writer has been informed by judges at fairs that among exhibitors the boys and girls are far better mannered than their elders, and that they never indulge in bad language and



PONY RIDING AT THE FAIR.

angry speech when a judge thinks that another exhibitor is better entitled to an award. That defeat is not taken kindly is one of the bad features of fairs, and the fact that the youngsters show a better self-restraint is full of promise for a future in which all grown men and women really will be ladies and gentlemen in their deportment.

But the very great majority of the children who go to fairs are not exhibitors. They are merely spectators, visitors. For these, to be sure, the contests in which boys and girls are exhibitors are the most interesting. At Syracuse, when the ponies were in the ring, the interest on the part of the boy spectators was so great, and they crowded over the fence and surrounded the ponies in such numbers, that Mr. Swan had to ask them to go outside. This happened not once but several times; but it did no harm, as all, boys and officials, were good-natured about it. And it is worthy of remark that at the State Fair in Syracuse there was precious little fussiness or ill-nature to be seen. The holiday manner and the holiday humor predominated everywhere, and was powerful to counteract the influences of a hot sun and a murky atmosphere.



MR. SWAN JUDGING THE SHETLAND PONIES.

Children who live in cities are better acquainted with donkeys than youngsters in the country. It was, therefore, with pleased surprise that I saw at Syracuse donkey-riding was as popular a pastime on the fair-grounds as it is in Central Park. Why a boy or girl mounted on a lazy and slowly plodding donkey should seem so supremely happy almost passes my elderly comprehension. I fancy it is for the reason that a donkey seems something like a horse, and yet manifestly is not intended to ride. Riding it is, therefore, a kind of make-believe, like a game with dolls—a doll's wedding or a doll's evening party. But at Syracuse, as will be seen by the picture, donkey-riding was more nearly like real horseback exercise than it is in Central Park, for the boys and girls rode by themselves, and without an attendant for each donkey. To be led along, and at the same time held in the saddle by a careful attendant, must most seriously detract even from the make-believe fun of riding.

But there was nothing to detract from the comicality of the bear that climbed a pole, and danced, and did other strange things in his own clumsy way. It is said to be cruel and inhuman to keep bears in captivity. This may be so, and doubtless is so in most instances, but the big black fellow that was on exhibition at the State Fair seemed as happy as it is in the nature of bears to be. He really laughed at his own comicality and the ridiculousness of a fellow of his ungainliness attempting to be agile and graceful. Animals certainly must have a sense of humor. This is marked in dogs and in elephants, and I have known horses with a large appreciation of fun. Bears also have this sense of humor, but they seem to laugh at themselves, at their own queer antics, rather than at what happens to others. Very many of the children who saw the bear at the State Fair must have carried away an idea similar to this; though, doubtless, the majority marvelled more at the splendid courage of the man who managed the bear with a weapon not more formidable than an umbrella, for, to the youthful mind, the bear is the most ferocious of wild beasts, with the exception, perhaps, of the lion and the tiger.



MR. MOULTON AND THE PONY RIDERS.

In the domestic and industrial sections of agricultural fairs there are always special chances for the work of young people, and it is usually the case that they come out very strong in these competitions. They exhibit embroideries, mats, tidies, and other needle-work, which, when it is examined by the judges, is looked at with reference both to the age and skill of the producer. It comes about, therefore, that the work of a girl of ten may not be as skilful as that of a girl of fourteen, and yet it may be considered to be more meritorious. This is so obviously just that it leads to no misunderstandings. So, also, are chances given to young people to exhibit their triumphs in horticulture. And in chicken-raising the youngsters come to the front so prominently that there are no special classes for them. Indeed, there need not be, for fowl-rearing is work that is specially fitted for young people. It is easy to do, and yet it requires the closest and most careful attention. The most successful bantam-raiser in New York is a mere lad who went into the thing for amusement, but is now in it as a business. He exhibits, with rare good fortune, at all the chief fairs in the country, and showed with his usual success at Syracuse.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER XII.



THE more John pondered over the subject, the more convinced he became that Babette's life lead a carefully guarded secret. Those who loved her best had kept it sacredly. Would it be wise for her welfare or happiness to oppose his judgment to theirs, and to advise her to seek an explanation? Would it not be better, seeing that in everything else they had shown their devotion, to assume that they had acted with affectionate wisdom in this, and to accept the situation without question? But, on the other hand, was it possible for a proud and sensitive girl to rest contentedly in a doubtful position, not knowing her own parentage even, when, by prompt effort, it might be possible to discover the truth?

His position as adviser was a hard one. It would have been difficult even if he had had only a casual interest in Babette; but her happiness meant much to him, and he feared the effect of some possible painful discovery upon herself. This was why his answer to her letter advised her — very much against his own inclination, for he longed to know the truth — to trust her happiness to those who had loved her rather than risk it by opposing them. He dared not advise otherwise, and yet in his heart he almost hoped she would take the other course. There was information within reach. Clarisse could give it if she would. Perhaps she could explain Noute's incoherent and mysterious recitals, which undoubtedly hinted a true story.

Babette received John's letter just as she and Mrs. McDonald were preparing to return to the city. And so it was not answered; and John did not know, until he saw her again, that his advice had only given her pain.

"I am not seeking for happiness," she said, sadly, as she stood beside him in the old office; "I want simply to know the truth. For the first time in my life I must act for myself, and I must begin with an honest understanding of my position — if I can."

Finding her mind fully decided, John then told her all he knew. But she had already resolved to try to find out some clew to things from Noute. That he was associated in some way with the unknown period of her life she felt sure. She even seemed to remember him upon a seashore with strange people. He had brought her shells and pebbles, confirming this impression. And then there was the mysterious bundle of clothing. Perhaps if he should see this again, it would help him to recall the past.

Babette had not told Mrs. McDonald of her secret. It was too sacred, too terrible a thing to confide to any one beside the one friend who had shared all her joys and sorrows since her childhood — all, excepting this, which had, until now, been only a sleeping, half-confessed sorrow. As soon as it had taken shape as a definite trouble, she had told him all about it, and he had promised to help her.

It was some time before an opportunity came to speak with Noute without fear of interruption. She wanted John to be present, so that he could carefully note every word and help her to draw conclusions; or, perhaps, he would put a timely question to the simple-minded fellow that would draw out some new revelation.

It was Mrs. McDonald's habit to take a nap in the afternoons, but this was the time Clarisse usually pottered about the house, setting things to rights by a touch here and there, and seeming to be everywhere at once.

It took a little manœuvring on Babette's part to engage the old woman in the back part of the house, pressing over some dresses which she would probably never wear, while she called Noute into the office where John was already waiting, and prepared with beating heart for the cross-examination whose result no one could foretell.

"Come, Noute, and tell me where you got this," she said, by way of introduction, as she laid the little bundle of clothing upon the table.

Noute sprang to his feet with delight at sight of the familiar parcel, and seizing it, threw it upon the bookcase. Then he slipped out of the door, and returned in a moment, creeping on all-fours and looking anxiously about him as if fearing detection. Then, stealthily climbing up and stealing the bundle, he hid it in his bosom and retreated to the centre of the room, where he began going through the motions of shifting sail and guiding a boat. Finally, after a series of quick movements, he ran up to Babette, laid the bundle at her feet, and rolled over on the floor laughing.

Noute's words came slowly, and when his mind moved with rapidity he seemed to find more fluent expression in his old habit of gesticulation. He had illustrated his stealing the clothing from the rafters in Nick's shed-room, the journey across the water, and, finally, his bringing it to Babette.

It was not bad acting to illustrate a story already known, but how little it told of the one they were seeking to discover! Even when Noute was induced to answer questions his words were often misleading, and always inadequate.

What, for instance, could be more unsatisfactory than this list of items, which were written upon John's memorandum when the conference was over?

"Clothes found 'in the wood.'

"'The devil' put them there.

"'The devil' was a woman.

"She was 'old.'

"She was 'ugly.'

"She was 'not all bad — some good.'

"She made 'Mamzelle Bébée some tea.'

"She walked 'like this' (limping).

"There were 'one, three, five, eight, nine little devils by the water.'

"One was sleeping in Mamzelle Bébée's bed, and he threw her out.'

"'The devil carried Mamzelle in the rain.'

"He 'pushed her in the gate.'

"And he 'took the old devil back home in the boat.'"

Such was the hopeless testimony.

When Noute had known the gypsy woman, names had meant nothing to him. It is possible that when he called her "the old devil" he meant no special harm. His language-teachers had been principally Uncle Tom and Clarisse, to whom all poor and miserable creatures were "poor devils."

Having failed to get any satisfaction from Noute, Babette resolved to try Clarisse. She was determined that the old woman should tell what she knew, but how to approach her was the question. Babette was really fond of her in a certain way, and had never had occasion to doubt her affection for herself. While she hesitated as to the manner of her appeal fortune favored her.

Clarisse became suddenly ill, and thought herself likely to die. Then, "that her soul might rest in peace," she told Babette the whole story of her life since the night

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

when "an old woman, who looked like an Italian," had deserted her there, a little sick child, wet through to the skin in a terrible storm. This was all any one knew.

If Clarisse repented her confession as soon as she was well again, it was too late for her to retract. Her word had been given under pressure of circumstances that established its truth beyond a doubt.

Each word she had spoken had fallen like lead upon the heart of the poor lonely girl who had demanded the whole truth, thinking herself prepared to know the worst. But now that she had heard it, she realized that it was far more humiliating than anything she had feared. Somehow it had not occurred to her that even her name might not be hers—that she could be an utter alien, having no real claim of relationship upon those who had given her all—that the period of her life of which her "aunt" and "uncle" had known nothing was *all of it* up to the hour of her adoption.

It was a bitter discovery, and yet there was relief in it, inasmuch as it made clear what seemed to her the path of duty.

Whether her notions were strained or not—whether, stickling for the letter of truth, she would sacrifice what, through its spirit, was truly hers—there may be differences of opinion. But as soon as she had heard Clarisse's story, she knew that she could never touch a penny of the money left to "Madame Bondurante's niece."

John was never so proud of her as when she told him of her resolution. As she stood before him clothed in black from throat to toe, and unaffectedly confided to him all the pitiful story, he thought he had never seen a human face so refined and beautiful.

She spoke with a placid composure born of the intensity of her feelings—told him of her decision and of all her modest plans for the future which she was resolved to meet bravely as a penniless orphan, supporting herself by teaching.

John keenly felt his responsibility as her adviser at this critical moment. He knew all the circumstances, and was much troubled in his own mind with doubts. While he rejoiced in the nobility of character which moved her to surrender everything to a principle, he questioned her position somewhat. Madame Bondurante had given of her own, knowing exactly what she did. Was not *Bébée*, in declining it, tripping on a mere technicality? Was she not robbing herself for a strained idea of right? He feared that she was, and was constrained to tell her so, even though while he spoke he felt that his words were vain.

An expression of deep pain passed over her face as she answered him: "But I am not Madame Bondurante's niece. My dear, blessed Tantine was only my benefactress—not my aunt."

She had begun bravely, but now her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she said: "It is better that I should have work to do. It will keep me from thinking. Besides, I want to work. My poor Italian father and mother—"

These were hard words for her to say, and her voice trembled, and she bit her lip. For only a moment did her emotion master her.

"My poor parents were working-people. I have been proud—proud of my family—of my blood—hating unrefinement, and I"—she raised her head like a queen as she went on—"I am proud yet, but not of such as this. Even if prosperity came again—if I found Clarisse's story all a dream—I would take my happiness humbly, I think; but I am proud of something within me which tells me my own people were honest. Let me accept my true life—the life that comes to the child of misfortune and poverty. You have taught me many things—the best I definitely know. But for you, I could not put my feelings now into words, or know why I am sure I am right. My beloved foster-parents gave me many beautiful standards of thought and life, and I shall love and honor them till I die; but this—this instinct of independence and pride is a transmitted gift. If my poor mother deserted me, she sacrificed herself to lay me in a softer bed than hers. She put me into the eager arms of a hungry-hearted mother and fled—out into the rain and storm, childless. She was a martyr—a saint. Why should I be ashamed?"

Bright red spots had mounted her cheeks as she proceeded, and when at last she stopped, John, looking at her, felt a sob rising in his own throat.

Little *Bébée*—sweet, playful, pretty, amiable *Bébée*—had never shown the brave spirit that was in her as she had done to-night. She looked so small, so young, so beautiful. There was something regal in the indomitable pride with which she took her lowly position.

In John's eyes she seemed both the holy things she had called her own mother; and it was with this feeling, and that no matter what should come to her he would love and protect her always, that he took her hand and raised it reverently to his lips.

"My sweet, brave little sister," were the only words he said. He had called her "little sister" playfully on occasion many a time before, but never with the same protecting love, the same intensity of feeling.

Babette did not feel that it would be best to assign her reasons for the position she had taken.

The name Marie Bondurante was the only one she knew. It had been lovingly bestowed. She would keep it, and make no explanations to any one. Not even to her friend Mrs. McDonald did she tell the pitiful half-story of her life. It was enough that John knew, and that he respected if he did not advise the course upon which she had decided.

In a short but dignified note to the Bondurante lawyer she formally relinquished all right to the estate. She gave no reason—asked no advice.

The old lawyer was naturally thunderstruck, and hastened to see her, protesting most earnestly against what no doubt seemed to him an insane act.

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but it is unprecedented—it is insane, if you will allow me. And, besides, you are not of age. A child cannot rob herself. The laws of Louisiana, like those of *la belle France*, are kind to the orphan and widow. What would you do—you a young, delicate girl—a flower of the conservatory—what would become of you alone, penniless, in this cruel world? Ah! Bah! It cannot be done!"

"That, monsieur, is the question that comes afterwards. I do what seems right to me, and then deal as well as I can with results. As to my age, in ten days I shall be eighteen. You may come again if you wish, but you will find me unchanged."

The old man looked at her with a keen scrutiny. What manner of nineteenth-century maiden was this that had crossed his crooked old path?

She was surely good to look upon—as beautiful a maid as the brightest dream of his youth ever brought before his closed eyes in sleep, more lovely than any of the daughters of the notably lovely women among whom he lived.

He scratched his old head nervously as he went out. He felt somewhat as a naturalist does who discovers a new specimen. He did not know just how to label her.

One thing was certain, however. He would take his time about making it known. She might yet come to her senses.

He went again to see her—not once, but several times. He consulted her friends. Mrs. McDonald truly said she knew nothing of her reasons. John was quite sure she was fully persuaded in her own mind. Both were entirely satisfied of her sanity.

The old lawyer's last visit of protest was as unsatisfac-



"BUT I AM NOT MADAME BONDURANTE'S NIECE

tory as the first. She assured him quietly that she had not taken her position thoughtlessly. She knew it meant poverty, homelessness, work.

Indeed, she was quite decided just what work she would seek, and perhaps, since he was so kind, he would help her to find a position to teach

He finally saw that further argument was useless; but in his musty office he pondered much upon the beautiful girl who, from his point of view, seemed bent on her own destruction.

Mrs. McDonald, seeing that John did not oppose her, said little on the subject, though she used all her powers of persuasion to urge Babette to spend at least one year with her in her country home before setting out to earn her living.

"I have no girl," she pleaded. "Come with me, dear, and be my daughter"

This was a great temptation, but, having decided to face the new life squarely, promptly, unflinchingly, she felt that this would be somewhat of a retreat. She was firm in her determination to teach. Indeed, her peculiar education fitted her exceptionally well for special teaching. Although her pronunciation of English was sometimes delightfully Frenchy, her knowledge of its grammar and literature was thorough.

The old lawyer, finally realizing that his eloquence was of no avail, paid her one more visit—this time a visit of another sort. He declared himself one minute "vexed, baffled, furious"; the next, "ready to wash his hands of the whole affair"; and then, having spent his anger, he proceeded, with a kindliness of tone that belied his words, to tell her that "since she was bent on suicide, he had brought her a rope to hang herself with."

Such was the old Frenchman's way of designating the offer of a position which he had brought her.

He had not yet submitted her name. He wished to be quite sure that she was in earnest. Yes, he understood that her mind was made up only he thought best to see her again. He had a friend, just returned with his family from a long residence in France—charming people, no better in the land. The sons and daughters, grown up abroad, needed a teacher speaking both languages to instruct them in English. If mademoiselle was really quite sure that she wished to assume poverty — if she would accept a teacher's position — here was an opening. He had been asked to recommend some one. If she were his own daughter, he could not place her in a more desirable home, so far as that went. Mademoiselle need not decide immediately. She should take her own time a week or even a month.

Needless to say Babette asked little time to consider a proposition like this, which seemed in every way a providential opening.

Six weeks later, when the old Bondurante homestead passed into the hands of the agent representing madame's wealthy kindred living in Paris, Dr. John McDonald's sign was transferred to an office across the street, where Noute was regularly installed as "office boy"; and Babette, parting affectionately with Mrs. McDonald, and promising to come to her for a long visit at the end of the year, stepped into the carriage sent for her, and was driven around to the handsome home of Colonel Le Charmant, where, in her own father's house, she was to enter upon her life of independence as English teacher to her sisters and brothers who had grown up in France.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# AN ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD.

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH.

THERE, in that beautiful far-away country, in the land of Mahita, you would have known all about the pitcher for yourself — the enchanted pitcher — that had always been there, high up and hidden on the green hill-side. Everybody in Mahita knew everybody who had made the famous journey up the mountain path — just where that pitcher was, for the voice of the spring by which it stood was always calling to the passer-by. The men who caught its rippling said that so beautiful a voice had never been heard from waters before. Even the trees that grew near by were always rustling their leaves in answer to it. You might have seen them a mile away tossing their topmost branches high up against the blue sky, as if they were saying, "Come here, come here; we've the loveliest place that ever was seen," just as men and boys sometimes wave their arms aloft when they have joyous tidings for some one at a distance.

Now it happened in this beautiful land of Mahita that whenever any one living on the sunny plain below felt a noble purpose stirring in his heart, or a thought of other's happiness, or perhaps a trouble greater than he could bear, a great longing came over him to climb the mountain path and drink the water that the pitcher gave him from the spring.

So this was why through summer and through winter days you might have seen, had you lived there, a long procession journeying up the mountain-side—old men and children, young men and maidens, aged women resting on sticks, the sick and the careworn, those with starry eyes and those with dreamy look—a strange procession wandering up and down the path, now and then stopping to listen for the voice of the water, lifting their heads like deer in a forest scenting an object far away.

No one, not even the oldest inhabitant, could tell how long this pitcher had been there, for no one had ever known the spring without it. The wise men of Mahita thought they possessed the only true knowledge concerning it. They showed people the roots of old words to prove themselves right, as if the roots of old words had anything to do with pitchers and springs. Why, even the children refused to listen to such nonsense.

One day it happened that a stranger came into Mahita and laughed at the people. "What sillies you are!" he said. "Do you think there's only one way of getting into Fairyland, and that it is by drinking the water the pitcher gives? Stay here and be merry with me, and I'll show you a dozen better ways in time."

So many people believed the stranger with his laughing face that almost every one ceased for a little all attempts to climb the mountain, a great many of them forgetting altogether the direction in which the road lay.

The pitcher, in the mean time, found itself with nothing to do. For a few days this was all very well; there were the flowers and the birds to be happy about. But suddenly a sense of loneliness came over it. "Why, where are all the people?" it cried. It moved away from the spring a little, and stood looking down the mountain path and on to the plains below. Down there it saw dancing and merrymaking, and groups of people discussing fiercely, but no one was even looking up to the hill-top. Such a thing had never happened before. The pitcher could not understand it. "What can the matter be?" it said to itself, and then—foolish pitcher!— it settled itself to think, the last thing in the world that a pitcher was ever intended to do. It thought of many things—of how long it had been there since before the city on the plain had even been begun. Then it thought of all the people it had known and helped. "They have certainly given me a busy life," it said, "but then I'm glad. I like helping people, and I like their loving me too. But, dear me," it said, after a long period of silence, "now when I think about it, and I've never thought of it before, I don't believe they do love me. They all come when they want things, and they go away when they get them. I believe I'm the one, after all, who has done all the loving, and yet I have always felt so sure that the Princess loved me."



"IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE WATER THAT THE PITCHER HELD."

Recollection of the Princess seemed to affect the pitcher badly. Just as one sees dragonflies and devil's darning needles skittering about the surface of a pond in summer, so could have seen in the pitcher's heart sharp little pains, like fine needles, shooting here and there. But still the pitcher kept on thinking.

"I wonder where that strange young student is who came and talked about a thirst that nothing quenched, which made him want to drain all the knowledge of old books. He would not drink the water. Queer world it must be, when dry old books could satisfy a thirst," said the pitcher, in a discontented voice. "Queer world, with no manners in it, I'm sure, for manners would have brought some of those people back here, even if gratitude didn't."

Curious things were happening to the pitcher as it was thinking of its own good deeds. Its head, which had always been well-proportioned and beautiful, like that of a Greek, began to grow very big. It grew so big, indeed, that very soon it was twice as large as it had been before. This might have been caused by a rush of water to it, the heads and hearts of enchanted pitchers being strange affairs. As one empties, the other fills. No one really understands it, except that when a head grows too big for a heart, there's always serious trouble bound to come.

It tried very hard to hold up its head as it thought about itself, but this top heavy affair would keep falling from side to side. Finally, when no longer able to stand the weight of its own importance, it was just about to tumble off on one side, so ending the story, but that one of the arms, having no longer any heart to keep up, lent a hand to help it. It was a strange sight, though, to see the pitcher at that moment, with its head resting on its hand, as a man rests his who sits and thinks of all his troubles.

Of course by this time it had grown to be quite a good-for-nothing, as everything must which thinks too long of its own good deeds and too little of those of others. Its heart had grown so small there was not a corner in it for a drop, and it looked like an old apple that had been touched by the frost. It had lost its power of moving, and could not get back to the spring when the people began to come again. It was alone with its unhappiness under the trees. The rabbits came early, and danced and jumped about it; the squirrels dropped nuts down on it from the trees above, then skipped away, with whisking tails, when the nuts as they fell struck the poor old pitcher's head and bounded off. Every day an old turtle with long thin neck sat on a green log and watched it for hours at a time without so much as blinking an eye. Then pulling its head in under its shell, it would say to itself: "It's the heart that is out of order. I'm sure of that." But as no turtle had ever been known to understand a question of hearts, this one may really have meant nothing by what it said. Yet day after day it came back to take up its old point of observation, which would have embarrassed any other pitcher but one so broken-hearted and forlorn as this.

One night a long time after this a very old owl, said to be the wisest bird in all the woods about, flapping its wings, flew down, and took a seat beside the pitcher.

"Tu whit! tu whoo!
What's the matter with you?"

said the owl.

"The matter with me?" said the pitcher, never stirring. "I don't believe you even care, or you wouldn't speak in rhymes. No one who feels really badly can put his feelings into verse. I can't put mine there."

But

"I, what? tu-whoo!
What's the matter with you?"

was all that the owl would reply. However, the pitcher, which had nearly gone to pieces with its own wretchedness now wanted to pour it all out. So without waiting for more encouragement, it began a long stream about everything it had done for people, how dearly it had loved some of them, and how there was no gratitude in the world, since everybody had gone away and forgotten.

"Deary me, deary me," said the owl, ruffling his feathers all up, and blinking his big eyes till he looked like an old professor. "Do forgive me my rhymes. I never would have indulged myself had I known the case to be so serious. The verses, however, were not original, which may make the matter lighter. But say, pitcher, how would you have liked it if the town yonder had settled down over this spring? Where would you have been then?"

"If only the people I loved had staid by me or sometimes thought of me," said the pitcher, "I should not have cared, even had they crushed me."

The owl rocked back and forth a moment on its claws, and then, drawing his head in and his wings up, he shook with laughter. "What's a pitcher good for, anyway" he said, "that hasn't room enough inside its body for a single drop of water? People feel mighty important, I notice, with fine things to carry; but fine things outside don't make fine hearts inside. Will you excuse me, pitcher," he added, with most impressive manner, after having first stretched one leg and a wing behind him, and then stretched the other leg and wing, ruffling his feathers still more—"will you excuse me if I draw your attention to a fact that may have escaped you? The spring whose waters you have given so freely all these years has made no complaint about ingratitude, nor has it ever stopped flowing in spite of your own particular uselessness. Waters that spring from great sources never do stop flowing, I have observed, just because one or two pitchers refuse to be of service. The trees and grass about here, I see, are just as green without you. As many people are refreshed, only nobody happens to appeal to you, since your head has grown so big and your heart has grown so small. Now if I were you—and you'd better write this around your rim—I'd remember that the only bad thing that could happen to me as a pitcher was not the having people come to me for water, but the having no water when the people come.

"To whit! tu whoo!
But I'm sorry for you,"

said the owl, and flapping his wings, he flew away, leaving the pitcher alone.

"What a disagreeable bird!" said the pitcher. "There's not a particle of music in his voice. He makes my head ache. That comes from listening to people who don't understand what affection means, and who think they can see everything in the dark."

The spring, meanwhile, without a thought of weariness, rippled and sang just as joyously and flowed just as freely as it had always done since the very beginning of time.

It was perhaps about the tenth moon after this—the pitcher nowadays counted by nights, not days—that the pitcher, which was now a most dilapidated affair, was startled by hearing very close beside it the voice of some child:

"Please, kind pitcher," it said, "my mother, who was once very poor, said if I came here you would help me about the little dove I carry in my arms. It is dying. But are you sure you're the same pitcher? You look so old and broken—older than my great-great-grandmother, who lives down by the sea."

"I can give you no water," said the pitcher. "I have been neglected too long. I have become quite useless since nobody wanted me—just a thing to be tossed away and forgotten," it added, with a sigh that ran like a crack down the whole length of its side.

"But my dove will die if you don't," said the child.

"Oh, please try, kind pitcher, please try. My mother said you would. She told me to come, she loves you so. She said you were the kindest friend in all the world."

The withered old heart of the pitcher swelled up at these words, and a strange light, as when the sun suddenly flashes over the water, lit up its poor face. Then its arms began to twitch and move so curiously, as though they longed to circle something. They twitched so hard that the hand which had held the head up so long went back to the heart. Both hands then formed themselves into a channel again. But though the child watched with eager eyes, no water flowed, and the channel made by the hands looked cracked and seamed like the sides of a dry pond in summer.

Then the pitcher wept, and its head grew suddenly half its size. "Have I nothing with which to help the child of the woman who loved me?" it cried, and as it did so the tears filled its heart, and hung like pearls on the ends of its fingers.

"The water is much salter than I supposed," said the child; "quite like the water by the sea where my great-great-grandmother lives. But thank you just as much, kind pitcher. My mother will love you more than ever, I am sure."

"What has happened to me?" said the pitcher to itself, after it had watched the child disappear. "I must have been very wicked in some way to have lost the power to help the things that love me."

Any one could have seen that the pitcher was enchanted, for when it began feeling such sorrow for the child, and forgetting itself, its head grew small again, and its heart wide open and big, though it still as a pitcher looked dry and cracked. It had forgotten itself so far, indeed, that it gave a little start, and its heart began to thump when some one touched it.

"What a turn you gave me!" it said.

"I'm sorry for that," said a bent old man, with hungry hollow eyes and thin gray hair. "I am the student you once tried to help. I have drained all knowledge, and still my thirst consumes me, so I have come back for some of the water I would not take then. But you are old, too, like myself, and bent. Have you had no water since that time?"

"Yes, I too am old," said the pitcher. "I think the spring went out of me long ago. I don't find it easy to do the things I once did. I haven't tried of late, in fact. But wait a moment, and I'll get you some."

The pitcher tried to move, but it had hugged its own troubles so long that now they all hung about its body like crying children that hang on people's skirts. These held so tightly to the pitcher that it was quite impossible to move. Its grief when it discovered this was too deep even for tears.

"I cannot help you any more," it said to the student. "Go yourself to the spring. It flows for all the world; for me only it is too late."

Some time after the student had turned away, and the pitcher sat wondering whether indeed the owl were not right who had hinted that it was the water and not the pitcher that really did the work and satisfied the thirst, sounds of happy voices were heard as they came over the hill, the champing of bits, the tramp of horses' hoofs striking now a stone and now sinking into the deep sod.

"We are nearly there," said the woman, joyously.

"Nearly there," added the man. "When I think of all the service of that pitcher, all it did for me, I find I have no words."

The pitcher, as it listened, trembled from head to foot. "They have come! they have come! the two I loved best. Oh, happy, happy day!" but when it tried to move and meet them, it could not stir.

"How strange it is," said the soldier, when some time after they had found the place and stood looking at the old cracked pitcher, "that the things we remember with love and gratitude are never quite the same when we come back to them. Perhaps we see them with new eyes; perhaps we have grown and they have not. Perhaps it was not they themselves, but something in them that we felt. Come away, Princess. You only of all the world change not, except to grow more beautiful with time."

But the woman said: "Wait but a moment for me. I can never forget, changed as it is, all that I owe the old pitcher. It may have been the water that the pitcher held that helped me, but at least I drank it from those hands held out to me when I was troubled," and jumping from her horse, the woman picked a rose growing by the road-side, and going back, she placed it tenderly over the worn old heart of the pitcher. Then stooping, she kissed it on its hands and heart and forehead. "God bless you, my old friend!" she said.

Now, some days before, a vine had crept down from one of the rocks and sent its tendrils along the path. Catching her foot in these as she turned away, the woman fell upon the stones, and lay there as one dead. Then the soldier, bending over her, cried out to the pitcher for water.

"She must have water, pitcher! Have you no heart left, that you do not stir when the woman who loves you lies dying?"

Still the pitcher only trembled, and could not move. But the student, who had never looked on love before, except when it was quite faded, and lay pressed away between the yellow pages of ancient books, now rose from his place beside the spring, as if he had seen a vision straight from heaven, and going to the pitcher, lifted it to carry it to the spring, that he might help the stricken woman. But the pitcher, to which a strange humility had come, and which understood love and helpfulness as it had never done before, and which did all the things recorded here because of a strange enchantment, thanked the student and said:

"Pray with me that the waters of the spring will flow through me once more, and so comfort may go with me to those who are in sore need. Now I see that not of myself have I done anything for which men loved and honored me."

When the woman was made well again by the water that the pitcher brought, and was riding home through the cool twilight air that blew across the scented fields, the soldier, turning to her, said:

"How strange it was, Princess, about the old pitcher! I thought it had grown quite useless, until you were in trouble; then its old spirit came back again."

"I thought it some angel," said the woman, "there was such a shining light about the face as I opened my eyes, and the water was like crystal. I never knew how good the pitcher really was before."

As for the pitcher, when it bade good-by to the student, it said:

"The owl was right. The only real evil that can happen to a pitcher is not the having people come for water, but the having no water when those who need it come. He told me to write this round my rim. Go you and write it in your books. I am young again for having learned this truth."

Indeed, the pitcher now and always after this looked so young, and has since that time performed all its service with such grace and loveliness, that people say it holds the secret of perpetual youth as well as the secret of the path that leads to Fairyland.

The soldier and his wife, the Princess, however, have never thought much about the question of perpetual youth, each being too much in love ever to see whether the other grew old or not. But they have both been very sure that to the pitcher they owe the secret of perpetual joy.

[illegible] upon all pitchers with a certain love and [illegible] how great the service of a pitcher may be. And this too is why these children formed themselves one day into a band of knights to go about the world doing service for others. And if those who do not know the Order want to know who these particular knights may be, one can always tell by seeing on their breastplates a half-inverted pitcher, with water flowing from an open heart. Around this pitcher's rim is written something in an ancient tongue, from which many translations have from time to time been made. Thus, "Not the service hurts, but the ceasing to be an instrument of service," has many authorities for it. And there is one, "We but serve; that which we give has been lent." But for all its authorities this one is thought by many to be obscure. A freer translation, one more generally accepted, runs this way, "In the service, not the cost of service, lies the gain; we are but servers only."

It was one of these knights who told me this wonderful story, which had never been told to any one in the world before.

## HOW FRITZ BECAME A WIZARD.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IT was a lovely summer afternoon at Schnitzelhammerstein-on-the-Zugvitz, and Hans Pumpernickel and I, having little else to do, idled along the sylvan path that for five or six miles follows the winding course of the famous little river. Hans was in a very talkative mood that day. He had quite recently been re-elected Mayor of the town in which he lived, after a hard campaign of six weeks, during which time he had not been allowed to say anything, for fear of spoiling his chances of re-election.

"And now that it is over, and I am safely in office once more, I am going to make up for lost time," he said. "Having kept silent for six weeks, I shall now talk three times as much as usual for three. I am fat with suppressed conversation, and I must get rid of it, or I shall burst."

So, as I have told you, he was very talkative, and on that afternoon he told me enough stories to fill an encyclopædia, most of which, I regret to say, I have forgotten, but some of which, also, I remember perfectly. The one telling how Fritz von Hatzfeldt became a wizard was one of these latter, and it seemed to me quite good enough to tell to you. It came about in this way. When nearing the point where the celebrated Baron Laubenheimer, at the risk of his life, once plunged into the Zugvitz to rescue Johanna Johannisberg from drowning—a heroic act, the story of which I hope some day to tell you—we perceived walking ahead of us a strange-looking old gentleman, clad in a long flowing robe with a border embroidered with mystic figures. He wore spectacles—or rather the rims of spectacles, without glass; for, as I learned afterwards, though his eyes were in good condition, his ideas as to the dignity of his profession compelled him to appear as wise as was possible, and he had discovered that nothing imparts to the face of man so much of the appearance of wisdom as spectacles.



THE LITTLE FELLOW MUSED OFT AND LONG THEREON.

"That," said Hans Pumpernickel, in response to my question, "is our town wizard, Fritz von Hatzfeldt, and I may add that the town has never had a better one. When I was running for Mayor this last time against Pflueger, who, as you may remember, was the opposing candidate, Von Hatzfeldt was consulted by my friends as to my chances; for, as town wizard, it is his duty to prophesy. His answer was wonderfully quick, and absolutely accurate. 'Who will be elected,' said he, 'Pumpernickel or Pflueger?' 'Yes,' said they, 'that is the question.' 'I will consult the stars,' said Von Hatzfeldt, withdrawing to his observatory. Now his predecessor, Rosenstein, would have taken a week to return his verdict, but Von Hatzfeldt's strong point is quickness. He remained with the stars no longer than two hours, and then, emerging from his observatory, he said, 'I have consulted, and the heavens tell me that the name of our next Mayor will begin with the letter P.' And it was so. Pumpernickel was elected, and Pflueger was defeated. Was not that an extraordinary, even a wonderful prophecy?"

"Very," I assented. "That man must be a genius; I should like to meet him."

"I think it can be arranged," said Hans. "I will ask him if you may." And he hurried on to overtake the wizard. In a moment he returned.

"Well," I said, "does he consent to my meeting him?"

"Yes," said Hans. "Only, with his customary wisdom, he says that to meet him you should be coming towards him from in front. He says that people can only be said to meet when face to face. 'You do not meet the man who walks behind you, Mr. Mayor,' he said; 'but if your friend will take a short-cut through the woods to the old rock two hundred paces on, he can then approach me from before, and then we shall meet.'"

"That suits me," said I, and making the cut through the woods, I reached the rock, turned back, and soon stood face to face with the wizard. "I am glad to know you," said I, as Pumpernickel introduced us.

"I was about to make a similar remark myself," returned Von Hatzfeldt, "but concluded not to, and for this reason: to tell you that would be to tell you something you already knew. If I had not been glad to meet you I could have turned aside and avoided the meeting. Now, my notion of the duties of a professional wizard is that he should tell people only those things which they do not know, and should avoid wasting his breath in imparting useless information."

"A very sage observation," said Pumpernickel.

"And what else did you expect?" queried the wizard, gazing through his unglazed spectacles upon the Mayor. "Mark you, Mr. Mayor, it is the business of wizards to make sage observations. You might as well try to purchase a diamond necklace of a green-grocer as look for unwise remarks from a professional wizard."

"I'll test his powers of prophecy now," said Hans to me, in a whisper.

"Do," I replied. "I shall be delighted, for I never met a real prophet before."

"Ah, Herr Wizard," said Hans, addressing Von Hatzfeldt, "what do you think about the weather?"

"It is very fair—now," replied the wizard.

"Now, eh?" said Hans. "Then you think it will not always be so?"

"No," replied the wizard, glancing up into the heavens. "No. To you there is nothing in the skies to foretell a change, but to me there is much. Before the winter is over, Hans Pumpernickel, we shall have snow! I read it in the stars."

"Stars?" I cried. "By day?"

"And why not?" returned the wizard. "Do you think because you do not see them that therefore the stars are all destroyed?"

To this I had no answer, and before I could recover myself Fritz von Hatzfeldt had passed on.

"Isn't he a wonder?" said Pumpernickel.

"He is more than a wonder," I replied. "He is a four-hundred-and-tender"—a joke, by-the-way, which Hans Pumpernickel did not appreciate.

"Whence do your wizards come?" I asked.

"There is no rule," Pumpernickel answered. "The wisest person in town is generally selected, though as for Fritz he studied wizardy under Rosenstein. It was curious the way it happened. Fritz was the son of a farmer, who sent him to school when he was very young, and at the age of five he could read so well that he couldn't be got to leave his books and help gather in the crops. At seven his father, in a fit of anger at what he termed the boy's laziness, turned him out of doors, and Fritz came to Schnitzelhammerstein to seek his fortune. The first position he held was as boy in a butcher shop, but he had to give that up, because, having gone for weeks without sufficient food, his appetite was a serious menace to the butcher's stock, which the butcher did not discover until Fritz had eaten one whole side of beef. Then he became candy-puller for a molasses-candy-maker, who employed him without counting upon his sweet tooth. This he was compelled to give up after having consumed two weeks' salary's worth of candy in two days. It was this second rebuff that brought him to Rosenstein's notice. While standing in his laboratory



"YOU ARE A VERY NICE OLD GENTLEMAN," SAID FRITZ.



IT NEARLY BLINDED HIM.

one morning the wizard heard a piping little voice cry out, 'Excuse me, sir, but don't you want an assistant?'

"'An assistant what?' asked Rosenstein.

"'An assistant whatever you are,' returned the owner of the little voice, who was none other than Fritz.

"The answer pleased Rosenstein. He recognized wisdom in it; for that it was wise no one will deny.

"'Don't you know what I am?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said Fritz. 'You are a very nice old gentleman.'

"Rosenstein laughed. 'True,' he said. 'But I am also the town wizard.'

"'Then will I be the assistant town wizard,' said Fritz. 'What do wizards do—whizz?'

"'I'll take you in for a week and let you see,' said Rosenstein, and little Fritz was employed to do errands. But alas for him! The wizard, though he liked him much, could not afford to keep him. He had not counted upon Fritz's appetite any more than the butcher had, and again was the boy sent forth. This time, however, he was sent forth in a kindly way. 'You are a good boy, Fritz, and I like you, and I think you would make a good wizard some day, for you have a wise way about you for your years, but I am too poor to feed you. I will say to you, however, that if you ever make your fortune in this world, then will I be glad to receive you back again and point out to you the path you should pursue if you would some day succeed me in my office. Make your fortune first, my boy, then come to me.'

"'Can't I stay if I lose my appetite?' asked Fritz, mournfully.

"'Ah, but you mustn't do that,' the wizard answered. 'An appetite is a splendid thing—a fortune in itself, but you must also have another fortune in itself to maintain it. Go, my boy, and bless you!'

"Poor Fritz! This last failure discouraged him wofully. He had no money, no home, nobody to go to. His condition was a dreadful one; but the Fates had a happy life in store for him. He wandered out along this very path up to the big rock, and sat down to meditate, and as he meditated he observed as the tide of the river went down it uncovered the entrance to what appeared to be a huge cavern. 'Humph!' said Fritz. 'Looks like a cave. Maybe I can use that for a place to live in. There may be one or two dry spots inside where I could sleep, and I could always come out at low tide if I wanted to. There's house rent saved, anyhow.'

"Speaking thus, he climbed down into the cavern, and,

as he got hopes found plenty of dry places and from that time on it became his home. He occasionally made a few marks by doing chores for people around about Schnitzelhammerstein, and with them he supplied himself with food and furniture. The spring time came, and with it a freshet which completely covered up the entrance to the cavern night and day, high tide or low, and Fritz found himself shut up in his strange home for two whole dreary months. Escape was impossible. The sole sustenance he had was an occasional fish he caught in some of the pools.

"It was not until he had been in this cavernous prison for five weeks that he noticed a most unique thing about it. *Night and day it was always most brilliantly lighted.* On the Monday night of the fifth week this singular fact flashed upon his mind. How was it? Whence could the light come? It was not sunlight, because that would not shine by night. What, then, was the secret of the light in the cave? The little fellow mused oft and long thereon, and finally he reached a conclusion, which, like all his conclusions, was a wise one.

"'This is worth investigating. I will investigate,' he cried. 'Meditation is good in its way, but if a thing is past mental comprehension, then investigation of an active sort is in order. In the first place, the light does not come from above; it streams in through that chink in the rock off to the left. I will slide through that chink and see what is to be seen.'

"In an instant he had done so, and—there lay his fortune. Lying upon the soft earth floor of the adjoining cave was a diamond, dazzling in its lustre, and large as a hen's egg. So brilliant was it that all about it was lighted up as though by electricity. In a second Fritz pounced upon it and held it aloft. It nearly blinded him, but he held on to it like grim death. It was his, and only his. His fortune was made.

"Three weeks later the waters subsided, and Fritz went forth into the world with his diamond."

"But," said I, "a diamond like that would be very hard to sell, and people might not understand how it had come into the possession of a small boy who had always been poor."

"True," said Pumpernickel, "and Fritz thought of that. 'Too sudden riches fly suddenly away,' he observed. 'I will proceed slowly.' *He didn't show that diamond to any one until he had made his fortune.*"

"Then how—how did he make his fortune?" I asked.

"He sold its light," said Hans. "It does not sound probable, but it is true. In those days we had no gas or electricity to light our public squares or ballrooms or libraries, and Fritz, noting this, bought a small lantern with ground-glass sides, so that the diamond could shed its light without itself being seen, and putting his diamond into it, rented it out for public meetings, for ballroom illumination—in fact, to any who stood in need of a strong powerful light. Scientists from all Germany flocked in to see it, and besought him to divulge the secret of the light, but he would not until he had accumulated a fortune, and then he let the world into his confidence. Meanwhile he had gone back to Rosenstein, and had learned the art of being a wizard, and when Rosenstein died he was unanimously called to fill the vacancy."

"And what became of the diamond?"

"That," said Hans, "is a mystery. Some say that Von Hatzfeldt has it yet, but burglars who have searched his house high and low a thousand times say that he hasn't it."

"And he—what does he say?"

"He declines to speak of it," said Hans, simply.

"Well," said I, "that is a very remarkable tale."

"Yes," said Hans, "but then Fritz von Hatzfeldt is a very remarkable wizard, for how a man can be as wise as he and know so little passes all comprehension."

## FONDNESS FOR ANIMALS.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

THERE are numerous anecdotes about noted people who were fond of animals, and we are pretty sure that they were fond of them when they were boys and girls. Daniel Webster loved his calves dearly, and used to get his son Fletcher out of bed before daylight to hold the lantern while he fed the cows. "Fletcher," he would say, "you don't seem to take any interest in this. I like to look into the kind faces of the cows, and smell their breath." When Choate was his guest he used to rap at the door of his room where he was reading, and call to the great jurist, "Oh, come along, Choate; let's go and have a look at the pigs." Webster ordered his farm hand to drive the oxen past the library windows, so that he could "tell them good-by" before he died.

It was said of Edmund Burke that he had gone crazy, because he went about in his park kissing his cows and horses. The story arose from the fact that a favorite horse belonging to his dead son came up to Mr. Burke in the field, laid his head upon his breast, and looked into his face, as if to say, "I have lost him too." Overcome by his memories, Burke clasped the neck of the intelligent creature and kissed it. I one night, with others, watched a favorite mare of mine as she lay dying in the stable. She was in great agony, and her big eyes were aflame with fever. My son, a lad of fourteen, had taught her to kiss him, which she did by placing her nose against his cheek. "Kiss me, Dollie," he said. The dying horse struggled to her front feet, touched his cheek, and died a few minutes afterward. The show of affectionate obedience was so touching that the most of us walked away with tears in our eyes, while the boy sobbed as if his heart was broken.

Canon Kingsley was passionately fond of animals. He was very much attached to his horse, and a Scotch terrier was for thirteen years a constant companion in his parish walks. He kept white cats at his barn, and black cats at his house. He took much interest in the toads in his garden, and encouraged mud-wasps to build homes on the inner ledge of the windows in his bedroom. His children were taught to be kind to all living things. One morning his little daughter surprised his guests at breakfast by running into the room with a repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "Oh, daddy, look at this *delightful* worm!" she exclaimed. Strange to say, Mr. Kingsley had an aversion for spiders, which he could not conquer. The sight of one would almost bring on a paroxysm of horror.

Bayard Taylor loved dumb creatures, and said of them: "I always treat animals with great respect. I ask myself, how should I like to be treated by man were I a dumb creature?"

One of Mrs. Browning's most exquisite poems is addressed to her dog Flush, while Miss Mitford was so fond of her sagacious dog Mossie that she said he had a brow like Mr. Fox, and she buried him with funeral honors after his death. Lord Byron was very much attached to his dog Boatswain. He had a marble monument with an elaborate inscription erected to his memory.

Many of our readers are familiar with the story of the fondness of "Mary for her little lamb that followed her to school one day," but all of them may not know that there really was such a Mary and such a lamb. The original Mary was Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, who was still living at Somerville, Massachusetts, some years ago, hale and vigorous at the age of eighty-two. She raised the lamb from its birth, its mother having deserted it. It followed her "everywhere she went," and finally died in her arms, having been gored by a cow. Mrs. Tyler did not write the now famous verses; three of them were written by John Roulstone, who lived in the neighborhood, and the other two were afterward added by a Mrs. Town-

send. Mrs. Tyler knit two pairs of stockings from the fleece of her lamb, and these stockings in later years were unravelled and sold in small bits, tied to a card with Mary's autograph on it, at a fair held for the benefit of the Old South Church of Boston, and the sum realized amounted to two hundred dollars.

Hans Christian Andersen, whose stories delight children so much, was exceedingly kind-hearted. He was fond of animals, but for some reason was dreadfully afraid of dogs. He on one occasion wrote to an intimate friend at Geneva that he would visit him on a certain day. On the day in question a large but perfectly gentle Newfoundland dog was securely chained, but Mr. Andersen did not put in an appearance. Three weeks afterward a letter, postmarked Nice, was received from him.

"Dear friends," he wrote, "I arrived at your house on the day named, but when I got to the gate I saw such a big dog in the yard that I did not dare to go in, and so I took the first train for Italy."

Not a few great men have been partial to cats. Petrarch had his cat embalmed; Rousseau shed genuine tears over the loss of his; Dr. Johnson, sometimes called the "Great Bear," nursed his cat day and night during its illness, and went himself for oysters to tempt its appetite; Southey raised one of his cats to the peerage, with the high-sounding title of "Earl of Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowlher, and Skaratchi." To Napoleon, however, cats were a mortal terror. Just after the battle of Wagram an aid-de-camp, upon entering the Emperor's room, saw him half undressed, with protruding eyes and perspiring forehead, making frequent lunges with a sword at the tapestry around the room. In explanation he said there was a cat behind the tapestry, and that he had hated cats from his very infancy. He had crossed the bridge at Lodi with sublime courage, yet quivered with excitement and terror over the presence of a cat.

## WHAT THE SUN-DIAL SAID.

THE ancient sun-dial, which is seldom seen now, except in old-fashioned gardens abroad, told the time by means of a style, or pin, that cast a shadow on a certain spot; but even this important part of its anatomy was not more indispensable to its proper completion than the motto cut beneath it. This motto must be appropriate, and one to set people thinking, and few answered these requirements so fully as the well-known *Tempus fugit*.

Variety, however, is desirable even in such matters, and whenever a new dial was erected the great point was a suitable motto.

An old building in London, known as the Middle Temple, and occupied by the Honorable Society of Benchers, or lawyers, was to have a fine sun-dial made for it that should be "worthy the society and the place," and everything went well until it came to the motto, which seemed quite as necessary as the tail of a kite.

The maker of the timepiece was requested to wait upon the Honorable Benchers, whose gift it was, at a certain time to learn their wishes on this important subject. But when the day came the manufacturer was unable to go, and sent his foreman instead. This worthy mechanic was a plain matter-of-fact person, and when he reached the Temple on so important an errand it was rather bewildering to find that the Benchers, with one exception, had disappeared, having forgotten both the appointment and the motto.

The learned member who remained was in a bad humor, from some recent provocation, and his reception of the messenger was not encouraging. The foreman's wits were leaving him, and all he could say was that his master had sent him for the motto.

The member's eyes looked dangerous at such frivolity, and he denied all knowledge of any motto.

The embarrassed foreman ventured to add that it was the motto for the sun-dial, which their Honors had promised to have ready.

"I told you," replied the "Honor" then present, in a still greater rage, "that I know nothing about any motto, or sun-dial either. I cannot be delayed by you any longer. *Begone about your business.*"

The foreman returned to his master in a very unhappy state of mind. No, he hadn't seen any Benchers, except a very queer gentleman, who was in a great hurry to get away, and told him to begone about his business.

"Did he really say *that?*" asked the sun-dial-maker. "*Begone about your business?* Why, it's capital! No one need want a better motto than that."

The foreman could not help wondering if his master had lost his wits, but he appeared sane enough on other points. The motto, "Begone About Your Business," was actually cut on the handsome new sun-dial, and every passer-by stopped to admire one and read the other. The advice was excellent, suggesting, as it did, that "there is a time for everything under the sun," and that to fit each duty into its allotted space it is necessary to begone about one's business when the particular moment for it comes.

## ANSWERS TO THE "CAMPING PARTY."

A PUZZLE PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" FOR SEPTEMBER 11TH.

1. "Am daily more."—Memorial Day.
2. "Since as near." Renaissance.
3. "And home as well, I will." William Dean Howells.
4. "I let Flora run tell Doty."—Little Lord Fauntleroy.
5. "Now the rage's going." George Washington.
6. "Am writing to Moll."—William T. G. Morton.
7. "Was bent later."—Walter Besant.
8. "Having torn wings I."—Washington Irving.
9. "They hit twice."—The White City.
10. "A chiming."—Michigan.
11. "No, Mr. Parshel, we."—Ralph W. Emerson.
12. "Ruminate, or Olive can."—American Revolution.
13. "How moles."—O. W. Holmes.

## THE CONTRARY BOY.

I AM the queerest sort of boy the world has ever seen—
In fact, I don't suppose before my like has ever been,
Because, from early dawning to the setting of the sun,
I always want to do the things that really can't be done.

For instance, when the summer comes, I sit down by the gate
And almost tear my hair with rage because I cannot skate.
And through the heated August nights I often lie in bed
And moan and groan because I can't go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and things begin to freeze,
I feel as though I'd like to climb up in the apple-trees
And pluck the blossoms from the twigs; but blossoms none are there
When winter winds are blowing and the apple-boughs are bare.

At breakfast-time I sit me down, and often deeply sigh
Because there's toast and buckwheat cakes instead of pumpkin-pie;
Yet, when at dinner-time we've pie, my tears come down like lakes
Because by that time I've a taste for toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who think it's fun to be
Contrariwise that they would best take warning now from me,
Because I find the habit leaves me always dull and sad,
And makes of me a very drear, ill-natured sort of lad.

GASTON V. DRAKE.



AN INTELLIGENT KIT.

THOMAS *(proudly)*. "This is a great boy of ours, Tabby."
TABBY. "Yes. He's just as clever at making a noise when he's getting his bath as a human being baby. I think he'll turn out a very brainy cat."

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

### HAS A LAUGH WITH HYENAS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR. This morning I went over to help Sammy pick up chips. There was a good many chips, and bimeby Sammy sat down on a log and held his face in his hands, and didn't say anything. I kept on picking. Bimeby I says to him,

"Sammy, why don't you pick up chips?"

"I'm thinking," says Sammy.

"'Bout something your Pa done?" says I.

"Yes," says Sammy. "I'm trying to remember 'bout the time he met the larfing higheners. It's awful hard work, but I'm willing to keep at it, 'cause I know you'd like to hear 'bout it. Mebby I can get it by the time you finish the chips."

Well, I felt sorry for Sammy, 'cause he seemed to have to work so hard trying to remember; but I couldn't help him any, so I kept at the chips. Just as I finished carrying in the last basket Sammy looked up, and says:

"Harry, I've got it now. I had it all mixed up with the time he tackled the flock of zebras, but I 'member now how it was. Come out to the barn, and I'll tell you all 'bout it."

We went out and laid down on the hay, and Sammy says:

"Well, Pop was in Egypt looking 'round at the pyrermids and spinxes and fayarows and such things. He wa'n't doing much, just lazying 'round and thinking some of putting up a pyrermid of his own, with elevators and 'lectric lights and other modern 'provements in it, and then renting rooms in it to the fayarows; but he didn't do it. Pop says the 'Gyptian pyrermids are behind the times, and if he was living in one of 'em he wouldn't pay his rent.

"Well, Pop having nothing to do, wandered 'round a good deal, 'specially in the night, when it was cool. One night he walked 'way up 'long the river 'bout four miles. He could hear the hipperpotterhosses soaking theirselves down in the water, and opening and shutting their mouths; but he didn't mind 'em. It was nice moonlight, and after a while he turned off across the desert. He passed some camels a-setting in the sand, and a few jackhalls loating around waiting for something to turn up; but he went on, and didn't see nothing more a tall. He walked and walked, thinking 'bout a pyrermid with a front-door bell and a janitor, and he got further than he thought. Pretty soon the moon went down, and he turned to go back. Just then he heard an awful howling off about ten rods. He knowed right away it was higheners, and Pop lit out. Pop is a light runner when there is danger, and he says he just made the sand fly like a tornader.

"Pop run, but the higheners was too much for him. Pertty quick he could feel their hot breath a-scorching the back of his neck. In five minutes they caught up, and a big one jumped on him, and down went Pop on his back. The highener stood with his front feet on Pop's breast, and was just ready to begin eating him. The others crowded all 'round in the dark, waiting for this one to say when. Pop saw he had gotter do something or be et up. All to once he happened to remember that they was larfing higheners. He just reached up and tickled the one that was standing on him in the ribs, and made a funny noise down in his throat, like 'sif he was talking to a baby. That highener snickered right out loud. Just as Pop thought, this made all the others giggle too. Then Pop set up and poked him in the other side, and made the funny noise again, and the highener just rolled over on his back and roared, and all the others done the same; and Pop got up and walked off, leaving them rolling in the sand and larfing like mad."

I asked Sammy what his Pa would have done if they hadn't happened to be laughing higheners, and he said all higheners are laughers. He said his Pa said no animal there is likes a good joke like a highener. He said if I didn't believe it to look in the cyclerpeter—that's what Sammy always calls the cyclepedy.

Yours truly, HARRY.

---

LITTLE Louise is only three years old, but full enough of mischief for several little girls.

"Oh dear, Louise," exclaimed her big sister one day, after the little one had been in mischief, "do you think it would make you good if I put you in the flour-barrel and left you there awhile?"

"I'm 'fwaid not," replied Louise, soberly; "but, sister, you may put me *in the cookie jar* if you want to."




FIDO'S PROBLEM.

Since Lucy's fur has grown so long, poor Fido cries, "Alack!
I cannot tell which side is face for which side is her back;
And [illegible] by personal hate of such disguising
That [illegible] she can raise it out I wish they'd tell it me!"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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# FELIPE CHERIDAN VINGATE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE INDIAN MOTHER RECLAIMS HER SON.

EIGHT years have passed since the incidents related in the last chapter. Lieutenant Duncan, at that time the junior second of his regiment, now the senior first, was in command of a company forming part of the garrison of Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The Navajo Indians, numbering twelve thousand, after a prolonged struggle, had been conquered and placed upon a reservation at the Bosque Redondo, on the Rio Pecos, and this fort had been established to guard and protect them. Six companies of infantry and two troops of cavalry, seven hundred men in all, composed the military force. The fort was under the command of a Colonel who in the late war had held the rank of Major-General of volunteers.

One day, in consequence of drafts upon the officers for court martial and board duty in distant parts of the department, all the officers above the rank of First Lieutenant being temporarily absent, Duncan found himself, by virtue of seniority, the commander of this important post. The duty being routine in character, established by long custom, the young officer found no difficulty in carrying it on as had been done for some years.

On the afternoon of the third day of his command he was sitting in a room of his private quarters, when his orderly announced a priest with a little boy and two Indian women. When the priest entered, the Lieutenant was struck by something familiar in his face, and was not much surprised to learn that he was Father Velasquez, with whom the Navajo child had been left on the Rio Gallo eight years before.

"And this fine-looking lad is our little captive, father?" asked Duncan. "Is this really Philip Sheridan Wingate?"

"Yes, this is Felipe, señor. Pay your respects to the commandant, my son."

The boy advanced with a bright smile, offered his hand to the officer, saying, "I am glad to meet one of my godfathers."

"Ah! yes, Felipe, I am one of your thirty-one godfathers. Orderly," he called, speaking in English, "go to the quarters of Company D and find First Sergeant Conway. Tell him his godson, Philip Sheridan Wingate, is here; and tell him to bring up all the men remaining in the company that were present at the christening." Then he resumed in Spanish: "The recent civil war has reduced the number of your godparents, Felipe. Some of them lie in graves of Eastern battle-fields; some are inmates of soldiers' homes. Barely half a dozen remain in the old company. What a fine fellow you have grown to be!"

"Yes, thank you, señor; and I can read and write, and I am learning geography, history, and arithmetic."

"Indeed! Well, you will make a man some day we shall all be proud of. Will you be a priest?"

"I do not know, señor. Sometimes I think I should rather be a soldier—an officer."

"A soldier of the Lord or a soldier of your country? Be sure you make no mistake, Felipe. Choose the calling you prove to be best fitted for. I cannot answer for the clerical profession, but I know there can be no more useless man than a poor soldier. I suppose you read of soldier heroes?"

"No, señor; I have no story-books. The padre has told me some stories."

"Ah! Señor Teniente, the knowledge that a line of thirty soldiers stood with him before the font when he was baptized and received a hero's name has made him more curious to learn of them than of the saints, and his questions have been endless," said the priest. "I have recalled the stories of my boyhood, and told him of ancient and modern chieftains; but I have not neglected his spiritual instruction."

Sergeant-Major Rounds, Sergeant Conway, Corporal Rafferty, and privates Clary, Evans, and Hoey now appeared at the door, and being invited to enter, proceeded to make the acquaintance of the child they found in El Erizo Cañon so long ago. Conway lifted him in his arms, and raising the closely cropped hair, disclosed a long faint scar across the forehead. As he did so an audible sobbing was heard in a corner, calling attention to the Navajo women who had come in with the priest, and had remained crouched on the floor. One was weeping heart-brokenly, and the other caressing and soothing her in soft Indian tones. Both were clad in the beautiful blankets of their tribe, girded about their waists by crimson sashes, and were tall and graceful representatives of their race.

"Who are these women?" asked the officer.

"They came with me, and it is about them and their claim I wish to speak," said Father Velasquez. "Have you an interpreter?"

"Yes."

"Then, as the women do not speak Spanish well, it will be best if he be employed."

"Orderly, go for the interpreter, José Chavez. Tell him to report to me at once."

The soldiers then closed their interesting interview with the Indian boy, and returned to their quarters.

The priest took advantage of the interval between the departure of the orderly and his return with the interpreter to explain that he had been transferred to the mission of Anton Chico, a village not far from the reservation. He had been Felipe's teacher from the time he took charge of him until now. The child had proved an apt and intelligent pupil, far above the average of his Mexican fellows.

A few days ago, while the boys of the village were swimming in the acequia madre, the priest standing on the bank witnessing their sport, two Indian women from the reservation passing by stopped to watch the children. They were plainly much attracted by the handsome Felipe and his evident Navajo features and complexion. As the boy turned his back to dive, one of the women ran suddenly forward, stooped as if to examine him more closely, extended her arms towards him, and exclaimed: "Tuscahogontle! Tuscahogontle!"

Felipe dived, and swam to the other side of the acequia, refusing the woman's tearful request to approach her. She fell on her knees, and extending her arms to him, piteously pleaded in broken Spanish that he would come to her. Since he still refused, she turned to the priest, and succeeded in making him understand that Philip was her child, Tuscahogontle, lost several years before in a conflict with the soldiers. Her statement seemed so truthful, in view of the circumstances already known to the priest, her mingled grief and joy so genuine, that he decided to accompany her to the fort and lay the case before the commanding officer.

During this statement by Father Velasquez, Philip clung to his right hand, occasionally looking trustfully up at him, and more frequently repelling the efforts of the tearful Navajo woman to take one of his hands. Clad in her bizarre and graceful costume, she sat on the floor at the priest's feet, making frequent attempts to attract the attention of the child—proffering him a pair of beautifully embroidered moccasins, brilliant strings of shells and beads, plucking gently at his garments, and tearfully begging him to come near her.

The interpreter arriving, the Lieutenant, priest, and boy seated themselves, while the woman, at the request of the officer, explained her claim and stated what she expected.

Desisting from further attempts to attract Philip's notice, she withdrew to the wall of the room, and leaning against it, told her story. She said that she was the wife of the dead Navajo chief Lepowah, and that this child was her son. Eight years before, being hard pressed by the government troops, and finding himself unable to hold his maize-fields and grazing-grounds at the Mesa de Lobos, her husband determined to move his band to the west of the Moqui villages. He had cleared Fort Wingate on his journey without detection, and having learned through a Zuñi Indian that no scouting parties were in the field, he was moving across the country without taking his usual precautions.

For two days the band travelled over a dry and barren region, and when near the Via Corta, the women and children clamoring for fresh cold water, Lepowah took them over a longer route, to the spring in El Erizo Cañon.

Carelessly approaching this spring, the Indians were surprised to find it held by a small party of soldiers.

The chief yielded to a temptation to attack; but before he could perfect his arrangements and take his non-combatants to the rear the white men saw him. Finding that he could not make a stand without endangering the lives of the members of his tribe, he ordered a retreat.

The only child of the chief, the boy standing beside the priest, Tuscahogontle, was borne on the back of a bond-maid, a Mexican captive. A rifle-shot cut the bands by which he was held to the maid's shoulders, and the child fell to the ground. The girl made no report of her loss until the band halted for the night many miles from the scene of the skirmish. Late in the night Lepowah and a party of trusty warriors returned to the spring and searched for the missing child. Only the wrecked osier case was found.

Thinking it possible the soldiers had taken his babe to the fort, Lepowah next day went within a few miles of Wingate, and sent a neutral Indian to make inquiries. Having learned that no child had been brought in, he concluded that it was dead and buried.

Her husband established himself west of Zuñi, and continued to resist the attempts of the government to bring him upon the reservation until all the bands of the tribe except his own had surrendered. In a last desperate battle against fearful odds the brave chief had fallen, riddled by a score of bullets. The band then yielded, and joined their conquered people.

The mother had mourned the loss of her baby, and had believed it to be dead for eight years. The bond-maid said it was dead when it fell, showing the stains of blood upon her garments in proof of the truth of her words.

In her recent trip to Anton Chico the woman's attention had been drawn to the Indian boy playing in the irrigating ditch. She knew that children were often captured in the wars of reprisal waged between Mexicans and Navajos, and believed this child to be such a captive. Thinking her son to be dead, she was nearly overcome by the sight of the *delgayhe* (star) under his left thigh. Her child had such a mark. She claimed the boy present as her own, and demanded that he be restored to her.

"How old was your child at the time of his loss?" asked Lieutenant Duncan.

"Naztazata oldchay" (nineteen months), was the answer.

"Then Felipe must be about ten years old, Father Velasquez, and there can be no doubt that he is this woman's son."

"Very true, señor," replied the priest, looking fondly down upon the little boy, who, since there seemed to be a possibility of his being returned to his people, clung closely to the father's arm with both hands. "I suppose that under the law recently passed by Congress, requiring all Indian captives to be returned to their tribes, I must give him up. I had hoped to educate him and make him an instrument for the conversion of his nation to Christianity."

"I think this is a question to be decided by the regular post commander when he returns," said the officer. "It will be difficult for even an unprejudiced person to decide between the mother's rights and the claims of her affections and what seems to be for the best interests of the boy and ultimately of the Navajo people. I am decidedly prejudiced, for I can see Felipe entertains no affection for his mother, and that he has given his love and confidence to you. To return him to her is to give him back to barbarism; to leave him with you means civilization and enlightenment. Still, again to deprive this poor broken-hearted mother of the child so ruthlessly torn from her arms by my means eight years ago, and now so wonderfully discovered to be alive, is more than I am willing to do. I must shirk the responsibility."

"Am I then to take him back with me?" asked the priest.

"No; leave him here. I will keep him safe until the commanding officer returns. Come back in ten days and we will refer the matter to him."

Padre Velasquez explained the officer's decision to Felipe, and the boy astonished the Lieutenant by making no objection, but with great intelligence showing he fully understood the question, and was willing to await the result.

A short conversation between priest and child was held in a corner in an undertone, and then, without paying any attention to the pleading tones and outstretched arms of the sorrowful mother, the boy went to the officer and placed his hand in his.

The interpreter explained the arrangement to the Navajo women, and told them that during the time the boy remained in the Lieutenant's charge they had permission to visit him daily.

A tent was pitched in Duncan's back yard, and Private Clary detailed to take charge of Philip and sleep beside him nights. The yard was enclosed by a high adobe wall, the top studded with spikes and broken glass. The gates of heavy planks were barred and locked each night "at retreat."

For four days the mother called frequently upon her son, never ceasing in her endeavors to win his affection, while he continued utterly indifferent to her. On the morning of the fifth day the boy was missing. Clary awoke with the boom of the sunrise gun to find the bed of his tentmate empty. He had been spirited away—out of bed, out of the tent, over the wall—not a trace of him remained. A search throughout the reservation proved fruitless. Neither mother nor son could be found.

On the appointed day Father Velasquez returned, and sadly listened to the details of the disappearance of his protégé. There was a choke in his voice and a moisture in his eye as he took leave of the Lieutenant, saying, "Adios, Señor Teniente; deberia ser asi." (Good-by, Lieutenant; it is as it should be.)

At intervals during the following year the godfathers of Philip Sheridan Wingate searched for the lost boy, but always in vain. At the official biennial roll-calls of the tribe, as the column passed before the census-takers a close watch was kept for the mother, but she was never seen after the disappearance of the boy.

At the end of the year Lieutenant Duncan was promoted to the rank of Captain, and a little later marched north with his company to a fort in Colorado. The Navajos were moved back to their own country, rehabilitated with the property of which they had been despoiled, and the reservation and fort sold.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE TONY'S HOSE.

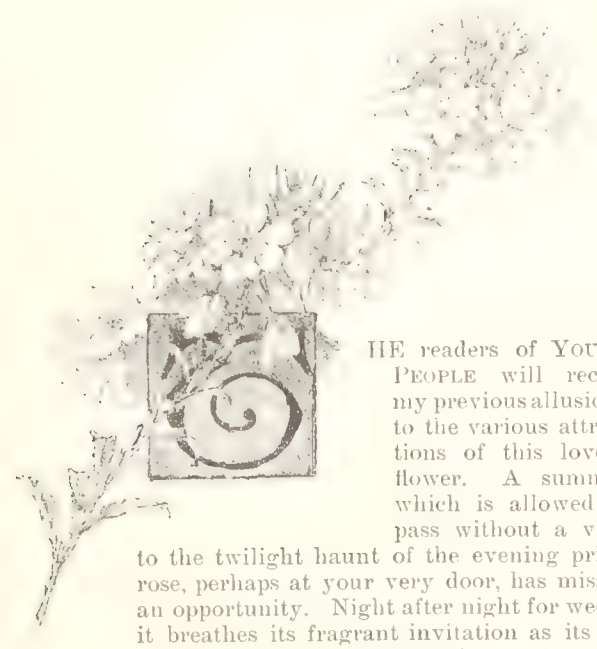
A LITTLE Danish tony put on his best clothes one time, and went to market. On his way home he grew sleepy, and after a while lay down by the side of the road and went to sleep. While he slept a workman came walking along, whose clothes were very poor and ragged. When he saw the fine new hose of the tony he forthwith pulled them off, put his own on the sleeper, and went on his way, wearing the good ones. Soon after a butcher came riding along in his cart. Seeing the tony's legs stretched out across the road, he called to him to draw them up, else they would be run over. The tony waked up and looked at his legs. He knew that his own hose had been new and whole. Now he saw only the old ragged ones. So he laid himself back again, and called out to the butcher that he could go ahead, as those were not his legs which lay there in the road. The butcher did not want to hurt the man, so he turned out to one side. But as he drove by he gave the legs a stinging cut with his whip.

"Ouch! ouch! oh!" cried the tony. "What do you want to strike a man on the legs that way for?"

"It wasn't your legs that I struck," replied the butcher; "it was the legs which lay there in the road;" and he drove on.

# MORE ABOUT THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.



THE readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will recall my previous allusions to the various attractions of this lovely flower. A summer which is allowed to pass without a visit to the twilight haunt of the evening primrose, perhaps at your very door, has missed an opportunity. Night after night for weeks it breathes its fragrant invitation as its luminous blooms flash out one by one from the clusters of buds in the gloom, as though in eager response to the touch of some wandering sprite, until the darkness is lit up with their luminous galaxy—that beautiful episode of blossom-consciousness and hope so picturesquely described by Keats:

> "A tuft of evening primroses
> O'er which the wind may hover till it dozes,
> O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
> But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
> Of buds into ripe flowers."

Nor is it necessary to brave the night air to witness this sudden transformation. A cluster of the flowers placed in a vase beneath an evening lamp will reveal the episode, though robbed of the poetic attribute of their natural sombre environment and the murmuring response of the twilight moth, a companion to which its form, its color, and its breath of perfume and impulsive greeting are but the expression of a beautiful divine affinity.

Then there is that pretty daylight mystery of the faded drooping bells of last night's impulsive blossoms, each perhaps tenanted by the tiny faithful moth which first welcomed its open twilight chalice, and which now has crept close within its wilted cup, the yellow tips of its protruding wings simulating the fading petals. And again, a few weeks later, with what surprise do we discover that these long columns of green seed-pods are not always what they seem, but are intermingled with or supplanted by smooth green caterpillars which exactly resemble them in size and general shape, the progeny of our tiny pink and yellow moth now feeding on the young seed-pods! Verily even a vireo or worm-eating warbler, who is supposed to know a green caterpillar when he sees one, might perch among these without a suspicion, except perhaps at the tickling of its feet by the rudely touched victim.

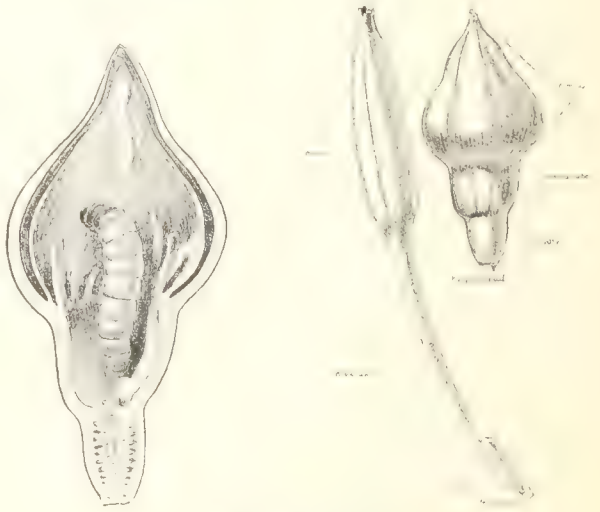


THE CHASSIS AND ITS MOTH

But these are not all the interesting features of the evening primrose. It has still another curious secret, which has doubtless puzzled many a country stroller, and which is suggested in the following inquiry from a rural correspondent:

> "I read in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE your piece about the evening primrose, and found the little moth and the catterpilers, what I never seen before; but they is one thing what you never tole us about yit. Why is it that the buds on so meny evening primroses swell up so big and never open? Some of them has holes into them, but I never seen nothing cum out."

This same question must have been mentally propounded by many observers who have noted this singular peculiarity of the buds—two sorts of buds, one of them long and slender, and with a longer tube; the other short and stout, with no tube at all—both of which are shown in proper proportion in my illustration. It is well to contrast their outward form, and to note wherein they differ.



"THE WORM I' THE BUD."

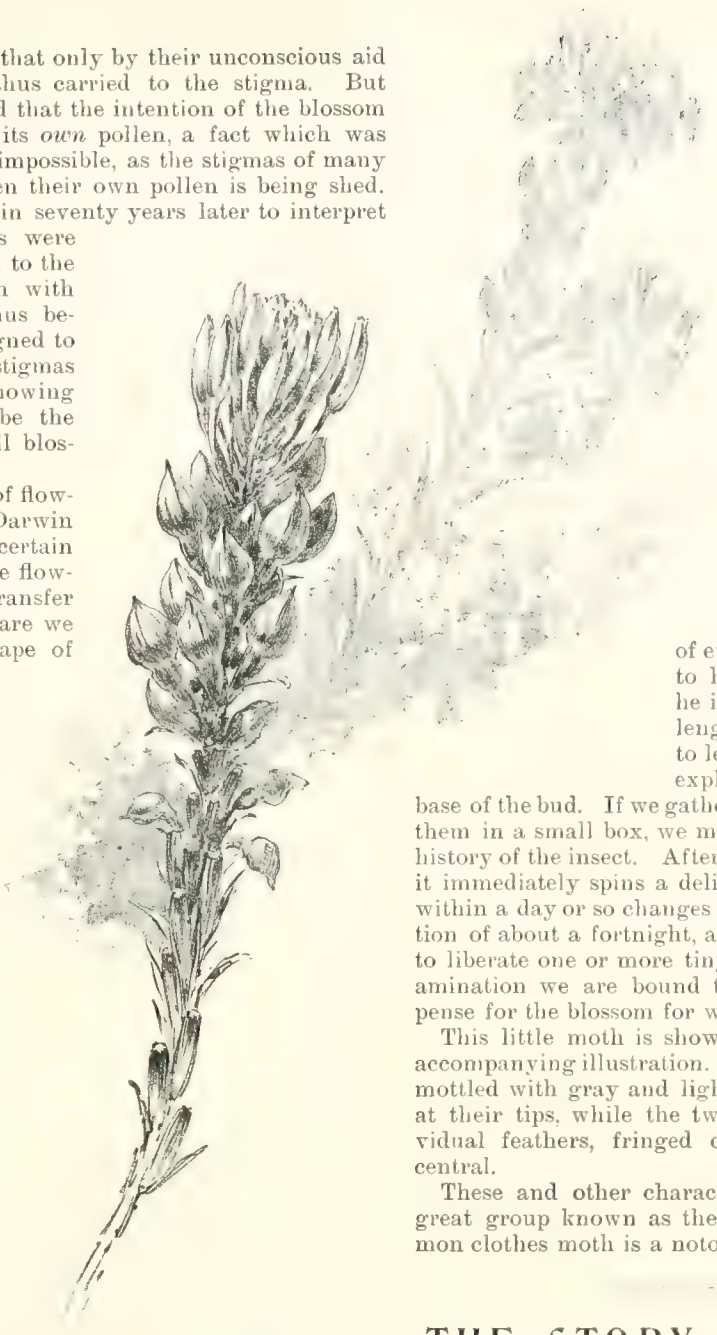
In the normal or longer bud the tube is slender, and extended to a length of an inch or more, while in the shorter specimen this portion is reduced to about a fifth or sixth of that length, while the corolla enclosed within its sepals is much shortened and swollen.

The difference in the shape and development of these two buds is a most interesting study, as bearing upon the conscious intention of the flower as an embodiment of a divine companion to an insect. What is the intention involved in the construction and habit of this flower? Why this long tube? Why does it await the twilight to burst into bloom?

In the new botany of Darwin flowers must be considered as embodiments of welcome to insects. Long ago it was discovered that the powdery pollen of a flower must reach the stigma of the flower in order to produce seed. It was formerly supposed that this was naturally accomplished by the stamens shedding this pollen directly upon the stigma, but this was later shown to be impossible in most flowers, the anthers containing the pollen being so placed that they could not thus convey the pollen. This fact was first noted by Sprengel in 1735, who was the first to discover that the flower, with its color, perfume, and honey, was really designed

to attract insects, and that only by their unconscious aid could the pollen be thus carried to the stigma. But Sprengel had supposed that the intention of the blossom was the reception of its *own* pollen, a fact which was again soon seen to be impossible, as the stigmas of many flowers are closed when their own pollen is being shed. It remained for Darwin seventy years later to interpret the problem. Insects were intentionally attracted to the flower; but the pollen with which their bodies thus became dusted was designed to be carried to the stigmas of another flower, showing cross-fertilization to be the intention in nearly all blossoms.

The endless shapes of flowers were shown by Darwin to have reference to certain insects upon whom the flower depended for the transfer of its pollen. What are we to infer from the shape of our evening primrose? Its tube is long and slender, and the nectar is secreted at its farthest extremity. Only a tongue an inch or so in length could reach it. What insects have tongues of this length? Moths and butterflies. The primrose blooms at night, when butterflies are asleep, and is thus clearly adapted to moths. The flower opens; its stigma is closed; the projecting stamens scatter the loose pollen upon the moth as it sips close at the blossom's throat, and as it flies from flower to flower it conveys it to other blossoms whose stigmas are matured. The expression of the normal bud is thus one of affinity and hope.



THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Our friend just quoted mentions having seen "holes" on the other swollen buds, and there is certain to be a hole in every one of them at its maturity. But let us select one which is as yet entire. If with a sharp knife-point we cut gently through its walls, we disclose the curious secret of its abnormal shape—"the worm i' the bud," as shown in my accompanying sketch—and what an eloquent story of blighted hopes its interior condition reveals! This tiny whitish caterpillar which we disclose in the petal dungeon, has been a prisoner since its birth, during the early growth of the bud. One by one the stamens and also the stigma have been devoured for food, until the mere vestiges of them now remain. With no stamens to bequeath pollen, and no stigma to welcome other pollen, what need to open? What need to elongate a corolla tube for the tongue of a moth whose visit could render no functional service? So thus our blighted buds refuse to open, where blooming would be but a mockery. This tiny caterpillar has a host of evening primrose blossoms laid to his door. When full grown he is nearly a third of an inch in length, at which time he concludes to leave his life-long abode, which explains the "hole" through the base of the bud. If we gather a few of these buds and place them in a small box, we may observe the remaining life history of the insect. After creeping from its petal home it immediately spins a delicate white silken cocoon, and within a day or so changes to a chrysalis. At the expiration of about a fortnight, as we open the box, we are apt to liberate one or more tiny gray moths, which upon examination we are bound to confess are a poor recompense for the blossom for which they are the substitute.



THE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BUD.

This little moth is shown very much enlarged in the accompanying illustration. Its upper wings are variously mottled with gray and light brown, and thickly fringed at their tips, while the two lower wings are like individual feathers, fringed on both sides of a narrow central.

These and other characters ally the insect with the great group known as the *Tineidæ*, of which the common clothes moth is a notorious example.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.*

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

## CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a sad little group of three who stood at the Bondurante gate watching the back of the carriage that carried the lovely little mistress of the manse away from them.

Uncle Tom leaned heavily on his walking-cane, and only grunted his objections to the whole proceeding; while Clarisse, poor old soul, paying no heed to the great tears that coursed adown her fat cheeks, kept wiping her hands on her apron over and over again.

Noute leaned against the gate-post, his tearless eyes blinking suspiciously, until the carriage was nearly out of sight, and then, with a wild cry, as if of pain, he sprang forward and ran after it as fast as he could go. He had no trouble in keeping the carriage in sight until it stopped at last at the Le Charmant gate.

John and his mother had driven with Babette to her

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 768.

new home, and when they had left her there they proceeded to the depot, where Mrs. McDonald took the train for her own home.

When Noute, standing afar off, saw the gate close and the carriage drive away, leaving Babette within, he turned and went slowly back, home—not to his new home with John McDonald, but back to the Bondurante house, where he found Clarisse and Uncle Tom sitting silently, side by side, upon the front porch, thus unconsciously advertising the fact that the old home was deserted.

Clarisse and Uncle Tom had been retained for the present in charge of the old house and garden, and so Noute would always be a welcome guest there.

The three sat together to-day, saying very little, and when any one spoke it was only to remark upon some trivial matter, as when Uncle Tom said:

"I wonder for w'at dat brick is lif' itself dat a-way in de walk yander? Bet a *picayune* one *crevisse* try to push up one chimbly 'gens' de under side dat brick."

"Mo' like one doze nasty *taupe* try to work his road out so," said Clarisse.

"*Mais*, no, Clarisse; dat groun' ain't 'cross de lake, no nuthing but *taupinière*.[1] You don't find no mole in dis dump, wet crawfish mud. *Mamzelle Taupe*, she like to keep herself dry. W'at you t'ink, Noute?"

"Me! I don't t'ink nuthing," was poor Noute's reply.

So, avoiding the subject that filled their minds—because it was too sorrowful to trust themselves to talk about yet—they chatted idly on until nearly dark, when John McDonald's carriage stopped at the door opposite, and Noute sprang from his seat and ran over to report for duty.

Babette had gone to live in a more pretentious house than the Bondurante home even. Noute and the doctor had taken narrower quarters. This satisfied Noute's sense of the fitness of things.

He knew the French quarter of the city in certain directions pretty well by this time, and he had often passed the Le Charmant gate and gazed in admiringly at the two cast-iron lions that guarded its front steps.

A single ferocious-looking head had seemed to glare at him from a dense bower of honeysuckle-vines that had enveloped the rest of the figure, and he had started back in fear, at first thinking it a living beast.

Then when the old garden had been trimmed and put in order for the family's return, and another lion had seemed to step out on the opposite side of the steps, the two forming a noble guard to the stately portal, the place had seemed to him transformed into a palace.

If Noute had been told to select a home worthy of Mamzelle, he would have gone straight to the palace of the two lions. If he could have chosen his own home outside the Bondurante gate and away from Babette, he would have gone across the street only, where, from the front window or door, he could gaze into the old garden. He would have chosen to live with Dr. Jean.

Any time when he should be off duty he could go over and sit and talk—or refuse to talk—with Clarisse and Uncle Tom, who were his friends and knew all his moods. And, too, he could exercise a sort of guardianship over the old garden, protecting certain mocking-birds' nests of which he knew and the half-open magnolia-buds against the depredations of the small boy. He could gather bouquets of roses and baskets of red and white camellias, and carry them around to the gate where the two lions were, and send them in to "Mamzelle Bébée." All these things he could and did do during the weeks and months following; and, indeed, sometimes, seeing the cocoa-grass, which he had kept in semi-subjection for so many years, laying siege with renewed vigor to its old ground, he would seize his trowel and open battle with it again in the old garden.

[1] Crawfish. [1] Mole-hills.

Sometimes—and these were red-letter days to the "poor foolish"—Dr. Jean would send him to carry a note to the house of the two lions, and then he would have the joy of asking to see Mamzelle herself, and of standing and blinking and grinning with delight while he awaited her answer.

Babette's life, in her chosen occupation, was from the first so busy that she found little time for repining, and yet there were times when the mystery of her life weighed very heavily upon her; and many nights, while the members of the family were all asleep, a certain little bundle of clothing, tied with a blue cord and tassel, was wet with bitter tears.

Within the dainty white garments, yellowed with time, she had laid a shabby little dress of shrunken flannel and a pair of woollen stockings, faded and old. These things she had found hidden away in Madame Bondurante's wardrobe, and Clarisse had told her that they were the garments she had worn when she was deserted by the old woman in the storm. Spreading them out upon her lap—the shabby clothes on one side, the dainty ones apart—she would study them over, wishing for power to read the mysterious story in which they both played so evident a part.

The Le Charmants were all more than kind, and the young sons and daughters soon became devotedly attached to their beautiful young governess.

Babette, although she grew fond of them all, was especially drawn towards the old grandmother. She reminded her of her beloved Tantine; but perhaps a deeper feeling lay in the fact that the heart-hungry girl unconsciously responded to the tenderness of the old lady for her.

Ever since the loss of her own granddaughter and godchild, the dear little Babette, the grandmother had regarded all girls of about her age with an affectionate interest.

She had wondered, as did all the family, what eccentric whim had influenced Miss Bondurante to decline her uncle's fortune; but as Babette never spoke of her own affairs, a sense of delicacy forbade their ever referring to them. Of course they could ask no questions.

The pleasant relations between her and the Le Charmant daughters had soon ripened into personal friendships, which grew and strengthened with the months.

Dr. McDonald was now a handsome and popular young physician, growing in practice and popularity. It was but natural that he should have been much sought by society; but though he was too busy and serious a man now to find time for such a life, or pleasure in it, he was a frequent and always welcome visitor at the Le Charmant home.

If the beautiful and sweet little governess had needed anything to add to her prestige, she would have found it in the devoted friendship of the popular and successful Dr. McDonald.

Babette had been for more than six months in her new home, and any one looking in upon her life there would surely have pronounced her perfectly happy.

Often in the late afternoons or evenings she could be seen, dressed in white muslin, with a black ribbon about her waist, walking through the garden with one of the girls on either side of her, their arms about her waist; and the old grandmother, looking at them from her arm-chair on the porch, would think: "She reminds me of our own little one. If she is living, maybe she is just as tall now as Mademoiselle; and how sweetly she would fit in—just so—between the two, Arthé and Félicie!"

How long this half-happy state of affairs would have continued it would be hard to surmise had nothing unusual happened. But something very unexpected and terrible did suddenly occur. The little governess was taken

violently ill. The old grandmother, already tenderly fond of the beautiful, lonely girl, was all devotion now.

"Maybe our own *Bébée* is sick somewhere among strangers," she said in her own heart, as she sat beside her bed tenderly ministering to her wants.

Indeed, never since the child Babette had been lost had it been possible for her to do a kindness to any girl but she had done it in the lost child's name. Even when she had met poor little beggar-girls on her way to church in Paris she had dropped a coin into their hands, thinking, "Maybe my poor little girl is begging somewhere."

For several long weeks Babette lay ill with brain-fever. She had never been very robust, and the tension of the mental strain through which she had passed had been very great. If anything recent had happened to bring on such an attack, no one knew it.

Some days she would lie in a stupor, seeming to recognize no one, while at other times she would start nervously, calling, "*Maman!*" "*Tantine!*" or "*Nénaine!*"

One day while she lay apparently insensible, the grandmother, trying to rouse her to take some medicine, called, "Mademoiselle Bondurante," as she had always done, when the sick girl, starting up and looking wildly about her, cried:

"No—not that! That is not my name! It is only borrowed! No—it is mine—it was a present—a pretty, pretty present. They gave me riches, too, but the riches didn't belong. Would you take what didn't belong? I have no name. Yes, I have two names. One day it is 'Blue Tassels,' and the next day it is only 'Woollen Stockings.' To-day it is 'Riches,' and to-morrow it is 'Poverty.' Which do you think belongs 'Blue Tassels' or 'Woollen Stockings'? Tell me quick, before I forget."

The family gathered about her bed, frightened lest she might be dying, and sent away in haste for the family doctor, while a second messenger ran to tell Dr. McDonald.

The mother, Madame Le Charmant, leaned over her, bathing her head, and trying to soothe her.

"Tell me, madame," she continued—"tell me why I had no mother. But I had a godmother. It is my christening dress. Where is my godmother? She was a lady—I know by the little stitches—and the blue—"

They all wept silently, standing about the bedside, and the mother's tears fell upon the bosom of the sick girl's night-gown as she tenderly kissed her.

When the doctor came, he gave her a soothing potion.

"This is better than the stupor," he said. "It may be that the crisis is past. Let her be kept perfectly quiet."

As she gradually succumbed to the influence of the medicine, she continued to exclaim, in broken sentences:

"Miss Marie Blue Tassels—a pretty name!" Then, sobbing, the next minute she would say: "Only a little beggar—but I am not ashamed. That is my crest—a pair of woollen stockings—ha, ha, ha!"

So she continued, at lengthening intervals, for nearly a half-hour, when she seemed nearly asleep; then, rousing suddenly, she clasped her forehead as if in pain.

The grandmother, seeing her growing drowsiness, had sent every one else out of the room. Turning now, she opened the wardrobe door and took from its shelf a bottle of cologne-water. She had done so before many times during the girl's illness, and yet, strange to say, she had never until now noticed on an under shelf a white bundle lying, tied about the outside with a blue cord and tassel, and beside it a pair of little woollen stockings. She started involuntarily at the sight, and as she made her way back to the bedside with the cologne, her old heart was thumping fiercely. She hardly knew what she thought, or hoped, or feared. As the old lady tenderly bathed Babette's temples with the cologne-water she soon began to breathe regularly.

"I have a godmother, I know by the blue tassels. Kiss me, Nénaine," she murmured softly, as she at last dropped into sleep; and neither knew that it was even her own godmother, the "Nénaine" of her infancy, who gave the kiss she asked, her heart fairly trembling within her as she did so.

It seemed absurd for her to be so wrought up with a nameless hope. Was not the little governess a niece of Dr. Bondurante—old Dr. Bondurante, whom everybody knew?

And yet, when she noiselessly restored the bottle to its place, and, reaching down, took the mysterious little parcels in her hands, she trembled so that she could scarcely stand. She looked first at the shabby little checked flannel dress and faded woollen stockings; then she unrolled the other bundle, saw the little time-stained dress, felt the blue tassels, and then— A single quick scream escaped her as she clutched the wardrobe door for support.

Fearing that she might have disturbed the sick girl, she turned quickly and looked towards the bed. She was in a profound, peaceful sleep. The doctor's medicine had done its work.

But the family in the next room had heard and hurried to the door. Seeing their alarmed faces, the old lady threw up her arm in a silent, dramatic appeal for quiet, and, still convulsively clasping the bundle of clothing, staggered out of the room.

The scene that followed baffles description. The little, long-lost garments finished the half-told story of the delirious girl. Even if the old lady had not recognized every twist and stitch of the old cord and tassels, the work of her own hands, the folded papers within the tassels would have supplied, by their well-preserved testimony, all needed proof of their identity.

In a few moments both mother and father were kneeling and sobbing silently at the bedside of poor little Babette, who slept on unconscious of the joyous answer that had been found to the hard question that had so disturbed her head. The younger ones, her sisters and brothers, unable to control themselves, ran to a distant room on the opposite side of the house, and wept aloud. Thither, too, ran the servants, adding their tears and cries of joy to the general thanksgiving. If dear old Tante Angèle could only have been there, too!

John soon arrived, and the little French priest, both of whom had been sent for, and together they all wept tears of happiness, of praise, and of hope that the dear one restored would soon awake to consciousness.

A blessed waking indeed awaited the lonely girl — to father, mother, sisters, and home; to the conscious possession of the dear grandmother, the "Nénaine" for whom she had called in her delirium; to a name of her own, recovered in her father's house.

When, after a long and deep sleep, she finally opened her eyes, and looked feebly from one face to another, it was hard for the loving ones in attendance to guard their eyes, as well as their lips, lest they should tell the forbidden story. The doctor ordered the most perfect quiet, forbidding so much as a word, beyond the needs of the sick-room, for many days to come.

"Yes," he said, "you must continue even to call her Miss Bondurante. She has passed through a terrible mental strain. I could not answer for the result of any shock in her enfeebled condition. She has come back to us. We must not let her slip from our arms again," he added, tenderly pressing the grandmother's hand as he left the room.

And so for two long weeks more they hovered lovingly about her bed, keeping the sweet secret with their lips, but telling it a hundred times a day by yearning tendernesses; and many times the pillow beside her head was wet with tears while she slept.

Often as her sisters' faces lay against hers, the mother

and grandmother, overcome with emotion as they looked at them, would have to leave the room. "See how her sweet face matches the others!" they would say. "Why were we so blind as not to see it before?"

And the old grandmother, going into her own room, would fall upon her knees at her little *prie-dieu*, and sob her old heart out in praise and thanksgiving.

Meanwhile the news had gone abroad over all the city. The one place in which it had not been told was the sweet flower-perfumed chamber where the chief actor in the little drama lay.

Finally the time came when the doctor consented that she should know the truth. It was a trying ordeal, after all—to tell her gently, quietly, without great emotion. Each member of the family in turn was suggested as the one most capable of self-control, and each fell to sobbing at the bare thought. If they could have rushed to her, open-armed and screaming with joy, it would have been easy enough.

At last the grandmother consented to bear the good news. Father and mother would sit beside the bed, but the irrepressible sisters and brothers should not be allowed to come in until they were called.

The father, creole like, had brought a box of handsome jewels, marked in her full name, "Marie Babette Le Charmant," and he entered the room and took his seat with the case in his hand. It would prepare her for a surprise.

Babette, dressed in a beautiful pink merino wrapper, and with a bunch of blush-roses pinned at her throat, sat propped up in pillows upon the bed. Her mother sat upon the bed beside her, the grandmother taking a low rocking-chair on the other side. The father drew his chair close beside the grandmother.

The old lady's face twitched pitifully, as, taking Babette's thin hand in one of hers and laying the other fat palm on top of it, she said, "*Chérie*, we have some good news for you—good news for us all."

The mother's face was in the pillow in a moment, and the father's head fell upon his trembling hand. Before the grandmother had been able to steady her voice again Babette had kissed her mother's forehead, and extended her arms to father and grandmother.



WALKING THROUGH THE GARDEN WITH ONE OF THE GIRLS ON EITHER SIDE OF HER, THEIR ARMS ABOUT HER WAIST.

"I know it already—for a long time I have known—maman, papa, Nénaine," she said, laying her arms over the two bowed heads before her and hiding her face in her grandmother's bosom. "The night before I was taken ill it must have been," she said, presently; "for it is the last thing I remember. Arthé told me about—about her little sister and the white dress and blue tassels, and my heart beat so I could hardly listen. I knew it then, but I could not speak; and when I waked up everything was strange. I think I had fever. Then one day, not very long ago — about two weeks, I think — I waked again, and every one was to me as my own. And it seemed to me you knew, and then I rested and slept. I think I was weak. I was afraid to speak, lest it would all disappear; and while I kept still, you were always here. I was not quite sure whether it was true — or a dream. Only since yesterday I wanted to speak, knowing it would not vanish. And I saw in your faces that you knew. How did you find it out, Nénaine, maman, papa? Was it the little dress?"

And then, helped to self-possession by the girl's calmness, they wiped their eyes and told all the story, and about the name in the blue tassels. Still, the whole mystery was not satisfactorily solved.

As soon as Babette was strong enough to undergo the ordeal, they sent for Clarisse and for Noute. And, of course, John was there and the little French priest.

The old woman only confirmed her previous story, the one Babette already knew. Indeed, it was all she could tell.

Noute did his very best, but, as before, whenever he appeared to be on the very edge of a revelation his mind seemed to fail him entirely.

"Perhaps you could take us to the place where you lived on the beach," John suggested, finally, as a last resort.

At this Noute jumped up and clapped his hands. "Yes," he could go there "in a boat!" And then, although it was very bad manners, he turned a double somersault in the presence of the entire company.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE UNSINKABLE PILOT-BOAT.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a warm hazy day in August. The air seemed to be saturated with moisture, and yet full of heat. Looking out to sea one could trace the progress of successive showers by straight columns of deep neutral tint which seemed to move around the horizon with solemn dignity. Here and there patches of grayish mist obscured the rim of the sea, and gave a surprising appearance of steam rising from the water. The ocean itself was a dozen different colors by reason of the many varieties of sky reflected in its waters. There was almost no wind at all, and the swells ran in oily, silent, snakelike undulations to the beach, where they broke with an angry serpentine hissing. Vessels came and went from the curtains of shifting mist like ghosts walking upon the water. Altogether it was an uncanny morning, yet one full of interest to the lover of marine views. The Old Sailor was sitting, as usual, at the end of the pier, gazing out to sea, as if his vision by mere force of steadiness could penetrate fog or rain and discover what lay beyond. The two boys, clad in rubber boots and coats, came down the pier quietly, for they were more than half afraid that their friend might at any moment rise and depart, owing to the wetness of the weather. But the Old Sailor sat and smoked, and paid no attention to the elements. The boys went and sat down beside him, and he acted as if he were unaware of their presence; but they were so well acquainted with his peculiarities that they simply sat still and waited. Presently a schooner emerged from a fog-bank, and rolling quickly on the swells, stood in toward the shore.

"An' wot kind o' a wessel mought that be?" asked the Old Sailor, without turning his head.

"A pilot-boat," answered both boys, promptly.

"An' how d'ye know she are a pilot-boat?"

"By the number painted on her mainsail," answered Henry.

"Werry good, too. W'ich the same she are a-headin' fur the beach like as ef she were a-goin' fur to run ashore."

"But she won't, will she?" asked George.

"I reckon not," said the Old Sailor; "but I don't preesume that it would do her so werry much damidge ef she did."

"Why not?" inquired Henry.

"'Cos w'y," replied the Old Sailor, "you can't do much damidge to them 'ere boats. There ain't no safer craft a-floatin' onto the surface o' that 'ere mill-pond out yender. W'y, ye can't sink 'em."

"Can't sink them?" repeated Henry.

"In course not. I seen it tried."

"When?"

"Waal, ye may tie my feet around my neck an' make a human grommet out o' me ef this 'ere ain't the werry identical way wot it happened: I were a-knockin' aroun' Noo York one fall without no berth, an' I beginned fur to get purty hungry. So sez I to myself, sez I, I guess I'd better ship on the fust thing as comes along. I were a-walkin' along the East River at the time an' I seed a pilot-boat a-layin' alongside o' a pier. To make this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you short, I shipped aboard her as a foremast hand. Her name were the *Sam an' Sally*, No. 22½. Waal, nothin' werry pertikler happened until winter weather come on, an' then we had the time wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you about. The weather come on so cold that the spray used to freeze in the air as it come over the bows an' fall onto the deck in small chunks o' ice like hailstuns. Then it begins fur to blow purty fresh, an' our hull begins to ice up. It weren't more'n twenty-four hours afore we had a casin' o' ice all around us about two inches thick. Meanwhile the riggin' were gettin' wet an' freezin' harder'n iron, so that w'en the order come fur to put the second reef into the mains'l, w'y, ye couldn't do anything at all with the bloomin' thing. The halyards wouldn't render through the blocks, 'cos w'y they was frozen like ramrods. An' the reef-p'ints was as solid as kitchen pokers, an' jest about as easy fur to bend. So ole Pete Murphy, the boss pilot, he sez, sez he, 'Let her go, an' see wot she'll do.' Waal, she heeled over like one o' them slantin'-backed rockin'-cheers wot




"EF THIS WEREN'T SO BLAMED COMIC, IT 'D BE GETTIN' SER'OUS."

your necks ah see sayed her nose afore it mos' rubbed hers. I sez to Pete Murphy, sez I, 'Cap'n this ere schooner sets a pesky sight deeper in the water on account o' the weight o' ice forrad.' You see, the ice on her bows were about a good six inches thick, but Pete didn't say nothin', 'cos why, there weren't nothin' to say.

"Waal, 'bout midnight, w'en I were a-shovellin' it off the cabin sky-lights fur fear it 'd break 'em through, the lookout sights a steamer, an' the nex' minute she comes on, into us ca-slap, bang, crash. Fortunately the man forrad, as soon as he hollered, jumped below an' pulled the fore-hatch shut. The nex' second we was all a-standin' onto our heads an' bein' fired around the inside o' the boat like there were a 'arthquack. Pete Murphy, wot were a-steerin' o' the boat, we l'arned afterward, were picked up by the steamer an' piloted her into port. W'ich the same it were werry good, 'cos w'y, he got his fee an' a purse from the passingers, wot s'posed the rest o' us an' the boat was gone to Davy Jones's locker.

"Waal, I wish you could 'a' seed the mix-up in that 'ere boat. There were Bill Smock's rubber boots in the cabin sky-light along with a bag o' 'baccy an' Sam Sanders's Sunday shirt, an' it weren't much o' a shirt arter that. I might also mention that Sam hisself were standin' on his head in a corner onto Bill's plug-hat, w'ich the same it looked werry much like a accordeen. An' Bill were lookin' werry ord'nary, too. Hiram Pettybone, one o' the best pilots on 'arth or water, had fell with his head through the basin hole in a wash-stand, an' he were a-hollerin' murder all he could. Pussonally, I were in my bunk—that is, I were a-lyin' agin the deck over the same. We all made up our minds that we was a-goin' to the bottom, so we hadn't much to say, 'cept Hiram, an' he kep' right on hollerin'. Howsumever, arter waitin' some time, an' findin' we didn't go down, we all commenced fur to pull ourselves together an' wonder wot were to be did. It didn't take long fur to answer that 'ere question. We could feel the wessel jumpin' like a porpoise, an' the seas were a breakin' over her deck—I mean her bottom—with a roar like thunder. Bill an' Hiram they jest looked at each other, an' 'lowed that there weren't nothin' to be did. We hadn't much more'n come to that kinclusion w'en a tremenjis sea come an' rolled the boat right over onto her beam-ends. We was all chucked about permiscus like ag'in, but Sam Sanders he yells out:

"'Gee-whiz! I hope there'll be another.'

"An' sure 'nuff there were, an' it set the boat right smack upon her keel agin. We all jumped to open the hatches, an' we was on deck mighty quick. Waal, blow me for pickles, wot d'ye s'pose had happened?"

"What?" asked both boys.

"W'y, that steamer a-hittin' us had knocked all the ice off us forrad, an' we was as clean as a whistle agin. But, my land sakes alive, how it were a-blowin'! W'y, the seas was a-runnin' fully forty feet high, an' the rollin' an' pitchin' o' the boat was enough fur to set you dizzy. The fust thing to be did were to get her canvas rejuced. By good luck we was right in the Gulf Stream w'en we was turned over, so the water were warm enough fur to melt the ice in the runnin' riggin', an' we was able to lower away an' reef the sails—that is, we reefed the mains'l. The fores'l blowed right out o' the bolt-ropes afore we could git to 't, an' w'en Bill sings out to me, 'Lower away the fores'l,' all as I could do were to sing back, 'Ain't no fores'l to lower.' Howsumever, she did fust-rate under a close-reefed mains'l an' a storm-jib. But there weren't no way o' keepin' the water out o' her now; 'cos w'y some o' the deck seams had got started w'en the steamer run over us, an' the seas was a-breakin' clean over her, and so the water kep' a-flowin' right into her. We manned the pumps, but it didn't do no good. The water gained on us all the time.

"Waal, 'bout six hours later the mains'l blowed out, an' we had to set the storm-trys'l. The pitchin' an' rollin' was now past all sense. W'y, she'd stand up so straight sometimes that the water inside o' her 'd pour out o' the cabin companionway in such a stream that it nearly washed Bill Smock overboard. An' then she'd pitch down head fust an' that water 'd go rippin' an' tearin' forrad so fast that steam 'd come out o' the deck seams. One time we was all afeard that the friction o' that water 'd set her afire, but Sam Sanders he sez, sez he, the water 'd put the fire out as fast as it 'd make it. Towards four o'clock in the afternoon she give a fearful lurch over to port, an' then jerked back so hard to starboard that she rolled both her masts right out, an' of course they took the bowsprit with 'em. There we was, a dismasted an' waterlogged hulk in a hurricane.

"'Waal, by the great hook block!' sez Hiram Pettybone, 'ef this weren't so blamed comic, it 'd be gettin' ser'ous.'

"'We got to let her scud now,' sez Bill Smock, sez he.

"So we ups helm an' lets her fall off till she got right afore it. Waal, my goodness, how she did run! She went so fast that the water along her sides were all lit up with the phosphorus; an' the water inside o' her couldn't keep up with her, but kep' gettin' lef' behind, so that it poured out o' the cabin hatch an' ran overboard. D'ye know, I've orfen thort sence that were wot kep' her from sinkin'. Anyhow, she kep' a-goin' like a streak o' greased lightnin'. Then it come on to snow agin, an' she beginned fur to ice up forrad some more. Sez I to myself, sez I: 'This settles it. She can't float ef she gets iced up agin.' Her head kep' a-gittin lower an' lower, so that w'en Bill Smock looked at it he putty nigh shook his head off. Howsumever, as I said afore, ye can't sink them there bloomin' pilot-boats. Our boat were a-tearin' along through the blindin' snow-storm, a-jumpin' an' poundin' over the dreadful seas, w'en all on a suddent there were a frightful crash forrard, an' she heeled over on her beam-ends agin. Wot ever d'ye s'pose had happened?"

"What?" asked the boys, breathlessly.

"W'y, she'd run plump ca-bang bow on into a iceberg."

The Old Sailor paused a moment to note the effect of this last statement, and then continued, impressively:

"I sez to myself, sez I, this are the end o' the whole business. But, bless ye, here I are a-tellin' you about it, an' that are putty good proof that I weren't drownded. Ye see, she'd gone an' run her nose up on a part o' the berg wot were under water, an' there she were stuck. Then Bill Smock sez he to me, sez he, 'Go b'low an' see ef ye kin find anything fur to eat.' So I went down, an' blow me fur pickles ef I didn't have to swim, the water inside o' her were so deep. I reckon it must 'a' bin a comic sight to see me a-swimmin' round an' round grabbin' at boxes o' bread an' pickles an' things wot was a-floatin' about. Howsumever, we got 'nuff to keep us alive, an' that were all we wanted. Waal, the nex' day the gale broke, an' we had nice weather. We got right to work patchin' up the hole in her bows made by runnin' agin the iceberg, an' also puttin' a jury-rig on her, so's to keep her goin' w'en we got her afloat agin. We was putty much puzzled about gettin' her off, but good luck saved us a heap o' trouble."

"How was that?" asked Henry.

"W'y, the warm water melted the ice out from under her, an' she floated off herself. Then we got her under way under the jury-rig, an' that very hour we sighted a steamer. But, d'ye know, the bloomin' lubber wouldn't let us put no pilot aboard. Yes, sir; she said we wasn't no pilot-boat, but a dirilick wessel manned by wrackers. An' so we had to sail our boat back to port with all hands aboard. But, bless ye, ye couldn't sink her!"

## GRANDFATHER'S ADVENTURES.

### THE CANNIBAL FEAST.

EVERY Thanksgiving day since Grandfather Sterling retired from the sea he made it a practice of gathering all his children and grandchildren around his generous table to indulge in the biggest turkey that his well-stocked pocket-book could purchase, and the youngsters, as well as their parents, looked forward to these family reunions with much pleasure, for in spite of the old sailor's make-believe severity, no more kindly spirit existed, and no heart was quicker touched or purse pulled wider open than his when a deserving case for charity was mentioned to him. In fact, the Captain's home promised soon to become a veritable retreat for aged and impoverished sailors, for whenever a homeless old seaman turned up in distress who had sailed with him on any one of his numerous voyages he was sure to be "shipped," as Grandfather Sterling always called it, for some such berth as signal-quartermaster, whose duty it was to hoist the flag on the lawn staff at eight o'clock every morning and to haul it down at sunset.

After Sam's masterpiece in the way of a big plum-pudding had been done full justice to, and the children had disposed of their allowance of nuts and raisins, every one stood while grandfather humbly asked God's blessing upon them. Then they gathered again in the parlor, where the children surrounded the old sailor, clamorously begging "Grandpop," as he was always lovingly called, for a story.

"Well, my dears," began the veteran of half a century's experience with calm and gale and shipwreck, "I don't know any more appropriate story to tell you to-night than the one I was thinking of while carving that big turkey gobbler. It is about a dinner I was invited to more than fifty years ago, when I was a cabin-boy on board the brig *Hammond*, down on the west coast of Africa.

"Our ship was on a trading voyage, and we made enormous profits in exchanging beads, small looking-glasses, and other trinkets with the negroes for ivory, gold-dust, and skins. Every day while in port our vessel was surrounded by the canoes of the natives, who brought off to us an abundance of cocoanuts, fish, and all kinds of delicious fruits, accepting in return a few nails, a worn-out cap, broken tools, and so on, with all of which they were delighted, and considered that they had much the best of the bargain. I became quite a favorite with one of the chiefs, to whom I often gave a few leavings from the cabin table, and who gave me the title of 'Porpoise Boy,' because I was so short and fat.

"One Saturday I was invited to spend the following day with him at his village, about a mile from the beach, and was allowed by my Captain to accept the invitation, much to my delight. So, after clearing up the cabin the next morning, I sculled myself ashore in the dingy, and found my dusky friend waiting for me when I landed. We made our way across a swamp, travelling by a narrow path that skirted it on one side, and soon came in view of the negro village. The chief seated me in front of his hut and ordered one of his slaves to bring a bunch of bananas, which he presented to me, at the same time suggesting that when he went on board the brig the next day I was to give him something in return for his generosity.

"Shortly after this, the chief—whose name, by-the-way, was Umbogwa—had his throne brought out in front of his hut, and seated himself with great dignity and ceremony upon it. And what do you think this throne was? Nothing more nor less than an empty rum-barrel painted a bright red, and which had probably been given him by some trading captain in exchange for hundreds of dollars' worth of ivory or gold-dust. For a sceptre he had the ramrod of a small cannon, the wood of which was also painted red, and the sponge end the chief held in his hand. The full glory of this individual was reached when two of his slaves appeared bearing between them a battered old high hat, and placed it upon the head of the almost naked ruler. Then they seated themselves close to and directly in front of the throne, with their backs toward the same. The people had drawn back, forming a half-circle about the open space in front of the chief's hut, and everything promised that something unusual was to take place.

"Soon there was heard the most unearthly din imaginable, and into the clearing marched the chief's army of fifty warriors, rigged out in the most outlandish manner, and wearing hideous false-faces made from the bark of trees, and which, I afterwards learned, were supposed to frighten their enemies. At the head of the army appeared a band of four pieces, consisting of two old fog-horns, a drum with one head, and a rusty tin-pan, that was beaten upon with two thick sticks. Under the shouted commands of their officer, this magnificent company of soldiers was marched about in the chief's presence, who expressed his extreme pleasure in relation to the review, and applauded the same by cracking his two slaves over the head with the end of the ramrod.

"After the parade had been dismissed the chief descended from his throne and squatted himself on the grass beside me, saying, in the best English that he commanded, and which he had picked up through years of trading with the vessels visiting his part of the coast:

"'Umbogwa belly great chief—eat up him enemies. Porpoise Boy belly good boy. Umbogwa give Porpoise Boy plenty good eat.'

"Just outside the enclosure a big fire had been kept going all the morning, and toward it the chief kept looking expectantly, and nodding his kinky head at me in an encouraging way, as much as to say, 'Have patience for a minute or two, Porpoise, and you will get the greatest treat of your life.'

"Two of the tribe now appeared, each bearing on a large piece of bark a steaming bundle covered over with green branches. When the wooden platters were placed on the ground before us and their contents disclosed, I jumped to my feet in horror and disgust, for there, to all appearances, were two little brown cooked babies.

"Without a word to the chief, I started on a dead run for the beach, clearing the low fence about the village like a frightened deer, and sped back along the swamp path. As soon as I reached the shore I jumped into the dingy and pulled excitedly for the ship, finding the Captain at dinner when I plunged into the cabin.

"'Captain,' I gasped, 'Umbogwa had roast babies for dinner!' Then I went on to explain the matter more fully to him.

"'Strange,' I heard the Captain mutter. 'I didn't think the old darky was a cannibal.'

"Just then one of the men called down the companion-way, saying that Umbogwa was coming off to the ship in his canoe. The Captain went on deck, and soon I heard him in earnest conversation with the chief. A moment later he burst out in a loud laugh, and called to me to come on deck. When I made my appearance he said to the chief,

"'Here, Umbogwa, tell him about the roast babies.'

"The old darky looked at me reproachfully while he said:

"'What for you say Umbogwa eat baby? No eat baby. Eat nice monkey. Monkey belly good.'

"The Captain here broke in laughingly; 'I wonder I didn't think of that right away, for I know that the natives look upon roast monkey as a great luxury.'

"For the remainder of the voyage the men never ceased to joke me about my 'monkey dinner.'"



SETTING FORTH EARLY IN THE MORNING.

## A NUTTING FROLIC AND A CORN-ROAST.

BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE nutting party, in one form or another, is within the reach of nearly every one. Oftenest, perhaps, it is the chestnut harvest, the rich brown nut in its prickly casing, that tempts to the woods in the autumn days, but there are other forest fruits which possess powerful charms. The rough-coated black walnut; the highly flavored butternut; the little three-cornered beechnut, sweet though small; the hickorynut, or shagbark, or white walnut, as it is variously called—all have their lovers, and there is generally no difficulty in recruiting a party of young people to go forth and enter into competition with the squirrels as nut-gatherers.

The ideal time for such an expedition is a day in early October, before the leaves have begun to fall too thickly. The high winds of the season that have stripped the trees of part of their gorgeous livery have sent down the nuts as well, and the thinning foliage affords glimpses of clusters that will yield themselves to the long poles of the hunters.

There are advantages in setting forth on such a quest early in the morning, while the day is young and every one is fresh. The air is full of ozone, the dew frosts the lace of the spiders' webs and brightens the brilliancy of the autumn leaves. Although the squirrels have been doing their busy best ever since daybreak, they have not yet succeeded in harvesting all the nuts that fell during the night. Even when the sun gets high in the heavens the day will not be unpleasantly warm, and the active motion and vigorous exercise of the searchers will give them ravenous appetites for the luncheon they have carried with them. If they like, they may build a fire, and swing their gypsy kettle over its blaze, or roast their corn and potatoes by its coals.

Decidedly the nutting party that is begun and ended in the sunlight is preferable for little people or for bands of girls in search of wood treasures. But for a company of big boys and girls, with one or two older people to assume responsibility in possible critical moments, there are greater joys in an expedition that starts in the afternoon, gathers nuts until the twilight falls, and then winds up with a supper and that most picturesque festivity—a corn-roast.

For this there must be a little planning in advance. The committee who have undertaken the arrangements for the supper must carefully select the spot on which to build the fire. The best place is on stony or ploughed or barren ground where there is little danger of the fire spreading. Too many precautions cannot be taken in this season of dry leaves, withered grass, and high winds. Should the fire once spread beyond the control of the watcher, it is almost impossible to check it before it has done great damage. If a spot can be found surrounded by huge rocks and ledges that will serve as seats to the picnic party, they may think themselves in great luck. Here the boys must drag logs and brush and kindling in plenty that the bonfire may be constantly renewed. When space permits, it is well to have two fires, one to serve as a light to the party, and the other to cook by, since the bed of gleaming coals that makes the best oven will not give sufficient illumination to enable the revellers to eat their supper comfortably.

Although such a feast as this goes by the name of a corn-roast, he would make a great mistake who thought that corn was to be the staple of diet. This must be provided in ample quantities, of course, and, if possible, it should be sweet corn, and tender. The field corn may be used in default of any other, but it lacks flavor and sweetness. In addition to the corn there should be a store of both sweet and white potatoes and of big ripe apples. Delicious, too, are marsh-mallows, which are even better toasted over coals on the ends of sticks than when browned (and blackened) on the points of hat-pins by the flames of lamps or gas-burners.

The wise purveyor will prepare beforehand a goodly



TOASTING MARSHMALLOWS.

supply of the provisions that usually fill picnic baskets—sandwiches, hard-boiled or deviled eggs, cake, and fruit will probably be enough when supplemented by the results of the bonfire cookery. Of sandwiches there should be an abundance, and there is no difficulty in providing a variety. They may have for a foundation either rolls or bread-and-butter, and these may be spread with minced ham or tongue or chicken, mixed to a paste with a little butter, and seasoned with salt and pepper. A suspicion of mustard may be added to the ham. Or there may be sardine sandwiches, for which the filling is made by removing the skin and bones from the "little fishes boiled in oil," grating the fish fine, and moistening it with a few drops of lemon juice before spreading it on the buttered bread. Salmon or lobster mayonnaise sandwiches, made by rubbing either of these to a paste, with a little mayonnaise dressing, and using this as filling, are also excellent.

The deviled eggs are prepared by boiling them for twenty minutes, removing the shells, cutting the eggs in two, and mixing with the yolks a little minced ham or tongue, seasoning to taste, and enough butter to hold the ingredients together. This paste is then made into balls the shape and size of the yolk, and put back between the halved whites. The egg is held in shape by being wrapped in squares of tissue-paper with fringed edges. A twist given to this at both ends will secure each little parcel. They may be piled in a basket upon a napkin, and if a border of gay autumn leaves is placed around them they will be as pleasing to the eye as they are to the palate.

Beverages must not be overlooked in providing for the corn-roast supper. Nutting is thirsty work, and the desire to drink will not be lessened after the party have eaten roast corn and potatoes and munched nuts. Bottles of lemonade may be carried, or of coffee to which milk in due proportion has been added while it was still boiling hot. If there is a kettle in the party, this may be put over the fire half filled with water, and in this the bottles may be set, *uncorked*. Grass-wrapped stones may be placed about them to hold them steady, and by the time the water in the kettle boils the coffee will be as hot as any one could wish. Sugar for this, and plenty of salt and pepper for the corn and potatoes, should be included in the supplies. Perhaps more welcome than any other beverage is a big pail of iced water. It is not a very troublesome matter to transport the ice, and, if feasible, the picnic camp should be pitched near a spring or a farm-house where there is a good well.

There are two ways of cooking the corn, potatoes, etc., at a corn-roast. The corn may be roasted in its husks by laying it in the coals and turning it when one side is supposed to be done. The potatoes, too, may be laid in the coals, or roasted in the ashes. But it is more fun if the cooking is done by impaling the corn or potatoes or apples upon the ends of long sticks. These should be from four to five or six feet in length, in order that the face of the cook may not be grilled. The sticks must be stout enough to support the weight they carry without bending too much, and one end of each must be made very sharp. This point is thrust into the end or side of the ear of corn, or into the potato or apple, and these must be held near enough to the coals to cook without smoking or scorching, and turned often.

Should either of these casualties befall the apples or potatoes, it can be remedied by peeling; but as the corn is husked before it is roasted, the unskilled cook usually has to make his meal from an ear that is charred on one side and half raw on the other. But fun is as good a sauce as hunger, and the picnickers munch away as cheerfully as though they were discussing the most delicious food in the world.

And indeed the scene is usually bewitching enough to make any one forget to be critical. The up-leaping blaze, whose rosy light lends a charm to every face, its glancing reflections upon colored leaves and gray rocks and brown tree trunks; the odd shadows cast by trees and human beings; the touch of mystery in the dusky night that crouches at the outer edge of the circle of fitful light, advancing or retreating as the fire sinks or rises; the silent starry sky that arches overhead—all go to make up a scene that will long live in the memory.



GIRLS IN GAY GYPSY GARB WHO WILL TELL FORTUNES.

An added touch of picturesqueness may be given by a few girls in gay gypsy garb who will proclaim their readiness to tell fortunes or to read palms. These seeresses may station themselves a little to one side of the general group, and by the light of a blazing brand pretend to read the future in the palms of those who desire to learn of days to come.

When the last marsh-mallows have been toasted, and the fire has settled down to a steady glow, some one will probably start a college song or a negro melody, and all the young voices will take it up, and the singing will go on until some one of the older heads will discover that it is time to start for home. Then the fire will be thoroughly extinguished, and it will be a well-satisfied party that makes its way homeward by the light of a friendly lantern.

## "THE RIPENED LEAVES."

"SAID the leaves, on the branches
One sunny autumn day,
"We've finished all our work, and now
We can no longer stay.
So our gowns of red and yellow
And our sober cloaks of brown,
Must be worn before the frost comes,
And we go rustling down.

"We've had a busy summer,
With the birds that built their nest
Beneath our great umbrellas,
And the squirrels that were our guests.
But we cannot wait for winter,
For we do not care for snow.
When we hear the wild northwesters
We loose our clasp and go.

"But we hold our heads up bravely
Unto the very last,
And shine in pomp and splendor
As away we flutter fast.
In the mellow autumn noontide
We kiss and say good by,
And through the naked branches
Then may children see the sky."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## A GROVE OF NAPOLEON WILLOWS.

BY PAUL HULL.

OVER on the ordnance dock in the Brooklyn Navy-yard, shading great heaps of obsolete cannon-balls, and hundreds of old and useless types of guns, a grove of picturesque and graceful weeping-willow-trees is often noticed and admired by visitors, who little realize the history and sentiment attaching to those silent sentinels.

When in the early part of the present century that grand old sea hero, Commodore William Bainbridge, of the United States navy, returned to New York with his ship from southern Europe, he brought with him a number of slips cut from one of the historical willow-trees that shaded the grave of the great Napoleon at St. Helena—a pinnacle of rock in the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Africa—where the wonderful French warrior, statesman, and ruler was held in captivity for six years by England, and where he died a prisoner on the fifth day of May, 1821.

The way in which the souvenir willow branches were obtained from Napoleon's ocean-bound prison is a most interesting story, bringing into strong relief a sample of the enduring love given the Emperor by his soldiers.

After the battle of Waterloo, where the French troops were defeated, the Emperor of the French abdicated his throne, and went voluntarily on board of an English frigate, requesting to be taken to England, which place he intended to make his home; but upon arriving in the latter country the English government declared the ex-Emperor a prisoner, and banished him for life to the island of St. Helena.

Among the handful of his old and faithful followers who were permitted, under great and oppressive restrictions, to accompany him and share his exile was Sergeant Hubert, one of the grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, who wore the decoration of the Legion of Honor. After Napoleon's death this soldier assigned to himself the mission of guarding the tomb of his old commander, and when General Bertrand and other faithful friends of the dead Emperor set sail for France they left the devoted grenadier to keep his dreary vigil among the wild crags of St. Helena.

For twenty years this old warrior kept watch over the lonely grave in the little valley, and when in the year 1840 the remains of the Emperor were conveyed to France, and accorded the most impressive and magnificent reception and funeral pageant ever beheld in ancient or modern times, Sergeant Hubert also returned, but old and tottering and white-haired, to the country he had left a vigorous soldier twenty-six years before.

When Commodore Bainbridge visited St. Helena he found Sergeant Hubert on guard at the tomb of the French Emperor, and begged for one of the branches that drooped sadly over the grave of the mighty dead. This was given him, and was carefully preserved until his ship arrived at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, when he divided the branch into a number of parts, and planted them on a little island forming the extreme eastern end of the yard, and which is known to-day as the ordnance dock. The slips flourished, and grew into beautiful and stately trees.

Seventy years have passed since that time, and the old willows, although thick with foliage, and honest-enough looking on the outside, are heart-eaten and hollow, and will soon be no more.

When the writer visited the navy-yard a few days ago to see these relics of a long-ago time, he paid his respects to the grizzled commander of the ordnance dock, Gunner James Hayes, United States navy, a veteran officer, who entered the service nearly half a century ago, and who will be placed on the retired list during the first part of the coming year. The brave old gunner is a warm admirer of the great French Emperor, and is making arrangements to plant some shoots from the original trees, so that after the sunset gun of his life shall have been fired, and the willows which he loves shall have succumbed to time and also passed away, the historical grove may be preserved, and remain a legacy to his successor.

## A SIMPLE ÆOLIAN-HARP.

BY G. ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.

A PROPERLY constructed Æolian-harp, having a resonant box, catgut strings, and metal tuning-pegs, is a musical instrument requiring considerable skill to make; but the simple Æolian-harp I am going to describe

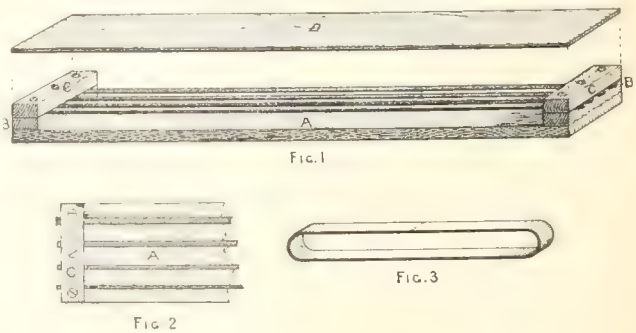



Fig. 1

Fig. 2

Fig. 3

DIAGRAMS OF THE HARP.

can be readily made by any clever boy at an expenditure of a few cents, and although the musical sounds it produces are not equal to the bursts of harmony yielded by the more perfect instrument, its tones are singularly charming.

The Æolian-harp is an instrument played upon by the wind—hence its name, from Æolus, the god of the winds—and its tones are glad or sorrowful, loud or softly murmuring, as the fitful breezes play with its chords; at all times they are pleasing to the ear.

All the things necessary for the construction of the simple Æolian-harp are six small pieces of dressed pine, six 1-inch screws, and four or five rubber bands of different sizes, varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in width.

The accompanying drawing, Fig. 1, shows the harp in its complete form, which you will construct in the following manner: Take a piece of dressed pine 2 feet 4 inches long, 4 inches wide, and about $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick (shown at A, Fig. 1), and fix at each end of one of its faces a bridge-piece of the same wood 4 inches long, 1 inch wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, by liquid glue and a few wire nails. These bridge-pieces are shown at B B. Now take two pieces of wood of the same dimensions, and bore and countersink three holes in each—one close to each end and one in the centre, as shown in Fig. 2—and screw them down on the bridge-pieces, as indicated at C C, Fig. 1. Provide a board of dressed pine, of the same length and width of the harp, but only about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, to serve as a cover and wind-guide. This is shown at D, Fig. 1, but when in its proper place it rests on the end-pieces C C. At this point, should you desire your harp to present a neat and workmanlike appearance, and to be able to resist injury from rain that may fall upon it any time, you can give the whole of the wood-work a couple of coats of some quick-drying varnish.

You will now procure four best-quality rubber bands of the ordinary form shown in Fig. 3. They should be respectively about $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{5}{16}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, and sufficiently long, when cut on the dotted line indicated in the drawing, to stretch to the entire length of the harp, at least. Now unscrew one end-piece sufficiently to admit of one end of each of the rubber bands, placing them at equal distances apart, as shown in Fig. 2, and then firmly screw the end-piece down to the bridge, securing the ends of the bands. Unscrew the other end-piece in like manner, and passing the ends of the bands, stretched out to about their full extent for the purpose, over the bridge-piece, secure them by screwing the end-piece over them. You will require some help in doing this, for it will be necessary for you to get some one to screw down the end-piece while you stretch the four rubber bands over the bridge. The whole matter is done with the greatest ease, the only question being the proper degree of tension to be given to the bands to produce the best musical result. This you can easily settle by trying the harp, and by increasing or diminishing the tension of any or all of the bands.

The Æolian-harp is now complete, and you may proceed to test it, and to enjoy the varied and charming harmonies it is capable of pouring forth under the skilful touch of Æolus. Place the harp on the sill of a window-frame, lay the covering board over it, and shut the sash of the window down upon it so as to hold the harp in position. Select a window against which a gentle wind is blowing. When you have so arranged matters you will not have long to wait for your reward. As the wind passes over the rubber chords it at first gently stirs them, and you will hear a soft harmonious strain steal through the room; then will follow a burst of wondrous music, changing, and rising and falling in a manner quite impossible to describe. At every change of the wind the musical sounds alter; sometimes it is only sufficiently strong to stir one of the chords, and at the next instant it vibrates the whole four, causing a rush of wild harmony to flood the room. It is this continual changing which gives the Æolian-harp its great interest and charm; it is full of musical surprises, which must be heard to be realized.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

### HAS A STRANGE ADVENTURE WITH AN OSTRICH.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, —The other day—it was Saturday, when there wasn't any school and we was taking a scursion in the woods after nuts—Sammy says, kind of sudden and solemn, "Seems to me it's a long time between spoonfuls of jam."

Jam *has* been awful scarce at our house lately, and I had spoke about it to Ma.

"Well," I says to Sammy, "Ma says I was eating too much jam, and so we don't have much any more. Next time we have some I'll save you a spoonful."

Sammy said he thought if he could lay down under a tree and rest and think about the jam, mebby the facts about when his Pa had the funny time with the ostwiches in Africa would come to him.

"Was it when your Pa tied the kettle to the lion's tail?" I asked.

"Oh dear no; another time," says Sammy.

"What was he doing there?" says I.

"I don't know. Nothing, I guess. Just being there, prob'ly."

"Your Pa has been a strawdinary traveller, hasn't he?"

"Mon'strous," answers Sammy. "Pop's been everywhere. And you can't tell when he'll start again. Says Pop to me: 'Sammy, you may get up any morning and call, "Pop, Pop," but your Pop won't be here. Your Pop will be sailing away on the salted ocean for furren lands, where wild animals set about on the ground as thick as folks at a camp-meeting.'"

"Did the ostwiches try to peck your Pa?" I asked.

"Oh, no. You see, Pop was travelling and travelling, and bymeby he come to a big place where there wa'n't any trees or nothing, and he started to cross it. It was 'most like a desert, only it had a few bushes and a little grass. Pop travelled and travelled for a week, and still he couldn't see no end to it—just nothing but sky and ground, and a few ostwiches standing 'round and cackling, or crowing, or mebby scratching on the ground for nails and door-knobs, which is what Pop says ostwiches live on. Pretty soon Pop found that he was lost, so he didn't know which was from him. His vittles was all gone, and he didn't have nothing to drink, and he thought he was a goner. If I could only catch a ostwich to ride, he thought, but he couldn't get near one of them. He tried to sneak up on them, but they would see him every time and cackle and run off. Even the old hens on their nests would see him coming and fly off and run away. At last Pop was all wore out, and he sinks down in the long grass and he says: 'I can go no farther! I will stretch myself out and die alone! Mebby the gover'ment will find my bones, and put up a monerment, and say on it: "Here Lies a Man as Brave as he was Troothful."'

"Well, Pop fainted away, and he don't know how long he staid so. At last he was brought to by feeling a great weight on his head, and not having any air to breathe. Pop was awful bald-headed at that time. He didn't have more'n a dozen—"

"But he's got plenty of hair now," says I.

"He used rattlesnake ile and vinegar," says Sammy. "That'll make anybody's hair grow. He says if he hadn't stopped using it that he'd of had to put up pol_s on his head like a bean-field for his hair to climb on.

"Well, he felt it awful hot and close, and he come to and opened his eyes. All dark. Feathers in his face. Felt around more feathers. Listened. Ostwich clucking. Then he seen it all—a ostwich had saw his head a-laying there, and had said to herself: 'Here's a egg getting cold and sp'iling. I'll jest set down on it and hatch it.' So she sot.

"'Now's my time,' says Pop; so he just pulls out his head and jumps on the ostwich's back. The ostwich is scart, and says to herself, 'I never seen no ostwich hatch out so sudden and act so peart before'; and then she just gets up and runs liked greased lightning, and Pop hangs on and rides to where there was some houses of some mizzhanaries, when he gets off and is safe."

At supper Ma says to me, "Was that Hopkins boy telling you some more stuff about his Pa?"

"Yes," I says.

"What!" says Ma.

"He was saying how his Pa saw an ostwich on her nest in Africa," says I.

"*The idea!*" says Ma.

"But it wasn't a nest, after all," I says.

"Oh," says Ma. "Well, that's more reason'ble."

"Yes'm," says I.

Good-by, Mr. Editor. Yours truly, HARRY.




PRACTICE ON THE BRUIN FOOTBALL TEAM.

## OVERHEARD AT NOON ON THE LAWN.

"SAY," said the Lawn-Mower to the Lawn-Roller, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Give me a roll, won't you?"

"Can't do it," said the Roller. "They're too heavy to eat. The Rake tried to eat one the other day, and broke two of his teeth off short. Why don't you ask the Sickle for a pear?"

"I'd rather go to the Axe. I don't want any fruit."

"What can the Axe give you?"

"A chop, of course."

"That's so. I didn't think of that. If he fails you you might go down to the garden and get a stake. By the way, what's the matter between you and the Weeds? They tell me you cut them whenever you pass."

"I do. I don't like the Weeds. They intruded themselves into a lawn party I was at last summer and spoiled the whole thing. Did you get off to the mountains this summer?"

"No; I went down to the sea-shore to see my relatives."

"Relatives? I didn't know you had any down there."

"Oh yes, the Rollers are famous all along the Jersey coast. You get away?"

"No; I've been right here, attending to business. I didn't feel that I could afford to go off this summer. I've been pretty poor, and I had to do a good deal of cutting down to pull through the hard times as it was. I hear that Hose is going to be married."

"Yes; he met one of the Faucets at a watering-place up here, and they got much attached to each other. It's a good match."

"I think so myself; but for lighting a cigar I think I'd rather have a parlor match."

"Ha-ha! How cutting you are!"

"Yes—that's my business."

And then, as the hired men had finished their luncheon, the Roller and Mower had to return to work.

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



## FELIPE CHERIDAN VINGATE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

### CHAPTER III.

### PHILIP REJOINS COMPANY D.

IT is not necessary to make this a history of an Indian war, nor to relate the gallant deeds performed by Captain Duncan and his company in the Smoky Hill campaign against the Cheyennes, the Camp Supply expedition against the Comanches, and the later Texan campaign against combined Cheyennes, Comanches, and Arapahoes. In all these struggles with the red men

Duncan's company bore an honorable part; but since [illegible] had served on foot.

[illegible] had been quite as [illegible] and they had often verified the truth of the old saying among the infantry, "If you want to eaten an Indian, send a dough-boy after him." The cavalry horse, a few days out on an Indian hunt, with no grain, and a limited opportunity for grazing often finds it difficult to keep up with the steady and almost tireless stride of the foot-soldier.

One day in October, some years after the incidents related in the preceding chapter, Company D was ordered to march through Dead Burro Pass to meet a body of Comanches, who were intending to use the pass to effect a junction with the Arapahoes and make a descent upon the settlements in the valley of the Arkansas.

Great efforts were being made by the department commander to prevent the joining of these two tribes, and small detachments of the meagre force available were placed in positions to command the passes between their ranges. The Fifth Infantry, which occupied a line of posts from Harker to Reynolds, was early in the field.

Captain Duncan, having crossed the North Fork of the Canadian, was working his way up the dry bed of a tributary towards the divide, intending to descend a similar bed on the opposite side into the valley of the Canadian, when scouts reached him with the report that four hundred Comanches were already in the southern end of the pass, expecting to meet an equal force of the Arapahoes on the Red Fork of the Arkansas. Company D, including its one officer present for duty, numbered seventy-nine men.

It was the intention of Captain Duncan to camp at a spring in the pass, dispose his men in the rocks and ravines commanding the trail, and await the arrival of the Comanches. He had every reason to believe they knew nothing of his movements, and that he would be able to deal them a fatal blow.

He was urging his men forward, intending to reach the spring by nightfall, when a courier from the north overtook him with the information that the Arapahoes had appeared on the Red Fork, and had camped to await the arrival of their allies. It seemed evident from this that they were ignorant of Duncan's designs, and would do nothing to interrupt them. The courier was sent back with information of the whereabouts of the command.

Evening found the infantry company bivouacked in a small grove of cottonwoods clustered about a spring under the western wall of the cañon. The camp-fire was in a hollow concealed by a dense underbrush of willows. The spring gushed forth from a mass of rough bowlders close under the precipice, flowed two hundred yards in a southerly course, and sank in the loose sands of the pass.

Although fatigued by an unusually long and rough march, the Captain made a tour of inspection, in order to select posts for his sentinels, and learn something of the nature of his surroundings. He found the situation favorable for the surprise he hoped to effect. The pass was not more than fifty yards wide, and was filled with scattered masses of rough stone, behind which his men could be concealed, and there was a shelf on the face of the western precipice, twenty feet above the surface of the ground, also covered with loose stone, from which a flank fire could be made.

The Captain did not expect the enemy, however, until the second day after his arrival. Returned to the camp fire, he said to Sergeant Conway,

"I think, sergeant, we have a good chance here to turn the tables upon the Indians and surprise them thoroughly."

"Yes, sir; these bowlders and ledges will hide us closely, and we will have them at short range when they approach the spring."

"My chief anxiety is that some of our pack-mules may bray when the Comanche ponies are within scenting-distance."

"That is twelve miles, isn't it, sir?"

"I've heard of their smelling water that distance. There are army and emigrant stories to that effect; but the animals must have been terribly thirsty."

"I think they are more likely to attempt a stampede at the scent of the redskins."

"I selected some of the old Fort Sumner stock on that account. They lived so long with the Navajos that the smell of a Comanche will not alarm them."

"The brayin' can aisily be previnted, sor," observed Tom Clary, who was busy at the fire with skillet and bacon.

"How?" asked the Captain.

"Tie a stone to ach o' the'r tails, sor."

"What have their tails to do with braying?"

"Burros and mules raise the'r tails when they bray. If they can't raise the'r tails, I've been towled, they can't bray."

"Well, that may be a fact, Clary; but unless the tail of the train leader, lost in the war on the Smoky, can be miraculously restored, we cannot shut off the vocal efforts of old Coyote in that way."

"Thrue for you, sor; I'd forgotten the ould viteran; and he's that sociable he brays on the laste provication. Can't we gag him, sor?"

"And stop his braying forever, Clary? That would be shabby treatment of an old campaigner," replied the Captain. "Sergeant," he continued, after a pause, "to-morrow morning I will select a grazing-place for the pack-animals back on our trail half a mile, and order the packers to stay with them to prevent any sound that will betray our presence."

Only two posts for sentinels were established at first, one to the north and one to the south of the spring, the walls of the cañon making eastern or western posts unnecessary.

Three men were placed on each post, with orders to remain all night. Two were to sleep, and one remain awake and on the alert. The sentinel was not to stand erect or move, but lie low and watch for moving objects. At the end of two hours he was to arouse one of the others and sleep in his turn. This is a common precaution in an Indian country, where a walking sentinel might betray the presence of soldiers to the enemy.

The first night passed without alarm. On the following morning Captain Duncan made a more careful examination of the pass. Daylight confirmed the feasibility of the plans suggested by the evening's inspection. He felt convinced that if the Comanches received no information of his presence they would be severely punished. He set his men to piling bowlders into lines for defence.

Half a mile to the north the mules were hobbled and turned out to graze on a grassy flat. To the west of the spring a narrow opening was found in the wall of the cañon, and exploration revealed a trail, rough and almost impassable in places, leading into the high and broken country beyond.

The Mexican guide of the command knew nothing of this trail, and said it could not be made use of by the enemy. But Captain Duncan took the precaution to trace it for several miles and place a sentinel upon it.

The second night approached, and after a late supper the officer wrapped himself in his blanket and fell quickly asleep. He had slept but a little over two hours, when he was aroused by the corporal of the guard:

"Captain! Captain! Wake up, sir! There's a strange noise to the north, sir."

The officer raised his head from the pillow, rubbed his eyes open, sat up in his blankets, and listened. For a few moments there was no sound, then the distinct clat-

ter of a horse's hoofs suddenly reverberated along the walls of the cañon for an instant, and as suddenly ceased, as the road passed over the outcropping sandstone and the intervening stretches of sand.

"A courier must be looking us up, corporal. I will go with you to the post in that direction."

The two men moved silently away in the darkness and were soon challenged by the guard. Joining the triple-sentinelled post, they sat down to wait.

The trail had grown too rough for a gallop, and the approaching horse was now at a walk. When sufficiently near the sentinel challenged:

"Who comes there?"

"A friend—a messenger from headquarters."

"Halt, friend! Corporal of the guard, messenger from headquarters."

The corporal advanced, and asked, "Who is it?"

"Nichols, of the Third Cavalry, with despatches from Captain Carter to Captain Duncan."

"You may come in; the Captain is here."

The cavalryman approached, dismounted, and from a saddle-pouch produced a letter, which he handed to the officer. Accompanied by the horseman, Captain Duncan hastened to the fire to read the despatch. It proved to be a letter from the Red Fork of the Arkansas, forwarded through headquarters of the expedition, and read as follows:

"CAMP ON THE RED FORK, *October* —

"The Arapahoes are missing from their camp at Horseshoe Bend. They took advantage of a trail unknown to us, and seem to be moving over the route taken by Captain Duncan. I fear he will be caught between them and the Comanches.

"CARTER."

The commander of the expedition added the following endorsement:

"I send you the scout Williams with the courier. He knows of a mountain path leading west from the Burro Pass Spring, by which you can reach the North Fork of the Canadian, and join Carter at the point where you crossed it yesterday. This will place you north of the allied Indians, and the two companies can operate together, as you proposed to do alone.

"BUTLER."

"Where is the scout Williams?" asked Duncan, folding the paper.

"Killed, sir."

"Killed?"

"Yes, sir. As we closed into the narrow end of this cañon, an advance of the Arapahoes caught sight of us and pursued. We were in a rough and stony section of the trail, and Williams's horse stumbled and went dead lame. As I tried to take the scout up behind me, he was dropped by a Winchester."

"Then we are indeed in bad luck. He knew a way out of this trap, and the secret has died with him," said the officer. "Major Butler will not suspect this, so will not move to our relief. Eight hundred against eighty! Fearful odds! But we will give them a warm welcome. How far off is the main body of the Arapahoes?"

"Not more than ten miles by this time, sir."

"Then we have at least three hours for preparation, and we must make good use of them."

All the men were awake, and Sergeant Conway stood near, listening to the conversation.

"It will take more than eight hundred Indians to drive us out of this place, Captain," he remarked.

"True, sergeant. If they attack us from the level of the valley we can hold out as long as our rations last. But it is probable they know how to reach the top of these walls, and may attack us from above."

"That would finish us quick. Can't we get out of here?"

"I dare not make the attempt. We might be caught in a worse place, and without water. I found half a dozen forks in the western trail when I explored it yesterday, and it seemed impracticable for a pack-train. Besides, we might run into a flanking party. We can make a better fight here than on the march, and when we do not report on the North Fork to-morrow some one will be sent to look us up. Detail two squads, of a corporal and eight men each, to report to me with a hundred rounds, and rations for two days. We will try to put them on the top of these precipices."

The details reported promptly, and the corporals were told to go into the trail back of the spring and make an effort to reach the top of the wall, one squad on each side of the entrance. If they succeeded they were to throw down fragments of stone as a signal. They were to select points from which they could command the gulch and a body of Indians moving through it. Should it be necessary to recall them a revolver would be fired—*one, two*, pause; *one, two*, pause; *one, two*.

After the departure of the details all was quiet for over an hour, when a rough bowlder crashed into the valley from the southern spur, followed a little later by one from the northern, and the Captain knew that eighteen men had secured advantageous positions.

These preparations for defence had barely been completed when a flame burst forth from a pinnacle on the eastern side of the cañon in the direction of the Comanches, and was immediately answered by a similar blaze in the direction of the Arapahoes.

The men were disposed along the line of the barricades, to be in readiness for the expected attack. But the red men seemed so sure of their prey, or were so busy in planning the details of an attack, that they did not hasten their movements. The monotonous tap of war-drums, accompanied by war-chants, began in each host, running mostly in minor gutturals, but now and then swelling into startling yells.

At the southern end of the south barricade private Tom Clary was straining his eyes into the darkness, and holding his left hand behind his ear in an endeavor to discover the cause of a mysterious sound which seemed to come from the direction of the Comanches. He could see only tufts of soap-weed and cactus, nothing moving.

"What did you hear, Clary?" whispered Sergeant Conway, who lay on his breast a little behind.

"Begorra, that's what I'd loike to know. I hear nothing now."

"This isn't the picnic we thought we was going to have, Tom."

"No; I reckon the c'yotes 'll get th' mate of this picnic afther the ridskins raise th' crusts."

"Crusts, Tom?"

"Scalps, thin, if ye loike the word better. Ye don't expect to get out of this with yer topknot, do ye?"

"We'll make a good fight for it, Tom."

"Thrue for you, sergeant; the's fight enough in the ould company. It never turned its back on an enemy yet; but I'm thinking it 'll be made up of recruits afther this bout, unless a special Providince intervanes. But whist, sergeant dear. There's the n'ise agin. Kape the b'ys still. Somethin's crapin' this way."

Sergeant Conway raised himself on hands and knees, and crept slowly and softly to a position beside Clary.

"Where is it, Tom?" he asked.

"There. I can just make it out in line with that soap-wade. See it moves! Shall I fire?"

"We have no friends out there; let him have it."

A dark figure was seen to rise slightly from the ground, remaining fixed and silent, as if looking towards the barricades, and trying to locate the position of the soldiers. At that instant Clary's rifle spoke, and the object fell suddenly to the earth. As the soldier proceeded to reload, Captain Duncan hastened forward to learn the cause for firing.

"Sergeant Conway, are you here?" he asked.

[illegible] Rafferty [illegible] and Hoey [illegible] the [illegible]

"What [illegible]

[illegible] been [illegible] direction for [illegible] Clary first noticed it, and called me to look. As soon as the object could be seen I told him to fire. I think it was a Comanche. It was working up from the direction

A faint sound, as of a struggling body, caused the conversation to cease. Then the words "*Amigos, con mi!* [illegible] *fondamente estoy*," an unfinished sentence, came to the listeners' ears.

"That is no Indian, sergeant," said the officer, "or he speaks Spanish. He calls us friends, and asks us to come quickly. But I do not understand how a friend can be between these hostile tribes and we not learn of it before. Cover me with your rifles, men; I'm going forward to see what this means."

"Let me go with you, sir," said Conway.

"All right, sergeant; come on."

The two men crept carefully out of the barricade in the direction of the voice, uncertain whether a trick was being played by a wily enemy, or whether a friend was in distress, and needed their assistance. No further sound reached their ears as they moved slowly toward the mysterious object.

When a distance of about twenty-five yards had been passed over, a black figure began to take shape upon the gray surface of the ground. Approaching nearer, they found a man lying upon his back, his arms and feet widely extended, apparently dead.

"This is an Indian. Dress and hair show that," said the Captain, after an examination of the body. "But what could he have been doing here, and why did he call us friends?"

"He is not dead, sir. I think it is only a bad faint," said Conway. "His pulse is beating weakly."

"We will take him to the fire. Rafferty—Hoey—come here!" called the Captain, raising his voice. "Come quickly; there is no danger."

The soldiers came promptly, and were told to assist in taking the unconscious Indian to the fire beside the spring. Lifting the body, the four men threaded their way through bowlders and willows to the smouldering coals of the camp-fire. The Indian was laid upon some blankets, and a few dry branches thrown upon the fire instantly burst into a brilliant blaze. By the light the Captain and his assistants saw before them a handsome young Indian, apparently not more than eighteen years old, clad in a close-fitting suit of black buckskin. Double rows of small silver buttons ornamented the outer seams of the pantaloons and the breast of the jacket. His sleeves ended midway between shoulder and elbow, and a bracelet adorned each wrist. The neck of the jacket was low, showing triple strings of beads, from which was suspended a small sea-shell of pearly lustre. About his head, to confine the flowing hair, was a black and crimson woollen band with a single eagle's feather above the forehead. Upon his feet were black moccasins beaded in red, and attached to his shoulders, *à la* hussar, was a short black blanket bordered with arabesques in red.

Captain Duncan and Sergeant Conway knelt beside the boy, and proceeded to examine into his injuries. A slight thread of blood from forehead to neck showed that Clary's bullet must have struck the head.

As Conway removed the woollen band and feather, and raised the hair in search of a wound, an irregular scar was disclosed across the forehead—the scar of a former wound. He paused a moment with the gathered locks in his left hand, traced the fine line across the handsome brow, and said

"Captain, it is the godson."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MONKEYDOM.

BY E. CHASE.

NOT long ago I was watching a vaudeville performance. It was rather dull until a certain "Professor" came on the stage with a troupe of performing monkeys. I was so charmed with them that I left my seat and begged permission of the man at the stage door (this is a very difficult thing to do) to go back of the scenes to get a closer view of the little fellows, which I found chained to a series of gas pipes and stage paraphernalia against a brick wall back of the stage. They looked very funny, sitting there with their little red and blue jackets on, and one of them reached out and tried to untie my shoe lace as I went by.

The Professor saw I was interested in them, and came over to me. He was a nervous little man, and his dress-suit did not look as fresh as it did from the other side of the foot-lights; the diamond in his shirt front had lost some of its lustre, and his hands and face were covered with small scratches, which I attributed to some of his mischievous band.

"How did you teach them?" said I, for they seemed almost human, and I wondered if they really understood English. "Do you have certain signs for them to follow, or do they understand what you say?"

"They understand every word I tell them," said the Professor. "After I have had a 'monk' long enough for him to get used to me he soon learns to understand pretty well. I am going to feed them now, and if you have time to wait I will show you how well they understand."

So with that the Professor got two big pans of water and gave it to them. He then gave them some bread. Some of the monkeys ate their bread as it was, but the



THE STAR OF THE TROUPE.

others dipped theirs in water to soften it. After the bread came some bananas, which finished the meal.

"Attention!" called the Professor. They all arranged themselves along in a row and waited for their names to be called. "Patsy" was the name of the first, and he seemed to be the "star" of the troupe. He left the others, and at commands from the Professor, put on a little stove-pipe hat that was handed to him, took a bottle in one hand and a pipe between his teeth, and seated himself on a ball that was near by, and put on a very sober expression. A chair was then set before him. "Stand on your head, Patsy," said the Professor. Patsy got up on the chair and did as he was told. Then another monkey, whose name was "Banana," because he was once owned by a banana man, got up from the group, and at the Professor's command brought a small velocipede from behind some scenery, and after riding it around in a circle, stopped by Patsy's chair. Patsy immediately took up his position on Banana's shoulders, and they rode off together, Patsy vigorously waving an American flag.



ATTENTION!



THE VELOCIPEDE TRICK.

The Professor then told one of the other monkeys to bring a wheelbarrow, that was near at hand, and take Patsy away. He did as he was told as well as if he was one of the scene-shifters, who were standing around about us. The Professor thinks a great deal of Patsy, and had a number of photographs taken of him in his various tricks. He gave me some of them, which you will find on this page. You will see how still Patsy sat for the photographer. I am sorry I could not get pictures of the other monkeys at their tricks, for they were really very funny, especially one who waltzed with a little puppy, who was dressed up like a little girl at a picnic.

"Is it easy to train monkeys?" I asked.

"It is a long process," said the Professor, "and one has to understand them very well to do anything with them. All of these monkeys were wild at one time in the African jungle. There are very few monkeys raised in captivity. If it were not for that, I think a monkey could be taught almost anything. It takes some time to tame them, and it has to be done by kindness and patience. The monk gets so, after awhile, that he understands a great deal. After you have made him understand what is wanted of him you have accomplished the greatest difficulty. They are ever so much more intelligent than dogs, and I believe they say dogs know more than any domesticated animal.

"Now," said he, turning to a box with a wire covering, "this contains a monk that I bought yesterday, and I will show you how easy it is to teach him to sit up in a chair and read a paper, with a pair of glasses on his nose."

He held the new monkey in the position he desired on the chair, and after several attempts to get down, the monkey found he had to stay there until his master wanted to let him down. After five minutes of this, during which time the Professor kept saying, "Sit down in the chair, sir!" the monkey was allowed to rest a few minutes; then the Professor took the chair, and placing it before the monkey, said, "Sit down in the chair, sir!" To my surprise the monkey remembered, and backing up to the chair, took up his position. It was easy enough then to place the glasses on his nose and make him hold a newspaper.

This little performance amused me so that I decided then and there to have a monkey of my own and train it, so that I could amuse my friends when they came to see me. I obtained the address of the store where the Professor bought his monkey, and the next day I visited the place. It is on one of those old down-town streets that were once fashionable, but are now mostly the abode of poor Italian families. It is near the water-front, so as to be convenient to any sailor who has been to the African coast, and has some monkeys to sell that he captured



PATSY RIDES OFF IN STATE.



LAST.

down there. The store is full of the little animals. They are in small cages on all sides of the room, three tiers deep. If there were a few potted palms in the store, the place would have reminded me of a dream I once had of Central Africa. The monkeys were of all kinds and sizes, and peered out between the bars of their cages. The proprietor, an old Irishman, walked about with a short stick. Every five seconds or so there would be a most horrible din in one of the cages, and he knew "thim monks had got to quarrellin' agin," and would walk over and stir them up with his stick, so that they would be so thoroughly mixed that each monkey would forget with which other one he had been fighting, and peace would be restored for the time being. There were several men walking about who looked as if they might be organ-grinders, and others who might be showmen or "professors" (I believe all men who train monkeys are "professors"). They were all examining the monkeys very closely, for it takes as much caution in buying a monkey as it does in purchasing a horse, as most of the monkeys are captured by sailors or natives in Africa, and by the time Mr. Monk arrives here, with what rough usage he receives, and his susceptibility to pneumonia, it is very difficult to pick one out in perfect health. The prices range from eight to twenty-five dollars

I handed one of the monkeys a small pocket mirror, and after looking thoughtfully into it, he reached forward and felt of the back of the glass to find out where the other monkey came from. This amused me so that I bought him.

I have had him now for a week, but have not taught him any tricks, as he knows too much as it is; but we have become great friends, and in the evening, after dinner, when I sit by the window, smoking my evening pipe, he climbs up on the window-sill, and sits there looking out, with an occasional glance at me to know if his actions are approved of.

## THE PEACEFUL PIRATES.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"IT aren't a werry good day fur yarns," said the Old Sailor.

"Why not?" asked Henry, not understanding how one day could be more favorable than another for the exercise of the gentle craft of spinning "twisters."

"'Cos the wind are no'theast," was the reply.

"And what difference does that make?"

"It makes the difference 'tween rheumatism an' no rheumatism, an' w'en you has rheumatism in your leg, your head are not werry partikler about rememberin' anything 'ceptin' words wot ort not to be said to a boy."

"Oh!" exclaimed Henry; and then he added, thoughtfully, "My mother has a liniment which will stop any ache that ever was."

"Does ye think as how she'd go fur to give some on't to an old sailor man?"

"I'm sure she would."

So they went to the house, where the painful limb was duly rubbed with the liniment, and the Old Sailor was seated in a big wooden arm-chair before the kitchen fire. There he gradually thawed out, and suddenly began thus:

"Pirates is not no good nohow you find 'em."

"Pirates!" exclaimed the two boys, eagerly; "did you ever meet them?"

"I've met everything wot floats, an' pirates floats, 'cos w'en they is on land we calls 'em land-sharks. But that ain't neither here nor there. Wot I were a-goin' fur to say to you air that pirates ain't no good, not even w'en they is gentlemen."

"How can a pirate be a gentleman?" asked Henry.

"Oh, it ain't no werry hard thing to be a gentleman," said the Old Sailor. "Leastways I 'ain't never seed no gentleman wot seemed to find it werry hard work. But, howsumever, moralizin' won't tell a yarn. W'en I were fust mate o' the ship *Firebug*, bound from Boston to Calcutta, with a cargo of hymn-books an' beans, I were about as well satisfied with my berth as ever any man could be wot had to work at all. She were a big wall-sided hooker, were the *Firebug*, an' she carried a extry large crew, 'cos the owners was smart enough to believe that she could make quicker passages if she was well manned. Well, we got under way and passed Minot's Ledge with a fine to'gallant breeze from the south'ard an' west'ard all on a beautiful October mornin', an' we sings,

'Good by, my Sally,
And good by, Mary Jane,
An' likewise Kate an' Molly,
Till we sees you all again.'

"I ain't a-goin' fur to waste your time an' mine a-tellin' you how we got around Cape Cod, or how we passed within a cable's length o' St. Paul's Rocks, w'ich the same lays pooty nigh onto the equator. All in good time we weathered the Cape o' Good Hope, an' got square up into the Injun Ocean. Nothin' excitin' had happened to us up to that time, 'ceptin' a small gale o' wind, w'ich the same didn't do no damage more'n to blow away the cook's apron. It were a mean sort o' day now. The wind were all in slants. Sometimes it 'd blow from the west, an' sometimes from the south, an' sometimes it 'd come in dead ahead an' take us all aback. It were my watch on deck, an' I weren't in no werry good humor. All on a suddent the lookout sings out, 'Sail ho!' W'en I axed him about it, he said it were dead ahead, an' about ten mile off. I didn't think nothin' more about it till, an hour later, I noticed a werry smart-lookin' tops'l schooner about four mile away, an' comin' down on us with a favorin' slant o' wind. I watched her fur a time, an' made up my mind that she were a-goin' fur to come within hailin'-distance. W'en she got near enough I brought

my glass to bear on her to make out her colors. I couldn't find no flag 'ceptin' at the fore, an' there she carried a blue dove with a green branch in his mouth on a white field. That would 'a' bin a good flag fur Noah or a peace society, but I couldn't make out w'y a tops'l schooner should 'a' bin a-carryin' of it in the Injun Ocean. It made me think about a Christmas celebration wot I once seed. Howsumever, that ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' ye.

"Well," continued the Old Sailor, "the schooner comes a-sort o' driftin' down, an' bymeby I seed that she carried several guns. So I sent word down to the Cap'n, an' he comes on deck an' takes a good squint at her. Sez he to me, sez he, 'There's somethin' about the lines o' that craft I don't like, an' I wish we had a gale o' wind behind us.' An' sez I to him, sez I, 'Wot do ye make o' her?' An' sez he, 'Pirates,' jess like that, him bein' Cap'n o' the ship an' me fust mate. Howsumever, it weren't no use o' doin' anything, 'cos we couldn't. All we could do was to 'wait developments, as the hen said w'en she sot down on the eggs. It were dead calm, an' all that were bringin' the two wessels closer were that queer kind o' driftin' wot allers do bring two wessels closer together in a calm. Bymeby she were within hailin'-distance, an' then we got a ginuine surprise."

"Did they send a shot across your bows an' order you to heave to?" asked Henry, excitedly.

"No," answered the Old Sailor, gravely. "That's the way they does in the story-books. No, the skipper o' that 'ere craft appeared on the forecastle an' hailed us, sayin', 'Good mornin', gentlemen, it are a fine day.' Well, we couldn't hardly speak at fust. 'Cos w'y? Nobody never seed such a skipper afore. He had on a silk hat an' a Prince Albert coat, a high collar an' a red necktie with a diamond pin in it, a pair o' black-an'-white check pants, patent-leather shoes, an' kid gloves; an' blow me fur pickles ef he didn't carry a cane."

The Old Sailor paused, and studied the astonishment depicted on the faces of the two boys.

"You look s'prised at hearin' about it. Wot d'ye think we did, a-seein' of it? Well, the Cap'n he finally mustered up sense enough to answer that it were a fine mornin' fur driftin'. 'Yes,' answered the other skipper, pleasant as a watermelon, 'we're werry good at driftin' ourselves. Wot ship are that?' An' the Cap'n told him, an' axed him in turn who he was. 'Oh,' he says, smilin', 'you'll be better acquainted with us in a few minutes. We're a-comin' aboard you.' 'Not ef I knows it,' said the Cap'n. 'Keep off.' 'Oh, really,' says the dude Cap'n, 'you aren't goin' to resist, are you?' 'In course,' says our Cap'n. 'Oh, please don't,' says the other. 'Don't force us to usin' harsh measures.' An' with that he tapped kind o' thortful with his cane on a cannon. Our Cap'n shook his head, an' sez he to me, sez he, 'Wot 'd I tell ye? Pirates, o' course. Then the pirate Cap'n he says: 'We're peaceful pirates, an' we don't like fightin' at all. We never shed no blood onless some bloody-minded sailor man drives us to't. We're a-comin' aboard you in a werry few minutes fur to see wot you got.' That's wot he sez, sez he, him a standin' there on the rail over the gun a-lookin' fur all the world like the smilin' willun in a drayma.

"Well, in a few minutes there come a breath o' air that brought the two vessels together, an' then fur the fust time we seed some o' the pirate crew, fur they jumped on the rail to throw grapplin'-irons. Blessed ef I ever seed sech a bloomin' lot o' dudes in all my life. It were like bein' run aboard of by Fifth Avnoo or Pickledilly. Them there pirates was all togged out in swell clothes, an' the fust mate wore a single eyeglass. An' they was all nice lookin'. They didn't look like ferocious pirates at all. They looked like collidge stujents. Well, we jess couldn't say a bloomin' word. All we could do was to stand still an' hold our breath. To be sure w'en their fust mate came jumpin' down on our deck, I did grab a belayin'-pin an' make a move; but he smiles at me werry sweet, sticks a little gold-mounted rewolwer under my nose, an' sez he to me, sez he, 'I never pulled the trigger o' this yet, an' I beg that you'll not compel me to do so.' Well, I were all knocked silly, an' couldn't say nothin'. The pirate Cap'n he axes our Cap'n wot were the cargo, an' hearin' wot it were he laughs an' says: 'Oh, indeed! we really couldn't make much use o' hymn-books, 'cos we give up sich habits years ago. We'll borrow a few beans, with your permission. An' I think as how we could make some use o' you an' your men, an' also your ship.' Well, boys, our hearts went down into our boots then, 'cos we smelt slavery in the air. I knowed there was some business o' sellin' white men to some o' the savage tribes on the east coast o' Afrikee, an' I guessed that were the line o' business o' this 'ere pirate dude an' his crew. The pirate Cap'n counted our crew, an' he says: 'There's too many o' you fur me to accommodate aboard o' my ship, so I'll keep you aboard here. But I'll put half o' you in irons below, an' let the other half help work the ship. An' not bein' given to cruelty, I'll let the halves change places every two days.'

"As soon as the pirate Cap'n had everything fixed to suit him, he gave the orders to get under way, an' a small bit o' a breeze havin' sprung up from the north'ard, off we goes east-southeast. Our Cap'n were not acquainted with any land in that direction, an' I'll say right here that there ain't none on any chart. Howsumever, arter an easy sail o' thirty hours we sighted land, an' in two hours an' a half we was at anchor in a werry neat bay on the southerly side o' a small island. The pirate Cap'n now told us that we was at his home, an' he inwited us all to go ashore. Our Cap'n an' me we kind o' debated whether we shouldn't make a stand. 'Cos w'y? We knowed ef we ever left our ship we'd never git back to her. But the pirate Cap'n smelled a mouse, an' he sez somethin' to his men, an' they all drawed gold an' silver mounted rewolwers an' p'inted 'em at us. 'Gentlemen,' sez the pirate Cap'n, 'please to go quiet, 'cos this time o' day my wife allers takes a nap, an' ef we was to shoot the noise 'd wake her up.'

"Well, arter them remarks, our nateral concloosion were that we was too bloomin' perlite fur to go fur to disturb a lady. So we went ashore, an' there we was. The pirate Cap'n diwided us up into squads an' sent us off under charge o' warious pussons, all 'ceptin' our Cap'n an' me. We was took to his own house, w'ich the same was 'most too sweet. W'y, the blessed pirate had a Axminister carpet on his parlor floor, a white upright pianny, an' lace curtains at the winders tied back with white ribbons. An' his wife were a pooty little lady with yaller hair an' blue eyes an' diamond rings. An' she were a-sittin' at the pianny singin', 'O come to me, my love,' w'en we walks in. She jumped up, an' sez she, 'Why, Willie, you got back real soon this time.' An' he smiled, an' sez he to her, sez he, 'Yes, an' I've got some gentlemen.' She smiled an' bowed an' ran out o' the room. The pirate, arter axin' us to sit down, sez to us, 'Gentlemen, by this time you ought to know my name. It are William Quigg, but I are generally knowed as Peaceful Willie, the Daring Dove o' the Injun Ocean. I'm goin' to have my history writ an' published under that title as soon as I kin indooce some literary gent to wisit me.' Then he went on to tell us that he perposed to make the Cap'n his body-servant an' me a sort o' useful head man around the house. He said I could boss the servants, an' I needn't be afraid o' their leavin'. He got 'em the same way he did us. They came along peaceful, he said, jess as we did. In fact, it were the boast o' his life that he hadn't ever killed any one or even wounded one. 'We've never fired a gun from our ship,' sez he to us, sez



"THEM THERE PIRATES WAS ALL TOGGED OUT IN SWELL CLOTHES, AN' THE FUST MATE WORE A SINGLE EYEGLASS."

he, jess like that, him bein' a pirate an' we honest sailor men in captivity.

"The Cap'n an' me we didn't git no chance fur to talk together fur two or three days, an' then we got a half-hour. We spent a fair ten minutes a-wonderin' at the sort o' pirates we'd got took by. Then the Cap'n sez he to me, sez he, 'We got to escape somehow.' An' sez I to him, sez I, 'Wot's the reason we can't get aboard their schooner some dark night with our men an' run away with her? She's armed, an' ef they was to follow us in our ship we could capture her an' carry both wessels an' the whole pirate crew into Calcutta.' The Cap'n agreed that it were the right plan, an' so we set to work to look fur chances to let our men know about it. Well, it were a week afore we got our plan all fixed, an' then we had to wait fur a dark night with a favorable wind. The signal were to be the playin' o' 'Home, sweet Home' on the Cap'n's flute, w'ich the same he had been allowed to bring ashore with him. Arter a few days the right kind o' a night came along an' the tune were played. In half an hour all our men was on the beach, havin' sneaked away from the peaceful pirates wot was jess a-goin' to sleep. We got off in a boat an' boarded the pirate schooner, where one man were doin' dooty as a anchor-watch. We put him in the boat, an' told him to git out. But of course he begin'd to holler an' raise an alarm. Afore we could git the schooner a-movin' off, Peaceful Willie an' a gang o' his dudes comes alongside. 'Gentlemen, gentlemen,' sez he to we, sez he, 'wot are ye tryin' to do? You wouldn't go fur to leave us in this 'ere ongrateful way, would you?' 'Yes, we jess would,' sez our Cap'n, sez he. 'Keep off. I've got men at the guns an' others armed with your rewolwers, an' ef ye try to come aboard we'll blow ye into smithereens.' At that Peaceful Willie an' his men all laffed. I got so mad I yanked the lanyard o' a gun, but I jess broke the string. I jumped to see wot were the matter o' the gun, an' wot d'ye think?"

"What?" cried both boys.

"Them there guns was wooden dummies! An' w'en I tried to pull the trigger o' a rewolwer, it jess sprung out a red fan. W'y, the bloomin' schooner were as peaceful as a suckin' dove."

"And so they boarded and took you back," said Henry, disappointed.

"Not much," exclaimed the Old Sailor. "We had the anchor up by that time an' some canvas on her, an' she gathered way. 'Get out!' yells our Cap'n, 'or I'll run ye down an' sink ye.' 'Oh,' sez Peaceful Willie, 'you wouldn't do that, would ye, to a pirate wot never hurt no one?' 'Yes, sir,' sez our Cap'n. 'Then we surrender,' sez Peaceful Willie. 'There sha'n't never be no bloodshed in my history.' So we took the whole kit and crew aboard, incloodin' Peaceful Willie's wife, an' we set sail with both ships fur Calcutta. There we turned the Peaceful Pirates over to the police, who said they'd been the scourge o' them seas fur five years."

"Well," said Henry, "the captains of the ships they had captured must have been easily frightened."

"That werry same idee has occurred to me," said the Old Sailor, eagerly nodding his head.

# THE STORY OF BABETTE.

BY RUTH McENERY STUART.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOUTE'S evident faith in himself inspired his hearers with confidence, even though his enthusiasm was so grotesquely and characteristically expressed; and it was soon decided that the voyage of investigation should be attempted, at least.

It was thought best that Babette should go too—in which case, of course, there would be a family party—as a return to the familiar scenes might revive her own recollections of her life there, and perhaps help to unravel her tangled story.

Of course Colonel Le Charmant would get a good boat, and there would be experienced sailors aboard who should obey Noute's instructions as to their course.

A novel journey it was to be, indeed, with Noute the foolish for *bona fide* captain, having officers and crew under him. Although its object was serious enough, there were others besides the blinking commander to whom it seemed little less than a pleasure excursion, even in anticipation.

The trip was necessarily deferred for several weeks until Babette should be quite well and strong, and in this interval there was probably never in all the history of the old French city a more popular convalescent than she.

The romantic, half-told story of the little creole girl, who had apparently dropped out of existence nearly sixteen years before, to return, an accomplished and beautiful young woman, to her own father's house, was told a hundred times a day on every street corner, and the fact that her restoration to her own people had come directly through her voluntarily sacrificing everything for a principle made her a heroine indeed.

Telegrams of congratulation had come into the family daily from all over the land, even cabled messages from over the seas, ever since the day the news had gone abroad; and Babette's own room had for weeks been a bower of roses. From all directions the floral offerings came: great pyramids of roses from the gardens of the Ursuline nuns below the city, and from the convent of the sweet Sisters in Greenville; flowers and congratulations from the Governor of the State and from the French Consul, and from strangers. Of course there were always roses from Noute—little short-stemmed damask-roses, choked up to their necks with a white string; or sometimes great branches, with a hundred lilliputian blossoms upon them, from the picayune rose-bushes in the old garden. Yet there were none more welcome.

Finally the day of the journey arrived, and the party set sail for the unknown shore, where had lived the unknown woman who had played an unknown part in this mysterious chapter of Babette's life. Here Babette had lived—and Noute. From here she had come in an old woman's arms. This was all they knew.

All the Le Charmant family went—even the old grandmother, who had refused to enter any of these sailing craft for twenty years. She would see with her own eyes the roof that had sheltered the dear child; and if any harm should come to the little boat and its crew, she would rather be with them than not.

Of course John was of the party, and the little



RAISING HER THIN ARMS AGAIN, SHE CRIED IN A THIN, TREMULOUS VOICE, "THANK GOD!"

[illegible] the servants who had begged to go.

And of course, though Babette did not know it, there [illegible] two commissioned police officers, [illegible] authority to arrest if the suspected persons should be found.

At the beginning of the journey all eyes were turned inquiringly upon "Captain Noute," as he was playfully called, but it was only a short time before he proved himself capable of the undertaking. He had not forgotten the way.

They had started in the gray of the early morning, and the sun was still above the horizon when the little boat took a landward course, and soon ran alongside a row of old decayed stumps, the remains of Nick's dilapidated wharf. As soon as the hut came into sight Noute was so delighted with his achievement that if there had been room upon the narrow deck he would certainly have performed a few of his lofty tumbles, and so the dignity of the captain was saved simply for lack of floor-space. But under a generous amount of grimacing and bowing, and when at last the little boat was tied at the end of the rickety pier, he could contain himself no longer, but, with a whoop, threw his hat high into the air. In its descent it fell upon the tip of the main-mast, where it remained for several minutes before a gust of wind brought it down and carried it ashore.

Noute and his absurd antics had so engaged the attention of the company that they had as yet hardly noticed the aspect of the beach, and it was not until the men of the party had followed Noute along the wharf and were turning towards a clump of trees that they discovered the little cabin, almost hidden now by the dense growth of overhanging foliage.

Colonel Le Charmant advised the ladies to stay in the boat until they should go ashore and investigate.

As the party neared the shanty they saw that a crowd was assembled in the little front room. Nick's wife stood at the door wiping her eyes upon her apron, and when Noute approached her and began to talk she covered her face in terror.

What Noute said was simply, "*Comment ça va!* W'ere's de ole woman?" Not a very gracious greeting this, but it was not addressed to a critical audience.

The woman kept her face in her apron, weeping afresh, and made no answer. But Nick, who stood beside her within the door, had heard the inquiry. He sullenly pointed to a bed in the remote corner of the room. Here lay all that was left of the old gypsy. And she was dying.

Noute entered the room, followed by Colonel Le Charmant, the priest, and John.

As the old woman's eyes fell upon the well-remembered companion of her seafarings, and then upon him whom she recognized as the father of the stolen child, she threw up her bony hands in a gesture of terror and despair.

"Go quickly and bring Babette," said Colonel Le Charmant, turning to John McDonald.

Not a word was spoken as the visitors stood with uncovered heads by the bedside of death awaiting Babette's coming—not a word by the awe-stricken crowd at the door or the police officers waiting without.

The dying woman was the only one who recognized Colonel Le Charmant; but Nick and his wife knew Noute, and his sudden appearance with an important-looking company seemed a menace. They were frightened. Only the old woman's fitful breathing, and an occasional muffled sob from her terrified, sorrow-stricken daughter, mingled with the sighing of the pines and the lapping of the waves against the beach.

A broad shaft of the low evening sun came in through the open door, and, as Colonel Le Charmant turned presently and, meeting Babette, took her hand and led her to the old woman's bedside, this illuminating beam fell for a moment upon Babette's face. Whether it was this sudden lighting up of her features, or only seeing her beside her father, which told the story we cannot know. But the gypsy understood. Raising her thin arms again, and turning her eyes towards heaven, she cried in a thin, tremulous voice, "Thank God!" For some moments she was too much overcome to speak again; but presently, in a voice broken often by coughing, she confessed her awful crime.

"All these," she said, pointing to the tall, slatternly crowd of boys and girls standing about the door—"all these; they were little and hungry. I was old; it was for the reward—the money; but I was afraid. God forgive me!"

So much effort brought on a spell of exhaustion, and it seemed as if she might be dying.

"Say you forgive her, father," Babette cried, as, leaving his side, she went close to the bed and laid her hand gently upon the old woman's forehead.

The father could not resist this appeal. Stepping beside his daughter, and putting his arm around her, he said, in a voice in which there was no vestige of resentment, but only tender, human sympathy: "We forgive you. May God have mercy upon your soul!"

As she heard these words she clasped her hands and muttered some inarticulate words, but their sound was more of praise than of prayer. Perhaps even from the slough of sin and degradation into which she had fallen she had been praying for this sight—the stolen child restored to her father's arms—and even this extreme moment was to her an hour of rejoicing.

Colonel Le Charmant had turned away, and beckoned to the priest to come forward. At sight of him the old woman smiled and tried to speak. It was enough. The priest took his missal from his pocket, and, while all fell upon their knees, began to read the prayers for the dying and the "absolution." He had heard the poor sinner's publicly made confession, and there was no time to stickle for form.

It was a half-hour later, perhaps, when, the religious services over, the visitors passed out of the little shanty. Stopping at the door for a moment's whispered conversation with her father, Babette returned to the old woman's bedside, and slipping a roll of bills into her hands, turned and came away. A moment afterwards Nick's wife gently removed the money from the relaxed fingers, and dropped it into her pocket before Nick should see it. The old gypsy never knew that it was there.

"Well," said Colonel Le Charmant, as, walking beside the two police officers, he followed the others back to the boat, "the Supreme Judge has taken this case out of your hands."

The spirit of the party as they set sail for home was very different from that of the morning. All day long gay songs and laughter had floated up into the wind that filled the white sail; but now, although the little boat skimmed gayly along in the evening breeze, no sound of merriment mingled with the ripple that followed her keel.

Colonel Le Charmant had instructed one of the hired sailors aboard to assume command on the home journey; but before any one had realized it "Captain Noute" had donned the honors again, and he looked so happy as he stepped on deck and began unfurling the sail that it would have seemed cruel to depose him. And so he had his way.

As they steered out towards the channel Babette kept her eyes upon the shore. It seemed to have a sort of fascination for her—as a country visited in a dream.

All the people in the cabin had looked strange to her—even the old woman. The children of her memory

were little girls and boys, their mother a pretty-faced woman holding a baby. She had never been able to recall a picture of her life on the shore here without this figure of a pretty woman sitting at the cabin door with a baby in her arms.

Everything had changed now. The pretty mother of the babes of eleven, twelve, and thirteen years ago was the gaunt middle-aged woman who stood sobbing within the door. The youngest of the long-ago babes was a strapping barefooted boy as tall as his father. Even the face of the beach seemed changed, and the expression of the cabin's front.

Volunteer clumps of tall tufted pine saplings dotted the coast, breaking its old expanse, and the hovel had sent out patched additions to its architecture—"improvements" only in the sense of affording more sleeping space within.

The sounds and odors of the sea-shore alone were true to the past. Its waters lapped against the beach, and the winds moaned as of yore. Its breath was still redolent of the mingled odors of wet sands and drying pine straw; its oyster-beds, half exposed now at low tide; damp, oozing barnacles on the old wharf-stumps; the wind-shaken fish-nets.

Babette had never had any clear recollection of her life here; but when she had stepped upon the sands to-day, with this identical breath of twelve years ago blowing into her face, stirring her hair, she was for a moment almost overcome with the vividness of the memory-pictures that came crowding before her eyes. And so she noted the changes. The visit had been more painful to the refined, sensitive girl than any one knew.

This was why, while the others talked of the pitiful story as the boat moved away, she sat silent, and gazed with tear-filling eyes at the little cabin door, lifted now into sight even in its shadowed place by a last lingering shaft of sunlight. This was why she was first to see, and to call to the others to look, where presently every one was seen to come out of the lighted cabin door—crying.

So it was that they knew that the old gypsy was dead.

The story is told. And yet this was some years ago. All the principal actors in the little history are still living, and living people's stories grow from day to day.

Everybody who was in New Orleans in the winter of 1885 will remember the sensation produced in society by the début of Miss Babette Le Charmant. Stories of her beauty and accomplishments were on every tongue, and her romantic history was only an added attraction. Most marvellous tales were told even wherever a half-dozen common people talked together. As when one said, standing in the French market:

"An' w'at you t'ink? Dey say all dat money w'at her fodder is pay her for teach her little sisters an' brudders —dey say she is give every las' *picayune* to doze low-down dagoes 'cross de lake, to bury dat old devil w'at stole her. W'at you t'ink about dat, eh?"

"Oh, well—me, I t'ink she must be one good Christian, yas. If it was me, I would let 'em pitch de old woman in the lake."

"An' me, too, I would. Anyhow, she *prove* she was one good Christian de way she *riff*use to take dat Bondurante money. Me, I say, when somebody got a chance to grab some money and dey *riff*use it—so, just for principle, what nobody don't know nutting about—well, dat's w'at I call *rill*igion!"

"An' me, too. Dat's true. Well, she got her reward in dis life. I b'lieve doze peop' w'at try for reward for everyt'ing in dis worl', dey don't sometimes always get it, no."

"Dat's true. An' maybe w'en dey look for it in heaven, dey find it dis side. Well, some people is lucky, anyhow. Dey say her fodder is give her one diamond chain for roun' her neck wid t'irteen stone big like my little finger-nail!"

"Finger-nail? Ah, bah!"

"Like my *t'umb*-nail, yas! Dey say he is double all de expenses he been had for educate an' raise all de udder chillens an' put it in diamonds for her. W'at you t'ink?"

"Oh, well—I t'ink he is right. If I t'ought *somebody* would do me like dat, I would try to loss myself too."

"Yas, but may*be* if you loss yo'self you wouldn't find yo'self no more eh?"

So, with good-natured pleasantry, the story passed from lip to lip.

For a long happy year Babette's life was a gay round of social triumphs. The acknowledged belle of the old French city, she was the guest of honor at all gatherings —a pet with old and young alike.

The radiant little creole maiden, who had grown up within the four walls of a single square, with only the companionship of a quaint old-fashioned family, with a serious intellectual student to direct her reading, was a novel product, as charming as she was unique. If her single popular "accomplishment" was playing the harp and singing the old-time songs of Madame Bondurante's youth, or Clarisse's folk-lore patois jingles, it was bewitching enough to turn all the young men's heads agog, even if her sweetness and beauty had not already done it.

With the more thoughtful she loved to discuss the old classics, or to naïvely express her own opinions upon the philosophers of the day—her familiar friends of old Dr. Bondurante's library.

Of course she had lovers by the score, who would have been glad to rob her father a second time. But though she called them all her friends, and in the atmosphere of devotion at home and abroad her story seemed to grow happier and sweeter every day, it remained for Somebody not a stranger to turn it into a love-story.

If this Somebody has not been mentioned very often during these last pages it is not his fault, as he has been ever near, ever devoted, ever faithful to every promise of his early life. If he had tried very hard to turn her life into a love-story two years before, and to shield her from the life of poverty she had chosen, we have seen that he had not succeeded. The little maid would have her way then. But at last, after two years, with everybody's approval, the happy ending came to his long waiting, and there was a great, grand wedding in the French quarter.

And then the story of Babette moved away uptown on the American side of the city, in the district of beautiful homes and spreading gardens. There, in a picturesque, beautiful house sitting in the midst of a great square, surrounded by lawns and flower borders, the story goes on.

People driving past the house always look in, hoping to see the beautiful mistress sitting beside the white-haired grandmother within the rose-bowered balcony, as they are wont to do on summer evenings; and they often smile at the funny blinking fellow who tends the garden, and sits grinning happily on the curbing while he turns the sprinkling-hose from one flower-bed to another.

Needless to say, Noute is perfectly happy. As his head is "not much good for thinking," perhaps he does not realize that it was the timely thrust he gave the old gypsy many years ago, when he turned her into the Bondurante gate, that saved Babette's life, and his faithfulness to her afterwards in bringing her own to her that preserved the only unquestionable witness to her identity.

He knows, at least, that she is ever in sight, and safe and happy in the keeping of him whom he loves next best to herself.

For himself life holds every possible blessing, even to a perennial growth of vigorous cocoa-grass adown long garden-walks, to wage daily war upon. What more could he ask?



BABETTE

The Somebody of the love-story, already one of the most popular and successful young physicians of the South, is growing every year in professional reputation. He says he owes it all to Dr. Bondurante; but those who know him for himself, who esteem his high character and love his sympathetic presence in the sick-room, say that no man could have made him what he is.

Some of the greatest triumphs of his skill have been in the "Free Clinic," where poor sufferers, unable to pay in money, have gone away well and whole, blessing his name.

But the proudest day of his life was that on which the little creole girl whom he had gone to teach in the old French house added his name to her own.

THE END

## SAILING ON A BICYCLE.

FOR the last few weeks there has been in the vicinity of New York another new development of the bicycle idea. This is an arrangement made by Mr. Christian Ganz, of Omaha, Nebraska, by which he can set a sail from the handle of his bicycle, and on a level road, with the wind abeam, can travel all day without using his own strength at all, except to check the speed of the bicycle when the wind forces it ahead too fast. The sail is adjusted in the following manner, and any bright boy, by studying the illustration which accompanies this article and reading this account, can amuse himself by making a sail for his own bicycle.

Mr. Ganz has taken a stout piece of inch-and-a-half or two-inch plank, cut it into a circular shape possibly five or six inches in diameter, and by making a deep notch at one point from the circumference in towards the centre, has fitted it securely around the forward support of the bicycle just below the handles. Through this disk a hole is made, precisely after the manner of a "step" for a mast in a row-boat. The light bamboo pole or mast is then inserted through this hole, and fastened securely below by stout twine or wire around the support of the bicycle. The pole itself is seven feet high, and the boom of the sail is six feet long, with a gaff of about three to four feet.

The sail is of light silk or cloth, and is bent on in the same manner as an ordinary boat sail. The foot of the boom, however, is attached to the mast with a goose-neck, that allows the rider of the bicycle to tip the boom itself up against the mast at any time he chooses; and it is in this way that he "tacks ship," by lifting the boom over his head to the other side.

Mr. Ganz has covered one hundred and eighteen miles in a day with this sail, with almost no work except checking the speed of the bicycle. He is confident that on a straight macadamized road he can easily do two hundred miles with the wind abeam, which is the most favorable direction to have it come from. On a squally day, when, if the bicycle-rider were sailing a boat, he would be compelled to sit holding the sheet in his hand in order to let it go before an extra flaw of wind heeled his craft over too far, Mr. Ganz holds the sheet of his mainsail wrapped around the fingers of one hand, and running through a little block at the foot of the mast. When a flaw strikes him, of course it is physically impossible for his bicycle to "heel over," as, under similar circumstances, a boat would do, for the moment he feels the bicycle leaning one way or the other he naturally turns the wheel to maintain his equilibrium. The result is, therefore, that instead of leaning over to let the wind spill out of the sail, the bicycle is suddenly forced over to the side



THE SAILING BICYCLE.

of the road, and if the sheet is not slackened at once the rider finds himself in a heap among the trees or rocks, as the case may be.

It is perfectly possible literally to beat to windward on a bicycle, strange as that may seem; though of course this method would be impossible, or, rather, impracticable, unless there were plenty of room. But, as a matter of fact, moving along a straight road, with the wind coming from the side, is the most advantageous, as there is a steady pressure from one direction, forcing the bicycle along faster and faster, and not necessitating changing the boom from one side to the other. Going before the wind—unless the breeze is a strong one—the sail is of no great assistance, since, with a moderate summer breeze, a bicyclist can go as fast as the wind.

There is considerable amusement to be gotten out of this simple construction, and Mr. Ganz has already ridden from Omaha, Nebraska, to New York, a distance of seventeen hundred miles, with the assistance of this sail.

## THE COLOR WHEEL.

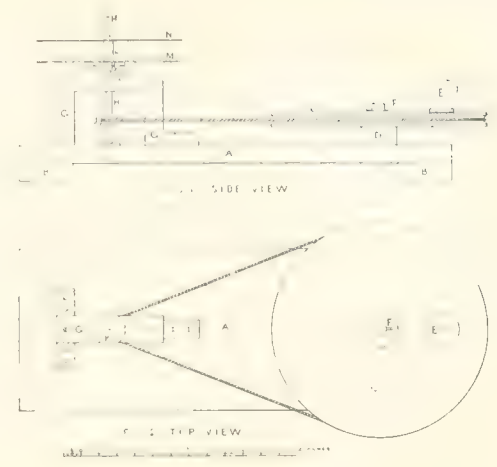
BY GEORGE ASHDOWN AUDSLEY.

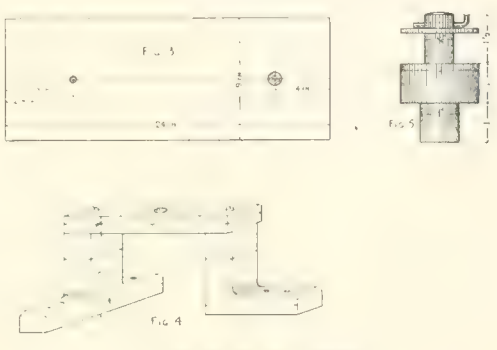
THERE is probably no piece of scientific apparatus which can be readily made by the young mechanic that affords so much amusement, combined with instruction, as the little machine I am about to describe and illustrate. Whilst its mechanism is simple, and its construction presents no difficulties to one who has undergone a little manual training, the effects it produces are both fascinating and startlingly beautiful.

If you will carefully examine the accompanying drawings, Figs. 1 and 2, you will see that the apparatus is of very simple construction, consisting of a wooden stand or support, a large wheel of wood, and a vertical spindle of steel, carrying a small pulley and certain other simple fittings, which I shall describe in due course. Fig. 1 is a side view of the apparatus in its complete state; and Fig. 2 is a top view, with the portions L, M, N (shown in side view) removed. These drawings have been carefully made to scale, so you will have no difficulty in correctly setting out and adjusting the several parts of the machine. You will proceed to make the Color Wheel as follows:

Procure a piece of white pine 2 feet long, 9 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, and plane it square and perfectly flat. To prevent its warping, and to serve as convenient supports, fix with glue and screws at the under side of its ends, bars of pine 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick. These are shown at B B, Fig. 1. Draw a centre-line on this board, and on a cross-line 5 inches from one end bore a hole $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter about half through the wood; at the distance of 4 inches from the other end bore a hole 1 inch in diameter through the board. Complete this preliminary work by drawing a cross-line between the smaller hole and the end of the board, 2 inches from the latter. The board at this stage is shown in Fig. 3.

The next proceeding is to form the bridge for the support of the vertical spindle. The construction of this you will readily understand from the general drawings and the accompanying perspective sketch, Fig. 4. It consists of a top piece of wood 6 inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $\frac{5}{8}$ inch thick, with a hole, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, bored through its centre, and two supports 3 inches high. You should cut these supports to the forms shown out of 1-inch thick wood, seeing that all the parts are true and square. Bore the projecting feet for $1\frac{1}{4}$-inch round-headed screws of medium gauge, and with similar screws attach the top piece to the supports in the manner indicated in Fig. 4. Now carefully adjust the bridge on the centre-line of your board, placing the outside of the double-footed support accurately against the cross-line you have drawn on the board. Test the position by dropping a round rod of





DIAGRAMS OF THE WHEEL.

wood ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter) through the hole in the bridge into the smaller hole in the board. If the rod stands vertical your bridge is in correct position, and you can screw it down to the board. The bridge is marked G G.

The next piece of wood-work is the driving-wheel, C (Figs. 1 and 2), and this you will probably have to procure from a practical turner. It is simply a disk of some hard wood, 12 inches in diameter and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, having a smoothly cut hole in its centre, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, and a V-shaped groove round its edge for the reception of the driving-cord. At the distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches from the centre fix a small knob, as shown in the general drawings. As the wheel has to be turned at a considerable speed in certain experiments, the knob should be made comfortable to the hand, and so as to revolve on a centre pin, which may be the shank of a thick screw.

You must now turn out of a piece of hard-wood the support and pivot for the wheel. This you will make in the form and of the dimensions given in Fig. 5. The lower part, $D^1$, you will glue into the larger hole in the board; while the upper part, $D^2$, which serves as the pivot for the wheel, you will fit carefully and easily to the centre hole of the wheel, and furnish it with a leather or card-board washer and wire pin, F, required to hold the wheel in position. Now mix a little powdered black lead into a thin paste with water, and paint the inside of the hole in the wheel and the surface of the pivot which is in contact with the wheel. When dry, the black-lead serves as a lubricant.

You have now to direct your attention to the vertical spindle and its simple accessories—the portion of the apparatus which should be very carefully made, because it has to revolve at great speed (between 500 and 1000 revolutions per minute), and with as little friction as practicable. As this spindle is the most important piece of the apparatus you have to make or get made for you, I

[illegible] Fig. 6 [illegible] its accessories [illegible] in section, upon it, and further shown in the ad[illegible] plan. The spindle, H, should be of steel, carefully turned and polished; and the small pulley, J, may [illegible] brass or boxwood, firmly fixed in the position shown [illegible] two square plates of brass about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, O O, must be drilled to receive the thinner portions of the spindle, and to serve as bushes for the spindle to revolve in. Small holes must be drilled in the corners of the plates, as shown in the plan O', for the screws required to fix them to the board and the bridge, A and G (see at O O in Fig. 1). The upper and thinnest part of the spindle should be turned perfectly uniform in size throughout its length, and well polished. On this is fitted very tightly the small turned tube of hard wood K notched at its edge, as indicated in the plan, K'. The whole is completed by the small turned bobbin of wood, L and L', which has a hole through its length, so that it can be slipped easily on and off the spindle at will. You can get the spindle made for a small sum at any machinist's, should you not have the means of turning it yourself. You must connect the wheel and pulley by a cord or gut band as shown in Figs. 1 and 2.

Having completed the mechanical portion of the Color Wheel, you have now to make the colored disks and the black perforated screens required for the experiments.

Procure some sheets of thick (six or eight sheet) white card-board or mounting board, and cut out several disks about 8 inches in diameter, having a $\frac{1}{16}$ inch hole punched accurately in the centre of each, so that they can be placed on the upper part of the vertical spindle, in the position shown at M in Fig. 1. It will only be possible for me to give here a few representative color treatments for these disks, to serve as guides, leaving ample scope for the exercise of your ingenuity and skill in the composition of others. As each disk is finished, place it on the spindle and down on the small wood table, K, Fig. 6, and then glue to its under side two small blocks of wood, fitting their ends into the two notches in the edge of the table shown in plan K'. These blocks are indicated, attached to the color disk, M, in Fig. 1

The first class of disks which I shall instruct you to make is that which does not require any special mode of illumination, direct daylight or gas-light being all that is necessary. Take a disk of white card-board, and with a compass carrying a lead-pencil draw a line 1 inch from its edge; then, with the same compass, draw on this line twelve circles, at equal distances, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, and paint them all black, red, green, or any other color, producing a disk of the kind shown in Fig. 7.

*Experiment* 1. -Place this disk on the spindle, and turn the wheel. The independent circles of color will entirely disappear, and you will see a beautifully shaded ring of color. This is due to the rapid superposition of the images of the colored circles on the retina of your eye, and the blending thereon of the white interspaces with the colored grounds of the circles.

You can now make other disks, placing other forms such as diamonds, octagons, squares, semicircles, etc.—upon them, instead of the circles, as illustrated. Every disk will produce a different effect of shading, and all equally beautiful. Extend your experiments by using disks similar to that illustrated in Fig. 7, but having the colored circles of two colors alternating, such as black and yellow, red and green, and red and blue.

The best pigments to use in the preparation of the colored disks are those sold in finely ground powder. You have simply to mix them with very weak gum water, and lay them on evenly with a soft brush. The colors you will require are vermilion, orange chrome, chrome yellow (medium), cobalt blue, French ultramarine, emerald green, lampblack, and flake white. Crimson-lake is required to produce purple, in combination with blue and white, and may be procured, as a moist water-color, in a tube.

The colored disks for the more striking experiments are made in a very simple manner. They are divided by lines, drawn from the centre to the circumference, into any desired number of compartments, which are then filled up with the different pigments. Fig. 8 shows a disk divided into three compartments, and arranged to receive the three so-called primary colors in their proper proportions—blue, 24 parts; red, 15 parts; and yellow, 9 parts. The blue should be a mixture of equal parts of cobalt and ultramarine, to which a little flake white may be added should the color be too dark. The red to be vermilion, or vermilion with a little crimson-lake to give it richness, and the yellow to be medium chrome yellow. Fig. 9 shows a disk divided into the proper spaces to receive the three primary and the three secondary colors—blue, 8 parts; orange, 8 parts; red, 5 parts; green, 11 parts; yellow, 3 parts; and purple, 13 parts. Form the green with emerald green, cobalt blue, and chrome yellow; the purple with cobalt blue and crimson-lake; and the orange with orange chrome.

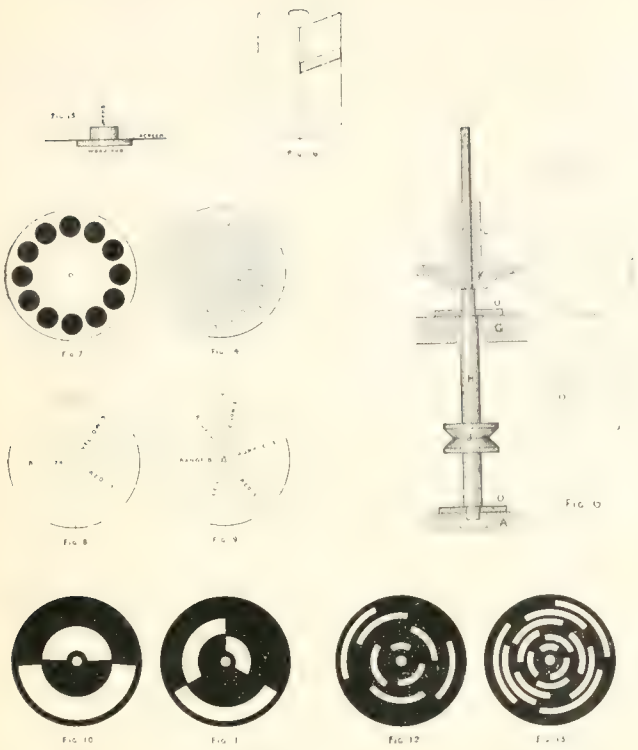
*Experiment* 2.—Place the disk Fig. 8 on the spindle, and turn the wheel. The three colors will disappear, and a plain disk very nearly white will take their place. If absolutely pure colors could be obtained, having the proper relative intensities, pure white would be the result.

*Experiment* 3.- Place the disk Fig. 9 on the spindle. On causing it to revolve with great rapidity the six colors will disappear, as in the preceding experiment.

These colored disks are the most generally useful in the greater experiments with the perforated screens; but you can form many other effective ones, introducing two, three, four, five, or indeed any number of colors.

I have now to give you brief directions for the formation of the black perforated screens which are required to develop the full resources of the Color Wheel. To make one of these screens, take a sheet of three sheet Bristol-board, and cut from it a disk 8 inches in diameter. Draw a circle, $\frac{1}{2}$-inch in diameter in its centre, for the reception of a small hub of wood, and then, according to the number of concentric segments you intend to cut out, draw other circles between the small central one and the circumference of the disk. A careful examination of Figs. 10, 11, 12, 13, and 14 will show you exactly what I mean. Fig. 10 requires three lines, and when two segments are cut, as shown, the screen will produce two colors edge to edge. Fig. 11 requires six lines, and, cut as shown, will produce three colors divided by narrow black lines. Fig. 12 requires nine lines, and, cut as indicated, will produce eight colors edge to edge. Fig. 13 is to be drawn and cut in the manner shown in the diagram Fig. 14. It will be observed that seventeen concentric lines are necessary, and that from the overlapping disposition of the segmental perforations concentric rings of sixteen different colors will be produced, edge to edge. When the screens are cut out you must paint them all over with lamp-black mixed with weak gum water, and when nearly dry, place them flat between sheets of blotting-paper, under pressure. You finish them by gluing them to small wood hubs, Fig. 15, which are turned with a hole through them, so as to slip easily on the spindle and without any friction. The position of the perforated screen when placed on the spindle is shown at N, Fig. 1.

Nothing now remains, to prepare the apparatus for the series of beautiful experiments in color harmony, but to provide a proper mode of illumination. To obtain the most satisfactory and brilliant effects it is necessary to throw a bright light on the surface of the color disk M, Fig. 1, without directly illuminating the upper surface of the perforated screen N. This is easily accomplished by means of two ordinary cottage lamps covered with boxes of straw-board, made as shown in Fig. 16. The



THE COLOR DISKS AND APPARATUS DIAGRAM

opening on the side is for the local emission of light from the lamp within, and it must be so placed as to let the rays fall directly on the face of the color disk M. The opening should be about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches high by the entire width of the box (say 6 inches). When preparing for the following experiments, place a box containing a lamp on each side of and as close to the color disk as possible. The light will strike across the disk from opposite sides, and, if the lamps are good, will brilliantly illuminate it. The black perforated screen will have its upper surface in shade.

*Experiment* 4.—Place the color disk Fig. 8 upon the vertical spindle, and drop the bobbin L on the spindle, pressing it down on the disk. Now adjust the lamp boxes so as to secure the fullest illumination possible, and set the wheel in motion. The three primary colors will disappear, as shown in Experiment 2. Now drop on the spindle, while revolving, the perforated screen Fig. 10. It will soon take up the motion of the spindle, and there will flash upon your astonished gaze two concentric rings of intensely brilliant color, while the screen will entirely disappear from the field of color. Touch the edge of the revolving screen, and the colors will instantly change.

*Experiment* 5.—Use in this experiment the color disk Fig. 9 with the screen Fig. 10, and you will have an entirely new series of perfectly harmonious colorings, and in endless variety.

*Experiment* 6.—Use color disk Fig. 9 with the screen Fig. 11, and you will have a series of three harmonious colors, separated by narrow rings of black. This effect is extremely brilliant.

*Experiment* 7.—Use color disk Fig. 9 with screen Fig. 12, and you will have a series of eight harmonious colors, with countless changes on touching the screen as it revolves.

*Experiment* 8.—Use color disk Fig. 9 with screen Fig. 13, and you will have a series of sixteen colors of the most refined and beautiful tints. It will be practically impossible to exhaust the combinations produced by this disk and screen. For a variation, use disk Fig. 8 with the screen Fig. 13.

The above few experiments will suffice to show the marvellous powers of the Color Wheel in creating effects of color on the retina of the eye. It must be left to your own ingenuity to extend them, by devising differently colored disks, and screens cut in different ways.

## THE CHESTNUT GATHERERS.

THERE is a certain indescribable charm about going a-nutting. The very word recalls pleasant experiences and a world of fun, and suggests a band of boys and girls tramping in field and woodland in the golden sunlight of October, climbing the trees, throwing sticks and stones, and returning home at twilight laden with the spoils of the day's hunt and work.

It is only the lazy and perpetually tired boy who does not want to go nutting. But even the indolent boys suddenly become active when they can earn some money by gathering nuts.

There are a few places in the country where the gathering of chestnuts has become quite a business, and where many young people find the chestnut harvest a source of profit as well as of pleasure. The mountains of the central part of Connecticut are covered with vast forests of chestnut-trees. Here, early in October, the harvest of the chestnut-tree is gathered year after year.

This chestnut-time is regarded by the young people as a kind of picnic, while it gives to the old folks the opportunity of making a few dollars. In many families the chestnut harvest is looked forward to with considerable interest. After the second or third heavy frost there is a family exodus to the woods. Father, mother, and children work together and have a happy time—all the happier for being a busy one.

The chestnut-gatherers are out in the woods at five o'clock in the morning, and remain there till it is almost dark. The usual way of gathering the crop is briefly as follows: The big boys or the men climb the trees and shake the limbs. This they do by standing as far out as they dare, and then, by holding to a limb overhead, they stamp up and down. The limb springs back with a snap, and the chestnuts come down through the leaves like a shower of hailstones. No attempt is made to gather the nuts while the tree is being shaken. The members of the party stand off at a respectful distance and look on. They are afraid of the keen-pointed burrs falling on the face, neck, or hands.

After the tree has been shaken one of the boys rakes up the leaves and burrs, and the place is well cleared. Then the chestnut-gatherers work along the ground on their knees. Each picker drops the nuts into a small canvas bag, which he or she wears around the neck. When the bag is filled the contents are emptied into a bushel basket or a large sack.

And so one tree after another is shaken and made to yield a valuable harvest. No sooner is one place picked than the party moves to another tree. The amount that chestnut-pickers will gather in a day ranges from three-quarters of a bushel for a slow picker, to two bushels for a rapid one. Of course much depends on the yield; a light crop makes slow picking. This year chestnuts were plenty, and the pickers could do a good day's work.

The chestnut-gatherers sell their crop by weight—fifty-six pounds to a bushel. The average price paid is about four cents a pound, or $2 25 per bushel. Thus the earnings of a family of four or five persons will often be as high as $10 a day. The season is short, and lasts about three weeks. The pickers would like it to continue for three months.

## TWO QUESTIONS.

THE Butterfly said to the Katydid,
"I always wondered why,
Since butter has no wings at all,
They say the butter fly?"

The Katydid replied: "Alas!
To me the reason's hid.
But can you tell me what it is
They say that Katy did?"



## FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.*

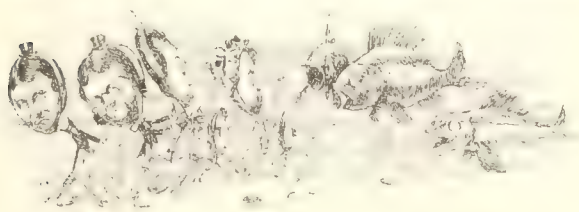
WE are little Lingulæ
From the bottom of the sea
We are humble folks, and such
That we cannot boast of much.
Yet the dawn of life did see
Our respected ancestry.

Since those early days of dawn
All our prouder friends have gone;
But in spite of sundry hints
We have changed but little since.
We're the aristocracy
Of the bottom of the sea.

Though our forms so tiny be
That their shape you hardly see,
Through the ages they have fanned
Building up the mighty land;
Working always patiently
At the bottom of the sea.

We are naught but Lingulæ—
Very humble folks are we;
But we've witnessed all the range
Of Creation's ceaseless change;
And we've had its history
At the bottom of the sea.

HONOLULU, H. I. WILLIAM B. OLESON.



## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

CARRIES THE MAIL AND FOOLS THE WOLVES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR. Sammy doesn't get along very well at school. He says it hurts his head like everything to study. He went to a circus once when he was a baby, and the jyraff was eating a cocoanut and dropped the shell on his head, and ever since that he has had ter'ble headaches. I asked him why he didn't tell the teacher this, and he said, "Teachers are pecoolier critters, and you gotter go easy on 'em"; so he told the teacher he fell down celler and hit his head on the pickle-jar, and she kind of excuses him if his lesson isn't very good.

When we were coming home from school yesterday Sammy says to me,

"Harry, was I wrong 'bout what bounds this country on the north, or was the teacher fooling?"

"You were wrong," says I.

"What 'd I say?" says Sammy.

"Siberia," says I

"I disremembered," says Sammy. "My head was pretty bad to-day where the cocoanut banged it. She said Can'da, didn't she?"

"Yes. And that's right, too."

"Prob'bly 'tis. But I thought she *might* be joking. I knew it was one of them cold countries. Pop was in Can'da once."

"Tell me what he did there, Sammy," I says.

"Well, he done a good many things. He was there all winter, and it was an awful cold winter. Pop says his teeth used to freeze together so he couldn't talk. But I guess mebby he was zaggerating. Pop says he has to watch hisself very careful, or he will get to zaggerating 'fore he knows it. But he said his eyelids would sometimes freeze together when he wunk outdoors, and that sounds more reason'ble.

"The snow was awful deep that winter too, and covered up 'most everything. Pop says when you was out walking you could hear the telegrams a-sizzling along on the wires down in the snow under your feet. Sometimes, he says, the message would freeze up, and the men would have to cut the wire and take 'bout a hundred feet of it in by the stove and thaw it out. It was very funny to see the sparks hopping off the end of the wire into the operator's knuckles as the telegram thawed.

"The snow being so deep and the weather so cold made the wolves uncommon bad, 'cause they got awful hungry, and they would 'tack anything they saw. Lots of people got et up by them. Mail-carriers 'specially got caught, 'cause they had to go through the woods where the wolves was thick. 'Most every day a mail-carrier was took by the wolves, till pretty soon the postmaster couldn't get nobody to carry his mail. The mail-carriers just drawed theirselves up, and they says to the postmaster, firmlike, 'Mister, we don't want to be et.'

"Well, the postmaster didn't know what to do. It was a long ways through the woods, and the man had to camp out two nights, which was when the wolves was the aptest to eat him. At last the postmaster he telegraphs to Queen—Queen—"

"Victoria," says I.

"Yes. He telegraphs to Queen Victory like this: 'Fourteen mail-carriers et. Other carriers don't like the idee. What shall I do? Yours truly, Postmaster.' Prompt the Queen answers back like this: 'Where is my friend Hopkins? He will carry your mail. Respectfully, Victory, Queen of England and Emperess of Egypt.' You see, she meant Pop, having knowed him when he lived in London.

"The postmaster comes to Pop and shows him the telegram, and says, 'Will you do it?' 'Yes,' says Pop. So Pop goes down to a fur-store, and says to the man, 'How much for the big stuffed polar bear in your window?' 'Two hundred dollars,' says the man. 'All right,' says Pop; 'send it to my house C. O. D.'

"Pop took the bear and put runners on it, just 's if it was a sled. Then he sawed a square piece out of its back, and put hinges on it. Then he took out the hay and sawdust it was stuffed with, and put in a couple of warm blankets. Then he hitched his hoss onto the runners, passed the lines into the mouth of the bear, got inside, and drove to the post-office, took in the mail, and started away into the woods.

"He drove along fast as he could all the afternoon, and 'bout sundown stopped for the night. He tied the hoss to the hind leg of the bear, and give him his oats. Then he crawled back in, and waited for wolves. In a few minutes they come, more'n a million of 'em, Pop reckons. But they was afraid to tackle the bear. Some of the more hungry ones come a little near, but Pop growled kind of savagelike, and they turned and run. Pop says he had more fun than a bag of monkeys growling and watching the wolves streak off yelping like to split. Then he went to sleep, and slept safe all night."

Sammy stopped, but I says to him,

"Seems to me your Pa would have been afraid the wolves would 'a' come up in the night when he couldn't growl, and find that the bear was dead."

"Well," says Sammy, "if you could hear Pop snore once you wouldn't think so. He snores like a alligater, and them wolves thought it was a little the crossest bear they ever seen. Pop carried the mail all winter, and they never touched him."

That's all there was to that story, Mr. Editor.

Yours truly, HARRY.

### THE REASON.

FIRST CROW. "Do you know, I think that small boy Tommie is just a crow like ourselves?"

SECOND CROW. "Indeed! Why?"

FIRST CROW. "His mother asked him why he'd done several things the other day, and what do you suppose his replies were?"

SECOND CROW. "I give it up. What?"

FIRST CROW. "'Cause.'"

* "Among the earliest forms of animal life were the *lingulæ* of the lowest fossiliferous rocks. This genus has continued through all the series of formations, existing with little modification of other forms have been introduced and spread far and wide, while hundreds of species which have long since disappeared have left no trace of their existence." — *Johnson's New Encyclopædia*.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

# THE QUEENDOM OF GIRLICA.

## ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE Old Sailor sat looking out over the sea with a peculiarly pensive expression on his countenance. The two boys sat beside him gazing at him with deep anxiety. He had just made an astounding declaration, and it had filled his two young friends with mingled excitement and sorrow.

"Wot 'd you say," he had asked them, "if I was to go fur to tell you that I were goin' to sea ag'in?"

"You don't mean that you are going?" cried Henry.

"That are edzackly wot I does mean."

"But why?"

"'Cos there is some things I got to settle in my mind afore I kin rest ashore fur the balance o' my nateral life. I want to find out ef that there African king's darters has growed up civilized or cannibals. I want to go and see wot are become o' Thaklebolan's kingdom. I want to see ef I kin discover the Boyking Islands ag'in. I want to know ef that feller are still holdin' onto the North Pole. An' most of all, I want to know ef the queendom of Girlica are still runnin'."

"The queendom of Girlica!" exclaimed George. "What's that?"

"Didn't I never tell you 'bout that?"

"Why, no," said Henry.

"I told you 'bout the Boyking Islands, didn't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, the Queendom o' Girlica are — but I'll begin at the beginnin' an' tell it straight. 'Cos w'y? This are the last yarn wot I'll go fur to tell ye afore I git under way fur furrin climes."

After pausing a few minutes to allow this statement to take due effect, the Old Sailor took a long look around the horizon, heaved a sigh, shook his head, and began thus:

"W'ich I hope I may never eat pie ag'in ef this 'ere weren't the werry identical way wot it happened. I were master o' the ship *Fried Clams*, bound from Philadelphy to Yokohama with a cargo of Philadelphy ice-cream, scrapple, an' peppermint lozengers fur the Japanese department o' edikation to use in edikatin' their women. We was bound around the Horn fur the Pacific, an' we



[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

sez she, 'there's the dress debates.' 'Wot is them?' sez I to she, sez I. 'They is werry excitin',' sez she to me, sez she. 'Twicet a week,' sez she, 'we meets in the great public hall, an' the Lady High Chancellor presides, an' the Fust Maid o' the Chambers acts as secretary. We all sits aroun', an' looks kind o' uncomf'table till some lady sez she doesn't care, or somethin' like that, but she's goin' to have her nex' dress made with accordion-pleated insertion down the bias, an' leg-o'-mutton flounces.' Mebbe them wasn't her edzack words, but it sounded like 'em. 'Waal,' she went on, 'as soon as some one sez somethin' like that, then we all begins to talk at once about dresses, an' how we like 'em made, an' how we're goin' to, an' all that; an' it's jest too puffickly lovely fur anythin'. An' bymeby the men-servants comes in an' passes around cake an' molasses an' soda-water, an' then we goes home.'

"'An' wot kind o' games does you have?' I axed her. 'Oh, lots an' lots,' sez she. 'There's cuttin' samples that's a lovely game.' 'How d'ye play it?' sez I. 'W'y,' sez she, 'we're blindfolded, an' have a pair o' scissors. Then we're turned around three times, an' started off Wotever we run up ag'in we try to cut a piece off fur a sample. Sometimes we cut corners off the lace curtains, or leaves off the plants, but wot we tries to do, o' course, is to catch some other woman, an' cut a piece off'n her dress.' 'But don't that spoil her dress?' sez I. 'O' course,' sez she, 'but then don't she have all the fun o' goin' shoppin' fur another? But the finest o' all our games are the game o' barg'in counter.' 'An' how d'ye play that?' sez I to she, sez I. 'W'y, fust of all,' sez she, 'we all dresses up in our walkin' costumes, an' then we goes down to the great store-house. The doors is kep' closed, an' we all crowds aroun' outside tryin' to git in. The men inside set out a lot o' goods on the counter, an' go to work markin' down the prices. We kin see 'em through the glass doors, an' we all gits excited. W'en they're all ready they hangs up a sign, "Barg'in Sale," an' throws open the doors. Then you ort to see the fun! Some women gets knocked down an' walked on, others has their dresses torn all to pieces, an' others gits some o' their ribs broke. 'Cos w'y? The game are to see who can git to the counter fust, an' grab the marked-down goods. Interference are allowed, an' sides is chosen sometimes. Anyhow, six or eight women kin make a team an' work together. You jest ort to see me an' my three sisters, each five feet ten inches tall, an' weighin' a hundred an' seventy-five pounds git in line one behind the other, an' butt our way through the crowd with heads down. It's jest too awfully deliciously sweet, that's wot it are!' 'W'y, that are a good deal like football,' sez I. 'I don't know nothin' about no football,' sez she, 'but barg'in counter are the finest game on 'arth.' An' her eyes flashed as she thought about it.

"Jest then a gal in a blue bonnet, with a gold star on the front of it, comes along. 'That are the Chief o' P'lice,' sez Miss Bock, sez she. The Chief she comes right up to us, an' she sez, sez she: 'The Queen's orders is that these 'ere strange men wot you've captured is to onload that Philadelphy ice-cream right away, so's it can be et with the cake afore goin' to bed to-night. Arter that they is to be taken an' sot to work in the chewin'-gum shops.' Then the Chief walked away, swingin' her fan like it was a club. Waal, I made up my mind that I'd got to git myself an' my crew out o' that country o' Girlica. 'Cos w'y? 'Twarn't no place fur men. So right away I thought o' a beautiful scheme, an' sez I to Miss Bock, sez I, 'Ye mus' know that this 'ere Philadelphy ice-cream wot I got ain't no plain waneller; it are tutti-frutti, that's wot it are, an' you'll find it putty rich.' 'Oh,' sez she, 'that are jest splendid.' Werry good. I goes off to my ship, an' I sot the crew to work a-puttin' the scrapple an' the peppermint-drops right into the ice-cream. W'en they got through it was the tutti-fruttiest ice-cream wot ye ever seed. Did them gals eat it? Waal, I jest guess they did. An' about the middle o' the night the entire female pop'lation o' Girlica was laid out with more different kinds o' cramps than any doctor ever heerd of. An' so with the p'lice force an' the army so helpless they couldn't do nothin' but lay on to their backs an' kick, an' holler fur hot-water bags, I had nothin' to do but to steal boats, git my crew off to the ship, an' git under way. An' that were the last I ever seed or herd o' the queendom o' Girlica."



"YES, THE CAP'N WERE A WOMAN."

## AN EGYPTIAN CIRCUS.

BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

FOUR hundred and fifty miles above Cairo, on the east bank of the Nile, lies Luxor, a small town with a few thousand inhabitants, which owes its importance to the fact that it is situated close to the ruins of the great temples of ancient Thebes, that magnificent and stately city of old, with its one hundred gates and twenty thousand chariots of war.

As our dahabeeyah drew up to the landing-place of this town one afternoon in March we were greeted with the usual babel of sound attendant on all Nile landings: donkey-boys, dragomans, and venders of spurious antiques vying with each other to attract the attention of the traveller, and, if possible, to divert his backsheesh.

Among those who boarded the dahabeeyah as soon as the gang-plank was laid to the shore was a man in a gay-striped kûftan and red tarboosh, who distributed little slips of freshly printed paper amongst the tourists, reading as follows.

**NOTICE**

Arabic Circus

AT 9 P.M. EVERY NIGHT

In consequence of the second performance which will be this evening at nine o'clock P.M. We beg you kindly to give us a call and you will be pleased of our play which is introducing of many novels and surprising scenes, consisting of amusing Horses and Camels etc. change daily

IN THE BAZAR

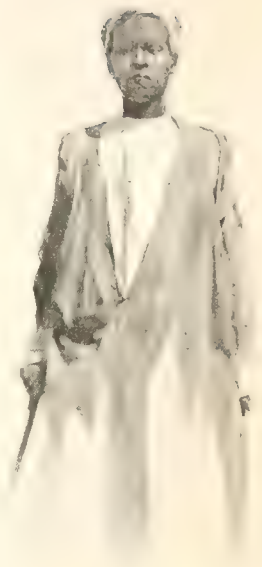
ADMISSION TWO SHILLINGS.

To one unaccustomed to Eastern scenes all out-of door [illegible] a mammoth circus, with camels, drom[illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] to see [illegible] scenes would [illegible] are called, and mounting a big white donkey, rode through the narrow, hot, and dusty streets toward the [illegible]

It was the market day, and the streets were filled with merchants who had sold their stuffs and embroidered clothes, spices, dates, sugar-cane, camels, donkeys, buffaloes, and sheep, and were investing some of their profits in the merchandise of the town or making their way toward the tent where the circus was to take place, the direction of which was indicated by a sound of monotonous piping and beating on small drums. Mahmoud, my donkey-boy, ran along by my side, keeping up a cheerful flow of conversation in broken English, and expatiating upon the merits of his donkey, which, like all other donkeys which had been recommended to me, was the best in all Egypt, no other being so fast, so willing, so sure-footed, and so intelligent. The donkey in the mean time, doubtless realizing the utter impossibility of ever being all that his master claimed for him, was far from living up to the character so generously provided for him by his enthusiastic proprietor, being slow and stubborn, and stumbling over every loose stone in the road. Mahmoud's cries of "Yallah aigrè!" (go on faster) would not provoke him to speed, nor would the frequent invocations of "U'a riglak!" (take care of your foot) prevent him from stumbling.



AT THE LANDING.



MAHMOUD.

[illegible] it was early [illegible] which Mahmoud informed [illegible] commenced [illegible] eight and [illegible] I accepted an invitation to stop for a moment at his house and take a cup of black coffee which his wife would prepare, so my donkey was presently halted in front of a low stucco building, and I dismounted and was ushered into a dark bare white-washed room, with a small divan at the side, and a bright-colored rug partly hiding the dirt floor. After throwing open the shutters of the small unglazed windows set high in the wall, Mahmoud disappeared, in order to prepare his family, and render them presentable as far as possible. In a few minutes he reappeared with his small brother Moustapha, a little brown midget about five years old, who was already learning to write, and had brought his slate with him in order to exhibit his accomplishments. The slate consisted of a rough sheet of ordinary roofing-tin, upon which the little scholar, sitting cross-legged on the floor, scrawled some Arabic characters with a pointed stick, which he dipped from time to time into a little pot of thick black ink. After Moustapha had given this proof of his learning and skill, and had been rewarded with enough piastres to keep him in sugar-cane for a month, the little wife appeared; she was a tiny thing, not more than thirteen years old, with a frightened look in her dark eyes. Young as she was, this tiny little wife in the European gown, which Mahmoud had brought her from Cairo, had a baby of her own, which was presently brought in for my inspection, and Amineh, for that was the little mother's name, seemed for all the world like a little girl with a new doll.

Through a crack in the half-closed door leading into the small court-yard at the rear I could discern other members of the family, who were evidently unprovided with company manners and company gowns, and so could not make their appearance in the reception-room. Mahmoud pointed out to me his widowed mother, saying: "He my mudder, every day he cry. He no marry again. He think it much shame for him if he forget my father."

After the little cup of black coffee, thick with grounds, we bade Amineh good-night, and proceeded to the tent where the circus was to be given. As we approached the place we passed a group of guileless-looking Bicharinés from the Soudan, who had come down with camels for sale, and were now endeavoring to add to their gains by singing to the accompaniment of rude stringed instruments and soliciting backsheesh.

Two great torches flared at the entrance to the circus tent, and Mahmoud and I placed ourselves at the end of a line of blue-gowned, turbaned Egyptians, and filed in and took seats close at the side of the ring, where we could obtain an uninterrupted view of the whole performance. Ali Moorad Effendi, the United States consular agent at Luxor, sat beside me, and acted as my

interpreter. Numerous oil lamps suspended about the tent shed a rather feeble light over the rows of cheap seats at the further side of the tent, where the greater part of the audience, in blue and brown gowns, red tarbooshes, and green and white turbans, were crowded together on the narrow boards. A little bright-faced bit of a girl about four years old was playing on the ground at the entrance of the dressing-tent, and my friend, Ali Moorad, who is a liberal and regular patron of art, and makes a point of attending the circus every night during its brief season, calls my attention to the little tot, and says:

"He smart girl; he make small dances; he know all 'bout it."



FOUR BLACK MEN FROM SOUDAN APPEAR.

Then there is a flourish of trumpets, and a small Egyptian boy comes out, clad in tights and spangles, and walks and dances on the tight rope, while a native clown endeavors to amuse the audience by going through the same motions on the ground. Then come the snake-charmers and jugglers, who handle hooded cobras and charm them into obedience by weird notes on a long pipe. A trained horse finds the handkerchief which has been hidden in a box, and restores it to its owner. A Japanese juggler does some clever tricks, and then four black men from the Soudan appear, and while two of them twang away on curious harps of rude construction, the other pair go through a queer pantomimic dance; they wear curious black frowsy wigs, and have girdles about their waists covered with shells and highly colored beads. A weird and unmusical Egyptian band struggles with the "Marche Boulanger" during the intermission, and the audience, which consists almost entirely of Egyptian men—only two tourists being present in the rude stranger's box at the side—light cigarettes and wait patiently for the second part. This consists of a play acted by the two clowns. As Ali Moorad explained it to me it was very amusing, and the audience, to judge by the frequent laughter, was highly delighted with its humor. One of the clowns produces an old table-cloth, which he tries to sell to the other, as he has "finish money," and wishes to get more, that he may go to the bazar and buy food. The prospective purchaser points out the holes and defects in the cloth, whereupon the first claims that it is all the more valuable for that reason, as it is an "antika."



THEN COME SNAKE-CHARMERS AND JUGGLERS.

This provokes the laughter of the many venerable gray-beards in the audience who live by selling "genuine antiques," which are manufactured by the ton in Luxor, to the guileless and unsuspecting traveller. Failing to convince his friend of the value of the table-cloth, the clown proposes another scheme by which money may be raised. Clown number one suggests that clown number two shall stretch himself on the ground, as though dead; this done, number one covers the body with the table-cloth, and commences the wildest lamentations, which soon attract the attention of a kind-hearted passer-by. The clown manages between the throes of his grief to explain to the stranger that his brother has just died, and that he is disconsolate, as he has not the money to provide a proper burial, or a head-stone for the grave. The kind-hearted traveller sympathizes with him in his sorrow, and hands him a purse of gold. At this the mourner bursts out in

a fresh storm of weeping, wailing, and lamentations, [illegible] is out of sight, he turns hand-springs of delight at the success of his ruse. Meanwhile the other clown has risen, and [illegible] a division of the spoil, which is objected to by the [illegible] to try the same ruse a second time. This is done, and a [illegible] stranger is about to hand a purse to the sorrowing brother, when the cupidity of the corpse is aroused to such an extent that he rises from his winding-sheet and seizes the money, and is out of sight in an instant, to the bewilderment of the benevolent wayfarer, the dismay of his accomplice, and the intense amusement of the Moslem audience.

This ends the programme, and I mount my white donkey and ride back toward the Nile in the moonlight, which is so bright that you may distinguish color by it, the oranges shining like gold among the green leaves of the trees as we pass gardens sweet with the smell of roses in the cool night air.

## FELIPE CHERIDAN VINGATE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### PHILIP PROVES A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE wounded Indian boy was indeed Philip, and the knowledge that he had again turned up in Company D, and was a second time wounded by a member of it, and this time fatally, perhaps, spread through the lines of defence, and inspired every soldier with a desire to repair to the camp-fire and do something to aid in preserving the life of the boy.

Only the strong sense of duty inherent in the soldierly nature kept Private Tom Clary on post and prevented a relaxation of his vigilance when he learned that he had possibly killed Philip Sheridan Wingate.

But things were not so badly off. At the camp-fire the Captain and first sergeant carefully searched for a wound which could account for the insensibility of the boy. The blood which had trickled down the face led the exploring fingers to a slight abrasion on the top of the skull. There was no other wound. It became perfectly evident that the boy had received a tremendous shock—a shock which had plunged him into a state of unconsciousness. Ammonia and spirits from the medical supplies were applied, and soon a tremor of returning consciousness was felt to thrill his limbs, and soon afterwards he opened his eyes and appeared to recognize his friends.

"Ah, Philip, my boy," said Captain Duncan, as soon as the boy was quite restored to his senses, "Company D seems to give you a good deal of trouble. But we are all glad to see you again, and we are anxious to learn how you came here."

"That is a long story, señor—one that you have no time to hear," Philip replied. "A flanking party of two hundred Comanche warriors is stealing to your rear, while the main body and the Arapahoes chant war-songs to divert attention and cause you to think they are not intending an immediate attack. You must leave without delay, for in— How long have I been here?"

"Nearly an hour," replied the Captain.

"Then in two hours they will be upon you."

"Leaving here is not so easily accomplished, Philip, with Arapahoes on one flank and the Comanches on the other, and the party you mention in the rear," answered the officer. "The sky only is open to us, and we have no wings."

"The tribes have communicated with each other over the mesa," continued the boy. "When the flanking party gets behind you they will make a general attack."

"But I know of no way out, Philip. I must make a good fight here."

"I am here to serve you, señor. I know the country well. Pack your animals and gather your men, and I will guide you safely."

"But if you know the country so well, cannot you lead us where we can cut up one of these attacking parties and score an advantage?"

"I am an Indian, sir, and the Comanches are my friends. I will aid the soldiers, who are also my friends, but I cannot lead one against the other. I am waiting to show you the way."

Captain Duncan asked himself if it would be prudent to trust this Indian boy, and looking into his frank and handsome face, decided it would. Orders were issued to prepare to march. The men on the precipices were called down and the mules packed. Wood was heaped upon the fire, that the flame might give the enemy the impression that the soldiers were still holding the camp, then all began to move into the ravine west of the spring.

While these preparations were going on, Captain Duncan asked Philip if he was able to march, telling him if he was not he could ride the horse of the courier.

The boy confessed to feeling weak, but said he left a pony tied to a yucca a short distance back of where he was fired upon, and would go for it. The Captain did not think it prudent for him to do so, and sent a man instead. The soldier returned in a few moments, leading a beautiful black horse of finer shape and proportions than the common Indian mount.

The officer mounted the cavalryman's horse and the boy his pony, and the two led the retreating column over the route which had been partially explored by Duncan. At several places the packs had to be removed and carried by hand to higher elevations and the animals pulled and boosted over obstructions. Fork after fork was passed, some of them leading into ways not discernible to unpractised eyes, compelling an admission from the Captain that but for Philip he would have gone astray.

Before the company had gone far gray streaks appeared in the eastern sky, and when they had reached the summit of the trail the men saw, far down a precipitous declivity to the left, a large party of mounted Indians hurrying in the direction of the spring. Sergeant Conway ran forward to his Captain, saying,

"If the Captain will let me I will take a few men out on that spur and pick off some of that party."

"I had thought of that, sergeant," replied the officer, "but after a request made by Philip, and on account of the service he is rendering us, I believe I will go on."

Here a proposition came from the boy himself.

"Señor Capitan," he said, "may I show a white cloth to my friend Comenclate below, and hold a talk?"

"Certainly, Philip, if you wish. They have just caught sight of us."

The company was brought to a halt and a rest, and the Indian boy, accompanied by the Captain, advanced to the end of a spur commanding a clear view of the valley. A thousand feet below a band of two hundred Comanches also stood at a halt. Duncan waved his handkerchief, and two men promptly separated from the main body and began working their way up the rugged slope to the foot of the perpendicular wall upon which the soldiers were resting, within easy conversational distance.

One of them, the chief Comenclate, was an elderly man of dignified bearing, his head plentifully besprinkled with gray. He bore across his saddle-bow a Winchester rifle, and in his belt a long hunting-knife. His horse was reeking with sweat caused by the forced effort to flank the soldiers before daylight was well advanced.

The interview was opened by the boy, who appeared to

be earnestly explaining something, making frequent gestures toward the company. The chief replied at considerable length, and then the conversation dropped into short questions and answers until it ended. With a farewell wave of his hand Comenclate turned, descended the slope, and rejoined his party. A few moments later he resumed his march in the direction of the spring.

The Captain returned to his command, and went back to the mule-train to examine the packs. While doing so the head packer, a Mexican, said:

"Did the Comandante understand what Felipe and Comenclate were saying?"

"Only an occasional Spanish word," was the answer.

"That Felipe is a good boy, señor. I lived at the Comanche Agency five years, employed as interpreter. I know their language well. The boy told the chief he wanted to receive a white man's education, and fit himself to teach the useful arts to his people. He said he bore the name of a great white chief, and he felt it his duty to be worthy of it. He said he was with men who were his friends—men who had promised before the altar of the Great Spirit to be his friends. He sent his thanks to Sheshenote, the brave Comanche chief, for the protection afforded himself and mother, with the assurance that he would never raise his hand in warfare against his red brothers of any tribe, or assist his white friends to do so. He promised, if he should receive an education from his white brothers, to return to his people, and spend his life in teaching them other arts than those of war."

"What did Comenclate reply?" asked Captain Duncan.

"He reminded Tuscahogontle, as the Indians call Felipe, that the widow of the brave Navajo chief Lepowah, had become the wife of Sheshenote, that her son had been adopted as his own and made a sub-chief of the Comanches, and that his allegiance and devotion belonged to him. He cautioned him against becoming the friend of the white man, the man who never kept faith with his red brother, and besought him to return with him to Sheshenote, assuring him that if he would do so he, Comenclate, would pledge his life that his present mistaken act should be overlooked. The boy refused and bade him good-by."

The soldiers resumed their march, and as the Captain and Philip rode at the head of the column the officer asked the boy to explain his mysterious disappearance from the Fort Sumner back yard years before.

"My mother and aunt spirited me away, assisted by male relatives, with a couple of ladders from the trader's store," replied Philip. "Both the soldier and I slept soundly, and it was not difficult to take me from the bed and over the wall without noise. I was taken to a distant part of the reservation."

"But we searched the reservation thoroughly next day, and found no sign of you," observed the Captain.

"It was not difficult for my mother's friends to avoid or mislead the searchers for a time. Preparations for her escape from the reservation were soon completed, and on the third night we joined a band of Comanches, who were in waiting outside the cavalry pickets. We reached their country safely, and a year afterwards my mother became the wife of the principal chief, Sheshenote. She died two months ago."

"How well you speak Spanish, Philip!" said the officer.

"It is my mother-tongue in one sense. From infancy until I was ten years old I heard no other, and I lived with and was taught by an educated man."

"Still, I am surprised that after a seven years' residence in an Indian tribe you retain any knowledge of it. You speak it better than most Mexicans—your pronunciation and choice of words are better."

"Thank you, señor. I learned Castellano from the father. After my capture I became fond of my mother, and from her learned Navajo, and from the tribe Comanche. The second year of my life there, a gentleman from Mexico, a political refugee in hiding, joined us, and I became his pupil. He was kind enough to say that I have learned as much as most Mexican boys of my age—boys of the upper class."

"Did you have school-books?"

"Yes. Señor Ortiz was in communication with Mexican friends. Books were bought in Chihuahua, and brought to the Comanche range by an Apache."

"Strange vehicle of knowledge! A godless, graceless, cruel Apache!" said the officer, looking long and curiously at the intelligent boy at his side. "Your seventeen years of life have been filled with startling incidents, Philip," he continued. "I wonder what remains in store for you."

"I hope it may be a life of usefulness to my people," the boy replied.

"There is still something left unexplained. How did you know that Company D was in Dead Burro Pass?"

"A Mexican renegade told me. He accompanied the Arapahoes from the Arkansas. I knew of the plans to massacre the soldiers, and made up my mind to save them."

"And very nearly lost your life in doing it."

"A good many lives besides mine were saved by that miss."

"Yes, your death last night would have caused the death of us all. We could not have escaped."

A pause of several minutes followed, and Duncan asked,

"Do you wish to return to Padre Velasquez?"

"He is dead, señor."

"I had not heard of it."

"He died a year ago."

"What do you think of doing?"

"I would like an opportunity to earn the means of going to an American school. I would like to know English."

"Philip," said the officer, after several moments' reflection, "I think your desire can be gratified. A boy who has learned so much under such difficulties can certainly do well if he has half a chance. I think I can afford you a chance."

Late at night the company reached the North Fork, and the following morning moved down the stream and joined Captain Carter's command. It is not necessary to follow the events of this war farther. Peace followed a battle disastrous to the Indian alliance, and Captain Duncan, severely wounded, was ordered with his company and regiment to take post at Fort Harker.

Philip Sheridan Wingate accompanied Company D, and soon after his arrival at the post a tailor and barber changed him, except in complexion and some facial angles, into a civilized boy. By descent he was already more American than his fellows.

During a considerable period of convalescence Captain Duncan taught his protégé from English school-books, finding him an earnest and ambitious pupil. Associating intimately with the sons of officers, and joining in their sports, it was not surprising that Philip soon learned the language of his playfellows.

At the end of the year the Captain had fully recovered his health and been returned to duty. Hostilities had broken out with the Indians of the Northwest, and he had been ordered to hold his company in readiness to move. In this contingency he contemplated sending Philip to school, and sat in his quarters one evening canvassing ways and means.

Duncan was without income save his salary, and generous drafts were made upon that for support of two orphaned sisters. He realized with some anxiety that the expenses of a boy at a first-class school would compel still closer economies upon his part. He was think-



THE CONFERENCE.

ing of asking the authorities of some denominational school to make special rates for the boy, when his thoughts were interrupted by a knock on his door. To his "come in," Sergeant-Major Rounds entered, and asked:

"May I speak to you, sir, about our godson, Philip Sheridan Wingate?"

"Be seated, Sergeant-Major," said the Captain. "I was thinking of Philip when you entered, and how I can manage to send him to school."

"That is what I came to see about, sir. You have done well by him since he rescued D Company from the Burro Pass trap. He says he is fitted for advanced standing in school."

"I think he is, Sergeant-Major."

"But you are only one of the godfathers, sir. There's seven of us left in the regiment besides yourself, and we want to do something for the boy, although we can't expect to put in the hard work you have. We've been talking it over—Sergeant Conway, Corporal Clary, Privates Hoey, Evans, Roach, and Rafferty—and we think we can raise a handsome sum in the Fifth to pay the lad's way. We don't want our boy to accept charity, sir."

"Won't he be accepting charity of the men if they do this?"

"Not a bit of it, sir!—not a bit of it!" replied the Sergeant-Major, emphatically. "He understands us, and will not offend us by saying it. We'll be making but a small return for a service rendered Company D. But for Philip's aid the men's bones would be bleaching in that cañon."

"There's little doubt of that," observed Captain Duncan, grimly—"bleaching, or gathered by comrades into a common grave. Yes, yes," he mused, "a debt of gratitude. We owe the lad an education."

"Pay-day will be next week, and if the Captain will obtain permission of the Colonel, we'll undertake to raise a dollar from each man."

"Very well, I'll see the Colonel to-morrow."

"Will you act as treasurer?"

"With pleasure, if the godfathers desire it."

"They do. Thank you for the other six and myself. We'll keep the boy going till he gets through. The whole regiment is interested—sort of brevet godfathers, you know—and you'll find the officers will catch on to what the men are doing, and add something handsome."

And so, indeed, they did. The Colonel gave a cheerful consent to the proposition of the godparents, and on the evening of pay-day Sergeant-Major Rounds handed Captain Duncan treasury-notes sufficient to pay two years' expenses at school.

On a beautiful September day Philip Sheridan Wingate stood on the platform of the railroad station at Fort Harker, taking leave of his friends, with a ticket and baggage-checks in his possession, for the seat of a famous military school in the North, where a lieutenant of the Fifth was on duty as commandant of cadets. Company D was present, and as Philip passed through the groups, shaking hands with each man, every one had a kindly word for him. He remained on the rear end of the last car, answering the waving of hats and handkerchiefs until he was out of sight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# THE NEW ELEVATOR BOY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

HOW to account for it, except by saying that there was a new elevator boy on duty that day, I do not myself know, nor could Jimmieboy explain it in any better way. The boy who usually ran the elevator in the hotel, and who was called the Brownie by Jimmieboy's father, because he was short and as brown as a berry, having been born that way, had taken a day off and gone raspberrying up on the mountain, and his place had been taken by this funny-looking little fellow with whom Jimmieboy had the singular experience. He wasn't dressed at all as elevator boys generally are. He had a little peaked cap, for example, one that looked like a small boy's picture of an Alp, on the point of which every once in a while he would stand, holding his legs up in the air, and whirling around for all the world like a howling dervish upside down. Then, instead of having long blue trousers like those the regular boy wore, with brass buttons on his coat, the new boy wore black tights that clung to his legs as though they thought they were gloves; his coat was a little swallow-tail coat with silver buttons, and on his feet were a pair of shoes that came to a point, and then curved up in the air like the runners on a sled.

It was probably because of the strange appearance of this elevator boy that several guests in the hotel declined to let him take them up to their respective floors, preferring to walk up rather than to run the risk of being carried up through the roof by a lad who might possibly not know how to stop the elevator when it had gone far enough. Jimmieboy, however, had no such fear as this. He was too tired to walk up stairs, and, furthermore, he was beginning to feel quite interested in the boy who stood on his head and twirled like a top. It wasn't exactly suitable behavior for an elevator boy, to be sure, but it was the kind of behavior to arouse the interest of a small man like Jimmieboy. So he stepped aboard the elevator, sat down in one corner of it, and smiled at the new conductor.

"What story?" asked the new boy.

"Fairy story," said Jimmieboy, who was fond of his joke.

"All aboard!" cried the new boy, slamming the door to and pulling the rope.

And then it all happened.

The elevator started upwards, and the new boy, leaving the rope, skipped lightly over to where Jimmieboy was sitting, and sat down alongside of him.

"Who told you to say that?" he asked.

"Say what?" asked Jimmieboy.

"That you wanted to go to the fairy story?" returned the boy.

"Oh, I just thought I'd say it," replied Jimmieboy.

"Well, you've got a fine thinker, you have," said the boy. "It requires a very stroadinary kind of a thinker to think out thinks of that kind. In fact, you are the first who ever did it, to my knowledge, and of course you are going to get your reward. I dare say you thought you were just joking, but we Gnomads, we take jokes seriously, and seriouslies we take jocosely."

"What's Gnomads, and what's seriouslies?" queried Jimmieboy.

"One at a time, as the man said when he was asked to carry two pianos out of the parlor," returned the boy. "Firstly, what's a Gnomad? Well, I'm a Gnomad. They're wandering gnomes or fairies, who are sent out of Fairyland into your world to see if they can't help people to have a good time, and to teach 'em that it's a good thing to take jokes seriously and seriouslies jocosely. Truly, seriouslies are things that aren't jokes by any means, like mumps and measles and fractions. They are serious things, like troubles and trials and tribulations. What we Gnomads want people to do is to laugh at troubles, to see the funny side of mumps, the humor of measles."

Jimmieboy laughed. "I've had the mumps, and I never saw the funny side of 'em. They hurt like everything. I wish you'd show me the funny side of mumps, or measles, either."

"Very well," said the elevator boy. "Let me see your mumps and I'll show you their funny side."

"I haven't any now," Jimmieboy began.

"Well, hand me a measle, then. I'll point out the humor of that to you," said the Gnomad.

"Hoh!" cried Jimmieboy. "I haven't any measles, either."

"Well, you *are* a queer fellow," said the Gnomad. "Asking me to show you the funny side of two things when you haven't got the things. You might as well ask your father to show you the inside of his watch when he hasn't any watch. Furthermore, mumps do not, as you say, hurt like everything. The only thing they hurt like is mumps. They don't hurt like having a horse step on your foot, or like burning your hand with a firecracker, or stubbing your nose against a lamp-post, but they hurt enough, and having had a half-dozen of 'em in the course of my life, I don't want any more. If you could only tame them like rabbits, and keep 'em away from you, locked up in a cage, they'd be pleasanter as pets; but as for me, I'd rather have almost any kind of a pet than a mump."

Jimmieboy gazed at this strange elevator boy in astonishment. He talked so queerly. The idea of having a




"PRETTY, ISN'T IT?" SAID THE GNOMAD

"Go on," he said, as soon as he could speak. "Talk more. I never heard a talker like you before. What else do you Gnomads do?"

"Oh, we have different kinds of work," replied the Gnomad. "It all depends on the people we're working for. For instance, in March, if we see a good man walking down the street and his hat comes up and tries to blow his head off, we put on our invisible coats and fly down and sit on his hat till the wind dies out. Or if he happens to be a bad man and needs to be punished, we fly down and help the wind blow the hat off. Sometimes we help people who have to write poems for a living by putting ideas into their heads. I know one poet who never had an idea in his life of his own making, but he's written nineteen books of the finest kind, all made up from ideas we've given him. We just took a fancy to him, don't you know."

"That was very nice of you," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh no," said the Gnomad. "It wasn't very nice of us, because we're doing that sort of thing all the time. It's part of our business. You see, we never eat anything. We live on happiness, and there's nothing brings you in so much happiness as doing what you call very nice things for other people. Why, the years I had charge of our dream factory I got rich enough to keep me in happiness all my days, with a great plenty to leave to my children, if I ever have any."

"The dream factory?" said Jimmieboy. "What is the dream factory?"

"What? Didn't you ever hear of that?" said the Gnomad. "Dear me! why, that's as old as the hills! You see, there are lots of poor people in your world who'd love to have nice things, but can't because they haven't any money to buy 'em. They'd like to have little houses in the country to live in, with gardens for their children to play in. Some of 'em would give a great deal just to spend a week off on a farm. Then at Christmas-time there are countless small boys and girls who never have any toys to play with, and the chances are they never will have unless some kind-hearted person comes along and gives them a penny or two to go and buy toys with, and even then it is very likely that the children, instead of buying the toys, will have to buy bread and butter with the money. You perhaps never thought of it, but there are thousands and thousands of little youngsters in this world of yours who haven't the slightest idea what soda-water is, and who never even saw a glass of pure milk.

"Now, if we could, we Gnomads would give 'em all money enough to buy not only their bread and butter and their soda-water and their little houses off in the country, but their toys too. Everybody would have all that was good for 'em to have, and they'd all be happy. But, you see, we can't give 'em the money—that is to say, it wouldn't do any good if we gave them squillions of it, because our money disappears faster than a five-cent piece in a candy shop. I'll show you what I mean. Here, take this dollar."

Jimmieboy stretched out his hand, and the elevator boy placed a shining coin in his palm.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said the Gnomad.

"Very," said Jimmieboy; "but I don't see what you are driving at."

"Wait and you'll see," returned the Gnomad. "Toss that dollar up in the air, and see what becomes of it."

Again Jimmieboy did as he was told. The coin was tossed into the air, and, singularly enough, disappeared entirely.

"Why, where did it go?" he cried, in astonishment.

"It didn't go anywhere," returned the Gnomad. "It wasn't really a silver dollar; it was an imaginary dollar, and that is just the trouble with the money we fairy people have. It's all imaginary. You think you have a dollar when you really haven't. Sometimes people who aren't fairies, and who go to Congress, want to have the same kind of money that we have; but they'd be very sorry after a while if they did, because they'd find it would disappear twice as quickly as real money does now, and just as like as not, before long it would be just as hard to buy things with as our money is. If you are a fairy, imaginary money will satisfy your needs, but real people need real money. So, you see, we couldn't do poor people any good by giving them the kind of dollars we use, so we give 'em dreams instead, and in order that the dreams shall be good ones we make them ourselves at our dream factory. At Christmas-time if we find a poor little waif in the streets, we follow him around and wait until he falls asleep in some open doorway, and then we send him down a dream that makes him think he lives in a fine house, and has lots of toys and warm clothes and plum-pudding and all that, and for the time that he sleeps he is just as happy as if he had all those things, and he pays us for our trouble with his happiness."

"But s'pose he wakes up—what then?" asked Jimmieboy.

"That's where your work ought to begin," returned the Gnomad. "We do all that we can for him while he is asleep, although he isn't one of our tribe at all. When he's awake, as a rule we can't get at him; but if you'd take hold and do something for him when we leave off, think how much happier he'd be. We make him happy when he's asleep; you might try to do it when he's awake; and if an imaginary dream can do so much for him, what lots and lots of things a little real attention would do."

Jimmieboy became very thoughtful as the Gnomad said this. It had never occurred to him before that giving away happiness was the best way to save happiness for one's self. It seemed a little queer at first, that one could grow rich in anything by giving that thing away; but as he thought it over it got to be quite simple after all.

"If I had heaps of money I'd do heaps of good things with it," he said. "But I can't save very much. I don't believe I've got more 'n four dollars in my bank now."

"What?" cried the Gnomad. "Four whole, real dollars?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "Is that much?"

"*Is it!*" said the Gnomad. "Much? Well, I won't answer that question, but I'll tell you who will answer it. When we get back you take that four dollars and send it to the people in New York who send little children off to the country for two weeks for three dollars apiece, and then when the little boy or the little girl that your money has enabled to romp on a farm for fourteen days, eating bread and butter and good beef, and drinking real fresh milk every day—when this child has got back again you go to him or to her, as the case may be, and ask if four dollars is much. They'll tell you, and they won't have to think very long about the answer, either. Just try it."

"I will," said Jimmieboy. "I'll ask papa to send the money down to-morrow."

"Good," said the Gnomad. "Your little trip to the fairy story has done some good, and I'm glad you went."

"But—I—I haven't been to the fairy story," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh yes, you have; and we've just got back," said the Gnomad, clutching the elevator rope and stopping it. "The fairy story began the minute we started, and I hope you liked it. Good-by."

And turning a funny little handspring, the Gnomad disappeared, and Jimmieboy found himself sitting in the

elevator on the office-floor of the hotel, alone, and rubbing his eyes as if he had been asleep.

"I wonder if he was a 'maginary Gnomad?" the little fellow asked of himself; and then, after thinking deeply for a minute, he added: "One part of it 'll be real, anyhow. My four dollars 'll go to the Fresh Air Fund, if papa will tell me how to send it."

And it did, with enough more to send ten little children off from the heated city streets into the cool country lanes for a fortnight, and I am quite convinced that if Jimmieboy ever asked them their opinion of the value of four dollars, they would tell him that, as far as they were concerned, it was a most precious, blessed fortune.

## CONCERNING PINS.

PINS have become such a necessity to us all that we find it hard to realize that there ever was a time when they were not used. Indeed, that time is so far away that we do not know its date; for many hundred years they have been in use; millions are now made and sold every day, and how many are daily lost we cannot even guess. "What becomes of the pins?" has long been an unanswered question. All that were used in this country during the last two centuries were brought here, but now we have our own manufactories, and no longer have to depend upon either France or England for our pins.

In the year 1741 we read that in England twenty-five workmen were successively employed in the making of each pin, beginning with the drawing of the wire, and ending in the sticking of the pins in papers ready for sale. English pins were the most esteemed, and next those made at Bordeaux in France.

One article of the laws of the ancient pin-makers of Paris was that no maker should open more than one shop for the sale of his wares, except on New-Year's eve and New-Year's day; then the court ladies obtained money from their husbands, and flocked to the shops for their yearly supply of pins; hence the term "pin-money," which, when pins became more easily obtained, ladies spent in other luxuries, but the term "pin-money" is still in use.

So long ago as the year 1347 a royal Princess had twelve thousand pins delivered from the royal wardrobe for her use, and in 1400 the Duchesse d'Orléans purchased of Jehan de Breconnier, *pin-maker* of Paris, several thousand long and short pins, besides five hundred pins of English make; thus we find how long ago pins were made, and were in use in great quantities, both in England and in France. So we can well understand how, when this country was young, pins were to the colonists a very essential part of their outfit, and when sending to the mother-countries for different articles of household use pins were never omitted from the lists. We find in an old Boston newspaper an advertisement dated May 11, 1761, setting forth that John and Thomas Stevenson had imported, among other commodities, pins and needles.

As time passed on, and taxes increased, pins were taxed with other things. We all have read how our great-grandmothers did without one thing after another that had been so necessary to their comfort rather than submit to the unjust and oppressive taxes—you all know about the "Boston tea party." Of course pins had to be given up; this was a serious privation, and something had to be found to take their place. I will tell you how more than a hundred years ago one little colonial boy contrived to give his mother a substitute for the English pins that she missed so much.

In the year 1776, one bright morning, a boy of about fourteen years of age was wandering over the hills that overlook Haverstraw Bay, on the Hudson, stooping to pick something small growing on the broad ledges of rock by the way-side, and slipping what he gathered in his pocket; soon he seemed satisfied, and bounded down the hill to his old home by the river. When he reached there he found his mother talking to a distinguished-looking man, noticeable for being more plainly dressed than the men of that day usually were. The boy quietly slipped what he had brought into his mother's hand, and, the visitor's curiosity being excited by her surprise and pleasure, he asked what the treasure was. "Pins," said the boy—"thorns from the prickly-pears that grow on the rocks along the highway up on the hill." "Give me some," exclaimed the visitor; "I am on my way to France, and I will take them with me, and I will show the French that a nation that grows its own pins can never be conquered." For this distinguished-looking man was Benjamin Franklin, and he had stopped on his way to New York to see the father of this boy before he started on his mission to France.

So you learn from this that we do not value things that we have every day until we lose them, and then we learn to make the best of the opportunities about us, hitherto neglected, and to utilize what comes in our way. This true story of the pins is a good story for American boys. We know what Benjamin Franklin did for America, but whether he showed the prickly-pear pins to the French history does not tell us; but he took them with him to France, and certain it is that he convinced the French that this nation could *not* be conquered.

## TOM RILEY—MESSBOY, CAPTAIN, AND MATE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

Part I.

THE handsome British steamship *Mersey*, Captain Dawson, 2200 tons, built of iron, and loaded with cotton for Liverpool, lay in the Mississippi River off New Orleans, ready for sea. Her steam-winch was hoisting the anchor, and all the eighteen members of her crew were busy, except two. One of these idle persons was Captain Dawson, who was lying helpless in his berth with a broken leg. The other was the boy whose name was last on the crew list, "Tom Riley, messboy."

Tom Riley, of New York, the messboy, having nothing better to do at the moment, stood leaning over the rail, taking his last look at New Orleans. He looked with some interest at the steamer, too, for he had never been on board of her before that morning.

"It's rather a roundabout trip," he said to himself, "to go home to New York by way of Liverpool. But any port in a storm. I haven't been in Liverpool for 'most three years, and I might as well go there as anywhere. There's always a chance between Liverpool and New York."

As the ship dropped slowly down the river, Tom Riley gave a farewell look at the greatest city of the South, and sitting down by the galley door, fell to work scouring a heap of cooking-pans. Though his name was on the crew list, and he was large for his sixteen years, and well made, still he did not look, sitting there barefooted and coatless, like a boy who in a few days was to command the vessel, and set the whole nautical world to talking.

While he worked away, whistling, a young man stopped near him and began to talk. This was Dave Lewis, the third engineer, just off his watch. Probably it was Tom's youthful appearance that attracted Lewis, for the young engineer was not more than twenty himself.

"Work while you can, lad," Lewis laughed. "You'll soon be too sick to work, when we get into the gulf."



"BUT WHAT IS THE GALLEY TRICK?" LEWIS ASKED.

"Don't you believe it," Tom retorted. "I'm no lubber; I know the smell of salt water."

"Where have you been?" the young man asked, incredulously.

"Well, three years ago," Tom replied, "I made a voyage to Liverpool in a cattle-ship; helped tend the cattle, you know, and they gave me a passage both ways. Then a year ago I stowed myself away in a German tramp, and landed in Bremen. There was where I learned my great galley trick."

"Galley trick?" Lewis interrupted. "What's that?"

"Oh, that's a little invention of mine," Tom laughed. "It's a grand thing, too, for I can get on almost any freight ship with it, and go wherever I like. You see, my father is chief engineer of a tugboat in New York Harbor, and I get a chance to make trips with him sometimes. I learned to cook in the tug's galley, and learned some other things on her too."

"But what is the galley trick?" Lewis asked. He was interested in the young cook now, since he heard that Tom's father was an engineer.

"I'm coming to that," Tom answered. "In Bremen I wanted to get home, and I went to about a dozen captains and asked for a job, but they all fired me out. Then I just happened to think of the galley scheme. Of course the captains didn't want to bother with me. Why should they? But if I could get a word with the cook, and show him how useful I could be in the galley, doing all his rough work for him, he'd want me along; and he'd ask the captain to take me, and that would settle it; for the cook is a big man aboard ship if he's a good one.

"Well, I tried that," Tom went on, "and it worked beautifully. I've never known it to fail. I cooked my way home from Bremen, and two weeks ago I cooked myself down to New Orleans in a fruit schooner. Now I'm going to cook my way home again by way of Liverpool."

"If I was your dad, I'd give you one good lesson not to run away," said Lewis.

"Oh, I don't have to run away," Tom exclaimed. "He says I've got to make my own way, and hustle around for a living. He likes to have me go. I'm going to ship before the mast in another year or so."

The cook interrupted the conversation by calling Tom into the galley, and the ship continued her course down the river, and in a few hours was in the Gulf of Mexico. She steamed slowly to save coal, and nearly three days passed before she turned northward into the Straits of Florida, to run between the Florida peninsula and the Bahama Islands. Here she had the benefit of the Gulf Stream, and that saved more coal. In another day she was out of the straits and in the broad Atlantic, her bow pointed northeasterly toward Liverpool.

Tom had many opportunities to talk with the third engineer. Young Lewis told some of his sea experiences, and the two soon became intimate. With fair weather and a sound ship fitted with every modern appliance the voyage promised to be a safe and pleasant one.

But a volcano was slumbering beneath their feet. Among the thousands of bales of cotton in the ship's hold there was one bale with a tiny spark of fire in it; and this spark smouldered and spread until it needed only air to fan it into a terrible blaze. Knowing nothing of this, one of the sailors was sent to open the No. 2 hatch for some purpose. The hatch-cover had not been raised three inches before the sailor sprang back with that terrible cry at sea:

"Fire! Fire!"

No need to ask where it was, for a thick cloud of black smoke poured from the hatchway.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" came from all parts of the ship.

"Lower that hatch!" Mr. Ringgold, the chief mate, shouted. But the men were already doing it, to keep the air from the hold.

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap! rang out the ship's bell. This called the men to their fire stations. The crew were well drilled, and in an instant every man was at his post. Steam-pumps were at work, lines of hose crossed the deck, donkey-engines were put in motion.

But what could all the pumps do with a cargo of cotton on fire? Tom Riley, having nothing to do with the working of the ship, was called aft to carry messages to the disabled Captain, and bring the Captain's orders to the mate. No. 3 hatch was cautiously opened, and another cloud of smoke poured out. It was the same with No. 1 and No. 4; the fire seemed to have spread all over the hold.

For thirty-six hours the crew heroically fought the fire, playing a dozen streams of water through holes in the hatches. So much water was thrown into the hold that the load line was submerged by several feet, and the heavy ship rolled like a log. But instead of diminishing, the fire increased. The iron decks grew hot. It was impossible to pour in more water without sinking the vessel. She was a doomed ship, all thought, when her engineers and firemen were driven from their posts by the heat, and she was headed under sail for the island of Abaco, lying S.S.E., to save the lives of the crew.

A few hours later Tom heard a hurried consultation between the disabled Captain and his chief mate. The cabin was stifling hot, and the captain chafed under his helplessness. It was decided that the ship could not reach Abaco; the great heat might warp her plates at any moment, and they would all be carried to the bottom. There was nothing left but to abandon the vessel and take to the boats.

"See yourself to provisioning the boats," the Captain ordered the mate. "You are sure of our position?" he asked.

"Latitude 28° 2′ north, longitude 78° 26′ west, at noon, sir," the mate replied. "That makes us 86 miles from Abaco, and about 115 miles from the Florida coast. But I don't give her more than an hour to float, sir."

"Then we must make for Abaco in the boats," the Captain said. "For my part I should rather go down with the ship. I don't care to live if I lose my ship."

"There's more ships," the mate replied; "but you've only one life, Captain."

A moment later Tom heard the order given on deck to provision the boats; but it was no sooner given than it was countermanded, for a sail was seen bearing down upon them, attracted by the smoke. It was the first sail they had seen for two days, and they would ask the ship's captain to take them off. No need even to set the distress signal in such a cloud of smoke.

While the crew were preparing to leave the ship, Tom Riley was busy thinking; and he lost no time in sharing his thoughts with his friend the young third engineer.

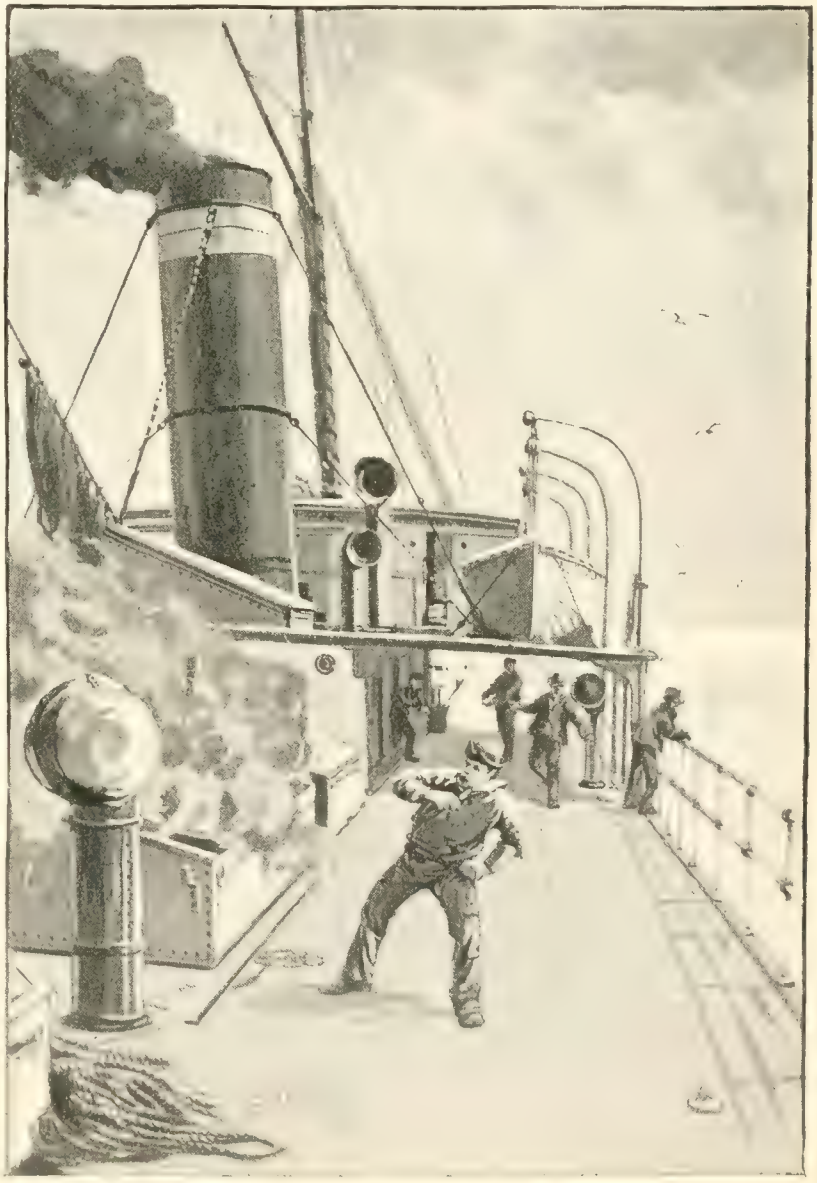
"Do you know how to handle the ship, Mr. Lewis?" Tom asked him.

"Oh, I could make a try at it," the engineer answered.

"There's a chance here—a slim chance," Tom eagerly proposed "to make a great strike. If the crew leave the ship, she's abandoned. Anybody who saves her or any part of her cargo is entitled to salvage. There's just a chance that she might be run ashore and some of the cotton saved, for cotton burns slowly. I'd like to stay aboard and take the risk if any of the men would stay with me."

"Well, you're a plucky youngster!" the engineer exclaimed. "I've a notion it's worth trying. If it came to the worst, we could take to the boats ourselves. I'll speak to Henry Whittaker about it. He has plenty of pluck, and perhaps he'll join us."

Henry Whittaker was a young sailor, and he was willing to risk his life in the adventure. But the Captain and chief mate would certainly have forbidden such a dangerous experiment if John Turner, an A1 seaman, holding a second mate's certificate, the best man before



A THICK CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE POURED FROM THE HATCHWAY.

[illegible] stepped forward at the last minute and offered to join the forlorn hope. This competent man's [illegible] was accepted, and it was decided that Tom Riley, messboy, Dave Lewis, third [illegible] and Henry Whittaker and John Turner, able [illegible]

[illegible] proved to be the [illegible] bark *Morro* [illegible] for New York, and within an hour Captain Dawson and thirteen of the crew [illegible] to her and were on their way to New York, leaving the four venturesome ones alone on [illegible] deep, with a fiery furnace between them and [illegible]

## CHRISTMAS WORK FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"THERE is an awful money famine, an' Santa Claus is very poor this year," I heard a boy of five years tell his sister.

Older boys and girls will agree with the little man's statement, and perhaps be glad of some economical suggestions for preparing their Christmas gifts. The first thing in my note-book is a photograph mount, and experience shows that even very simple frames are generally received with applause, because they are a constant necessity, and likely to continue so as long as the pretty fashion of exchanging pictures prevails.

A very pretty frame for the cabinet-size portrait is made by taking one of the twelve-cent glass mounts with an easel back, and covering the edge of the glass with a ribbon an inch and a half wide doubled down the centre, and put on like a binding; a few stitches where it turns the corners will keep it in position. On one corner should be a flat bow drawn through a steel or Rhine-stone buckle, or a rosette without the ornament may cover the join of the ribbon, which should be at one of the upper corners.

One who has some skill in painting may leave off the ribbon, and decorate the glass with violets or other small flowers, put on in groups or following the edge like a vine.

A photographic reproduction of some famous picture can be bought cheaply, and mounted first in a rough mat and then in a plain flat pine frame, which the home artist can tint and then adorn with small painted wreaths of forget-me-nots tied with painted imitation of pale pink ribbons with fluttering ends, which are carried down upon the glass, where it covers the picture-mat.

No better present can be made for a friend one is willing to take some trouble for than a writing-pad. It is an article of especial use to invalids unable to sit at a desk, or for travellers, as it is easily packed in a trunk. The foundation is a piece of thin wood; if over three-quarters of an inch thick it is apt to be clumsy and too heavy to hold comfortably; twenty-two inches by fourteen is a convenient size. A piece of dark billiard-cloth should be tacked over the face of the board with brass-headed nails set closely together to form an edge, or plain tacks may be used with a covering of furniture-gimp studded at regular intervals with silver fleur-de-lis nails. In the centre of the covered board are tacked four little triangular bits of morocco with nails to match those on the edge. These corner-like bits are arranged at the proper distance to hold down blotting-paper of the usual letter size. Several sheets should be put in to make a good background for writing on, and so that a fresh sheet will appear when the top one is defaced and torn off. Running all across one side of the board is a pocket of the material opening toward the blotter. On the other side of the board are six flat pockets, one just beyond the other. These are for holding envelopes, postal cards, telegraph blanks, address and memorandum books, postage-stamp case, and other writers' necessities. Above the blotter are straps to secure pens, pencils, sharpeners, erasers, paper-cutters, etc.

So far these suggested gifts can be made by either boy or girl, but making a handkerchief-case comes peculiarly under the head of woman's work. This one differs from the regulation affair of that name, and is therefore desirable as a novelty. The foundation is three squares of stiff pasteboard, one of them having a square piece cut out of the centre, leaving an edge like a picture-frame an inch wide all around. The squares are all neatly covered on both sides like the covers of needle-books. One side may be of plain silk and the other of rich brocade. A strip of the latter material four inches wide and forty long is gathered at the top and bottom, and sewed to the square which forms the bottom of the bag or case, and to the one which has the cut-out square. The other whole square is fastened by loops of silk representing hinges to one side of the top to make a lid. The handkerchief can be slipped into the opening, and the puff is deep enough to allow room for a dozen at least of folded handkerchiefs. As a matter of economy the squares can all be covered with plain India silk except the outside of the lid, which should match the puffed sides. It sounds extravagant to say the puffed piece should be of such rich material, but the quantity needed is small, and perhaps the maker may find among her treasures a Roman or satin sash, which will serve the purpose admirably.

A useful gift for a friend who goes often to the theatre is a little bag for holding the opera-glasses. The simplest form is made of plush, with lining of silk or chamois-skin. The top is like a work-bag, with a frill and casing for drawing-string. The bottom is a piece of pasteboard of narrow oval shape, a little longer than the wide part of the glasses. This should be covered on the right side with plush, and on the inside with the lining material. The upper or bag part is neatly sewed to the bottom piece without being gathered. Instead of plush, satin may be used for the outside, and before making up it may be decorated with embroidery. A very pretty one that I saw last week had the owner's initials worked in yellow silk and enclosed in a circle of tiny forget-me-nots.

## SKATING ON PNEUMATIC TIRES.

THE very latest way of travelling along country roads is to do it on skates with wheels. The wheels have pneumatic tires, and the sensation of the skater is said to resemble that of one who treads on air. He does tread on air, really. None of the drawbacks of winter skating can bother the voyager on pneumatic-tired wheels. He may potter around as long as he likes over the process of putting on his skates without any fear of numb finger-tips or a red nose. For your skating wheelman has no need of frost. All seasons are alike to him. He can skate just as well in August as in December.

Pneumatic skates have not yet arrived in this country. They will soon be here, though, and if they are half as pleasant to use as their inventor declares, we may soon expect to see the pneumatic hundred-yard dash and long-distance races on our programmes of athletic sports.

A Scotchman named H. J. Wilson is the inventor of the pneumatic-tired wheel skate. Probably he is the very canniest of canny Scots or he would not have thought of so economical a method of travel. He says that any one who can walk can skate, and that on his wheels you can go ahead three times as fast as a walker, and without using any more strength. Mr. Wilson induced a titled lady of Kirkcaldy to use a pair of his skates. As she was a fine athlete, she had no hesitation in trying them. Encouraged by successful little trial trips along halls and garden-walks, she soon tried her fortune by skating out on the highroad. The road was



SKATES IN USE.

macadamized, and she found the skating very pleasant. Now she does her shopping on skates. The fame of the little wheels soon spread to Glasgow, and the result has been that suburban doctors and clergymen go skimming along on pneumatic skates on errands of mercy and charity. Scotch roads are better than our American roads, as a rule, but the time is not far distant when we will have the best roads in the world; and meantime we have enough good places to give the skates a fair trial.

What do they look like? The picture gives you a very good idea. Each skate has two wheels, which have light but strong metal cores, to which the pneumatic tires are attached. The frame of the skate is of metal, is as light as possible, and comes up higher than the ankles. There are more straps than one uses on ice skates. They are no more difficult to use than the old-fashioned roller skates.

Those who have tried the skates long enough to become expert say that they like best to skate on a level hard-packed road with a gritty surface—like a cinder path or a macadamized road. An exhibition of the skates was held a few weeks ago at the Royal Aquarium in London, during which the public had a chance to see experts on the wheels, and to try themselves, if they liked.

The price of the wheel skates is rather high—from $17 to $27 a pair—but if they are to become popular the price must be reduced, of course.

The possibilities of fun with these skates seem almost unlimited. They can be used on any road where a bicycle can travel. Perhaps the day is not far off when summer skating parties will travel from town to town without any more labor and with twice as much fun as old-fashioned walking tourists.

THE GREEN BOY.

He was so very, very green,
It strangely came to pass
The cows came up and ate him,
For they thought that he was grass.

## A PENNY PARTY.

WE had all grown so bitterly tired of the usual forms of amusement that the mention of progressive euchre, speculation, or other meaning legend in the left-hand corner of an invitation called forth expressions of weariness rather than joy. On one occasion "music" was the significant word, and as one's interpretation of that term may reach anywhere from a banjo to an opera prima donna, according to one's taste and training, varied were the anticipations and lively the conjectures. Andrea, who had been saturating himself with newspaper reports of Leoncavallo, fully expected *I Pagliacci* unabridged. Enough to say it was a *kinder symphonie*, where each player valued liberty more than death, but forgot the other national motto about "united we stand."

After that, Andrea and Symposia, both being of a social, gregarious disposition, decided to venture upon an entertainment themselves. "It must be something quite different from these things we've been attending," said Andrea.

"Then we must originate," returned Symposia. "Ring for the tea things and we'll discuss it."

With the tea-tray came a bolt of ribbon Symposia had sent for, and the change in pennies. "Andrea," she said, suddenly, while pouring tea, "I've just thought of a conundrum—why are snakes like pennies? All heads and tails."

"You've given me an idea," said Andrea, in the ponderous manner of one whose brain is dreaming dreams or evolving future realities. "We'll make the penny the central idea for our party. Take it as a basis, and work from it—or toward it. See here, look at one of these cents and see how many things there are on it. We will make out a list of them, give them equivalent terms, and let people guess."

From that tea-drinking grew a most novel evening entertainment which we called a penny party. Each guest was given a half-sheet of paper folded in the middle, and provided with a stiff card-board cover slightly decorated and bound to the paper with a narrow blue ribbon. Onto this was tied a penny previously bored to admit a narrow ribbon to pass through. On the sheet of paper was written a list of the things to be found on the penny. It cost Andrea and Symposia much thought. The "key" copy was finally arranged like this, but the distributed copies omitted the right-hand column, which must be supplied by the players:

| | |
|---|---|
| A weapon | An arrow. |
| Name of an animal | Hare (hair). |
| What our forefathers fought for | Liberty. |
| Name of a flower | Tulip (two lips). |
| Name of a fruit | Date. |
| A rowing term | Feather. |
| What we love | America. |
| Name for an ocean | Sea (C). |
| Place of worship | Temple. |
| A messenger | One sent (one cent). |
| A mode of voting | Ayes and noes (eyes and nose). |
| A beverage | Tea (T). |
| Part of a vegetable | Ear. |
| A gallant | Beau (bow). |
| An act of protection | A shield. |
| A punishment | Stripes. |
| A term of marriage | United State. |
| An ancient reward | Wreath. |
| Part of a hill | Brow. |
| An occupation | Milling. |
| Messages from the absent | Letters. |
| An aborigine | Indian. |

Symposia was for putting in "a policeman—a copper" and "a story—tail," but Andrea ruled these out as unpardonable slang and descending to the level of the *kinder symphonie*.

Pencils were supplied, three-quarters of an hour was stated as time limit, and every one went to work for glory and for—prizes. "We will offer no booby prize to encourage vagrancy," said Andrea, who took such grave views of ridiculous trifles that Symposia was never sure if he jested.

At the end of the time the papers were marked with the name of the owner, and given to Andrea for examination, that he might determine the prize-winners.

"You are responsible for making a miser of me," said some one on departing. "You have given me such an appreciation of the value of a cent that I shall never spend another without a sense of immense loss."

HELEN C. CANDEE.



DUDE. "Hello! guess that fellow's asleep. I'll wake him up."



APE. "What's that?"



"Wake me up, will you?"



"Well, how do you like it?"

HE WOKE HIM UP.

## OVERHEARD ON THE LAKE.

"Well," said the Canoe, with a sigh of relief, "I'm glad the summer's over. I've been awfully hard worked."

"I like that," put in the Paddle. "You hard worked! You didn't do a thing unless I forced you to do it."

"Yes, I did," said the Canoe. "The morning I got loose and drifted!"

"Humph!" said the Painter. "You didn't do that until I took the trouble to come untied."

"Exactly," said the Water; "and I had to hold you up while you drifted. All you did was to let yourself go. There is just about as much work in drifting as there is in falling off a roof."

"I never fell off a roof, so I can't tell whether you are right or not," said the Canoe. "Anyhow, I'm tired, and I'm glad the summer is over."

"So am I," said the Angle-Worm. "I was in fear of my life all the time those fishing boys were up here. They tried to get me on a hook, but I managed to wiggle out of it."

"That's true enough," said the Canoe. "I remember what the boys said about you. They said you were more of a squirm than a worm."

"You wouldn't have caught anything if you'd been used for bait," said the Trout. "We don't like you down our way."

"I'd have caught a ducking," said the Worm, with a grin.

"And I'd have caught the fish—eh, Wormy?" cried the Fish-hook.

"No," said the Canoe, "you wouldn't. You'd have hooked the fish, but I'd have caught 'em finally. Has anybody seen the Bridge lately?"

"I saw him last night," said the Row-boat. "He was crossing the Inlet."

"He's awful slow, that Bridge," said the Paddle.

"Slow?" asked the Painter.

"Yes. He's been crossing that Inlet for ten years now, and he hasn't got any further than the other side in all that time. By-the-way, what's become of the Scow?"

"I'm up here," cried the Scow, from the shore. "The boatman pulled me in yesterday."

"When are you coming out again?" asked the Paddle.

"I don't know. The Tin Dipper has promised to bail me out, but he's pretty slow about it."

"You oughtn't to have sprung a leak," said the Dipper. "If I bailed you out you'd steal more water from the Lake, and get yourself in trouble again right away."

"It wasn't I that did the leaking," said the Scow. "The Lake leaked into me."

The Boats all laughed. "You're right about that, Scowy," they cried. "The Lake is the worst intruder we ever met."

"That's right," cried the Lake; "blame everything on me. You're an ungrateful crowd. Here I support the whole lot of you, and what do I get in return? Blame and derision. But I'll fix you," he added, with an angry ripple that made itself felt on the opposite shore. "When I freeze up this winter I'll tie you all up so tight that you won't be able to move for ten years, and nobody 'll be able to thaw you out without burning you to ashes."

Saying which, the angry Lake, with a splash to emphasize his wrath, summoned his largest Wave, and commanded it to land every Boat in the place high and dry on the shore. This the Wave did, and the Lake subsided.

As for the Boats, they were so frightened and ashamed that, as far as I have been able to find out, they haven't spoken since.

### WILLIAM ON EXTRAVAGANCE.

"Papa," said Willie, "aren't you stravagant?"

"In what way, my boy?"

"You spend a hundred dollars sending me to school for a year. Fifty dollars would buy toys enough to keep me going for two years."

# HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



## FELIPE CHERIDAN VINGATE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES A. CURTIS, U.S.A.

### CHAPTER V.

### PHILIP CHOOSES HIS CALLING.

IT is unnecessary to follow in all its details the career of the Indian boy at the Shatigan Military Institute. He became a "new yap," and formed one of an awkward squad under a straight and self-confident cadet corporal; he was inducted into a gray uniform, and went through the usual vanities consequent upon its assumption; he was assigned to a company, and soon became distinguished for his military bearing and the excellence of his drill in the manual; he was confirmed in the beautiful chapel by the Bishop of the diocese, a distinguished pioneer missionary among the Indians of the

[illegible] Captain of the best company of the battalion.

[illegible] to Captain Duncan, which was regularly [illegible] men.

[illegible] broad and level parade-ground. According to long custom, there was to be a competitive drill for the colors at the annual Commencement in June, when a committee of army officers from the neighboring fort would decide which was the best-drilled company, the best-drilled artillery squad, and the best-drilled cadet in rifle and saber practice.

The commandant walked about the field, from company to company, correcting errors, and suggesting movements now and then; but the actual detail-work was done by the bright young cadet officers, whom four years of almost daily exercise had made nearly perfect in drill and ability to instruct.

It was still an open question in the corps which company would carry off the honors. Each was well officered, and each was especially distinguished for some particular feature. Captain Wingate was a close disciplinarian, demanding exact observance of rules and painstaking attention to drill. His reports were sure to cover every deviation from correct soldierly and gentlemanly demeanor. A few of the cadet privates in his company were bitter in their criticism of what they were pleased to consider unnecessary strictness, often wishing that the First Lieutenant could have command.

In private some of the most impatient, those most frequently on punishment squad for inattention, talking in ranks, turning head, raising hands, answering back, and other delinquencies peculiar to military schools, declared it their intention to "give the drill away" when the contest came off. They would "show the red-skinned martinet that he could not drive a lot of white boys around as suited his fancy."

It must not be inferred from this indignant outburst of a few uneasy spirits that Philip was looked down upon by his fellow-cadets. He was an expert baseball and football player, and to him more than to any one else in the institute was to be attributed the last season's victories over the neighboring academies and colleges. The graceful bearing of the men of his tribe, which distinguishes the Navajo as the aristocrat among Indians, distinguished Philip among his fellows. His camaraderie when off duty and buoyancy of spirits constituted him a pleasant companion on excursions, as well as a popular member of the athletic clubs; while his high rank in scholarship and efficiency as a drill-master, and trustworthiness as an officer, made him the peer of the best.

The drills continued through April and well into May, it becoming evident that Company A was creeping slowly and surely to first position. The other cadet Captains appealed to their men to "brace up," or they would lose the honors.

One bright Sunday morning in early May the young ladies from the neighboring school of St. Agnes made one of their periodical visits to Shatigan, and were seated on the front seats of the Memorial Chapel. The seats faced each other from opposite sides of the central aisle, rising successively to the walls. The organ played a military march, and Company A entered with feet clicking on the tessellated stone floor in time to the air, filed to the left up a cross aisle into its seats, and came to a halt and parade-rest. Next followed Company C to the other side, then B and D on the flanks of the first two. The march then merged gradually and softly into a sacred tune, and from the vestry at the entrance marched the cadet choir singing a processional.

The morning service conducted by the rector and a sermon by the Bishop followed. A few moments before the close there was a slight bustle in Company A, and a Lieutenant and sergeant were seen supporting Cadet Captain Wingate down the aisle and out of the door. As the sympathetic and questioning glances of the "Lambs of St. Agnes" and the cadets followed him, Philip was noticed to be pale and heavy-eyed. He passed feebly down the steps and out of sight, and was not seen in chapel, class, or on the parade again for five long weeks. A severe cold had been followed by lung fever, and he was confined to the infirmary.

And now the insubordinate element in Company A had its innings. The First Lieutenant was the sort of cadet officer well known in all military schools, capable of excellent individual drill, who personally observed the rules and regulations until appointment to office was gained and no farther advancement expected. Then he bent his energies to securing "popularity with the boys." As an officer he thought that if he made few reports, and allowed some latitude to inattention and disorder, he would be well thought of and kindly remembered when school-days were past.

But when years have gone by and cadets have become men they look back upon their cadet officers quite as their commandant does. The manly, painstaking, strict, and even-handed officer, who performed his duty faithfully and impartially, has their lasting respect and esteem, and the indulgent, partial, and careless one is remembered only as he deserves.

Company A became careless. The troublesome element grew more troublesome, and the best grew indifferent, as they saw the rival companies distancing them in drill, and concluded it was no longer of any use to try. With the bad boys indifferent to success and the good boys disheartened, the company which had been leading now occupied an inferior position.

Lieutenant Baker himself now began to perceive that his policy was not bringing out the best efforts of the cadets under his command. He was as ambitious to win the honors of the competitive drill as the Captain had been, but he thought this could be accomplished by being indulgent instead of strict. He constantly appealed to the company, reminding the boys of their discontent under Captain Wingate, who reported them for the slightest offences, and their ingratitude for his kind treatment and overlooking of reports.

One day when the disorder had been conspicuous, and he saw the commandant approaching, Baker broke out:

"Come, fellows, here comes the old man! Now do brace up, or you'll get me into trouble! Here I've torn up the non-com.'s reports and stood by you through everything, and you ought to stand by me!"

A spasmodic effort followed, a reflection of Philip's excellent work, and the commandant passed on without remark. He had noticed something wrong from a distant part of the drill-ground, but it was not apparent from a nearer point of view.

In time even the disorderly boy, who deep in his heart was not opposed to making an effort to carry off the honors, began to be discontented at the prospect, and to perceive that nothing was to be accomplished under Lieutenant Baker. They grew more and more disrespectful and insubordinate. Barton, the leader in most mischief, said to his principal aider and abetter, Mason, when the company had halted for a rest, "Alf, I'm getting dreadfully sick of this."

"You don't get exercise enough, John. You haven't been on squad for a fortnight."

"Do you know, Alf, I b'lieve I'd be willing to walk squad every day from now till close of school if Phil Wingate could take charge of the company again."

"Changed your mind some, haven't you?"

"Yes. I'm disgusted with this shillyshallying nonsense of Baker's. Why doesn't he sock it to us as Phil used to, and make us drill? I like a square fellow like Wingate a hundred times better. I've been doing a pile of thinking lately, and I own he never gave me a report I didn't deserve."

"Do you think there's any chance of his getting back to us?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Barton. "He has been taken down to the Bishop's, and I hear that under the care of the Bishop's wife he's some better."

"Poor old chap! I wish he was here too, John. His whole heart was in this contest. We thought we did not care to beat when he insisted on our 'tending to business; but now things are running loose we know we should have won that prize for him. He kept me on squad until I believe I've frogged it a thousand miles, but I deserved all I got."

"I've marched as many," John said, "and I'd march a few hundred more to see him back. He can outdrill any cadet officer that ever trod this parade."

Next day the drill of Company A was worse than ever. Whenever the commandant's attention was in another direction disorder took place. Mason threw his foot between the legs of a cadet on his right and sent him headlong to the ground, and two others fell upon him, breaking the line into confusion. Barton prodded a cadet in front of him with the muzzle of his rifle, and the boy struck back with the butt of his. A quarrel seemed impending, when a diversion was caused by the arrival of the Bishop's carriage. Through the window of the vehicle the Shatigan cadet officer's helmet could be seen, and a second glance showed Company A its Captain seated within.

"Whoop-e-e-e!" shouted John Barton, "there's Phil, boys; give him a rouser!"

The whole company immediately went wild with excitement. Cheers were given, helmets held aloft on muskets and swords, and the boys sprang and danced in the exuberance of their delight.

The carriage drove directly to the company, and stopping before it, Captain Wingate, wearing his sword and belt, stepped to the ground. He was looking thinner than when the cadets last saw him, but his eyes were bright and lighted with animation. Raising his right hand to command silence, he said:

"Boys, I've come out against the surgeon's advice, but I couldn't stay away any longer. I want to have a share in winning the honors."

"Captain Wingate," said Barton, pushing eagerly forward and taking Philip's hand, "just get us into line and we'll put up a drill that'll do you more good than all the medicines in the infirmary."

"You're right, Phil," said Mason. "We are done fooling. John and I have walked our last squad for this year, and the rest of the boys won't if we don't. Isn't it so, boys?"

A hearty response from the company showed it was for once in sympathy with its most troublesome element. Captain Wingate shook hands with every boy, receiving sincere congratulations, and then ordered a "Fall-in." The drill that followed showed the cadet officers of the other companies that Company A was still a formidable rival.

The commandant's attention had been attracted to the disorderly conduct of Company A, and he was hastening towards it, resolved to reprimand its officer for neglect of duty and inefficiency, when he noticed the arrival of the carriage, and at once attributed the whole demonstration to the joy of the boys at sight of their Captain. He turned in another direction; but when recall sounded, and the companies had been dismissed, he approached Philip, and, extending his hand, said: "Glad to see you back, Captain Wingate. The company needs you. Your absence has taught its most uneasy spirits that authority is necessary."

The graduating exercises were to take place on Thursday, the Wednesday preceding being occupied with the military exercises, the turning in of arms, and the housing of the cannon. Early on Wednesday morning three officers and the regimental band from the neighboring fort reported to the commandant. The band opened the exercises by playing in the quadrangle, and by ten o'clock the carriageway which surrounded the broad parade-ground was filled with closely packed vehicles, while from the windows and verandas of dormitories, armory, and school building hundreds of spectators looked on.

A company reported to the judges, and the drill began. Closely followed by the army officers, tablet and pencil in hand, every evolution of squad, platoon, and company was gone through with, and its value recorded. The infantry drill was followed by artillery, sabre, and signal drills, and an individual drill, closing with battalion drill, review, and dress parade under the commandant.

The announcement of the result of the competition was to be made at the reception of the faculty and cadets, held in the armory on Thursday evening. The reception included dancing, and the presence of relatives and friends, the girls from St. Agnes Hall, and the army officers made it the event in the school year.

At a pause in the dancing, arranged to occur early in the evening, the floor was vacated, and the Bishop, a member of Congress, the chairman of the military committee, and an elderly Indian took seats upon the stage. The officer advanced, and gracefully prepared the companies for possible disappointment. He said the drill could not be excelled by any military organization; the committee had been surprised from first to last by its excellence; there had been some mistakes, as there must be in all drills—mistakes that would not be noticed except in a competitive contest — mistakes which only trained experts could see. All had done well, and it had been difficult to decide between the companies.

He then announced the per cent. secured by Company D to be 93.3; Company B, 95.1; Company C, 97; and Company A, 99. Company A, therefore, commanded by Cadet Captain Philip Sheridan Wingate, was the best-drilled company, and entitled to the colors the coming year. Cheers of congratulation followed.

The venerable Bishop then advanced upon the stage. He declared himself pleased with the exercises, and praised teachers and scholars for the result of their harmonious co-operation. He referred to the presence of the Navajo Indian boy, Tuscahogontle, and his aged uncle, the distinguished chief Moconozotl, the two, although near of kin, representing the stone and the iron ages of civilization.

No better proof could be adduced of the capability of the American Indian for receiving an education than was now visible to the present assembly. Tuscahogontle was a pure-blooded Navajo of long descent, and yet he had proved himself in the recent examinations and to day's drill to be the equal of the brightest white boy in the school. A well-improved opportunity for an education had shown what might be done for any Indian child. Moconozotl, a man of dignity, a principal and influential man among his people, a brave warrior in battle, could not read nor write; but who could doubt that if he had had the opportunities of his nephew, he might have learned as much. Did not the result, as shown in the education of this Indian boy, indicate the duty of Christian people to the American Indian?

himself to be the religious instructor of his nation, offer-

When the Bishop ceased the member of Congress took

reverend father had said of the needs of the Indian, and

attaining even to the position of the gallant officer for whom he was named was open to zeal, patriotism, faithfulness, and honor. He had an appointment to West Point in his gift, an appointment which he intended to fill from Shatigan Military Institute, and he would fill it

Cheers and congratulations again filled the air, and every cadet in the corps and every lamb in the fold of St. Agnes pressed around Philip with felicitations upon his good fortune.

Upon the stage a bright-looking young man, who had all the evening occupied a seat beside the chief Moconozotl, appeared to be rapidly and earnestly interpreting to him what had been said by the Bishop and Congressman. When he finished, the chief rose, and walked slowly and with dignity to the front of the stage. Looking toward the group that surrounded the Indian boy, he said, in a deep and resonant voice, "Tuscahogontle!"

Silence instantly came over the throng, and the boy walked into the open space before the stage and stood before the chief. What the chief said was rapidly written in short-hand by the interpreter, and afterwards reported to the assemblage; but although no one in the hall except Philip understood what the chief said, the eloquence of his manner and tone was not lost.

"Tuscahogontle:—I have heard the words of the Christian father and those of the councillor of the great white chief. In the name of the Navajo people I thank them. But my son will return to his people near the setting sun. They need what he has learned. Let one of the many priests in the land be sent to do the work of the father. Say to the councillor that the day of strife between the red and white man is past. The white man is too strong. The Navajos do not need a chief wearing a long knife; they need a man of peace to teach them in the ways of trade and gain. Tuscahogontle has sat by the hearth-stones and camp-fires of his white brothers and learned their ways; let him come to his people and be their teacher. He is the son of a mighty chief; let him lead his people in peace as his father led them in war. I have said it."

The chief resumed his seat, and Philip turned to the cadets and others about him. He thanked his company for responding so gallantly to his efforts to secure the colors; he thanked the Bishop for his friendship and care in sickness and health; he thanked the Congressman for his generous offer, and closed by asking leave to retire for consideration, promising when the floor was vacated for the "crack drill" to return and report his decision.

Saying something in the Indian tongue to Moconozotl, Philip withdrew. The music burst forth, and youthful feet moved again to the rhythmic measures of the dance until near eleven o'clock. At that time the music paused again, and the assembly, collecting in groups along the walls, left the centre of the hall vacant for the expected drill of the "crack squad."

When the clock on the school-house tower struck the hour, those standing near the staircase heard soft footsteps quickly ascending, and presently an Indian boy

black buckskin, a black blanket hanging from his

eagle's feather in a band about his forehead, walked down the middle of the room.

It was Philip, clad in the garb he had worn when he led Captain Duncan's company out of Dead Burro Pass. The clothing, to be sure, was somewhat strained at the button-holes and seams, and moccasins and trousers did not meet as closely as formerly; but he was the same handsome and graceful Indian boy.

Philip ascended the stage, took the hand of his uncle, and turning to the assembly, announced his intention to return to his people as a lay missionary and teacher.

THE END.

## THE BOY BATTALION OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

MORE than three hundred years ago a boy was born in the Spanish city of San Sebastian who, in the course of years, through his bravery as a soldier and his genius as a commander, became Admiral of the Spanish fleet, and by the many victories which he won, without ever suffering a defeat, the glory of his country and the terror of her enemies. The name of this boy was Antonio Oquendo, a name dear to every Spaniard, and dear especially to the people of his native place, who have re-



A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD SOLDIER OF THE REGIMENT.



THE DRUM CORPS.

cently erected a statue in his honor in one of the principal avenues of that city.

The fitting celebration of the ceremony of unveiling the statue of the great naval commander was, for months before the event, a subject of patriotic concern to every inhabitant of San Sebastian, and many were the plans for adding lustre to the occasion discussed by the committee who had charge of the celebration. Among these was the appropriate one suggested by Don José de Cárcer of organizing a battalion which should be composed of boys of from eight to thirteen years of age, who should assist at the ceremony and defile in solemn procession past the statue. As King Alfonso—who, as the King, would be commander-in-chief of the proposed battalion—is himself a boy, and is passionately fond of all that relates to the art of war, Señor de Cárcer's idea seemed to the committee a peculiarly happy one, and was received by them with hearty approval. The military authorities being applied to, readily conceded the necessary permission for carrying it out, and the command of the battalion was offered to Lieutenant-Colonel Ortega, an experienced soldier and an officer of distinction. Colonel Ortega willingly accepted the onerous and honorable task proposed to him, obtaining from the infantry regiments of Sicilia and Valencia, to aid him in its performance, four officers and twice as many sergeants and corporals.

So enthusiastically was the idea of becoming the soldiers of the nation received by the boys of San Sebastian and by their parents, that when the volunteers for enlistment in the battalion presented themselves to the recruiting officers it was found that very nearly 600 boys had desired to enroll themselves in it.

On the 2d of June the young recruits assembled for the first time for drill. After a month's practice of an hour and a half every morning and another hour and a half every afternoon in military manœuvres and evolutions the boy soldiers went through their exercises very creditably, and at the end of three months they went through them like veterans. But what a task it had been to bring them to this perfection! Restless and impetuous, like all boys, and doubly so as Spanish boys, they could scarcely wait for an order before starting to execute it, and precisely because of their eagerness to become good soldiers it was difficult to make them so. When the trumpet sounded to form into line, what pushing, shouting, and disputing there was! For every soldier in the battalion wished to be the superior of his comrades in military science, and had no hesitation in asserting his claim.

The uniform of the young volunteers is the same as that of the Miqueletes, the militia of the Basque provinces, a red boina—the woollen cap worn almost universally by the Basques—a blue cloak with a cape, red trousers, and black cloth gaiters. They are armed with Maüser rifles, of native manufacture, which are really only toy rifles, although they have all the appearance, with their burnished metal and polished wood, of weapons designed for mortal combat.

At the festival which took place in the Plaza de Toros, or bull-ring, in San Sebastian, in the early part of September, the building, which seats 10,000 persons, was crowded to its utmost capacity; and as many of those present were friends or relatives of the youthful soldiers, it may be imagined with what enthusiasm, and with what secret emotion on the parts of some of the spectators, the volunteers were greeted as they entered the ring.

First come the sappers, led by the smallest of corporals, a boy of five; then the drummers and the band, playing martial music. Next, two companies, each one hundred strong, march into the ring four abreast, with shouldered rifles and fixed bayonets, headed by the Colonel of the battalion. The Colonel, Ignacio Roca, a handsome boy of fifteen, and the son of a distinguished officer, who rides his black pony with a proudly conscious air, next to whom, mounted on a chestnut pony, rides Major Antonio Marti, his younger by a year, looking every inch a soldier.

After these comes the ensign, bearing aloft the Spanish colors, and behind him the guard of honor of the flag.

Then two other companies march in; and last of all comes an ammunition-wagon drawn by a mule, on either side of which walk the adjutant and the doctor.

When the exercises were at an end the boys partook of refreshments, after which they danced and sang and amused themselves to their hearts' content, finishing the day by a march in file, which was witnessed by the whole population of San Sebastian; for there was not a single

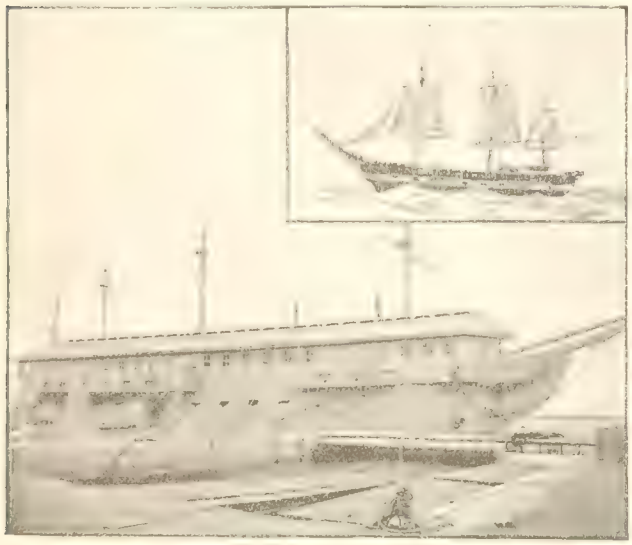
kind, friendly, family, or patriotic, in these young volunteers, who were learning thus early to be the defenders of their country if she should ever call upon them for their services.

## HOW A POEM SAVED A SHIP.

THE recent death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls an interesting incident connected with his literary career. In the year 1829 a great many men and women in this country were disturbed by news that came from Washington. The Secretary of the Navy, it was said, after hearing that some of the timbers in the frigate *Constitution* were unsound, had ordered this old ship to be broken up and destroyed. How to prevent this desecration now became a question of the day. Some people suggested one thing, some another, and the newspapers were filled with protests against the destruction of the most famous ship in the navy. In the midst of it all a poem appeared in a Boston newspaper. Though it was a short poem, of only three eight-line stanzas, few poems have ever accomplished so much. It was copied into every newspaper in the land, it was printed on handbills and circulated in the streets of Washington. Everybody read the poem, and everybody felt so indignant at the Secretary of the Navy for having even thought of destroying the *Constitution*, that, rather than incur further ridicule, he issued orders that the famous frigate should be thoroughly overhauled, repaired, and put into service again.

The author of "Old Ironsides," the little poem that had accomplished so much, was Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1829. He wrote the poem, as he afterwards said, very hurriedly while sitting at a window of the old gambrel-roofed house which was his birthplace and early home. Although in after-years Dr. Holmes wrote many poems that in some ways are greater than this, it is safe to say that not one of them was ever as widely read or as widely quoted.

Though some young people may have forgotten, older people all know why "Old Ironsides" holds so high a place in the nation's regard. The very wharf in Boston where she was built and launched September 20, 1797, bears a tablet with an inscription commemorating this fact, and is known as "Constitution Wharf." At the end of the last century, when France and the United States were on the verge of a quarrel, the old ship had her first warlike experience protecting American commerce. Later—in 1804—she took part in the famous attack on Tripoli, led by Lieutenant-Commander Decatur, and came off with flying colors. Her greatest successes, however, were in the war of 1812, and the most notable of all was probably her victory over the English ship *Guerrière*, in August of that year, with Captain Isaac Hull commanding her.



THE "CONSTITUTION" IN 1812 AND IN 1894

"Our main-mast is gone, our mizzen-mast is gone, on the whole you may say we have struck our flag," said Captain Dacres, of the *Guerrière*, to the messenger whom Captain Hull sent to inquire if the British had surrendered. In the contest Captain Hull had only 7 men wounded and none killed, while the British lost a much larger number. The *Constitution*, too, was practically unhurt, while the *Guerrière*, after her officers and crew were removed, had to be blown up. The greatest rejoicing followed this unexpected victory, and the English saw that they had good reason to fear the Americans, whom up to this time they had despised. A few months later, with Captain Bainbridge in command, "Old Ironsides" won a second great victory, over the *Java*, having only 9 men killed, and 25 wounded, while the enemy had at least 100 killed and 200 wounded. Soon after this the *Constitution* was laid up for needed repairs, and when she went to sea again Captain Stewart was in command. Her next important engagement was in the Bay of Biscay, and it ended in the surrender of the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, two British war-ships. For two years and nine months of the war of 1812 the *Constitution* had been the most noted ship in the navy.

After 1830 no more was said about destroying the old ship. She was used for various purposes by the Navy Department, sometimes at sea, sometimes at navy-yards, up to the year 1880. Even to-day, though her active career is over, it is proposed to take her from the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and keep her in Boston Harbor for the use of the naval cadets.

The *Constitution* is still in existence, but the great man who saved her from being broken up for old timber has been laid at rest. When Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes died on the 9th of October, many people said that the poem by which he would be longest remembered would be "Old Ironsides."

HELEN LEAH REED.

I hear it now that her shattered hulk
Is laid beneath the waves;—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave,—
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

1830.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Boston, December 1893

LAST STANZA OF "OLD IRONSIDES" IN DR. HOLMES'S HANDWRITING

## TOM RILEY—MESSBOY, CAPTAIN, AND MATE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE

Part II.

FROM the very beginning of this perilous voyage Tom Riley was the moving spirit on board. Even Turner, the old seaman, asked his advice before doing anything. It was Tom who ordered the sails shifted, and who decided to head for the Florida coast rather than for the island of Abaco, because Abaco is rocky, whereas the Florida coast is all soft sand. And it was wonderful what confidence Tom Riley felt in himself when he found that all the responsibility rested upon his shoulders. He seemed to grow older and stronger every hour. Dave Lewis was a good engineer for so young a man, but he had not been through Tom's school of self-reliance. John Turner was a competent seaman, but he had been before the mast all his life, and he was helpless without some one to direct him. Henry Whittaker would take no responsibility. Every one looked to Tom, and Tom did not shirk.

If a stiff northeasterly wind had not sprung up at the right moment even Tom Riley could not have stranded the *Mersey* on the Florida coast. But the right wind came at the right time, driving them slowly toward land; and the plates did not warp, notwithstanding the mate's prediction; and the ship did not sink, though she was liable to go down at any moment. After thirty hours of peril, with hot iron beneath her crew's feet and hot smoke nearly blinding them, she brought up gently on the Florida sands, fifteen miles south of Jupiter Inlet.

The *Mersey* rested easily in the soft sand; Tom Riley saw that for himself, and both the seamen admitted it. The tide was half up and still rising when the ship struck, and Tom began to take measures for putting out the fire.

"You must open something and let in the water," he told the young engineer. "As the tide rises it will flood the hold, and put out the fire. I don't know what to open, but you must know."

The engineer did know; and as the tide rose the hold filled with water, and the fire was soon quenched. The decks cooled down, the smoke blew away, and in a few hours the poor old *Mersey* seemed like a ship again.

Even when the tide was completely out there was a broad stretch of shallow water between the ship and the beach, for with her cargo and the water in her she lay very deep, and stuck a long way out. But up by the bow the water was not more than waist deep at low tide, and Tom lowered himself with a rope and waded about, looking carefully at the ship's position, and thinking very hard about something. Presently Turner and the engineer slid down the rope and joined him.

"This is a great piece of work you've done, Mr. Tom Riley," the old seaman said, as he saw how easy the vessel lay in the sand. "There's many a bale of good cotton in her yet, my lad. We'll all be rich."

"Oh, we haven't done much yet," Tom replied, modestly refusing to take all the credit to himself. "But I think there's a chance to do something. I want to work her off and take her into port."

"What!" Turner shouted. "Has that hot v'yage turned your head? Do you know what it means to strand a ship, boy?"

"I know a sound ship when I see one," Tom confidently replied. "Look at her; isn't she all right? It doesn't hurt a ship to strike gently in this soft sand. When we get the water out of her, she'll almost float herself at high tide. What water won't run out, we'll pump out. I've been down in the furnace-room, and everything is dry there at low tide. There's nothing to hinder our starting her engines. We'll take her to New York and deliver her to the Captain."

"Then I've no more to say," Turner replied, looking as resigned and dignified as he could with the water up to his waistband. "I've followed the sea for twenty-two years, but I'm not too old yet to learn from a boy. Give your orders, Captain Tom Riley! If you can take this ship off, you ought to command her."

"Hurrah for Captain Riley!" Dave Lewis shouted, swinging his cap. "I believe you can do it too, Tom. But you must boss the job."

Tom was so busy with his plans that he had no time to make any objections. He merely answered:

"To-morrow we will take her off, if you will help me. To-night we must rest, for we are nearly worn out."

That night when the patrolman from the Jupiter Life-saving Station made his journey down the beach, he found the *Mersey* stranded, and carried the news to the station. Before daylight the whole life-saving crew of eight men were on the spot, and they were of great use in the hard work that had to be done.

When the tide was fully out again, at three o'clock in the morning, and the water only four or five feet deep in the hold, Tom told Dave Lewis to close all the valves and keep the water out, and to start up his great engine fires. With the assistance of the life-savers this was done, and the steam-pumps were set to work. By daylight the water was nearly all out of her.

"Move your shaft—very slowly," Tom ordered the engineer.

"Hurrah!" the men all shouted, as they heard the splashing at the stern, which showed that the propeller revolved.

Everything was going so well that Tom took courage to go up on the bridge and give his orders with the bell signals.

"Stop her!" he signalled, by pulling the proper handle, and instantly the splashing ceased. The machinery was uninjured, or the propeller would not have moved.

Three hours still remained before the tide would be at its highest, but they were busy hours for Tom. He engaged four of the life-savers, all sailor-men, to help take the ship to New York in case she floated; he appointed Mr. Turner chief mate, and sent Henry Whittaker and one of the life-savers to the boiler-room to keep up the fires.

When the tide was at its very highest, Tom's heart was filled with joy; for, lightened as the ship was of water, he felt the stern rise and fall with the gentle waves. The stern was afloat! He mounted the bridge again.

"Lower away the port quarter-boat!" he ordered.

"Ay, ay, sir!" and Mr. Turner soon had the boat lowered.

"Take a kedge anchor astern," Tom continued. "Give it plenty of cable; put the cable on the after-winch!"

When Mr. Turner and two men had executed this order and returned to the deck, Tom had more commands for them.

"Mr. Turner, start the winch."

"Back her, full speed," he signalled on the bells.

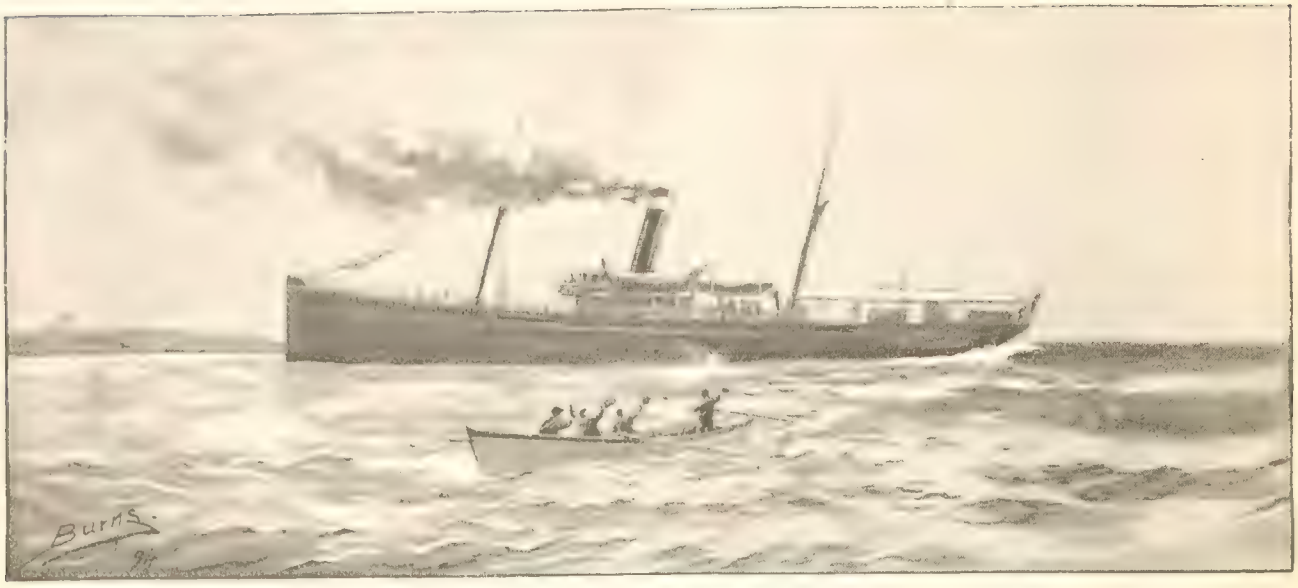
The kedge anchor held in the sand far astern, and the cable began to strain. The propeller revolved.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" every man on board shouted, as the great ship dragged her nose inch by inch out of the sand. They felt her grinding on the bottom; then the grinding ceased, and again the *Mersey* was afloat!

Tom felt like jumping up and clapping his hands, but instead of doing it he gave the order on the bells, "Stop her!" And followed it with, "Mr. Turner, send the boat astern to take in the anchor."

"That shows the boy was born in a fo'castle, and raised on tarred rope!" Mr. Turner muttered as he carried out this order. "If he'd been a lubber he'd have backed the ship over the anchor and stove a hole in her."

There remained now something to be said to the four members of the life-saving crew who were not going along to New York. They were all entitled to some share in the salvage; and in thanking them for their good



AGAIN THE "MERSEY" WAS AFLOAT.

work, Tom promised that their interests should be looked after as soon as the ship reached port. They gave a fare well cheer when they landed on the beach, and as soon as the boat returned Tom resumed his place on the bridge.

"Call Mr. Whittaker to take the wheel," he ordered.

"Ship the quarter boat."

"Back her, full speed," he signalled with the bell.

"Mr. Turner, sound the wells."

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the reply; and Mr. Turner sent his three men to do this duty.

"All dry in number one well, sir," was soon reported by the first man; and similar reports came from number two and number three wells, to each of which Tom answered, in true nautical style, "Very good, sir!"

The ship continued to back until she was more than a mile from the shore. Tom would run no risk of grounding her again. Then he pulled the bell that signalled "Stop her!" And the whir of the propeller ceased.

"Mr. Turner!" he called. And Mr. Turner immediately joined Tom on the bridge to see what was wanted. "Now that the ship is afloat, Mr. Turner," Tom said, "I put the navigating in your hands. I am sure I could take her up to Sandy Hook; but of course I have no certificate, so it would be illegal for me to do it when there is a navigator on board. You and Mr. Lewis will have a long siege of it, with no one to relieve you, unless we have the good fortune to meet some steamship that can put another navigator and engineer on board of us."

"I think we'll pull through, sir," Mr. Turner replied. "We'll have no sleep for three or four nights, but we can stand that, and we may meet a steamer and get some help."

Under Mr. Turner's orders the ship's bow made a graceful curve seaward, and then pointed well to the northeast to give Cape Hatteras a wide berth. Tom, by virtue of his office, took possession of the cabin and the Captain's state-room; and when he was alone it made his head whirl to think of all he had been through. Perhaps it was as well he did not know that the strangest part of his adventure was still to come.

For two days and nights the *Mersey* steamed ahead without accident, but without meeting any vessel that could give her assistance. Mr. Turner and Mr. Lewis, however, who had to be at their posts continually, managed to take occasional cat-naps, the weather remaining fine. It was not till the morning of the third day that anything was sighted, and then it was a sailing-vessel far ahead on the starboard bow. Gradually the steamer overhauled the sail, till it was plain that she was a bark, heading northward.

While the vessels were yet a mile apart the bark hoisted the signal, "We want to board you." Tom watched her closely through the glass, and in a few minutes he exclaimed:

"Why, what can be the matter with her? She's hoisting all the signals in the code, as if she was crazy, and there's fifteen or twenty men at the rail, waving their hats and arms like mad."

"Let me take a look at her, sir," said Mr. Turner, reaching for the glass. "Well, sir," he exclaimed, in a moment, "I've been twenty-two years at sea, man and boy, but this is the strangest thing I ever did see or hear tell on. Do you know what that there bark is, sir? That's the *Morro Castle*, with our Captain and crew on board. That's what she is, sir; and they've made us out. The head-winds has held her back, and we've overhauled her. We'll have our own crew on board in half an hour, sir."

For a moment Tom almost lost control of himself under this new excitement. "I'd give half of my salvage money," he cried, "to know what Mr. Ringgold thinks to see the *Mersey* coming after him with no fire in her hold!"

In a few minutes Captain Dawson was back in his own berth, the chief engineer was in his old place, Mr. Ringgold was in command, and Mr. Lewis and Mr. Turner were relieved from their long watch.

But these two navigators could not turn in until they had told the Captain how Tom Riley had saved the ship, and how everything that had been done was through Tom's brains and pluck.

The cook had no assistant now till the *Mersey* reached New York, for Tom was an honored passenger in the cabin. And when the ship was docked, and pronounced seaworthy and fit to continue her voyage to Liverpool, Captain Dawson insisted that Tom must go along.

It was all very well, Tom says, the substantial sum of money that was divided among them for salvage on ship and cargo; but that was nothing compared with meeting the principal owner in London, and being told: "You're the kind of stuff we make commanders of, young man. After you've spent a year or so in the nautical school that we hope you'll let us put you in, you shall be second mate of the *Mersey*."

# ROMANCE OF COMMERCE.

## THE DARIEN EXPEDITION.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

THE Isthmus of Panama, or Darien, is beyond a doubt one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most important, bits of *terra firma* on this round globe. The connecting link between the continents of North and South America, it is also the barrier that divides the Atlantic from the Pacific ocean, and, in fact, one side of the world from the other. From the time of its discovery and occupation by the Spaniards, it has been a matter of general belief that whoever had command of this narrow neck of land held the key to the commerce of the world. Here would naturally be concentrated the mutual trade of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of America. Moreover, it would necessarily be an important stage in the shortest route between Europe and the Indies, as well as the mighty islands lying far to the south of the equator.



THE SETTLEMENT ON THE DARIEN GULF.

Little wonder, then, that the Spaniards wanted to keep the isthmus to themselves, and always did their very best, cowards though they were except when greatly in the majority, to make it eminently unpleasant for anybody who sought to share its advantages with them; and in fine and striking contrast to their miserable dog-in-the-manger policy—for they really put their splendid opportunities to little use—was the spirit in which William Paterson conceived the famous Darien project that played so prominent a part in the history of Scotland at the close of the seventeenth century.

This William Paterson was a very different type of man from that notorious speculator John Law, whose doings have been already told in this series, and yet his vast project proved hardly less disastrous in its outcome than theirs. He is generally credited with being the founder of the Bank of England, and this is in large measure true. He certainly deserves the entire honor for laying down the only true basis for a bank-note currency, viz., that the bank issuing the notes should always have on hand a sufficient supply of gold to enable it to redeem in gold all the notes that the daily operation of business might bring to its counter. He was one of the twenty-four directors at the opening of the bank, but appears to have sold out not long after, and with his money in hand to have looked about him for some way of investing it that would be for the public good.

Now those were the days of vexatious monopolies and irritating restrictions in commerce. The trade of England with the distant regions of the globe was in the jealous grasp of two great corporations—the East India Company and the African Company—which, although they were at deadly enmity with each other, heartily agreed in crushing every free-trader who dared to intrude within the limits of their territory. Paterson was an ardent free-trader. He believed his mission to be the emancipation of commerce from the hurtful restraints laid upon it by miscalculating selfishness, and it was by the creation of a great free port at the Isthmus of Darien, open to the trade of the world, that he hoped to accomplish his benevolent purpose.

Accordingly, in the year 1695, he obtained the passage through the Scottish Parliament of an act for the incorporation of "The Company of Scotland trading to Africa and the Indies," called, for short, "The African Company," but popularly known as "The Darien Company." This company was granted very extensive powers, and had a capital of £600,000, one-half of which, it was stipulated, must ever be held by Scotsmen residing in their own country, thus insuring the permanence of the national character of the undertaking.



THE MILITARY FORCE.

As it turned out, however, there was no need of this provision, for when the subscription-books were opened in London there came such a rush of applicants for shares that the stock was soon all taken up, and this so aroused the hostility of the English companies that they called upon the House of Commons to assist them in crushing their Scotch rival. The House of Commons yielded to their clamor, and by threats of proceedings so alarmed the London subscribers that they all backed out and forfeited their holdings.

This hostile action roused the national spirit of Scotland. The English had withdrawn — well, what of that? Scotland

and keep to herself the glory and all the ... wards of the great national undertaking. In ... the Scotch thereupon subscribed ... stock, making ... in all ... subsequently an attempt was made to place the balance of the stock in Holland, but again the machinations of ... companies ... and the whole burden ... was left to be borne by Scotland.

Harassed and delayed by ... hostility and other causes, ... it was not until 1698 that the company proceeded to carry out the main purpose of its formation. In the month of July a little fleet of three vessels, having on board over a thousand picked men, set sail from Leith, amid bright sunshine and the cheers and prayers of a vast assemblage ... on the ... shores to bid them "God speed."

William Paterson's heart was full of joy and hope as he now saw before him the prospect of the early realization of his long-cherished design. Hitherto the selfish Spaniards, and the hardly less selfish British, had sought to monopolize the commerce of the New World. He had in view nothing less than the complete reversal of such a policy. The ships of all nations were to be perfectly free to the new port he would found at Darien. At that favored spot the merchandise from all countries might concentrate, and Scotland calmly take her seat as the great queen of commerce, showering the blessings of ... around her.

Such was his dream—a noble one in every way. Alas, that it should have failed so pitifully of fulfilment! After an uneventful voyage the vessels reached the isthmus in November, and landed their passengers at a projecting point of the Gulf of Darien, which had previously been selected as the site of the fort and settlement.

The spot was in many respects well chosen. It was a long peninsula edged with rock, stretching southward nearly half-way across the gulf, and united to the mainland at the north by a narrow neck of land easily fortified. At the western point a strong fort was built to command the gulf, which the buccaneers commended as "a very crabbed hold."

The peninsula was occupied as a fortified centre, not for settlement, it being arid and barren. An indefinite district stretching inland was to form the colony, and to bear the name of New Caledonia. Two sites for towns were selected—the one to be called New Edinburgh, the other New St. Andrews. At the time of the adventurers' arrival the weather was genial and healthy, the vegetation luxuriant and beautiful, the natives kind and hospitable, and everything seemed to smile upon the enterprise and promise complete success.

But the seeds of failure were present from the start. Whatever little the English knew about planting colonies, the Scotch knew nothing at all, and there was a pitiful lack of the right kind of organization about the expedition. There was no arrangement for government and the preservation of order. All had apparently been left to chance. In the same haphazard fashion had the goods for barter been selected, and they were a marvellously mixed, and, upon the whole, highly unsuitable collection of commodities, such as axes, iron wedges, knives; smiths', carpenters', and coopers' tools; barrels, guns, pistols, combs, shoes, hats, paper, pipes, etc.—one vessel carrying over £4000 worth of these articles.

Hardly had the colonists established themselves on dry land when dissensions within and dangers without made their appearance. The party was composed of very ... elements. Along with political enthusiasts and men of rigid piety and virtue were men of quite another stamp—hardy sailors with consciences as tough and weather-beaten as their bodies, and who had learned their seamanship among the buccaneers; in plain words, pirates who were ready for any deed of blood or rapine. These "tarpaulins," as Paterson called them, soon gained that ascendency which the bold and reckless are apt to have, and their influence, aided by the fascination of a wild, lawless life, had a very demoralizing effect, especially upon the young men of the expedition.

The leaders had hard work keeping order, and every day the task became more difficult, while, to add to their trouble, they presently came into collision with the Spaniards, who regarded them as unauthorized intruders upon their private property; for so they then considered the whole of South America. These Spaniards had considerable cities to the north, south, and east of the Scots settlement, and they did not propose to submit tamely to such an invasion. Moreover, despite the efforts of Paterson and his associates to justify their coming, and to make clear how entirely honorable were their intentions, the Dons persisted in classing them with Morgan, Sharpe, Ringrose, and the other dare-devil freebooters who had not so long before stormed and sacked their treasure cities, and inflicted appalling loss of blood and bullion.

Consequently, when, early in March, 1699, a small vessel belonging to the company ran into the port of Carthagena for repairs, the commander and crew were immediately seized by the Spaniards, put in irons, and without much delay condemned to death as being pirates. Happily, through the intervention of the British government, the sentence was not executed, but it showed plainly the temper of the real masters of the situation. The Scotch intruders could hope for no mercy at their hands once they had a good excuse for making war upon them.

But worse even than internal dissensions and external foes were the attacks of pestilence and famine. With the approach of the hot season the evil influences of the country and climate began to work. All that is deadly in the pestilential elements of tropical America would seem to be concentrated on the Isthmus of Darien, as the toilers of the ill fated Panama Canal learned to their cost. Up to the present it has defied permanent settlement by Europeans. Narrow as it is, its forests are pathless, and its dense shroud of matted and rotting vegetation, with all its animate and inanimate horrors, sullenly opposes the operations of man.

The unhappy Scotchmen, who had hoped after finishing their fortifications to sally forth in search of gold, found that the sad task of burying their dead, and of seeking for some addition to their rapidly diminishing store of food, demanded all their energies. When June came without bringing any news of the expected re-enforcements from Scotland, the wretched colonists decided to desert the settlement, and to set forth in three ships, with no more definite object than to reach the first port whither Providence should guide them.

One of the ships got over to Jamaica. The other two made their way up to New York, where they arrived in a pitiful condition, and their crews and passengers became objects of charity to the kindly disposed people of the place.

Now just when the famine-stricken remnant of the colonists was giving up the undertaking in despair, the company at home was fitting out a second expedition. Two vessels were despatched in May, 1699, four others followed in August, and a third fleet in September. Imagine the disappointment and depression of this second expedition when, on its arrival at Darien, instead of being received with true Scottish hospitality by a prosperous happy community, there was nothing to be seen save a deserted and dismantled fort, the ruins of a village, and a graveyard sown thick with memorials of the dead! Yet they had the courage and resolution to stay, and take the chance of a happier fate than their predecessors.

But the fates, untouched by their sturdy spirit, were not disposed to deal any more kindly with them than with the others. The same causes of failure were present.

and no less potent. In addition thereto the sluggish Spaniards were at last bestirring themselves, and with characteristic deliberation preparing an armament on the other side of the isthmus, which in due time was to close around and destroy the little settlement, as a huge bear might crush a terrier in its mighty embrace.

Each day the gloom deepened, and although the Scots, learning of the projected attack, sought to ward it off by striking the first blow, and did distinguish themselves by putting to flight a much superior force at Tubacanti, on the river Santa Maria, yet when the victors returned laden with spoils, it was to find the poor little colony blockaded by a number of men-of-war.

There was no alternative but to surrender, and the Spaniards, only too glad to be rid of their unwelcome captives, willingly allowed them to get away as expeditiously as they could manage. This capitulation was the virtual destruction of the great Indian and African Company, as well as the colony it had attempted to plant, and of the grand scheme for a world's free port. There was fierce indignation felt in Scotland at the loss both of money and of national honor the lamentable failure of the enterprise involved, but there seemed no way of redeeming either, and so the Darien Expedition went to join the catalogue of famous though futile undertakings.

## AUNT BETSEY.

To tune of "Vinkens and His Dinah."

### A Pantomime in One Act.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

*DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MISS BETSEY MCPHERSON. BENJAMIN PRINGLE.
PHYLLIS, *her niece.* ELDERLY LOVER.

SCENE.—*Farm-house kitchen. Large empty barrel at back.* Miss Betsey *discovered knitting.*

(The words to be sung slowly and distinctly behind the scenes, and to be acted in pantomime.)

DID ever you hear of Miss Betsey McPherson,
That very industrious elderly person?
She carries her knitting wherever she goes,
And nimbly she knits with her specs on her nose.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Miss Betsey *dances up and down, knitting in hand, hopping first on one foot, then on the other, in time to music.*

There lived with the spinster her pretty young niece,
Who cared for the chickens, the ducks, and the geese.
Her name it was Phyllis, her face it was fair,
And her aunt watched her closely with vigilant care.
[*Enter* Phyllis, *with pan of corn. Loud cackling of chickens and quacking of ducks and geese heard from without.*
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They dance together.*

"Now, Phyllis, beware of young Benjamin Pringle!
You never must wed, but, like me, remain single.
Though suitors of wealth I have had by the score,
I always politely have shown them the door."
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc
[*They dance.*

"Bring hither the apples, the knife, and the pan,
And make apple-dumpling as well as you can."
Aunt Betsey sat knitting, and nodding as well,
Till, in spite of herself, fast asleep she soon fell
[Phyllis *begins to pare the apples*
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Phyllis *continues to pare apples, and watches her aunt.*

She'd settled herself for a nice little nap,
When was heard on the window a delicate tap.
Phyllis crept to the casement, and nodded her head—
"Aunt Betsey's asleep, but be careful," she said.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Phyllis *returns to her seat.*

When Aunt Betsey gave vent to an audible snore,
Phyllis put by the apples, and stole towards the door;
But she had not gone far when Miss Betsey awoke,
Saying, "What was that noise? I am sure some one spoke."
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Miss Betsey *dances about, knitting and searching.* Phyllis *follows, protesting.*

Phyllis quickly assured her 'twas only the cat.
"Oh, ho," cried Miss Betsey, "I can't believe that!
Now I'll go to the store to buy butter and cheese,
And you'll knit this sock while I'm gone, if you please."
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Phyllis *assists her aunt to get ready. Exit* Miss B. Phyllis *dances alone.*

As soon as Miss Betsey was safely outside,
Phyllis ran to the window, and opened it wide;
Then Ben clambered in, all arrayed in his best,
In a coat with brass buttons, and gay flowered vest.
[*Enter* Benjamin.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They dance together.*

"Good-morning, Miss Phyllis!" "Good-morning!" said she.
"It's nice pretty weather, this morning," said he.
Phyllis twisted her apron, he twisted his hat,
And first he looked this way, and then he looked that.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They dance together.*

Poor Benjamin wished he had something to say.
"I think it will rain towards the end of the day."
But saucy Miss Phyllis would not help him out,
And turned quite away, with a smile and a pout.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They dance together.*

Now just at this moment they heard such a clatter,
Phyllis ran to the door to see what was the matter;
The ducks and the geese were all crying, "Quack! quack!"
"Alas!" cried poor Phyllis, "Aunt Betsey's come back!"
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They run about, looking for a place to hide.*

A large empty barrel young Benjamin spied,
As they hunted about for a good place to hide,
And into it popped the excited young lover,
While over the top Phyllis threw a small cover.
[Benjamin's *head remains visible, peeping over the top of the barrel.*
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Phyllis *also hides.*

Then in walked Miss Betsey, quite smiling and gay,
With an elderly beau in most ancient array.
She made a low curtsey; a courtly bow, he.
"Are you willing to wed me?" "Quite willing," cried she.
[*Enter* Miss Betsey *and* Elderly Lover.
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*They dance together.*

He offered a chair when they'd finished the dance.
When towards the big barrel she happened to glance.
"Alack! it is moving," she cried out, in fright,
As Benjamin gradually rose to full height.
[Miss Betsey *almost faints.* Elderly Lover *supports her.*
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[Benjamin *stands in the barrel. The others dance about in consternation.*

Ben climbed from the barrel, and boldly spoke he,
"That I'll wed pretty Phyllis I'm sure you'll agree!"
Then Phyllis stepped forth from the place where she'd hid,
And demurely remarked, "I will do as I'm bid."
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*All dance back and forth.*

Aunt Betsey replied, as she called for her knitting,
"Your union, my dears, I consider most fitting.
I have quite changed my mind as regards being single,
So Phyllis may marry young Benjamin Pringle."
CHORUS: Sing tural li lural li lural li la, etc.
[*All dance.* Miss Betsey *and* Elderly Lover, *hand in hand, dance towards* Phyllis *and* Benjamin, *hand in hand, back and forth. Tableau.*

CURTAIN

## GOLF FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY

MANY of the boys who read this—probably most of them—have an idea that golf is a new game. But it is not; it is very nearly as old as the hills over which it is played, though neglected, until comparatively recent times, for many, many years.



HOLDING A CLUB

Some historians assert that it had its origin in Scotland; others that it came from an old Celtic game; and yet others that its first home was in Holland. When a game goes back into the shadowy past, however, and for a couple of hundred years has been played so little as to have dropped practically out of sight, it is a very difficult matter to trace its origin with accuracy. There is no doubt the game was quite popular in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, so popular that some of the city councils had to restrict general play, and forbid it altogether on Sunday.

The Mecca of all golfers is the St. Andrews Club in Scotland, founded in 1754, and located in the quaint old university town of the same name. This links is world-renowned for the many historic games that have been played over it, and the fact that royalty has golfed there in times gone by.

The oldest club in the world is the Royal Blackheath in England, which goes back as far as 1608; but this really owes its life to Scotland, for it was undoubtedly instituted by the Scottish court during its sojourn in that neighborhood. There are seven clubs in England and Scotland to-day that were established before 1800.

The golf clubs (never say sticks) with which they used to play in those days differed, so far as shape goes, very little from what are used to-day.

The balls were of leather stuffed with feathers, and very skilfully so, because so tightly pressed were they that the contents of one filled a hat. The gutta percha balls used to-day were not introduced until 1848, when the game had long passed its maturity.



POSITION IN HOLDING CLUB

Briefly, the game of golf consists of knocking a ball around a course of holes, the winner being that one who makes the round in fewest strokes.

The boy who first looks on golf will, I dare say, regard it with supreme contempt. He will wonder how it is possible a game which appears so simple could have created such a furor, and spread so rapidly over the country in the last three or four years. My advice to that boy is to keep on watching the game until he is thoroughly imbued with disgust, and when he has decided it to be a game fit only for old men and women, I suggest he then pick up a club and try to drive the ball.

The fascination of golf is that, while appearing to be very simple and very easy, it is really quite difficult; in fact, I do not know of any game, except court-tennis, that requires such absolute mastering of first principles as this game, which has been contemptuously dubbed as the "knocking of little balls into little holes."

It does not require such exertion as football, of course, nor baseball, nor even lawn-tennis; it does not pretend to yield vigorous bodily exercise. What golf does, however, is to give healthful moderate out-of-door exercise, just enough to put the body in a healthful glow, meanwhile calling for mental application as close as any other game of which I know.

It looks as though it were very easy to drive that little ball, and it is more or less easy to simply hit it, but that is not golf. It is not only essential to hit the ball, but it is absolutely necessary to hit it in a certain place and drive it in a given direction. Boys and girls ought to be encouraged to play golf, because it is the best possible exercise for growing youngsters; there is no danger of straining themselves, and it is just vigorous enough to give them a gentle all round development. In fact, there is no game so excellent for children. Once you get into playing in proper form it really exercises about all the muscles of the body above the waist, while your legs, of course, get plenty of work in the walking. In Scotland tournaments are held especially for children, and a great deal of attention is given their play.



GETTING OUT OF A BUNKER

Boys should never, however, attempt to use as heavy clubs as men handle. They should be much lighter, and with greater spring in the shaft. Six are all that are necessary—the driver, brassy, cleek, lofter, mashie, and putter. The first thing to do in beginning to learn golf is to choose your clubs with reference to your strength. Do not get very stiff shafts, and do not get patent affairs. Stick to these six clubs, and remember that if you do your part, the club will more than do its.

*Driver.*—Wooden club used to drive the ball off the tee, and at any other time where the "lie" (position of ball) is sufficiently good. There are two kinds of drivers—straight-faced and bulgers—but I advise the boy to use the straight-faced until he becomes very skilful.

*Brassy.* Wooden club soled with iron, to be used where the "lie" is not good enough for a driver and the distance less than full drive.

*Cleek.*—Iron club used for a worse "lie" than brassy and for shorter distance.

*Mashie.* Short and stiffer than cleek, face laid farther back. Used for shorter strokes, and for getting out of bunkers, ruts in the road, long grass, or from a very bad "lie."

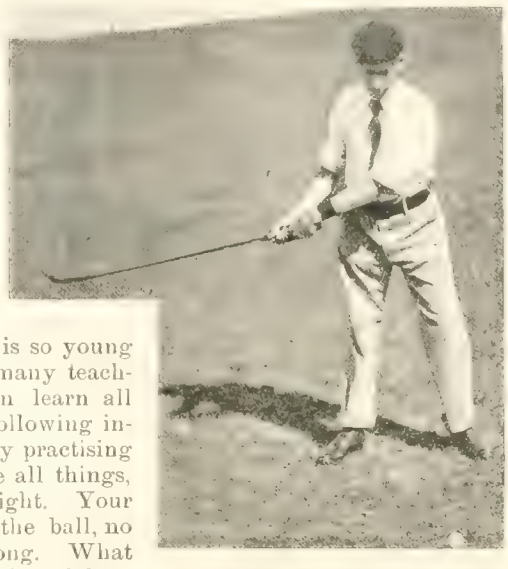
*Lofter.* Used for approaching the putting-green, and also for getting out of sand and over hazards, or wherever it is desired to raise the ball in its flight.



POSITION OF FEET FOR DRIVING

*Putter.*—Two kinds, wooden and metal. The latter is modern, and had best be used by the boy entirely. When he becomes very skilful he may get the wooden one, which experienced players use for long putts.

In holding your club, do not grip it too tightly, nor yet too loosely, but just firmly enough to feel it with the palms and fingers, more with those of left than right hand. The hands must be close together, and the thumbs over the shaft. If you hold the club as illustrated, you will be all right.



BEGINNING OF SWING FOR DRIVING.

The best way to learn golf is to get a capable instructor, but if none is to be had (and the game is so young in this country that there are not many teachers, and very few good ones), then learn all you can of the game by reading, following instructions and illustrations, and by practising very carefully. Remember, above all things, that you must get the stroke right. Your natural inclination will be to *hit* the ball, no matter how, but that is entirely wrong. What you must practise is to get the *swing* right—never mind whether you hit the ball or not. Hitting the ball is a matter of little significance compared with the manner in which you strike it. Then, too, you must not really hit the ball; you must *sweep* it away with a sort of scythe motion, and follow the flight of the ball with the head of the club. Never jerk your club at any time, except with a lofter in trying to get out of a bunker.



AFTER DRIVE.

Take your position of driving precisely as shown in these illustrations; weight on left leg, feet from twelve to eighteen inches apart, according to weight, and the right foot about two inches back of the left. Your distance from the ball will be correct if, with the heel of the club at the ball, the end of the shaft touches the left knee as you stand upright. The ball should be almost in a line with your left foot—nearer your left toe than your right; and remember that as the distance for stroke decreases, the ball should be nearer the right toe.

Be particularly careful about the swing of your arms. It is difficult to let the arms go well out on the upward swing, and then to bring them in and down, but it is absolutely essential to good driving. The up swing must be slower than the down swing, and you must be especially careful of the up swing, because as the club goes up, so in point of direction it will come down. In the up swing the left arm should rest comfortably across the chest, slightly bent at the elbow. Do not pause at the top of the swing; do not take your eye off the ball; increase the speed as you bring the club downward, and get in your power when about eighteen inches from the ball. At the moment of hitting the ball you must be in precisely the same position as at the time you "addressed" it (that is, when you placed the head of your club back of the ball and took aim).

Do not try to knock the ball out of sight, but endeavor to hit it cleanly and firmly. After you have got more or less familiar with the motions, you can transfer the weight from your left to your right leg in the up swing so as to enlarge the circle, and then as you come down your weight should go on your left leg as you sweep the ball away. Do not get off your feet at the moment of hitting the ball. You should be able to feel the ground with the balls of your feet as you address the ball and as you sweep it away. Keep your mind on what you are doing, and never take your eye off the ball from the moment you begin to play it. You must know, of course, that it is necessary not only to drive the ball a fair distance, but to drive it *straight*, for if your direction is uncertain, you get off the course, and you lose strokes in getting on again.

In his very first play over the links, I should advise the boy just beginning to confine himself to driver, cleek, and lofter. If he gets the swing of the drive he can use the cleek for "putting," and play with the other clubs will come in season. Remember the weight should always be on your left leg, except in "putting," where it is more divided between the two; that with iron clubs you always play off the right foot (*i. e.*, ball nearer that foot), while in driving you play off the left; that you should always be distant from your ball the length of the club to the left knee, as in driving.

"Putting" (*i.e.*, the play on the green where the hole is) requires a great deal of practice. Your greens should be as level and smooth as possible, and the hole about three and a half to four inches in diameter, and probably six or eight inches deep. Players on the putting-green are entitled to hole out before following one's play up to it. Players in front are each entitled to second shot before those following ones "tee" off. Never go on the green while others are playing there.

The teeing-ground is where you start, and the "tee" a little pinch of earth put under the ball to set it up so as to get a good drive at it. You are allowed to do this on the teeing-ground, but at no other time are you permitted to touch the ball without paying the penalty of a stroke.



PUTTING.

The pleasure of golf depends a great deal on the quality of the ground. Your links (the course of holes) ought not to be too easy nor yet too difficult. There should be plenty of hazards (obstacles), so arranged that one is encountered between every hole. If your ground is not so provided by nature, you can make them by building a bunker (embankment of

earth); and throw up the ground on the farther side, so the excavation becomes part of the hazard. It should slant from the player, and the bank be wide

The regulation course has eighteen holes, but twelve is the largest number of any in America. However, you can have good sport on half as many. If you are de- [illegible] field where the grass is short, so it will not give you too much work. The course should be about thirty yards wide, and by rights the grass ought to be cut down like a [illegible] on a hit. The holes can be any distance apart to suit the fancy, but for boys ought not to be separated over one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards. You may have a great deal of sport and learn the game over home-made links on a meadow. You may learn the swing anywhere, as a matter of fact, and you ought to take the clubs and practise with them until you have mastered each one; but remember, whenever you play, to watch your swing very carefully, and always keep your eye on the ball.

## THE WAR IN THE EAST.

THE war which is now being carried on between China and Japan is the most important one that has occurred since Germany overcame France in 1871, and every American boy who is interested in the progress of the world and in the advancement of modern ideas and inventions should follow the events of the struggle, and understand exactly what is going on in Corea, even if this country is at the other end of the earth.

The King of Corea has always tried to keep foreigners out of his domains, but the Chinese and Japanese have in recent years succeeded in getting a foothold in the country. Each nation was jealous of the other, so that when the King called on China to help him suppress a rebellion last spring, the Japanese declared that the Chinese were sending more troops than were necessary, and asserted that if any more Chinese soldiers were landed in Corea they would consider it an act of war.

On Friday, July 27th, several Japanese cruisers met a number of transports with Chinese troops on board, escorted by Chinese war-ships, off the island of Fon-Tao, on the west coast of Corea, in the Yellow Sea. These ships were on their way from China to Asan, and the Japs, considering this an act of war, did not hesitate to attack the Chinese squadron. The ships of the latter offered little resistance, one small cruiser being captured, and the others taking to flight. The transport ship *Kow-Shing*, however, was driven into a bay, and was called upon to surrender and to sail for some Japanese port. The *Kow-Shing* was a British ship, flying the British flag, and was commanded by a British captain, who refused to surrender or to sail for a Japanese port. The Japanese naval officers did not bother much about the British flag, as the ship was carrying 1200 Chinese troops, and was therefore practically in the service of China; nevertheless, the Captain of the Japanese cruiser *Naniwa* offered to take off all the foreigners that were on board the *Kow-Shing*, declaring that he intended then to sink her, as she had refused to surrender. Either the foreigners refused to leave the ship, or were prevented from doing so by the Chinese, for they remained aboard, and in less than ten minutes the vessel and the 1200 men were blown up by torpedoes from the *Naniwa*.

The next battle occurred on land, at Asan, on July 29th. The Chinese had used Asan as a landing-place for their troops, and had fortified the town with earth-works. The Japanese had landed their soldiers at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, and had likewise strongly intrenched themselves. It was important, however, for the Japanese, who had now obtained possession of Seoul by driving the Chinese to Asan, to dislodge the enemy from the south, and consequently a large body of infantry and artillery was sent to assault that city. After a sharp battle the Japs came out victorious, and captured many prisoners. The Chinese who escaped made their way to the mountains inland, and pushed north to Ping-Yang, where they joined the main Chinese army.

Now, turning to the map for a moment, you will see that Japan stretches down southeast of Corea, and is only separated from the mainland of Asia by the Corean Strait, which is about a hundred miles wide. In the middle of the strait is the island of Tsushima, which belongs to the Japanese, and is very strongly fortified. This island is a sort of guardian of the entrance to the inland sea on which is situated Hiroshima, the city that has now become the military headquarters of Japan. From Hiroshima all the troops were sent out over the seas to Corea, and they were landed at the three principal ports of the little kingdom—at Chemulpo on the west coast, at Fusan on the south coast, and at Gensan on the east coast. The troops from Fusan marched along the main highway to Seoul, which is shown on the map, and joined the Chemulpo army at the capital. The distance from Fusan to Seoul is 220 miles, or about as far as from New York to Washington. From Chemulpo to Seoul is only 30 miles, or the same distance as from New York to Sing Sing on the Hudson.

In the mean while the Chinese had been sending armies over the mountains from Manchooria, and these armies had established themselves at the city of Ping-Yang, through which the Japanese must pass if they intended going any further north; for Ping-Yang sits on the only road that leads through that section of the country, and is built on a hill, and is an old fortified town with heavy stone walls. It was a strong position, and was defended by 20,000 of the best Chinese warriors.

Marshal Count Yamagata, in command of the Japanese armies in Corea, determined that Ping-Yang must be taken, and he instructed his generals to move on the city from Fusan, Seoul, and Gensan, and to arrive all together on a certain date.

Gensan is about 90 miles from Ping-Yang (the distance between New York and Hartford), and Seoul is 150 miles distant, or as far as Albany from New York. So the Japanese advance on Ping-Yang was somewhat similar to what an advance on New York would be by two armies moving from Hartford and Albany, except that the roads in that part of Corea are rough and narrow, and lead over mountains, and consequently were hard travelling for cavalry and artillery.

The column moving up from Seoul came in sight of Ping-Yang on Thursday, September 13th. The next day the Gensan column came up, and preparations were made for a general attack. The engagement began at daybreak on Saturday morning with a heavy cannonade, which lasted until two o'clock in the afternoon. The Chinese replied bravely, but not much harm was done on either side, as both armies were pretty well sheltered. At two o'clock the Japanese infantry began to advance, and flanking columns were sent to the right and left of the Chinese lines. They found the rear weakly defended, and waited until three o'clock Sunday morning, when they swooped down upon the Chinamen from all sides at once, and completely routed them. It is stated that in this battle 2300 Chinese were killed, and many thousands wounded, but a much larger number were taken prisoners, only 3000 of the entire army of 20,000 escaping northward toward Wiju. Among the prisoners were several generals. The Japanese loss was small—about 300 killed and wounded.

The battle of Ping-Yang not only made the Japanese complete masters of the Corean peninsula, but destroyed China's best and strongest army corps. On the day after

Ping-Yang the Japanese navy won a great victory, and thus secured command of the Yellow Sea.

The ships of the Mikado had been patrolling the enemy's coast ever since the *Kow Shing* affair, and on several occasions the Japanese had even made exploring expeditions into the Gulf of Pechili. The fleet made its headquarters at the small group of islands of Haigun-Tao, in Corea Bay, not far from the mouth of the Yalu River. The Japs suspected that the Chinese would try to send troops into northern Corea by way of Wiju, and from these islands they could watch the entrance to the river, and cut off the enemy's fleet. Sure enough, the Chinese did send a number of transports, convoyed by a strong squadron of war-ships, and they arrived at the Yalu River on September 17th. The Japanese saw them, and went out to battle.

By good luck the Chinese transports managed to get up the river, and, it is said, landed their troops, but the war-ships staid in Yalu Bay and fought the Japanese. The battle lasted from noon until dark, and when the smoke cleared away it was found that three of the strongest Chinese war-ships were sunk, while another had gone ashore and was burned up. The Japanese did not lose any ships, and only one vessel was so badly injured that it had to return home for repairs. The Chinese fleet consisted of heavier battle-ships than the Japanese, but the Japs were better sailors and better gunners, and therefore won the day. There were about thirty-five ships engaged in the action. When the fighting was over, the Chinese escaped to Port Arthur, and the Japanese retired, no one knows exactly where. The ships of the Chinese were so badly battered that it was thought a month's time would be necessary to repair them.




SEAT OF THE COREAN WAR.

The dotted lines on the water show the courses followed by the Japanese war-ships. Those on the land show the course followed by the Japanese troops. In the small map the reader can see how the campaign is steadily moving towards Pekin, the capital of China.

And now let us turn to the map again, and see what the situation is. We have the Japanese in full possession of Corea, with a strong and victorious army at Ping-Yang. One hundred and fifty miles from that city is Wiju, on the Yalu River, which is the boundary between China and Corea. The Japs advanced on this city over very bad roads, and captured it after a brief skirmish on October 4th. From Wiju they could look across the river into China, where, one hundred and sixty miles from its shores, stands the sacred city of Mukden, which will very possibly be the next point of attack for the Ping-Yang column.

But the Japanese would probably prefer to capture Pekin, the capital of China, and thus possibly bring the war to an end. Pekin, however, is a hard place to get at. The city is about two hundred miles inland. To get there the Japanese must either march across country from Wiju a long distance or land troops somewhere near Pekin, and then attack the city. This is what they will probably do, and an army of 30,000 men left Hiroshima some time ago, and has not been heard of at the present writing, but may turn up somewhere before this reaches our readers. Pekin, as you will see by the map, is inland from the Gulf of Pechili, and this gulf is strongly protected by Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur at the entrance, and by the Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho River. Both Wei-Hai-Wei and Port Arthur have large navy-yards and strong defences, and it is to the latter place that the Chinese fleet retired for repairs after the battle of the Yalu.

But the Japanese might march down from Wiju and attack Port Arthur from behind; or they might enter the Gulf of Pechili and land troops at Shanghai-Kwan, which is not a fortified place, and is only two hundred miles from Pekin, being connected with that city by a very good road. So you see just now the situation is very interesting for any one who is looking on from a safe distance like New York, and very alarming for any one like the Chinese Emperor, who is probably a little uneasy on his throne in Pekin.

By watching the newspapers and looking at this m[ap] it will be an easy matter now for the readers of HARP[ER'S] YOUNG PEOPLE to follow the advance of the Jap[anese] invading forces, and to see just where they a[re] day.



CONFIDENCE.

I s'pose I'd ought to be afraid
When Dobbin turns 'round my way,
But I know him; he's gentler than
Than me.

## SAMMY'S WONDERFUL POP.

MEETS SOME INDIANS, AND RIDES AWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Day before yesterday the teacher says to Sammy: "Sammy, who discovered America?" Sammy thought a minute, and then he says, "Historians differ."

I never knew till I begun to go to school with Sammy how much the folks that made books had different idees. Always when Sammy gets stuck on a question he says the 'thorities differ, and so he can't tell. If it's grammar, he says the grammarians differ, and if it's geogerfy, that the geogerfers differ, and if it's spelling, that the dictionariers differ. And 'most always the teacher kind of says Yes, or Mebby, or agrees somehow, and Sammy sides along. Only in 'rithmetic geerfly he gets left.

"How many is seven times eight?" says the teacher.

Sammy looked awful solemn, then he says,

"Teacher, the 'rithmetickers differ."

"No, they don't," says the teacher. "You stay in at recess and study your lesson."

When we was coming home day before yesterday we stopped to rest, and Sammy says,

"What do you s'pose the teacher was getting at when she asked me who discovered America?"

"I guess she was trying to see if you knew," says I.

"Well, I know three or four fellers that say they did, but I couldn't just think of 'em then, 'cause she comes on me so sudden. It was Hen Barker's question, anyhow; my question was, 'What was the first land he sighted?' and I was to say, 'A small island of the West Injun archerpillergo not fully idenferfied by explorers.'"

"Well," I says, "I s'pose she meant Columbus."

"I guess so. I wonder if the Injuns saw Columbus when he saw them. If they did, then I should think America discovered herself. Pop says Injuns is prizen. He knows all about 'em."

"Was he ever scalped?" I asked.

"No. They never caught him. But he fixed enough of *them*. One day, long time ago, 'fore you or me was born, he was out in Nebraska looking 'round for some men that wanted to build a railroad. Pop used to ride around a-hossback jabbing into the hills to see if they would dig easy, and looking at the valleys to Jay how much it would take to fill 'em up, and doing other such of things. One day he looked 'cross the prairie and saw more'n selves dred Injuns coming hickety-bumpity. They was all a-hoss who h and was waving their guns and Tommy Hawks, and were ing like a volcano.

I had a good hoss and a gun and a knife, but he seen he so many, so he lit out for camp, which was ten miles away, down by the river. Pop went like a blue streak, but the Injuns kept close behind, hooting and whooping all the time. Pop shot back for a while, but he seen he didn't hit any of 'em, so he threw away his gun and hung on and just rode hickety split.

"Pop was following an old buffalo path, and awhile before it got to the river it went into the woods. The trees was big and had branches reaching out and spreading all around. The Injuns was a-getting closer and closer. Just as Pop rode in under the first big tree of the woods his horse jumped over a log. This threw Pop up, and he caught on a limb of the tree and hung there with his head hanging down one side and his feet the other, just 'sif he'd been a wet towel hung over a line to dry. Pop concluded he was done for, but he drew his hunting-knife, and made up his mind he'd fight 'em as long as he could. His hoss went on into the woods.

"Pop hadn't much more'n got his knife in his hand than he felt a kind of jerk on it, and looked down and was s'prised to see an Injun tearing away down the path without any scalp. Then Pop felt another jerk, and 'way went another Injun, scalped slick as a whistle. Then Pop seen how it was. The Injuns' hosses was a-jumping over the same log, and the tops of their heads was a-scraping against the edge of his knife and getting sliced right off. Pop never said a word, but just hung on. Every one of them Injuns got scalped, and went tearing along. They was so excited looking for Pop that they never noticed it. After they was all gone Pop got down and gathered up eighty-one scalps. Then he laughed to hisself, and took another path and walked to camp. Pop says a man told him he seen the Injuns the next day, and they all had court-plaster on the tops of their heads and was awful disgusted and sick."

When we came home I looked at Sammy's pa sitting on the stoop, smoking as quiet as you please, just as if he had never done any such things.

When I get big, Mr. Editor, I mean to fight Indians a good deal myself, if there's any left. I think Sammy is right; Indians *are* poison.

Yours truly, HARRY.

### THE AUTUMN WIND.

THE autumn wind's embroidered
With colors manifold,
That dot with varied beauty
Fond Nature's gown of gold.

The autumn wind is sighing
A dirge for summer dead.
It fans the lively bonfire
In flowers orange, red.

The autumn wind's sweet mission's
Along the landscape brown,
To pluck the pretty leaflets
And shake the chestnuts down. R. K. M.

WILLIE. "Why, Maude, what's happened your dress? It looks as if it had been through a paint shop."

MAUDE. "If you won't laugh I will tell you. Lillie and I were going up Garden Street, and right in front of that new house I got all spattered with mortar. I felt awfully *mortarfied*."

A TEACHER of a Virginia District School recently asked one of her little colored pupils to go to the blackboard and write a sentence thereon containing the word "delight."

George Washington Jackson went pompously to the front of the room and wrote, in a large scrawling hand, these words:

"De wind blowed so hard dat it put out de light."

### JUST THE REVERSE

"DID you fall into the lake this summer, Bobbie?"

"Nope—just the other way. I took a little tin cup out with me, and several times part of the lake fell into me."